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A COMPLETE

WORD AND PHRASE CONCORDANCE

TO THE

POEMS AND SONGS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

A Complete

Word and Phrase

Concordance

to the

Poems and Songs

of

Robert Burns

Incorporating a Glossary of Scotch Words,

With Notes, Index, and Appendix of Readings.

Compiled and Edited by

J. B. Reid, M.A., &c.

WITHDRAWN
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PREFACE.

SHAKSPEARE has his Concordance; lesser poets, such as Tennyson and Cowper, have theirs—why not BURNS, the National Poet of Scotland? It may be said that Burns is not a voluminous writer; yet there are no fewer than six hundred distinct pieces in his "Poems and Songs;" and the difficulty of verifying a quotation, finding a phrase, a happy expression, or the exact words of a passage, is further augmented by the hopeless character of the Index to any "Edition" that may be possessed. But, apart from the question of utility, a genius like Burns—wielding with unrivalled power what Ruskin characterises as "the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe"—is a writer whose every word is deserving of study.

This Concordance claims to be not only a complete Verbal but also a complete Phrase Concordance*—the first instance in which this combination has been attempted. In view of the fact that no poet, except Shakspeare, is more quotable than Burns, the aim has been to give every quotation in sufficient fulness to serve the purpose of the literary man, the public speaker, or the conversationalist. This fulness of the quotations also makes it easy to determine from the context the various shades of meaning in which any word may be used. The Text adopted is that of the First Editions, edited by the Poet himself. Alterations and additions made by the Poet's own hand are embodied in the Work, and explained in an Appendix to which references are given. It has been too much the practice of Editors to improve upon Burns. They have, evidently, been unable to rid themselves of the idea that, although Burns was a genius, he was also a ploughman, and therefore deficient in critical perception. The "Titles" and "First Lines" of the Poems and Songs are given in as extended a form as the exigences of space would permit. They are those with which the Poet headed his pieces; in a few instances only, such popular titles as "My Nannie's Awa," "Wandering Willie," "Tam Glen," etc., have been preferred. The Glossary will be useful to those Scotsmen whose acquaintance with their native tongue has become vague and shadowy, as well as to those who are ignorant of the Scottish language; and, as incorporated, will save some trouble.

This Concordance—done in intervals of other duties during several years past—has been a growing pleasure; that it may add another stone to the cairn which many successive hands have reared in love of ROBERT BURNS is the humble ambition of

THE EDITOR.

* The Concordance contains over 11,400 words, and 52,000 quotations.

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EXPLANATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

A complete Index, arranged in Alphabetic order, of all the "Titles" and "First Lines" used in the Concordance, is appended to the Work. "Titles" and "First Lines" not used in the Concordance are also given along with the above; where these occur the lines are slightly indented.

An English numeral after a "Title" or "First Line" indicates the verse, stanza, or division of the poem or song in which the quotation occurs.

Brackets [ ] enclose any explanatory word or words of the Editor. Words within parentheses ( ) are the Poet's own.

A quotation beginning without a capital letter means that it does not begin with the first word of the line, but shows where the quotation has been cut out. The pointing of the Poet has been preserved at the end of every quotation; and the capitals which occur in the Poet's text retained.

† indicates that the words which stand before it are a first line or part of a first line.

Add. . . . . . Address.
adj. . . . . . adjective.
adv. . . . . . adverb.
Ans. . . . . . Answer.
Ded. . . . . . Dedication.
D. . . . . . Duan.
dim. . . . . . diminutive.
El. . . . . . Elegy.
Ep. . . . . . Epistle.
Epig. . . . . . Epigram.
Epit. . . . . . Epitaph.
Extem. . . . . . Extempore.
fr. . . . . . from.
Frag. . . . . . Fragment.
Ib. . . . . . in the same place.
inscr. . . . . . inscribed.
lit. . . . . . Literally.
Lns . . . . . Lines.
P., or P.S. . . . . . Postscript.
pres. . . . present tense of the verb.
pret. . . . . preterite of the verb.
pp. . . perfect participle of the verb.
R. . . . . . Recitativo.
[*re.*] indicates that the word is repeated in the poem or song, in the same or a similar line, or in a similar connection; or, that the word, if a proper name, occurs again in the same piece.
S. . . . . . Song.
s. . . . . . substantive.
Sp. . . . . . Spoke, Spoken.
V., Vs . . . . Verse, Verses.
v. . . . . . See.
[v. A. 1, &c.] See Appendix, under heading 1, &c.
Wr. . . . . . Written.

CONCORDANCE

TO THE

POEMS AND SONGS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

A. First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, *The Vowels.*

A' [all]. bonie blossoms a', ... *A Dream. 14.*
God bless you a' ! . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Amang his en'mies a', man. . . . . *A Fragment. 2.*
Nae mercy had at a', man; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!' . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
till they a' did wauble. Far, far behin'! *A Guid New-year* † 7.
My Pleugh is now thy hairntime a'; . . . . *Ib. 15.*
They lay aside a' tender mercies, . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
But smash them! crash them a' to spails! . . . . *Ib.*
My funny toil is now a' tint, . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, ... *Ib.*
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ; . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a', . *Ib. 16.*
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse. . . . *Ib. 19.*
thou hell o' a' diseases, ... *Add. to Toothache.*
bear'st the bell Amang them a'! . . . . . *Ib.*
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! . . . . . *Ib.*
Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream, . . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne*
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O ! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r; *Auld comrade dear* †
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. . . . . *Ib.*
My riches a's my penny-fee, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Aboon them a' I loo him better; *S. Brav lads on Yar. braes* †
And a' the day to sit in dool, . . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye. . . . *S. Comin' thro' the rye* †
Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body . . . . . *Ib.*
But a' the lads they lo'e me, and what the waur am I. . *Ib.*
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':
S. Contented wi' little †
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel, . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.*
Bonie was the Lammas moon,
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon. . . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
An' a' been weel content. . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
And a' your views may come to nought,
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . . . . . *Ib. 3.*
But Och ! it hardens a' within, ... *Ib. 6.*
Debar a' side-pretences ; . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
Esteeming, and deeming, It a' an idle tale! *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart, ... *Ib. 8.*
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3.*
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life. . . . . *Ib.*
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts ! . *Ep. to Major Logan. 7.*
But still, but still, I like them dearly—
God bless them a' ! . *Ep. to Major Logan. 9.*
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. . . *S. Gane is the day* †
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out. . . . . *Ib.*
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O ! . *S. Green grow the rashes.*
We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin. *S. Gudeen to you, kimmer* †
How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, ... *Ib.*
Are they a' Johnny's ? . . . . . *Ib.*
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance ; . . *Halloween. 4.*
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther ; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
For it was a' but nonsense : . . . . . *Ib. 17.*
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a', ... *Ib. 22.*
Set a' their gabs a steerin ; . . . . . *Ib. 28.*
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory, . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
A burnin' an' a shinin' light, To a' this place. . . *Ib.*
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
I've been her darling a' my days. . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain : . . *S. It was a' for our* †
Love to love mak's a' the sport. *S. Jockey fou, and Jenny* †
Weel may we a' be! . . . . *S. Landlady count* †
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
I wad turn my back on you and it a', *S. My Collier Laddie.*
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
S. My Lord a-hunting †
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, . . *S. My love she's but* †
But Mary she is a' my ain, . . *S. Now bank and brae* †
The merry birds are lovers a', . . *S. Now rosy May* †
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison. . *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
May a' that's gude watch o'er them : *S. O may thy morn* †
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a' for the piney he'll cherish the bee.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
S. O merry hae I been †
O' a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing; . . . *Ib.*
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ; . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, . . *S. O Phely* †
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' twere na for my Jeanie. . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Its pride, and a' the lave o't ; . . . . . *Ib.*
To steel a blink by a' unseen ; . *S. O this is no my ain* †
A' for a penny fee. Jo ? . . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ; *S. O were my love yon* †
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a' . *S. O wert thou in the* †
And syne deny'd she did it at a'. *S. O when she cam' ben* †
And kissin' a Collier lassie an a'? . . . . . *Ib.*

A' [all]. O never look down, my lassie, at a',
S. O when she cam' ben†
And a' my tears be tears of joy,
When he comes hame that's far awa'.
S. Oh, how can I be blythe†
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.
His faults they a' in Latin lay, . *On Mr. Cruickshanks.*
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it: *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: . *Poem on Life.*
They carry the gree frae them a', man. *S. Ronalds of Bennals.*
And a conduct that beautifies a', man. . . . . *Ib.*
My stomach's as proud as them a', man. . . . *Ib.*
And wish them in hell for it a', man. . . . . *Ib.*
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'. . . *S. Sae flaxen were†*
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man.
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Sweet fa's the eve†*
To anger them a' is a pity, ... *S. Tam Glen.*
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
A' plump and strapping in their teens, ... *Ib. 13.*
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches), . . . *Ib. 15.*
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel. *Tam Samson's El. 1.*
tell your crack Before them a'.
The Author's cry and prayer. 6.
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear, ... *Ib. 18.*
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.
The Belles of Mauchline.
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; *S. The Cooper o' Cuddy†*
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile. [v. A. 5]. . *Ib.*
For a' that, and a' that, [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. II.*
The tongue o' the trump to them a'; . . . . *Ib. III.*
head; Fine for a sodger A' the wale o' lead. . . *Ib. IV.*
Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;' . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
For a' the real judges rise, ... *Ib. 14.*
Are a' clean out o' season. . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Till a' the hills are rairan, ... *Ib. 21.*
They're a' in famous tune For crack . . . *Ib. 26.*
We dare be poor for a' that! [*re.*] *S. The honest man the best.*
He swoor by a' was swearing worth
The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
I've wife enough for a' that. [*re.*] . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
Up and waur them a', Jamie, . . . *S. The Laddies by†*
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a' . *The last braw bridal†*
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . *The Ordination.*
Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad, *S. The Ploughman.*
I kent her heart was a' my ain; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
That happy night was worth them a', ... *Ib.*
gin the truth were a' but kent, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',
S. The Taylor fell†
Cut aff his head and a', man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man. . . . . *Ib.*
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools, ... *Ib. 29.*
Then sowther a' in deep debauches. . . . *Ib. 32.*
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow. . . . *S. The weary pund.*
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin. . . *S. There was a lad†*
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. *S. There's a youth†*
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. . . . *Ib.*
But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'. . . *Ib.*
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, . . . *To a Haggis.*
An' set your beauties a' abread! . . . *To a Louse.*
For a' his meal and a' his maut, . . *S. To daunton me.*

But why should ae man better fare
And a' men brithers! . . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land, ... *To J. S. 12.*
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . *To Miss Ferrier.*
I'll cock my nose aboon them a', . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a'; . . . . . *To W. Creech.*
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise. . . . *To W. Simpson. 6*
O Nature! a' thy shews and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! . . *Ib. 14.*
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.
S. True-hearted was he†
In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither. . . . . *Ib.*
To please us a', I've just ae ither, . . *What ails ye now†*
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
S. What can a young lassie†
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . *S. When first I saw†*
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that, . . *S. Women's minds.*
She'll be my ain for a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
Ye've lien a' wrang; . . . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
When in his arms he taks me a'; . . *S. Young Jockey†*

A-back. The third, that gaed a wee a-back, *The Holy Fair. 2.*
O would they stay aback frae courts, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Abandon'd, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim, . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
She sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.
On Death of R. Dundas.

Abash'd. Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

A B C. 'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.' . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*
Sir Abece the great, In all his pedagogic powers elate,
The Vowels.

Abel. The knife that nicket Abel's craig
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Aberfeldy. the birks of Aberfeldy [*re.*].
S. Bonie lassie will ye go†

Abhor. Tho' some there be abhor him: *S. Come boat me o'er.*
O Thou whom Poetry abhors, *Epig. on E.'s Martial.*

Abhorr'd. thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, . *To Ruin.*

Abhorrent. Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
Sent to Gent. offended.

Abhorring. Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; *The Ordination. 4.*

Abide. The deil would ne'er abide her. *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e†

Abiegh [at a shy distance].
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, *A Guid New Year† S.*
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; . . *S. Duncan Gray†*

Abject. poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Abjuring. Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen: . . . *Poem on Life.*
Abjuring their democrat doings, *The Election Ballads. III.*

Able. And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King an' Country weel,
A Ded. to G. H. 14.
As able—and as wicked as the Devil. . . *Scots Prologue.*
By which heroic Tam was able To note *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
No tongue then was able their joy to express.
The Poor Thresher.
I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
S. Tho' fickle Fortune†

Ablins *v.* **Aiblins.**

Ablution. Strong ale was ablution,
Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.

Aboard. Then heave aboard your grapple airn, *A Dream. 13.*

Abode. Seeks Science in her coy abode. *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
Taks up its last abode: . . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
For their abode they chuse it; . *S. The noble Maxwells†*

Abode. Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
Why am I loth†

Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Aboon [above, up]. a wee bit heap Aboon the timmer;
A Guid New Year† 13.

"Von wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . *As on the banks†*
Aboon them a' I loe him better; *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†*
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, *S. Braw lads of G. water.*
Bonie was the Lammas moon, - -
Glowrin a' the hills aboon. . . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3.*
And screw your temper-pins aboon *Ep. to Major Logan. 4.*
coziely, aboon the door, ... *Halloween. 5.*
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon [*re.*] . . *O gude ale comes†*
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
The powers aboon will tent thee, *S. O sawy pe bonie Lesley†*
May powers aboon unite you soon, *On Willie Chalmers.*
His heart will never get aboon! . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
And near the thorn, aboon the well.
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
though his brow be beld aboon. . . *S. The cardin' o't.*
Aboon distress, below envy. . *S. The contented Cottager.*
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
But an honest man's aboon his might,
S. The honest man the best.
the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar;
The Jolly Beggars. K. H.
It raises man aboon the brute, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
But ay a heart aboon them a' [misfortunes];
S. There was a lad†
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, . . . *To a Haggis.*
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon, ... *To J. S.*
I'll cock my nose aboon them a'. . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . . *To W. Simpson.*
But there is ane aboon the lave, . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Abortion. From mildews of abortion; . . *Nature's Law.*

Abound. And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound. *John Barleycorn.*

About. At length we had a hearty yokin.
At sang about. . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2.*
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, . . *Halloween. 6.*
I vow and swear, I dinna care.
How lang ye look about ye. . *S. Here's to thy health†*

Above. Who would set the Mob above the throne,
S. Does haughty Gaul†
Above the world on wings of love I rise, *In vain wold Prudence†*
O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
O thou dread Pow'r†
While joys above my mind can move. *S. The day returns†*
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above, *The farewell to St. J.'s L.*
The oft-attested Powers above; . . *The Lament. 3.*
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
S. The Posie.

Abram. Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose†
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
The Jolly Beggars. S. i.

Abread [abroad, in sight].
An' set your beauties a' abread! . . . *To a Louse.*

A-breaking. My heart is a-breaking, dear titty.
S. Tam Glen.

Abreed [in breadth].
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket, *A Guid New Year† 12.*

A-brewing. To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
The Kirk's Alarm.

Abridge. But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day. . . *A Dream. 7.*

Abroad. Look abroad through Nature's range,
S. Let not woman†
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Prologue, at Th., D.

For Comedy abroad he need na toil, . *Scots Prologue.*
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad, . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
But whalpet some place far abroad, . . *The Twa Dogs.*
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Absence. Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost?
S. Slow spreads the gloom†
Sae sad was I, in absence o' my dearie. *S. The tither morn†*

Absent. When absent from my sailor lad?
S. How can my poor heart†
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie. *S. How lang and dreary†*
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither. *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Absolute. I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
The Poor Thresher.

Absolutely. For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control. *S. Handsome Nell.*

Absorbent. Their hearts, no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Abstraction.
But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Abuse. Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
Add. to the Deil. 11.
And even th' abuse of poesy abused! *Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.*
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Abuse, *to.* Abuse a Brother to his back; *A Ded. to G. H. S.*
Though I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me. . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.*

Abused,—'d,—'t. Which I in just proportion have abused,
Tragic Frag.
Till aft his guidness is abus'd; . . *A Ded. to G. H. 5.*
I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk,. *The Jolly Beggars. S. iii.*
mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him.
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Abusin'. Abusin' me for harsh ill nature On holy men,
Third Ep. to J. Lap.

Accent. But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear. . *Delia, an Ode.*
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, *The Vision, D. ii. 10.*

Accept. Will Ye accept a Compliment,
A simple Bardie gies Ye? . . *A Dream. 9.*
"Accept this tribute from the Bard. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, . *New Psalmody.*
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Once fondly lov'd†
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Accept a Bardie's grateful thanks! . *Scotch Drink. 18*
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,' *To Miss Graham.*
God won't accept your thanks for murther! *V. on Nat. Thanks.*
Accept the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . . *V.s under Grief.*

Acclaim. by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Accomplish'd. that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.
El. on late Miss Burnet.

Accord. But here we're a' in ae accord, *S. Gane is the day†*

Accord, *to.*
To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.
El. on late Miss Burnet.

Accorded. For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
To R. Graham.

Account. Lord, to account who dares Thee call,
On Com. Goldie's brains.
And call the trembling vowels to account. . *The Vowels.*

Accustom'd. They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
The Twa Dogs. 15

Ace. Till the Diamond's Ace. of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man: . *A Fragment. 7.*
The ace an' wale of honest men ; . *Auld comrade dear*†
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*

A-chasing. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
S. My heart's in the Highlands†

Ache. But for their sake my heart doth ache,
S. The sun he is sunk†

Achieve. feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Aching. Well thou know'st my aching heart,
S. Can'st thou leave me thus†
In naked feeling, and in aching pride. . *To R.G. of F. 3.*

Achmacalla. 'That liv'd in Achmacalla : *Halloween. 10.*

Acquaint. 'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 14.
when we were first acquaint, . *S. John Anderson, my jo*†

Acquaintance. An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy.
Auld comrade dear†
Of lordly acquaintance you boast, . . *On empty Fellow.*
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.
S. Should auld acquaintance†

Acquainted. An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.*

Acquiesce. Then let us chearfu' acquiesce ; *Ep. to Davie. 7.*

Acquirements.
Whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Acre. O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft†
A farm of full forty good acres of land *S. The Poor Thresher.*
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh ; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Acre-braid [acre-broad].
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid! . . . *Tam Samson's El. 9.*

Act. Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath! *A Prayer under Anguish.*
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O ;
S. My father was a farmer†
That feeling heart but acts a part, . . *O leave novels*†
I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able. *S. Tho' fickle Fortune*†
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part. . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? *Why am I loth*†

Acted. I rather won'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
S. As I was a-wand'ring†

Acting. thanks to Nature, Thou art acting but thyself.
To Miss Fontenelle.

Action. Ilk action may he rue it ; . . *On W. Stewart.*
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, . . . *To a Kiss.*

Active. The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage ; *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Manhood's active might ; . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Actor. "Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Adair. Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? [*re.*]
S. Eppie Adair.

Adam. As father Adam first was fool'd.
Epit. on Henpecked Squire.
For broken laws.
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause. . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
So may he hae auld stanes in store, - -
The very stanes that Adam bore.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose†
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . *The Fête Champetre.*

Adamhill [name of a farm in Ayrshire].
By Adamhill a glance he [Death] threw,
Lns add. to J. Ranken.

Adams. New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

A'-day [all day]. heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Add. Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! . *Blest be M'Murdo*†
But to my heart I'll add my hand, . *S. Where Cart rins*†

Added. And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.
Man was made to Mourn. 3.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Remorse, a Frag.

Address. The frank address, the soft caress, *O leave novels*†
The frank address, and politesse, Are all finesse . . *Ib.*

Address, *to.* She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.
The Tarbolton Lasses.

Address'd, —st. When thus the Caird address'd her
The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
That some kind husband had addrest,
To some sweet wife: . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3.*

Adieu. Adieu, my Liege! . . . . *A Dream. 8.*
Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, . . . *S. It was a' for*†
Now a sad and last adieu. . . . *S. Scenes of woe*†
Bowers adieu! where love decoying, First enthrall'd . *Ib.*
Adieu too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien'; . . *The Farewell.*
Thee Hamilton and Aiken dear, A grateful, warm adieu! *Ib.*
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! *The Farewell to St. J.'s L.*
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, . . . *To a Kiss.*
Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu, ... *To Chloris.*

Adjust. Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ; . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Adjust the unimpair'd machine, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Adjusted. If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted! *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*

Adjutant. The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa! . . . *To W. Creech.*

Adle [foul putrid water].
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Admiration. The charms o' the min', the langer they shine
The mair admiration they draw,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
The Rights of Woman.

Admire. But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair! *S. Anna, thy charms*†
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire, . . . *S. It is na, Jean*†
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
And whose that generous princely mien
Even rooted foes admire? . . *V.s, below a Picture.*
whose vernal tints His other works admire. . . . *Ib.*
If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die. *S. Will ye go and marry*†

Admir'd. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Admiring. With little admiring or blaming: *To Capt. Riddel.*
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . *S. Young Peggy*†

Admit. Farewel, dear Friend! may guid luck bit you!
And 'mang her favourites admit you! *A Farewell.*

Admonish'd. by the heel and hand admonish'd,
. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Admonition. The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Ado. Hey ca' thro' ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado, . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Adore. L—d, we thank an' thee adore, . . . *A Grace.*
I adore my Bonie Bell. . . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
To adore thee is my duty, . . . *S. Bonie wee thing*†
And 'a my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee. . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore. . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
The maid that I adore! . . . *S. From thee, Eliza*†
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore. . . . *Grace after Dinner.*

Adore. The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty,
Lns on windows, Gl. Tav.
Or nations to adore you, O, . *S. My father was a farmer* †
But I adore my Mary's heart. . . . *S. My Mary's face* †
The hearts of men adore thee. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
This, all its source and end to draw,
That to adore. [v. A. 4] . . . . . *The Vision.*
The noblest breast adores them maist, . *S. Women's Minds.*
Adore the rising sun, . . *S. Ye Jacobites by name* †

Adored, -'d. But, had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.
The Petition of Br. Water.
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name, ... *The Vision. D. II. 16.*

Adoring. Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
By all on high adoring mortals know! . . *To Clarinda.*

Adorn. Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Thy senseless turf adorn! *Extem. on Commem. s of Thomson.*
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
How pleasant the banks †
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
S. My Nanie's awa'.
When flow'ry May adorns the scene, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; *Spoke extem. to yng Lady.*
kind connubial Dear Your But-and-ben adorns, . *The Calf.*
Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn; . *The Election Ballads, IV.*
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
thy rays adorn The faintly-marked distant hill: *The Lament.*
Adorns the histie stibble-field, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Adorn'd. Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
Tam Samson's El. S.

Adorning. When past the show'r, and ev'ry flow'r
The garden is adorning: . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Nature gladdening and adorning; *S. Sleep't thou, or wak't* †
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning. . . . . *S. Thine am I* †
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . . *To J. S. 15.*
With early gems adorning. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Adown. Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
The stream adown its bazelly path, . . . *A Vision.*
Adown my beard the slavers trickle! . *Add. to Toothache.*
Adown winding Nith I did wander, *S. Adown winding Nith* †
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Adown her neck and bosom hing; . *S. Her flowing locks* †
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade. . . . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . *To W. Simpson. 15.*
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Adown the burn to steer, my jo: . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Adria. A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;
S. Caledonia.

Adrift. 'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
'Then turn me, if Thou please adrift,
Ep. to J. L——k, Ap. 21st. 13.

A-dryin. And bing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin: . *The Ordination. 7.*

Advance. in his [Want's] grim advances, *A Ded. to G. H. 16.*

Advance, *to.* As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Advanc'd. A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Advancing. seasons dancing, life advancing, *S. Bonie Bell.*

Adverse. wayward fortune's adverse hand
S. The Banks of Nith.
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . *To R. G. of F. 1.*

Advice, They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; *Hallowe'en. 23.*
But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice: . . *S. O Tibbie, I hae* †
sae wise, As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
Tam o' Shanter. 3.
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises! . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Had I to guid advice but harket, . *The Vision, D.I. 5.*
Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice, . . *To a Painter.*

Advise. To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Advisement. Of gude advisement comes nae ill.
S. In simmer when †

Adviser. And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' Adviser! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*

A-dying. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.

Ae [one]. Than did ae day. . . . . *A Dream. 4.*
Ae night, at tea, began a plea, . . *A Fragment. 1.*
Then lost his way, ae misty day, ... *Ib. 4.*
Ae night the storm the steeples rocked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd . . *As on the banks* †
In ae constellation shine; . . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
The ae best fellow e'er was born! . *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*
There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, *Ep. to J. L——k, Ap. 1st. 3.*
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, ... *Ib. 13.*
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list. . . . . *Ib. 15.*
There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, . . *Ib. 17.*
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care, . . . *Ib. 18.*
'Twas ae night lately, in my fun, . . *Ep. to J. R. 7.*
But here we're a' in ae accord, . . *S. Gane is the day* †
Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, . . *Halloween. 15.*
I am my mammy's ae bairn, . . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. . *S. In simmer when* †
Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan. . . . . *Ib.*
As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring,
Lns on a Ploughman.
True it is, she had one failing,
Had ae woman ever less? *Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns.*
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake, this ae night, *S. O lassie art thou sleep.* †
I tell you now this ae night, - -
And ance for a' this ae night . . . . . *Ib.*
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . *S. O steer her up* †
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . . . *Ib. 3.*
Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right; . *Ib. 5.*
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! . . . . *Ib. 13.*
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, . . *Ib. 15.*
first ae caper, syne anither, ... *Ib. 16.*
Ae spring brought off her master hale, . . . *Ib. 18.*
Ae social, honest man want we: . *Tam Samson's El. 14.*
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, *The Death &c. of Mailie.*
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the Land,
Was the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
S. The deil cam' fiddlin' †
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
S. The heather was blooming †
Ae auld wheel barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken; . . *The Inventory.*
Ae night at e'en . . . . . *The Jolly Beggars, R.I.*
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
The Twa Dogs. 32
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow. . . *S. The weary pund* †
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
a tale o' love Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? *S. There was a lass* †

Ae [one]. And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.
S. There's auld Rob M.†
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, *There's naethin' like*†
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night. . . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers! . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
I get it no ae day in ten. . . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
An' stay ae month amang the Moons *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
Ae kind blink before we part; *S. Turn again, thou fair*†
Ae sweet smile on me bestow. . . . . *Ib.*
gin I fa', Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma'
Breaks a' thegither. . . . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
"To please us a', I've just ae ither, . *What ails ye now*†
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . *S. When first I saw*†
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; . *S. Willie Wastle*†
This ae thing I hae to tell, . *S. Will ye go and marry*†

Aerial. 'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Has many a light, aerial band, *The Vision. D. II. 3.*

Aesop. Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.

Afar. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
Ep. from Esopus to Maria.
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
The shouts o' war are heard afar, . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
an ancient nation fam'd afar, . . *Prologue sp. by Woods.*
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar,
S. Ye Jacobites by name†

Aff [off]. Aff straught to H—ll. . *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . *S. Amang the trees*†
"And stript the claeding aff your braes *As on the banks*†
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
Aff she started in a fright, . . . *S. Donald Brodie.*
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks? . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back. *Ep. to J. R. 3.*
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, . . . *Halloween. 4.*
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's neives . . *Ib. 23.*
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . . . *Ib. 28.*
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
She eyes her freehorn, martial boys,
Tak aff their whisky. *The Author's cry and prayer, P.S.*
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw 'ther, . . *Ib.*
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram! . . . . . *Ib.*
Tak' aff your whitter. [v. A. 2] . . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree; . . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands. *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, ... *Ib. 14.*
While Common-sense has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast . . *Ib. 16.*
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwelling. . . . *The Inventory.*
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she,
S. The lass that made the bed.
Then aff to B—gb—'s in a raw,
An' pour divine libations . . . *The Ordination. 1.*
An' touch it aff wi' vigour, ... *Ib. 4.*
Now there, they're packed aff to h—ll, . . . *Ib. 12.*
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Cut aff his head and a', man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
I'd gie my shoon frae off my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
May a' pack aff. . . . . *The Twa Herds. 17.*
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
"You shou'd remember To cut it aff, an' whatfore no,
What ails ye now†
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, *S. Will ye go and marry*†

Affair. Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,
The hale affair. . . . . *Ep. to J. R. 8.*
dously manage our affairs In Parliament,
The Author's cry and prayer.
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Affected. Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
awkward, stiff, affected, Spurning nature, torturing art;
To Miss Fontenelle.

Affection. In loyal, true affection, . . *A Dream. 8.*
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
Monody, on a Lady.
She steals our affections awa, man. . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Humid seal of soft affections, . . . *To a Kiss.*
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine! . . . . . *Ib.*
In mutual affection to join, ... *To Mary.*

Aff han' [off-hand, at once].
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
An' wad hae done't aff han': . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Aff-hand [off-hand]. And marriage aff-hand,
S. Last May a braw wooer†
turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand this day. *The Ordination. 9.*

Affirm'd. This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Afflicted. But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
A Prayer under Anguish.

Affliction. 'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A Winter Night. 9.
I see the children of affliction,
Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;
Lns back of Bank Note.
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
The Author's cry and prayer.

Aff-loof [off-hand, extemporaneously].
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof. . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 7.*

Afford. The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a pleasure can afford, . . . *To Ruin.*

Affright. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, *The Hermit.*

Affrighted. startling half awake, Away affrighted springs.
S. On a bank of flowers†

Affront. 'So dinna ye affront your trade,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 4.

Affronted. An' dinna, for a *kebbuck-heel*,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day! . . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

A-fiel [a-field]. At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure,
Second Ep. to Davie.

A field. By night, by day, a field, at hame,
S. O were I on Parnassus†

Afore [before]. Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
Halloween. 15.
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee! . *Holy Willie's prayer.*
That I am here afore thy sight, ... *Ib.*
So, took a birth afore the mast,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My Lan' afore's a gude auld *has been*, . . *The Inventory.*
Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail, ... *Ib.*
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy. . . . . *What ails ye now*†

Afraid. Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid; . . . *To Ruin.*

Afresh. These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
S. The gloomy night †

Afric. Afric's burning zone, . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
savages From Afric's burning sun, . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Afright. Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore afright : . *The Lament.*

Aft. The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.

Aft [oft]. Till aft his guidness is abus'd; *A Ded. to G. H. 5.*
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver; . . , . *A Dream. 11.*
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun, *A Guid New-year* † *11.*
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman,
Add. to the Deil. 6.
An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is : . . *Ib. 13.*
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick; . . . *Add. to Toothache.*
(what's aft mair than a' the lave) . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . *S. As down the burn* †
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie. . . *S. Come boat me o'er* †
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress! . . *Ep. to Davie, 6.*
An' aft my wife she bang'd me, *S. O ay my wife she dang*
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
S. O Lassie, art thou sleeping †
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee ;
S. O whare did ye get †
Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, . . *Poem on Life.*
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, *P. on Pastor. Poetry*
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . *Scotch Drink, 4.*
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . *The Inventory.*
But O[liphant] aft made her [Common-sense] yell,
The Ordination.
Fu' aft at e'en . . . . . *S. The tither morn* †
That aft ba'e made us black and blae, *S. The Twa Herds, 12.*
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, ... *To a Mouse.*
Where glorious WALLACE Aft bure the gree,
To W. Simpson. 10.
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight. . . . . *Ib. P.S.*
trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted :
S. When wild War's †
pledging aft to meet again,
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †
those rosy lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! . . . . *Ib.*

Aften [often]. Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
Ep. to J. R. 3.
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye; . *Epit. on Wag in Mauchline.*
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care ; . *S. Now bank and brae* †
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine ; . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ; . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
An' aften labour them completely. . . *The Inventory.*
He's aften wat and weary : . . . *S. The Ploughman.*
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ; *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
Sic game is now owre aften played ; . . . *Ib. 21.*
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan. . . . . *To J. S. 19.*

Aftentimes [oftentimes].
Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

After. As fill'd his after life wi' grief. . *What ails ye now* †

Afternoon. Some wait the afternoon. . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
When wearing thro' the afternoon, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Afton. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
S. Afton Water.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. . . *Ib.*
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
S. Afton Water.
Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, . . *Ib.*
Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, *P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."*
trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird, . . *Ib.*

Again. An somebodie were come again,
Then somebodie maun cross the main,
S. Carl, an the king come.
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"
S. Contented wi' little †
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And aye be welcome back again. . *S. Duncan Davison.*
The beast again can bear us baith. . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. . . *El. on Year 1788.*
But pennyworths again is fair, . . *Ep. to J. R. 13.*
My horny fist assume the plough again ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again? . . *Epit. on W——.*
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again! . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Bring our Banish'd hame again ; *S. Frae the friends* †
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l–g
Again upon her. . . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
And by yon garden green again ; . . *S. I'll ay ca' in by* †
And see my bonie Jean again. . . . . *Ib.*
What brings me back the gate again, ... *Ib.*
And stownlin's we sall meet again. . . . . *Ib.*
O haith, she's doubly dear again! . . . . *Ib.*
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir. . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, . . . *S. It was a' for our* †
John Barleycorn got up again, . . *John Barleycorn.*
But far better days I trust will come again ;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
But nocht in all-revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me. *Lament for Glencairn.*
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
Lns on a Ploughman.
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again . . *S. My Harry was a* †
Spirits kind, again attend me, *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
An' come to my arms and kiss me again! *S. O merry hae I* †
And blest be the day I did it again. . . . . *Ib.*
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
Wha will kiss me o'er again? . *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
Never to rise again, Oh! . . *S. Oh, open the door* †
To run the twelvemonth's length again :
Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
To preach an' read? . . . *Tam Samson's El. 1.*
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; . *S. The Catrine woods* †
Again ye'll charm the vocal air. . . . . *Ib.*
...if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, *The Death, &c., of Mailie.*
I'll try him yet again. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!' . *The 1st 6 Vs. of 90th Ps.*
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn! . . *The Lament. 10.*
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
S. The lass that made the bed.
I kiss'd her owre and owre again, . . *The Rigs o' Barley.*
Gie me the groat again, cany young man, *S. The Taylor fell* †
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. . . *Ib.*

Age. Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,
A Guid New-Year † *16.*
nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age ;
S. But lately seen †
Oh! age has weary days! . . . . . *Ib.*
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

Age. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
They [Misfortunes] gie the Wit of Age to Youth; . *Ib. 7.*
The friend of age, and guide of youth: . *Epit. on a Friend.*
My age's future shade. . . . *S. Fate gave the word†*
He faded into age; . . . . . *John Barleycorn.*
the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. . . *Liberty.*
Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Man was made to mourn.
The frost of hermit age might warm; *S. My Mary's face†*
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . . *To J. S. 10.*
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . *To R. G. of F. 5.*
The forms of ages long gone by . *On Lincluden Castle.*
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure,
On Death of R. Dundas.
"And future ages hear his growing fame,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
In this braw age o' wit and lear, . *Poem on Pastor. Poetry.*
What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages, ... *S. The Union.*
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*
Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained;
The Whistle. 5.
And tell future ages the feats of the day; . . *Ib. 11.*
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages; . . . . . *To J. S. 8.*

Aged. By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
El. on late Miss Burnet.
Trees with aged arms were warring, . *S. I dream'd I lay†*
"The honours of the aged year, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
"I am a bending aged tree, ... *Ib.*
hope has left my aged ken, ... *Ib.*
whose aged step Seem'd weary, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest! . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,
Sonnet writ. on birthday.
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at
break o'day; . . . . . *S. The Posie.*
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good [v. A. 4]. . . . *The Vision.*

Agent. like himsel', a full free agent. . *El. on Year 1788.*

Aghast. aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing,
S. Farewell, thou stream†
As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . *The Vowels.*

Agincourt. Him at Agincourt wha shone, . *A Dream. 11.*

Agley [off the right line, wrong].
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, ... *To a Mouse.*

Ago. Igo and ago, . . . *Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose†*

Agonizing. Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
Remorse, a Frag.
agonizing, curse the time and place, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
For ever bar returning Peace! . *The Lament. 2.*

Agony. But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.
S. Gloomy December.

Agree. How we love, and how agree; *S. First when Maggy†*
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
S. No Churchman am I†
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree; . *On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.*
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree. . . . *The Twa Herds. 10.*

Agreed. Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
And soon 'twill be agreed, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Agriculture. To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of Death,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

A-groaning. each bedpost with its burden a-groaning,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.

Ague. When fevers burn, or ague freezes, *Add. to Toothache.*

Ahin [behind]. My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie,
The Inventory.
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, ... *Ib.*

Ahint [behind]. May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

A-hunting. My Lord a-hunting he is gane,
S. My Lord a-hunting†

Ai. And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai! The Vowels.*

Aiblins, Ablins. And aiblins ane been better *A Dream. 3.*
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle; *A Guid New-year† 10.*
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake. . . . *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
Ye're aiblins nae temptation. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
She'll aiblins listen to my vow; . . *S. I gaed a waefu'†*
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Scots Prologue.
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v. A. 2]
The Author's cry and prayer. P.S.
And aiblins gowd and honour baith *The Election Ballads. 1.*
She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye. *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
aiblins thrang a parliamentin, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, . . . *To a Louse.*
But aiblins honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dainty fair one, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them [chiels] fashious:
Auld comrade dear†

Aid. Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Frae the Glenkin came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed; . *The Election Ballads. V.*
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care! . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Aid, *to.* Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 21.*
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
S. Where are the joys†
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
Why am I loth†

Aik [oak]. And gie their hides a noble curry
Wi' oil of aik. . . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
By Ochtertyre grows the aik, . . . *S. Blythe was she†*
Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
S. Lady Mary Ann.
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
On lofty aiks the cushats wail, *S. The contented Cottager.*
When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning,
S. The tither morn†

Aiken [oaken]. She'll wander by the aiken tree,
S. I'll ay ca' in†

Aiken. O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A—n,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
What A[iken] in a Cottage would have been;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1.
Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear, . . . *The Farewell.*
And now, remember Mr. A-k-n,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; . . *The Inventory.*

Ail. Yet wist na what her ail might be, *S. There was a lass†*

Ail, *to.* Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
What ails ye now, ye lousie b—b, . . *What ails ye now†*

Ailed. I couldna tell what ailed me, *S. When first I saw†*

Ailsa Craig. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, *S. Duncan Gray†*

Aim. Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone! . . . *A Winter Night. 8.*
.....a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim, ... *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare.
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
S. The Sons of old K.
For me, an *aim* I never fash; I rhyme for fun. *To J. S. 5.*
With steady aim, Some Fortune chase; . . *Ib. 18.*
Make content and ease thy aim. *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen; . *S. Young Peggy†*

Aimed, -'d. But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed; *Tam Samson's El. 11.*
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart; . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Aiming. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
On seeing wounded Hare.

Ain [own]. What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
A Ded. to G. H. 5.
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! . . . . *Ib. 10.*
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting. . *S. As I came o'er†*
And every man shall hae his ain, *S. Carl, an the king come.*
This was a kinsman o' thy ain, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
Set hy the Deil's ain dibble; . . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. *S. Frae the friends†*
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it; . . . *Hallowcen. 9.*
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. . . . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
S. I'm o'er young to marry†
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. . . *S. John, come kiss†*
gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
I hae a wife o' my ain, ... *S. Naebody.*
But Mary she is a' my ain, . . *S. Now bank and brae†*
My ain dear, dainty Davie. . . . *S. Now rosy May†*
The wierd may he her ain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou†*
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain. . . *S. O lay thy loof†*
But now he [love] is my deadly fae,
Unless thou'lt be my ain. . . . . *Ib.*
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy. [*re.*) . . . *S. O Phely†*
O this is no my ain lassie, . . *S. O this is no my ain†*
O weel ken I my ain lassie, ... *Ib.*
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark.
S. O when she cam' ben†
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
Scots Prologue.
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, ... *Ib. 11.*
But left behind her ain gray tail: . . . . *Ib. 18.*
at Dunblane, in my ain sight, *The Battle of Sherra-moor.*
And bring our ain sweet Albany. *The bonie Lass of Albany.*
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him! . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright, . . *Ib. 12.*
But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts, . . . *Ib. 21.*
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, . . *The Inventory.*
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May [*re.*]. *S. The Posie.*
I ken't her heart was a' my ain; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
If ye should doubt the truth o' this
It's Bessy's ain opinion! . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
S. There liv'd ance a carle†
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back, . . *Ib.*
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay. . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain, . . *To W. Simpson. 6.*
Come to my hosom, my ain only deary, *S. Wandering Willie.*
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain. . . . *Ib.*
My ain kind dearie O [*re.*]. . . *S. When o'er the hill†*
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, *S. When wild War's†*
Art thou my ain dear Willie?. . . . . *Ib.*
Then nae ither man can get ye,
But ye'll be my very ain: . *S. Will ye go and marry†*
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me. . . *S. Wilt thou be my†*
The bonie lass that I lo'e best
She'll be my ain for a' that. . . . *S. Women's Minds.*
Ilk stream foaming down its green, narrow strath;
S. Von wild mossy mountains†
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw. . *S. Young Jockey†*
Air [early]. De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd
S. The tither morn†
I'm weary sick o't late and air! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Air [of music]. struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Air [look, mien, manner].
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air! . . . . . *A Gude New-Year†*
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Her air so sweet, her shape complete, . *S. As I gaed up by†*
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; *S. First when Maggy†*
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
I love my Mary's angel air, . . . *S. My Mary's face†*
Great Nature spoke, with air benign, . . *Nature's Law.*
But it's not her air, her form, her face, *S. On Cessnock banks†*
And Modesty assume your air, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Her fautless form and gracefu' air; . . *S. Sae flaxen†*
Benevolence, with mild benignant air, *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
with an air That show'd a man o' spunk,
The Jolly Beggars. R. vii.
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, . *S. The Posie.*
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet. . . . . *The Vision. D. II. 1.*
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion! . . . . . *To a Louse.*
Her air like nature's vernal smile; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy†*
Pleasure with her siren air . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Air [the atmosphere].
On trembling string, or vocal air, . *S. A rosebud by my†*
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air, . . *A Vision.*
the air was still, ... *Ib.*
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
S. Caledonia.
Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast, . . . *El. on Capt. M. H. 13.*
What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where, . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave†*
thunders rend the howling air, *S. How can my poor heart†*
like the morning sun That melts the fogs in limpid air,
Lament for Glencairn.
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Lns extem. in Lady's pocket-book.
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
S. No Churchman am I†
Tho' raging winter rent the air, . *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
I hear her charm the air. . . . *S. Of a' the airts†*
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.
larks with little wing, Fann'd the pure air, *S. Phillis the Fair.*
in its native air And rural grace; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. . *Ib. S.*
Again ye'll charm the vocal air. . *S. The Catrine woods†*
to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. *The Holy Fair. 1.*
Or ruins pendent in the air, [v. A. 4] . . *The Vision.*
As high in air the bursting torrents flow, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Aire [old spelling of the town and river Ayr].
Along the banks of Aire, . *Man was made to mourn.*
Auld Aire ran by before me, . . . *One night as I†*
wha on Aire your chanters tune! . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire, an' Doon,
Naebody sings. . . . . *To W. Simpson.*

Airle—, Arle-penny [earnest-money].
I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three; . . *S. O can ye labour lea†*
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
S. O meikle thinks my love†

Airles [earnest-money].
An' name the airles an' the fee, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Airn [iron]. Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
A Dream. 13.
a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn; *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, . . . *The Ordination. 8.*

Airt [direction, quarter of the sky].
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . *S. O Tibbie! I hae*†
My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee,
S. O wert thou in the†
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west, ... *S. Of a' the airts*†

Airt, *to* [to direct].
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure. . . . *S Gat ye me*†

Airted [directed].
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,
A guid chiel wi' a prickle siller: . *Auld comrade dear*†

Airy. Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake: . . *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears, . . *Ib. 4.*
Fame a restless, airy dream; *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Aisles. Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
On Lincluden Castle.
Her home, these aisles and arches high; . . . *Ib.*

Aith [oath]. 'This night I'm free to tak my aith,'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . *S. Duncan Davison,*
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . *The Election Ballads. I.*
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith. . . *The Inventory.*
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith, ... *The Vision, D. I. 6.*
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht; . . . *Ib. 8.*
Frae words an' aiths to clours and nicks; *ToW.Simpson,P.S.*

Aith-detesting. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.

Aits [oats]. And Aits set up their awnie horn, *Scotch Drink. 3.*

Aiver [an old horse].
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver; . . . . . *A Dream. 11.*

Aizle [a hot cinder].
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' . *Halloween. 13.*

Ajee [to one side]. And come na unless the back-yett be ajee;
S. O whistle, and I'll†
His bonnet he
A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush . *S. The tither morn*†

A-keeping. And has my heart a-keeping?
S. O wat ye wha that loes†

Alacrity. Witb arch-alacrity and conscious glee
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Alake [alas!] Alake, alake the meikle deil, *Friend of the poet*†
Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason! . *Scotch Drink. 14.*
Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Alane [alone]. Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Love alane can gi'e delight. . *S. Jockey fou, and Jenny*†
I bear alane my lade o' care, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
[Winter] Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa',
S. My Nanie's awa.
We'll e'en let this subject alane. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Adorns the bistie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane. . . . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Alang [along]. The stars they shot alang the sky; *A Vision.*
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; . *Add. to Toothache.*
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
S. Contented wi' little†
To echo bore the notes alang. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Scarce ane bas tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarringe? . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Alarm. watching high the least alarms, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft†
And rueful thy alarms: . . . . . *Sad thy tale*†
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
war's loud alarms . . . . *S. There was a bonie lass*†

Alarm, *to.* Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,
The Kirk's Alarm.
No anxious fear their little heart alarms;
S. The sun he is sunk†
How your dread howling a lover alarms! *S. Wandering Willie.*
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? . *Why am I loth*†

Alarm'd. The herds an' hissels were alarm'd;
To W. Simpson, P.S.

Alarming. O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming, *S. Mark yonder Pomp*†
Had ne'er sic powers alarming: *S. O wat ye wha that loes*†

Alas! "Alas!" quoth I, "what rueful chance,
"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees;
As on the banks†
"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!" *Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.*
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress†
Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed. *Lns wrote on death-bed.*
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
S. No Churchman am I†
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, *On birth of Posth. Child.*
One farewell, alas, for ever! . . . *S. One fond kiss*†
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe! . . *S. Scenes of woe*†
Alas! my roupet Muse is hoarse!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 2.
Alas! I'm but a nameless wight, ... *Ib. 10.*
But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
They've wranged the Lass of Albany.
The bonie Lass of Albany.
Alas the day, and wo the day, ... *Ib.*
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; *S. The Catrine woods*†
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Alas! misfortune stares my face, . . . *The Farewell.*
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! . *The Lament. 5.*
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas!
"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
S. The lass that made the bed.
For e'en and morn she cries, alas! . *S. The lovely lass of I.*†
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alas! that e'er a bonie face
Should draw a sauty tear! . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And, alas! I am weary, weary O! . *S. The Slave's Lament.*
Alas! can I make it no better return!
S. The small birds rejoice†

Albany. They've wranged the Lass of Albany. [*re.*]
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

Albion. And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!
S. Here's a health to them†
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
thro' Albion's farthest kin, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Ale. honest lucky, Brews gude ale *S. A' the lads o' Thornie*†
I wish her sale for her gude ale, ... *Ib.*
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
S. Contented wi' little†
set him to a pint of ale, . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 6.*
Strong ale was ablution, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
ale and brandy's stars and moon, . . *S. Gane is the day*†
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, . *S. O gude ale comes*†
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. . . . . *Ib.*
Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, ... *Ib.*
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen. . . *S. Scroggam.*
And ay the ale was growing better: . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie; . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Alexander. She's gane like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.
S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †

Alias. I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, *On dining with Daer.*
Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Alison. My bonie Peggy Alison. [*rc.*]
S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †

A-listening. A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean,
S. Their groves of †

Alive. That year I was the waest man
O' ony man alive, . . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Alkali. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.

All. The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep;
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . . . . *Ib.*
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares. . . . . *Ib.*
And dare the war with all of woman born: . . . . *Ib.*
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. *Ib.*
O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; . *Ep. to R. Graham.*
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart. . . *S. Fate gave the word* †
So fell the pride of all my hopes, ... *Ib.*
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †
All underneath the birchen shade; . . *S. Here is the glen* †
We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, *Impromptu.*
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!
In vain would Prudence †
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all. . . *John Barleycorn.*
All for to court this pretty maid, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
Lns sent to Sir J. Whiteford.
With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:
My father was a farmer †
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, *New Psalmody.*
a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.
S. No Churchman am I †
Nature's gifts to all are free: . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Tyrant stern to all beside. . . . . *Ib.*
All on Nature you depend, ... *Ib.*
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash! . . . *Remorse, a Frag.*
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, . . . *Ib.*
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Sketch. New Yr's Day.
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss! . . . . *Ib.*
On this poor being all depends; . . . . *Ib.*
And in an instant all was dark: . . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
The Brigs o' Ayr. 1.
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard, . . . *Ib.*
All else was bush'd as Nature's closed e'e; . . . *Ib. 3.*
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; . . . *Ib. 10.*
But all the soul of Music's self was heard; . *Ib. 12.*
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. *The Dean of Faculty.*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care: . . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Here's to all the wandering train! *The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.*
One and all cry out, Amen! . . . . . *Ib.*
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream! . *The Lament, 1.*
Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; *The Ordination. 12.*
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.
The Poor Thresher.

Allan. By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
S. By Allan stream †

Allan [Ramsay the poet].
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.*
come forrit, honest Allan! . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame; . . . . . *To W. Simpson.*

Allan [Masterton, who composed the air of "O Willie brew'd."]
And Rob and Allan came to see; . *S. O Willie brew'd* †

All-bitter. Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.
The Lament. 8.

All-chearing. All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

All-conquering.
O these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

All-directing. impell'd by all-directing Fate,
The Brigs of Ayr 3.

Allegiance. I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good-bye, allegiance!
S. Husband, husband †

Allegretto. Set off wi' *allegretto* glee His giga Solo.
The Jolly Beggars, R. V.
But [your life] "*allegretto forte*" gay
Harmonious flow . . . *Ep. to Major Logan. 5.*

Alley. The shrinking hard adown an alley skulks,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.

All-forgot. all-forgetting, all-forgot. *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

All-Good. Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

All-hail. All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore! *The Farewell.*
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, . . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
All hail! ye tender feelings dear! . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
All hail! my own inspired Bard! . *The Vision, D. II. 2.*

Alliance. Sae knit in alliance are kin.
The Election Ballads. III.

All-important. Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters;
The Election Ballads, VI.

Allow. That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood. . *Ep. to Major Logan. 13.*
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Ep to R. Graham. 5.
Besides, I farther maun allow, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.*
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. *Once fondly lov'd* †
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Alloway. Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Tam o'Shanter. 3.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. . . . *Ib. 9.*
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; . . . . *Ib. 10.*

Allowed, -'d. To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
Why am I loth †
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be, . . *A Ded. to G. H. 4.*
They durst nae mair than he allow'd, . . *To W. Creech.*

Alloy. God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

All-prevailing. And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!
Thy power is all prevailing!
The Election Ballads. VI.

All-revolving. But nocht in all-revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.
Lament for Glencairn.

Allseeing. Thou Being, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r! . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*

Allur'd. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction. . *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Alluring. Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Almagro [one of the Spanish conquerors of Peru].
Between Almagro and Pizarro;
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Almighty. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*

Alms. When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The Kirk's Alarm

Aloft. I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder; . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Aloft on dewy wing; . . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Alone. the selfish aim, To bless himself alone!
A Winter Night. 8.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her. . *S. Come, let me take thee* †
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Who says that fool alone is not thy due, . . . *Ib.*
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
Epit. for Author's Father.
For had he said the soul alone . .
Then thou hadst slept for ever! . *Epit. on Country Laird.*
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Look not alone on youthful Prime, *Man was made to mourn.*
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
—Man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . *Poet. Inscription.*
Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave; . . . *Sad thy tale* †
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch, New-Yr's day.*
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. *The Brigs of Ayr. 1.*
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone I live: . *S. The day returns* †
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champetre. . . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
For her dear sake, and her's alone! . . *The Lament. 4.*
. . . dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
The Rights of Woman.
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . *To Clarinda.*
Then let your schemes alone, in the state,
S. Ye Jacobites by name †
Aloud. When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
Tam o'Shanter, 17.
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Already. She's got mischief enough already;
Adam A'—s Prayer.
I've paid enough for her already, . . *The Inventory.*
Altar. The altar sinks, the tapers fade, *On Lincluden Castle.*
Alter. Who knows how the fashions may alter,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Alteration. To see each melancholy alteration;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Alter'd. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, *The Tears I shed.*
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, *S. When wild War's* †
Alternate. Alternate Follies take the sway;
Man was made to Mourn. 4.
Hope and Fear's alternate billow *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Alway,-s. Guide Thou their steps alway. *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
'And O! he sure to fear the Lord alway!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.
S. Caledonia. 6.
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
S. What can a young lassie †
Fear not clouds will always lour. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
Amaist [almost]. I had amaist said, ever pray,
A Ded. to G. H., 13.
The words come skelpan, rank and file,
Amaist before I ken! . . . *Ep. to Davie, 11.*
Amaist as soon as I could spell, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 8*
Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
For fear amaist did swarf, man, *The Battle of Sherra-moor.*
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
By a thievish midge
They had amaist been lost. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
I had amaist forgotten clean, . . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd; . . . . *Ib.*

Amalek. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Amalthea. And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
To R.G. of F. 3.
Amang [among]. Amang thae Birth-day dresses.
A Dream. 1.
Amang his en'mies a', man. . . . *A Fragment. 2.*
Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, *S. A. Rosebud by my* †
up amang thae lakes and seas, . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Amang the springs, ... *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
hear'st the bell Amang them a'! . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
S. Again rejoicing nature †
And down amang the blooming heather, *S. As I came o'er* †
O'er yon moss, amang the heather; *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*
Down amang the broom, the broom, ... *Ib.*
Amang oursels united: . . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.* 3,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite, *Ib., Ap. 21st. 2.*
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the rashes.*
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night. . . . . *Halloween, 1.*
Amang the bonie, winding banks, ... *Ib. 2.*
He marches thro' amang the stacks, ... *Ib.* 18.
But Och! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin! . . . . . *Ib. 24.*
Amang the brachens, on the brae, ... *Ib. 26.*
Sounding Clouden's woods amang, *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
S. Here's a health to them †
Amang its native briers sae coy, . *S. I do confess thou* †
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Ken ye aught of Capt. Grose? †
The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
S. Lady Mary Ann.
The flower amang our barons bold, *Lament for Glencairn.*
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Amang the heather in my plaidie, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
Amang the blooming heather: . *S. Now westlin winds* †
How pure, amang the leaves sae green; *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
S. O Logan, sweetly didst †
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison. . *S. O Mary at thy window* †
And I mysel' the Zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play. *S. O were my love yon* †
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, . .
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
And amang guid companie; . *S. Rattlin, roarin Willie.*
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang; *S. Sae flaxen were* †
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: *Tam o' Shanter, 6.*
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Tam Samson's El. 12.
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear, ... *Ib.*
They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man;
The Battle of Sherra-moor.
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . . *The Calf.*
The craik amang the clover hay, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 6.
An' clos'd her e'en amang the dead! *The Death of Maillie.*
As flames amang a hundred woods, *The Election Ballads, VI.*
The gay-green woods, amang, man; *The Fête Champetre*

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches; . . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
The Petition of Br. Water.
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
S. The Posie.
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley: . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles: *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
But stray amang the heather bells, *S. There was a lass* †
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
S. There's auld Rob †
Then I maun rin amang the rest . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem: . . . . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a'; . . . . . *To W. Creech.*
When lintwhites chant amang the buds, *To W. Simpson. 12.*
An' stay ae month amang the Moons . . . *Ib. P.S.*
amang the chief O' lang syne saunts. . *What ails ye now* †
amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet. . . . . *Ib.*
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie. . *S. What will I do gin* †
He strays amang the woods and briers, *S. Young Jamie* †

Amaze. But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.
S. The Poor Thresher.

Amaz'd. As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
Tam o' Shanter. 12.

Amazement. The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn

Amber. While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead. . . . . *To a Haggis.*

Ambition. mad Ambition's gory hand, *A Winter's Night. 8.*
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown, . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Ambush'd. ambush'd hy the chimla cheek, *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Amen. An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen. . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen! . . . . . *Poem on Life.*
One and all cry out, *amen!* . *The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.*
And the Priest shall say, Amen. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Amendment. And after proper purpose of amendment,
Remorse, A Frag.

Amends. To mak amends for scrimpet stature, . *To J. S. 3.*

America. Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man: . . *A Fragment, 1.*

Amiable. Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.

Amiss. Were sayin or takin aught amiss: *Kind Sir, I've read* †
An' gin she tak the thing amiss
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. . . *S. O steer her up* †
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss! *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*

Ammunition. Ammunition you never can need;
The Kirk's Alarm.

Amorous. While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
S. Sae flaxen †
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
To Mary in Heaven.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy, ... *To W. Simpson. 12.*

Amount. While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
Is a' th' amount. . . *The Vision. D.I. 5.*

Amour. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Then, vive l'amour! *Ep. to Major Logan, 12.*
May powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours, ... *On W. Chalmers.*
Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; . . *A Sketch.*

Ample. To show thy grace is great an' ample,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Amuse. A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel. *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Amus'd. The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
S. Adown winding Nith †
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more? *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*

Amusement. Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. . . . . *S. Caledonia.*

An, An', And [if]. Carl, an the king come, [*re.*]
S. Carl an the king come †
An somebodie were come again,
Then somebodie maun cross the main, . . . *Ib.*
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out. *S. Gane is the day* †
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the rashes* †
Deil tak Kate
An she be na noddin too! . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen, . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
Cog an ye were ay fou, . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
O an ye were dead, gudeman, . *S. O gin ye were dead.*
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. . *S. O poortith cauld* †
An he get na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets na justice ava. *The Election Ballads. III.*
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.
S. There grows a bonie brier †
And thou live thou'll steal a naigie. . . *S. Hee balou* †

Ananas [the pine-apple].
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich ananas blow! . . . . *The Farewell.*

Anarchy. Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyrany damn'd;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.

Anathem. An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Anbank [Mr. Cuninghame of Anbank, Ayrshire].
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champetre. . *The Fête Champetre.*

Ance [once].
What ance he says, he winna break it; *A Ded. to G.H., 5.*
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day. . . . *A Guid New Year* † 2
Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, ... *Ib. 3.*
Than let them ance out owre the water; *Add. of Beelzebub.*
a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd. *S. Among the trees* †
And ance she bore a priest; . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Ance to the Indies I were wonted, *Ep. to Major Logan. 12.*
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and ay. . . . *Friend of the Poet* †
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
S. Gloomy December.
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . *Halloween. 2.*
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . . . . *Ib. 4.*
My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance* †
My life was ance that careless stream,
S. Now Spring has clad †
And ance for a' this ne night *S. O Lassie, art th. sleeping* †
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day; . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
Hand up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, sieze the blinkers! . . *Scotch Drink, 20.*
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, *Tam o' Shanter, 13.*
I,—d! if ance they pit her till't,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 17.
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
The Brigs of Ayr, 5.
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted, . . *The Holy Fair, 25.*
ance whan in my wooing pride . . . *The Inventory.*
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, . .
I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk, *The Jolly Beggars, S. III.*
To confound the poor Doctor at ance. *The Kirk's Alarm, 15.*
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
S. The Posie.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, . . *The Posie.*
Forgather'd ance upon a time. . . *The Twa Dogs, 1.*
There liv'd ance a carle in Killyburn-braes,
S. There lived ance a carle †
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, . . *Ib.*
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, . . . *To J. S. 15.*
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, *To W. Creech.*
I hae been in for't ance or twice, . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . *V.s under grief.*
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms,
S. Wandering Willie.
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, . *S. When wild War's* †
Ance the darling o' the men: *S. Will ye go and marry* †
If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die. . . . . *Ib.*
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Ancestor. Whose ancestors in days of yore, . . .
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore;
Add. to Edinburgh 7.
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
The Whistle. 14.

Anchor. A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure'n noble anchor! *Ep. to Young Friend, 10.*

Ancient. Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust;
S. Awa, whigs, awa.
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
The flow'r of ancient nations; . . . *Nature's Law.*
The piety of ancient days! . . *On Lineluden Castle.*
Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . *On Miss J. Scott.*
I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
an ancient nation fam'd afar, . . *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire; . . *Ib.*
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings, . *Ib. 9.*
Her ancient weed was russet gray, *The Election Ballads. 1.*
Fareweel our ancient glory; . . . . *S. The Union.*
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; *The Vision, D. 1. 15.*

Ancle. Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; *Tam Samson's El. 9.*

Anderson. John Anderson, my jo, John, [*re.*]
S. John Anderson †

Andrew. Andrew dear believe me, *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; . . . *Halloween. 11.*
Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie;
S. The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, ... *Ib.*

Andro [Andrew].
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the hook,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Ane [one]. And niblins *ane* been better Than You *A Dream. 3.*
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! . *A Ded. to G.H. 3.*
I'll reserve ane Laid by for you. . *A Guid New-year* † *17.*
a feckless matter To gie ane fash. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
A dream of ane that never wauks. *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
And O for ane and twenty, Tam! [*re.*]
S. And O for ane and twenty †
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.
S. As I was a-wand ring. †
But there is ane, a secret ane, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I; *S. Comin thro' the rye.*
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I, . . *Ib.*
Till ane Hornhook's ta'en up the trade,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
I threw a noble throw at ane; . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death, . . . *Ib. 25.*
A bich house and a laigh ane; . . . *S. Gat ye me* †
For muckle anes, an' straught anes. . . *Halloween. 4.*
For monie a ane has gotten a fright, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Sometime when nae ane see'd him, . . . *Ib. 17.*
They hecht him some fine braw ane; . *Halloween. 23.*
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, . . *S. Here's a health* †
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory, . . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
It's ye hae wooers mony ane, . . *S. In simmer when* †
And ane to wait on every hand, . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
There's ane to you, and twa to me, *S. O gin ye were dead.*
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane; . *S. O gude ale comes* †
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, . . *S. O Phely* †
The deil a ane would spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I. . . . *S. O Tibbie I hae seen* †
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her. *S. O wat ye wha th. lo'es* †
But I hae ane will take my part, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And ane would rather fa'n than fled; . . . . *Ib.*
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak' her: . *On Willie Chalmers.*
my fond regard For ane that shares my bosom, . . *Ib.*
Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
There's ane they ca' Jean, . . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
For thrice I drew ane without failing, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
And ane, a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; . . . . *Ib.*
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but tway.
The first ane was a belted knight, *The Election Ballads. 1.*
And ilka ane at London court
Would bid to him gude day. . . . . *Ib.*
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, . . . *Ib. II.*
The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil ane will give them his vote. . . . *Ib. III.*
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter; . . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs and prays: . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations; . . . . *Ib. 20.*
Till some ane by his bonnet lays, ... *Ib. 24.*
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, . *The Inventory.*
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. . . . *Ib.*
in auld, red rags, Ane sat; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft? . . . *Ib. S. III.*
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin', . . *Ib. S. VII.*
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.
The Kirk's Alarm, 4.
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a, . *The Ordination. 1.*
He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound . . . *Ib. 8.*
As ane were peelin onions! . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
Thy're no sae wretched's ane wad think; *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
The young anes rantan thro' the house . . . *Ib. 20.*
It wad for ev'ry ane be better, ... *Ib. 26.*
But he has gotten to our grief,
Ane to succeed him, . . *The Twa Herds. 13.*
And mony a ane that I could tell, ... *Ib. 14.*
There's S[mit]h for ane, ... *Ib.*
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane *S. There was a lad* †
Sweet ane an' twenty! . . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
An' naething, now, to big a new ane, . . *To a Mouse.*
if ye're ane o' warl's folk, . . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
ane, Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane. . . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd; . . . *Ib.*
She has an e'e, she has but ane, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry* †
But there is ane aboon the lave, . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Ane anither [one another].
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; . *A Guid New Year* † *1S.*
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,
Wi' ane anither. . *Ep. to J. L—K, Ap. 1st. 1S.*
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
S. John Anderson, my jo †
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. . *The death of Maillie.*

Aneath [beneath]. When I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning, *S. The tither morn.*

Angel. The Poet, some guid Angel help him, *A Ded. to G.H.3.*
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; *Auld comrade dear* †
Now health forsakes that angel face, . . *Fragment.*
I guess by the dear angel smile, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
Guardian angels! O protect her, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
I love my Mary's angel air, . . . *S. My Mary's face* †
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. ——.
O sweet he thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever, . *On Death of fav. Child.*
An angel form's faun to thy share!
'Twould been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam. . . *The Dean of Fac.*
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . *The Fête Champetre.*
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna! . *S The gowd. locks of A.*
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand,
The Petition of Br. Water.
You shouldna paint at angels mair, . . *To a Painter.*
To paint an angel's kittle wark, ... *Ib.*
An angel could not die. . . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you. . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
The golden hours on angel wings,
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

Angelic. Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
Prologue, at Th., D.

Anger. I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger: *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger. *Epig. on being neglected at inn.*
Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger; . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
They canna sit for anger. . . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*

Anger, *to.* When neebors anger at a plea, *Scotch Drink. 13.*
To anger them a' is a pity, ... *S. Tam Glen.*

Anger'd. And our gudwife has gotten a ca',
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O.
The Cooper o' cuddy †

Angler. And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art: *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Anglian. The Anglian lion, the terror of France, *S. Caledonia.*

Angry. Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
If angry fate is sworn my foe, . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee,
S. O wert thou in the †
braving angry winter's storms, . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
As hees bizz out wi' angry fyke, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Tho' stars in skies may disappear
And angry tempests gather, . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
I tremble to approach an angry God, . *Why am I loth* †

Anguish. on the couch of anguish? . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Leslie is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me. . *S. Blythe hae I been* †
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes my soul with anguish?
S. Could aught of song †
To see thee in another's arms, - - -
My heart wad burst wi' anguish. *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Nor dare disclose my anguish. *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. *S. Gloomy December.*
If sorrow and anguish their exit await, *Monody, on a Lady.*
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Remorse, A Frag.
What bursting anguish tears my heart! *The Farewell.*
Yet dare not speak my anguish. . . *S. The last time I* †
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish. . . *S. Thine am I* †
enamour'd and fond of my anguish, *S. Where are the joys* †

Angus. The Angus lads had nae gude will,
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Animated. No storied urn nor animated bust,
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

Anither [another]. We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
A Guid New Year † *1S*
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither: . . *Add. to the Unco Guid.*
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
S. John Anderson. †
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt: *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune mann try.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither! *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo; . . . . *S. O steer her up* †
gin the lassie winna do't Ye'll find anither will, . . *Ib.*
If he but want the miser's dirt
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, *S. O Tibbie! I hae seen* †
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
S. O whistle, and I'll †
For now he's taen anither shore,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. Indies.
The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. *S. Scroggam.*
first ae caper, syne anither, . . . *Tam 'o Shanter, 16*
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,
Anither sang. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15.*
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter; . . *The Fête Champttre.*
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs and prays: . . . *The Holy Fair, 10.*
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow. . . . . *S. The weary pund.*
Gae fa' upo' anither plan, . . . *What ails ye now* †

Ann. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Anna. Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, *S. Anna thy charms* †
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna. [*re.*] *S. The gowd. locks of A.*

Annandale, Bess of [the town of Annan].
And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt on Solwayside, . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
Then started Bess of Annandale
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, ... *Ib.*

Anne. Beware o' bonie Anne, [*re.*]
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

Annie. O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. *S. By Allan stream* †
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie: . . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Anointed. That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto thine own anointed. *New Psalmody.*
Friday first's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed, . *To a Medical Gent.*

Annual. When ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore, *El. on Capt. M.H. 9.*
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns, ... *Nature's Law.*
Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
To Miss L., with Beattie.

Another. I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie. *S. Come boat me o'er* †
To see thee in another's arms, - -
'Twill be my dead, . . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around! . . . *El. on Capt. M.H. 15.*

If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.
Epit. on a Friend.

I'll wed another like my dear - -
Then all hell will fly for fear, . *S. Husband, husband* †

Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
One rank as well's another ; . *On dining with Daer.*

Another year is gone for ever. . *Sketch, New-Yr's day.*

Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
S. Ye sons of old Killie †

Thou canst love another maid, . *S. Thou hast left me* †

Answer. For still th' important end of life,
They (wha fa') equally may answer :
Ep. to Young Friend. 4.

And answer him fu' dry. . . . . *S. O Tibbie! I hae* †

Till Echo answer frae her cave, . *Tam Samson's El. 13.*

His flunkies answer at the bell ; . *The Twa Dogs. S.*

Come hither lad, an' answer for't, . . *What ails ye now* †

Answ'rest. Thou, weeping, answ'rest *no!* . *The Farewell.*

Ant. Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Anthem. The holy anthem loud and clear;
On Lincluden Castle.

Anticipation. Anticipation forward points the view;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Antidote. an antidote Against sic poosion'd nostrum ;
The Holy Fair. 15.

Antiquarian. And taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Antonine. Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen, *The Holy Fair. 15.*

Anxious. An' monie an' anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat! *A Guid New-year* † *16.*

Still anxious to secure your partial favor,
And not less anxious sure this night than ever,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

No anxious fear their little heart alarms ;
S. The sun he is sunk †

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ; . . . *To J. S. 25.*

Any. For I'm as free as any he, . *S. Here's to thy health* †

Apart. in some Cottage far apart, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.*

Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, *S. The lazy mist* †

Ape. nameless wretches, That ape their betters.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

A-piece. Half-a-crown a-piece
Will pay for their fleece, . . *Johnny Peep.*

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
The Whistle. 14.

Apollo. Then in an *ariose* key, The wee Apollo
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee His *giga Solo.*
The Jolly Beggars, R. V.

With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying, ... *To J. Taylor.*

To Vulcan then Apollo goes, ... *Ib.*

Apostle. An there will be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
The Election Ballads, III.

But chiefly thou, apostle A[ul]d,
We trust in thee, *The Twa Herds. 10.*

Apothecary. But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.

Appalled, -'d. Critics—appalled, I venture on the name,
To R. G. of F. 4.

No more I shrink appall'd, afraid, ... *To Ruin.*

Appeal. To common sense they now appeal,
Auld comrade dear †

Appealing. Reid, to common sense appealing.
Auld comrade dear †

Appear. In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

Till smiling Spring again appear. . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*

Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear! *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*

Brightest climes shall mirk appear, *S. Frae the Friends* †

Each eye it chears when she appears, . *S. Lovely Davies.*

But now thy flowery hanks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
S. O Logan! sweetly †

mark! Who in widow weeds appears, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —*

But not for panegyric I appear, . . *Prologue at Th., D.*

Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
Prologue sp. by Woods.

Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;
Reproof by Himself.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.

O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case! *The Death of Mailie.*

Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past. . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear : *S. The gloomy Night* †

When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snoran . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*

How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
S. The lazy Mist †

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves. . . . *To J. S. 16.*

(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, *To R. G. of F. 9.*

Appear'd. When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,
Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill,
As on the banks †

And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro. . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

A fairy train appear'd in order bright : . . . *Ib. 11.*

The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . *The Holy Fair. 3.*

Appease. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
S. Caledonia.

Appetite. Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delight : . . *S. Jockey fou* †

Applaud. Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Applause. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws
Shook with a thunder of applause
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Apple. 'I'll eat the apple at the glass, . . *Halloween. 13.*

She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheeket apples, ... *Ib. 21.*

It's'a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Applecross [Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross].
Faith, you and A****'s were right . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Appointed. Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,
For so thou hadst appointed ; *New Psalmody.*

Friday first's the day appointed, . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Apprehend. He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
The Twa Dogs. 13,

Apprehension. In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The Vowels.

Approach. No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
The Tears I shed.

Approach, *to.* Approach this shrine, and worship here.
Poet. Inscription.

See approach proud Edward's power, . *S. Scots, wha hae* †

The hour approaches Tam maun ride ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

I tremble to approach an angry God, . *Why am I loth* †

Approach'd.
When he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis liny moaning,
Epig on Capt. Grose.

For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Monody, on a Lady.

Approaching. As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers.
The Election Ballads. VI.

The morn that warns th' approaching day, *The Lament. 7.*

Approve. Let my fancy first approve. . . *S. Jockey fou* †

Approv'd. His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

Approving. Yet deviating own I must,
For so approving me. *Wr. on leaf of H. More.*

Apron. Her braw, new, worset apron . . *Halloween. 13.*

An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Aproned. all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Apt. Fickle man is apt to rove: . . *S. Let not woman* †

Aqua-fontis. Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.

Aquavitae [whisky]. E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aquavitae;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Arab. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips: . . *Delia. An Ode.*

A-ranklin. May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.

Arbour. Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
S. Adown winding Nith †

Arcadian. No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; *The Lament.*

Arch. Lifts high it's roof and arches wide, *On Lincluden Castle.*
Her home, these aisles and arches high; . . . *Ib.*
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane, *Tam o'Shanter. 7.*
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Arch, *to.* Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie: . *Halloween. 19.*

Arched. The high-arched windows, painted fair,
On Lincluden Castle.

Arch-alacrity. With arch-alacrity and conscious glee
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Arch-fiend. — lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
The Hermit.

Arching. Bewitchingly o'er arching
Twa laughing e'en o' bonie blue.
S. Sae flaxen were †
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Architect. The glorious Architect Divine!
The Farewell to St. J's L.

Architecture. There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! . . *Ib. 8.*

Ardent. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole;
S. On a bank of flowers †
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, *Sketch, New Yr's Day.*
To muster o'er each ardent Whig, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour; *The Vision, D. II. 5.*
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Tells the ardent lover, . . . *S. Thine am I* †
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! *To R. G. of F. 9.*
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, *To R. Graham.*

Ardour. All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
S. My father was a farmer †
Or tore, with noble armour stung,
The Sceptic's hays. *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Area. That weekly this area throng, . *A Bard's Epit.*

Argument. Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
Extem. in Court of Session.

Argyle. The great Argyle led on his files,
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.

Aright. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. . . . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.*

Arioso [light, airy].
Then in an *arioso* key, The wee Apollo
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee His *giga Solo.*
The Jolly Beggars. R.V.
In *arioso* trills and graces Ye never stray, . *To J.S. 27.*

Arise. And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, . . *A Vision.*
Then may L[aprai]k and B[urns] arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18.*
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise. *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!
The Election Ballads. VI.

Ark. But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.
The Kirk's Alarm.

Arle-penny, *v.* **Arle-penny.**

Arm. With open arms the Stranger hail;
Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still,
Come kiss me at your leisure. . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
And stately oaks their twisted arms,
Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' wi' ye witchcraft †
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . *S. Ca' the Ewes* †
To see thee in another's arms, - -
'Twill be my dead, . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
in his arms he lock'd in thy sicker. . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
Come to my howl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 21.*
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
fell a martyr in her [Victory's] arms, . *Fragment of Ode.*
My arms about my Dearie, O; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms *S. Here's a health to ane* †
To my arms their charge convey, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Trees with aged arms were warring, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
And some will hause in ithers arms, . *S. John, come kiss* †
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . . . *Liberty.*
the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. . . . *Ib.*
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Wi' Chloris in my arms, . . *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
S. O merry hae I been †
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
On Death of Sir. J. Blair.
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
dying raptures in her arms, . . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
My Donald's arm was wanted then
S. The Highl. Widow's Lam.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him; . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
His doxy lay within his arm; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; . . *Ib. S. I.*
tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg. . . *Ib.*
Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the rapture'd moments flown! . *The Lament.*
I flang my arms about her neck. *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, *S. The sun he is sunk* †
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters, . *The Twa Dogs. EE.*
Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . *The Whistle.*
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms, *S. There was a bonie lass* †
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm. . . . *To a Haggis.*
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle, ... *Ib.*
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . *To R. G. of F.*
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
S. Wandering Willie.

She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie? *S. When wild war's* †
A weak arm, and a strang For to draw.
S. Ye Jacobites by name †
And the heart beating love as I'm clasped in her arms,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
When in his arms he taks me a'; . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Armament. But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions:
The Rights of Woman.

Arm'd. His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
John Barleycorn.
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Arming. distress, with horrors arming, . *S. Sensibility* †

Arminian. Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
The Twa Herds. 5.

Armorial. Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr; *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Armour.
In her [Beauty's] armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
Yon wild mossy mountains †

Armour, Jean. But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.
The Belles of Mauchline.

Arms. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
S. Caledonia.
haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, *S. Lovely Davies.*
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.S.*
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortunes field,
The Brigs of Ayr.
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? *The Rights of Woman.*
As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply. . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . *To Chloris*
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; *Why am I loth* †

Army. Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade, *The Vision, D. II. 20.*

Arose. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
S. Caledonia.
From peaceful slumber she arose, . *S. It was the charming* †
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command: . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
But up arose the martial Chuck, *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Around. Around me scowls a wintry sky,
S. Forlorn, my Love †
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
I could range the world around
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Arouse. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Arous'd. While slee D—nd—s arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man; *A Fragment. S.*
Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Arraign. Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
To R. G. of F.

Array. Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a' . *S. But lately seen* †
In simplicity's array; . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
I see the hours in long array, . . . *The Lament.*

Array, *to.* Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
S. My Nanie's awa.

Array'd. In beauty's pride array'd; *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

Arrest. Some black hog-hole, Arrests us,
Ep. to Major Logan. 2.

Arrive. Behold the hour, the boat arrive! *S. Behold the hour* †

Arrogant. The arrogant assuming; *On dining with Daer.*

Arrow. She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
S. Caledonia.
Or turn the pole like any arrow; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart: . *S. Fate gave the word* †

Arse [the buttocks].
Or if bare a—— yet were tax'd; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses! . . . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
To her sittan on her arse
Low i' the dust, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the a—— of a peer. *The Election Ballads. III.*
They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Art. Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . *A Ded. to G.H. S.*
Who long with jiltish arts and airs has strove;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Your better art o' hiding. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
S. Caledonia.
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish? *S. Could aught of song* †
thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; . . *Ib.*
wi' his art 'And cursed skill, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.*
Hornbook was by, wi' ready art, ... *Ib. 17.*
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Yet has sae mony takin' arts, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Her native grace so void of art; . . *S. My Mary's face* †
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art: . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel. . . . *O leave novels* †
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
S. O stay sweet warbling †
Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
On seeing wounded Hare.
The drooping arts surround their patron's hier,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
With Art's most polish'd blaze. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And Art can ne'er renew it, . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
—every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung, . *Ib. 11.*
with studied, sly, ensnaring art, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.*
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth! . . *Ib.*
In all the pomp of method, and of art, . . . *Ib. 17.*
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! . *Ib. 19.*
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart. . *The Twa Dogs. 31.*
There distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome. . *The Vision, D.I. 13.*
Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply. . . . *Ib. D. II. 3.*
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful Art. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art; . . . . *Ib. 19.*
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; *The Vowels.*
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts. . . . *To J. S,*
Spurning nature, torturing art; . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
Even silly woman has her warlike arts, . *To R. G. of F.*
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Artemisa. One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire, Another.

Artful,-fu'. Could artful numbers move thee,
S. Could aught of song †
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: *S. Behind yon hills* †

Artillery. Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Artisan. The Rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan, *The Vision, D. II. 7.*

Artless. [The daisy] So artless, so simple, so wild;
S. Adown winding Nith †
Bonie lassie, artless lassie! . *S. Lassie wi' the lint white* †
this dear artless creature, . . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
The Hero of these artless strains,
A lowly Bard was he, ... *Nature's Law.*
the simple artless rhymes, . . . *Once fondly lov'd* †
though his artless strains he rudely sings, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
They chant their artless notes in simple guise; . *Ib 13.*
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; *The Vision, D. II, 9.*
the simple, artless lays Of other times. . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Now what could artless Jeanie do? . *S. There was a lass* †
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Such is the fate of artless Maid, . *To a Mountain-daisy.*

Ascend. The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The lav'rock, to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Ascends the holy rostrum: . . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Ascertain. I could not then just ascertain
It's worth, for want of time, . *Symon Gray* †

Ase [ashes]. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin. *Hallowcen. 10.*

Ash. She's stately like yon youthful ash, *S. On Cessnock Banks* †
Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Ashamed. O! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature? *S. Deluded Swain* †
Asham'd himself to see the wretches, *Lns add. to J. Rankcn.*

Ashes. Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*

Aside. Or *frailty* stept aside, *A Prayer in prosp. of Death.*
To step aside is human: . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? *Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.*
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do? . *S. Fairest Maid* †
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile. *S. I do confess thou art* †
They lay aside their private cares, . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
His honnet rev'rently is laid aside, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.*

Ask. At present we will ask no more, . . . *A. Grace.*
In heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.
A Verse on being hosp. entertained.
Ask why God made the gem so small,
While huge he made the granite? *Ask why God made* †
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her. *S. Come, let me take thee* †
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
If thou should ask my love, Could I deny thee?
S. Jamie, come try me †
Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan? . . *S. Let not woman* †
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more, *Once fondly lov'd* †
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
Prologue at Th., D.
To crown your happiness he asks your leave, . . *Ib.*
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
Sonnet writ. on birthday.
And would you ask me to resign,
The sole reward that crowns my pain. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
One round, I ask it with a tear, *The Farewell to St. J.'s L.*
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes. . . . *To J. S. 21.*
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give. . . . . *To Lord G.*

Askance. askance the creature eyeing, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle*

Asked. I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And many a question he ask'd him at large,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Asklent [not straight, aslant].
Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †

Asleep. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
S. Afton Water.
The half asleep start up wi' fear, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
'Twas but some neebor snoran Asleep that day. . . *Ib.*
The prosperous man is asleep, . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Aspar. Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonie lasses lie aspar, *S. There was a lad* †

Aspect. What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
S. The lazy mist †
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Aspire. Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation, . . *A Dream. 5.*
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire,
May to Patrician rights aspire! . *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*
The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Ass. They gang in [to College] stirks, and come out Asses,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Ye're nonght but senseless asses, O:
S. Green grow the Rashes.
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam. . . *The Dean of Fac.*
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, *To R.G. of F.*

Assail. Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Extem. in Court of Session.
In vain assail him with their prayer, *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke; *Tam o' Shanter. 17*
My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail, . . *S. There was a bonie lass* †

Assailing. Have oft withstood assailing War,
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.

Assassin. What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife, *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Assemble. When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
The Farewell to St. J.'s L.

Assembled. Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
S. The Sons of old Killie †

Assiduous. To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
Ep. to Young Friend. 7.

Assignation. An' forming assignations
To meet some day. . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

Assign'd. At my right hand assign'd your seat,
Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
To lower Orders are assign'd,
The humbler ranks of Human-kind, *The Vision. D. II. 7.*

Assist. Assist poor Simson a' ye can, *Auld comrade dear* †
He aften did assist ye [husbands]; *Epit. on a Wag.*
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me, *Why am I loth* †
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign! . . . *Winter.*

Assisting. Implore his counsel and assisting might:
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Assume. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
My horny fist assume the plough again; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
And Modesty assume your air, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Assuming. The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming; *On dining with Daer.*

Asteer [astir]. An' wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night? *Halloween. 20.*

Astonished,-'d.
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G—d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load.
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends,
Wr. by Fall of Eyers.
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, *Tam o' Shanter, 11.*
And seem'd to my astonish'd view,
A well-known Land. *The Vision, D. I. 12.*
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, . . *Ib. D. II. 1.*

Astray. (Not moony madness more astray)
Sent to a Gent. offended.
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
Astray upon Nidside. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven. *The Vision, D. II. 17.*
Again in folly's path might go astray; . *Why am I loth* †

Astride. My Pegasus I'm got astride, *On W. Chalmers.*

Asunder. For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.
S. The Joyful Widower.
We tore ourselves asunder.
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

A-swearing. But heavens! how he fell a-swearing,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

At. His haly lips wad licket at her. . *S. Donald Brodie.*
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches. . . *Friend of the Poet* †
At strife thir carlines fell; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Come—one hottle more—and have at the sublime!
The Whistle. 17.
An' if ye mak objections at it, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Atheist. But twenty times, I rather wou'd be
An atheist clean, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Atheist-laugh. An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!
Ep. to Young Friend. 9.

Athole. Or I had fed an Athole Gled . *S. Killiecrankie.*
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!" *The Petition of Br. Water.*
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,
S. There grows a bonie †

Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift,
A Vision.

Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; . *A Dream. 13.*
like the star that athwart gilds the sky, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.
Once fondly lov'd †
Across the Atlantic's roar? . . . . *To Mary.*

Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost?
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

A' thegither [altogether].
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. . *The Inventory.*
'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither, . . *What ails ye now* †

Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.

Attained. For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained; *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*

Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief, . *To J.S.*

Attend. Reader attend . . . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Epit. for Author's Father.
And pray, a' gude things may attend you! *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Spirits kind, again attend me, . *Musing on the roaring* †
How can I to the tuneful strain attend? *Sonnet on Death of R.*
My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Not a hope that dare attend; . . *S. Thickest night* †
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse. . . . . *To Chloris.*
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, . *To Mr. Renton.*
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
Ye true "Loyal Nat.'s." †

Attendant. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Nor for a train-attendant; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*

Attended. Attended in his [Want's] grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
A Ded. to G. H. 10.
Ev'n them he canna get attended, *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Attention. And thy attentions plighted,
S. O wat ye wha that loes †
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
The Rights of Woman.
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! *ça ira!* The Majesty of Woman! . . . . *Ib.*

Attentive. Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
My dying words attentive hear, . *The Death of Mailie.*

Attested. The oft-attested Powers above; *The Lament. 3.*

Attire. My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
Ye shall gang in gay attire, . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*

Attir'd. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be. . . *A Vision.*

Attour [over, besides]. Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane;
S. Gat ye me †

Attribute. Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Attune. But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
To Miss Graham.

Atweel [well! in truth!].
Are they a' Johny's? Eh! atweel no:
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †

Atween [between]. Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Kind Sir, I've read †
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel. . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*

Auchenbay, An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
Auld comrade dear †

Aught. Could aught of song declare my pains,
S. Could aught of song †
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. *S. Here's a health* †
We're sayin or takin aught amiss: *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us, . . *S. Lovely Davis.*
The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee,
Or aught that wad helang thee! *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. *S. O wat ye wha's in yon* †
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
From aught that's good exempt. . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Or nature aught of pleasure give; . . *S. The day returns* †
That few for aught but folly lusted; . . *The Hermit.*

Aught [eight]. in aught hours gaun, *A Guid New-year* † *11.*

Aught [belong]. Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this
hustle here? . *Scots Prologue.*

Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awa,
S. Amang the trees †

Augment. May heaven augment your blisses, *A Dream. 1.*

August. When August winds the heather wave,
Tam Samson's El., 13.

Auld [Rev. Mr.].
Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
The Kirk's Alarm. S.
But chiefly thou, apostle A—d,
We trust in thee, . *The Twa Herds. 10.*
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld. . . *What ails ye now* †

Auld [old]. Ye've gien auld Britain peace, *A Dream. 6.*
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: *A Guid New-Year* †
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, . . . *Ib. 2.*
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, . . *Ib. 12.*
my auld, trusty Servan', ... *Ib. 17.*
An' thy auld days may end in starvin', . . . *Ib.*

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink, . . *Ib.*
May twin auld Scotland o' a life . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash. . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . *Add. to the Deil. 1.*
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, ... *Ib. 2.*
where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, *Ib. 5.*
ye auld, snick-drawing dog! . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, . . *Ib. 20.*
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben! . . . *Ib. 21.*
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, . *S. Among the trees*†
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, *Auld comrade dear*†
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, . . . *Ib.*
When bending down with auld grey hairs, . . . *Ib.*
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, . . . *Ib.*
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy, . . . *Ib.*
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O; *S. Behind yon hills*†
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
S. By yon castle wa'†
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! *S. Come boat me o'er*†
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.
S. Contented wi' little†
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, . *S. Donald Brodie.*
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, *S. Duncan Gray.*
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides! . *El. on Capt. M.H. 1.*
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, . . . *Ib. 10*
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . *El. on Year 1788.*
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . . . . *Ib.*
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, . . . *Ib.*
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Ep. to J. L——k, Ap. 1st. 22.
honest-hearted, auld L[apraj]k, . . . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 1.*
Straught to auld Nick's. . . . . *Ep. to J.R. 1.*
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . . . *Ib. 9.*
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*
So may the auld year gang out moaning *Friend of the poet*†
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O: *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits . . *Halloween. 7.*
The auld guidman raught down the pock, . . *Ib. 17.*
young an' auld come rinnan out, ... *Ib. 20.*
a swirlie, auld moss-oak, ... *Ib. 23.*
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Ib. 27.*
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it be so,
S. John Anderson, my jo†
So may ye bae auld stanes in store,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose†
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
S. Last May a braw wooer†
Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass, *S. My Lord a-hunting*†
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, . . *Nature's Law.*
To sing auld Coil in nobler style . . . . . *Ib.*
And bless auld Coila, large and long, ... *Ib.*
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: . . . . . *Ib.*
By some auld, houlet-haunted, higgin.
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, . . . *Ib.*
He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets: . . . . *Ib.*
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood. . . . . *Ib.*
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; . . . *Ib.*
Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, *On W. Chalmers.*
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree-root: *One night as I*†
Auld Aire ran by before me, ... *Ib.*
that curst carmagnole auld Satan. . . . *Poem on Life.*
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, . . *Ib.*

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . . *S. Sae flaxen*†
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! *Scotch Drink. 2.*
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes. . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, . . *S. Scroggam.*
Searching auld wives' barrels
Och, ho! the day! . *Searching auld wives*†
Till hairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
S. Should auld acquaintance†
For auld lang syne, my dear, ... *Ib.*
Sin' auld lang syne. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . *Symon Gray*†
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; . . *Ib. 9.*
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; . . . *Ib. 11.*
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? *Tam Samson's El. 1.*
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, . . . *Ib. 9.*
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather, . . *Ib. 12.*
for poor auld Scotland's sake . *The Ans. to the Gudewife.*
The auld man he came over the lea, . *S. The auld man*†
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
To see his poor, auld mither's pot, Thus dung in staves,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet, . . . *Ib. 11.*
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs . . . *Ib. 12.*
auld Demosthenes or Tully . . . . . *Ib. 14.*
To get auld Scotland back her kettle! . . . *Ib. 15.*
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, . . *Ib. 20.*
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's, . . *Ib.*
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue; . . . *Ib. 22.*
if she promise auld or young To tak their part, . *Ib.*
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies, . . *Ib. P.S.*
Scotland, my auld, respected Mither! . . . . *Ib.*
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, *The Brigs of Ayr. 5.*
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense, . . *Ib. 6.*
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; . . *Ib. 7.*
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. *Ib. 11.*
And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun,
"I wish you luck o' the prize, man. *S. The deil cam' fiddlin*†
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
S. The deuks dang o'er†
O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, . . . *Ib.*
A carline auld and teugh, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
The auld gudeman o' London court . . . . *Ib.*
The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman,
For me may sink or swim; . . . . . *Ib.*
Her auld Scots heart was true; . . . . . *Ib.*
And can we forget the auld Major, . . . *Ib. III.*
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. . . . . *Ib.*
Fame and high renown, For an auld sang . . *Ib. IV.*
The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotten at the core. . . *Ib.*
The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, . . . *Ib. V.*
Auld covenanters shiver . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen, . . *The Holy Fair. 15*
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: . . . . *Ib. 17.*
The auld guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother, ... *Ib. 24.*
My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, . . *The Inventory.*
An' your auld burrough mony a time, ... *Ib.*
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, . . . *Ib.*
An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le. . . . . *Ib.*
niest the fire, in auld, red rags, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
The Kirk's Alarm. 4.

Why desert ye your auld native shire?
The Kirk's Alarm. 18.
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail, . *The Ordination. 6.*
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, . . *Ib. 10.*
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city! . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
The Tree of Liberty.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; . . . . *Ib.*
That bears the name o' auld King Coil, *The Twa Dogs. 1.*
The cantie, auld folks, crackan cronse, . . *Ib. 20.*
He rives his father's auld entails; . . . . *Ib. 23.*
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief,
The Twa Herds. 13.
My auld grey head had lien in clay, . . *S. The Union.*
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin'; *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, . . *Ib. 14.*
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?
S. There liv'd ance a carle†
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, . . *Ib.*
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife, . . *Ib.*
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
S. There's auld Rob†
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; . *Ib.*
But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird; . . *Ib.*
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty, ... *Ib.*
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums. . . . *To a Haggis.*
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware [v. A. 7] . . *Ib.*
on an auld wife's flainen toy; . . . *To a Louse.*
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; . . *To a Painter.*
But an auld man shall never daunton me. [*re.*]
S. To daunton me.
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, . . . *Ib.*
my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, *To Gav. Hamilton.*
That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, . . *To J. S. 3.*
And leave auld Scotia's shore? . . . *S. To Mary.*
And may he wear an auld man's beard, *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, *To Terraughty.*
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, . *To W. Creech.*
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, ... *Ib.*
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! . *Ib.*
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain. . *To W. Simpson. 6*
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, . . . *Ib. 10.*
In thae auld times, ... *Ib. P.S.*
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; . . . *Ib.*
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk . . . . *Ib.*
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. . . . . *Ib.*
when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, . . *Ib. 12.*
auld cloven clooty's haunts . . . *What ails ye now†*
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port . . . . . *Ib.*
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
S. What can a young lassie†
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
My auld aunty Katie upon me takes pity, . . . *Ib.*
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! . . *Ib.*
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, . . *S. Willie Wastle†*
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, *S. Will ye go and marry†*

Auld-age [old-age]. Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
Ep. to Davie. 2.
In vain Auld-age his body batters; *Tam Samson's El. 9.*
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Auld Brig [Old Bridge].
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, . . . *Ib.*

Aulder [older]. I'll aulder be gin simmer,
S. I'm o'er young to marry†

Auldfarran, -rent [knowing, sagacious].
And ane a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Auld-light [of the old, orthodox School of Theology].
An' auld-light caddies bare sic hands, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan; . . *Ib.*
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns. . . . . *Ib.*

Auld Reekie [Edinburgh].
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw: . . . *To W. Creech.*

Auld-warld [old-world].
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Aumous [alms]. While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish:
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Aunt. Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Auntie [*dim. of* Aunt]. A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie,
S. And O for ane and twenty†
At hame I faught my Auntie, O; . . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
S. What can a young lassie†
Tak a mark by auntie Bettie, *S. Will ye go and marry†*

Aurora. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Anrora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.
Ep. to R. Graham, 2.

Author. I thank thee, author of this opening day!
Sonnet writ. on birthday.
shonld my Anthor health again dispense, *Why am I loth†*
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Autumn. Autumn, benefactor kind,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
And yellow autumn presses near, ... *S. Bonie Bell.*
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: *S. By Allan Stream.*
Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 13.*
The sober autumn enter'd mild, . . *John Barleycorn.*
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Autumn's pleasant weather; *S. Now westlin winds†*
Not Autumn to the Farmer, So dear . . . . *Ib.*
How I would mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild and winter rude! . . *S. O were my love†*
yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn *S. The gloomy night†*
The robin pensive Autumn cheer, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. *S. The lazy mist†*
And sweet is night in autumn mild, *S. Twas even—the dewy†*

Ava [at all, of all].
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl
Was warst ava? . *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
For fient a wame it had ava, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
The deil gets na justice ava, . *The Election Ballads. III.*
What way poor bodies liv'd ava. . . *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava, . . . *To W. Creech.*
But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava. *What ails ye now†*

Avail. And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Avail, *to.* But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?
Could aught of song†

Avarice. Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity, *S. Mark yonder pomp†*

Avaunt. Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion; *S. Now westlin winds†*

Avenged. It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be. *S. Farewell, ye dungeons†*

Avenging. Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
Why am I loth†

Avoid. But wha can avoid the fell snare? *Inscrip. on Goblet.*

Avow. An' some their New-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd. . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Avow'd. Their title's avow'd by my country.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Avowedly. But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.

Awa [away]. But sneer na British-boys awa'; *A Dream. 14.*
He swept the stakes awa', man, . . *A Fragment. 7.*
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,
Thou snoov't awa. . . . *A Guid New-year† 14.*
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, ... *Ib. 15.*
Frightin awa your deucks and geese *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, . . *Add. to the Deil. S.*
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
S. Adown winding Nith†
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . *S. Amang the trees†*
Awa, whigs, awa! . . . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And I'll awa to Nanie, O. . . *S. Behind yon hills†*
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa! [v.A.8] . . *S. But lately seen†*
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*
Yirr, faucy barks, awa' we canter *Ep. to Major Logan. 2.*
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. *Epit. on Wag in M.*
He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,
He faud it was awa, man:— *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Twa o' them were gotten
Wheu Johny was awa. . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer.*
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride, . . . *Halloween. 7.*
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
I think on him that's far awa', . *S. It was a' for our†*
And the days are awa that we hae seen; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
Kings and nations, swith awa! . . *Louis what reck I†*
But to me its delightless, my Nanie's awa'.
S. My Nanie's awa.
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa. [*re.*] *Musing on the roaring†*
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! *S. O Kenmure's on and awa†*
Here's him that's far awa, Willie! . . . . . *Ib.*
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light . *S. O were my love yon†*
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he! . *S. O Willie brew'd†*
Is o'er the hills and far awa? . *S. O how can I be blythe†*
The bonie lad that's far awa. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . *On Willie Chalmers.*
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
If that wad entice her awa, man. . . . . *Ib.*
She steals our affections awa, man. . . . . *Ib.*
the pick and the wale O' lasses that live here awa, . *Ib.*
But for her sake sae far awa; [*re.*] . *S. Sae far awa.*
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa! . . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . *Tam Samson's El. 7.*
With clavers and haivers Wearing the time awa':
The Answer to the Guidwife.
Till fey men died awa, man. *The Battle of Sherra-moor.*
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy†*
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; *S The deil cam' fiddlin†*
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. [*re.*] *The Farewell to St. J.'s L.*
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa, thou pale Diana! . . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
An' I held awa to the school; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie, . . *S. The Laddies by†*
Ye turncoat Whigs awa! . . . . . *Ib.*
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie: . . . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
The flaes they flew awa in cluds, . . *S. The Taylor†*
Awa they gaed wi meck parade, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion, *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,
S. There grows a bonie brier†
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee, . . *Ib.*
That he from our lasses should wander awa;
S. There's a youth†
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, . . *To a Mouse.*
Her darling bird that she loe's best
Willie's awa! [*re.*] . . . *To W. Creech.*
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa! . . . . . *Ib.*
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; *S. Wandering Willie.*
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session . *What ails ye now†*
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', ... *Ib.*
In a' our town or here awa; . . . *S. Young Jockey†*

Await. If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
Monody, on a Lady.
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Unconscious what evils await; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Awake. So Nelly startling half awake,
Away affrighted springs. *S. On a bank of flowers†*

Awake, *to.* Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning. *S. A Rosebud by my†*
The balmy gales awake the flowers, *S. Behold, my love†*
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . *Fragment of Ode.*
Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Awake, resound thy latest lay, ... *Ib.*
And blythe awakes the morrow, . *S. Sweet fa's the eve†*
Awakes me up to toil and woe: . . . *The Lament.*
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Awaken. Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken; *V.s under grief.*

Awald [down and unable to help oneself].
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
S. O ken ye what Meg†

A-wandering.
As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning,
S. As I was a-wand'ring†
A-wandering wi' my Davie. . . . *S. Now rosy May†*

Award. Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.

Aware. wakeful caution still aware Of ill *To a yng Lady.*

Awauk [awake]. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire. *S. It is na, Jean†*

Awauken [awaken]. And blythely awaukens the morrow;
S. Craigie-burn Wood.

Away. False flatterer, Hope, away! . *Fragment of Ode.*
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away, *S. How can my poor heart†*
For his weal that's far away, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
But now he's banish'd far away, . . *S. My Harry was†*
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion; . . *S. Now westlin winds†*
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. . *S. O that I had ne'er†*
Away affrighted springs. . . *On a bank of flowers†*
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . . . *The Hermit.*

Awe. My poverty keeps me in awe, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God. . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
With deep-struck, reverential awe, [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves. . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Awe, *to.* Shall ever danton me, or awe me, *Add. to Illegit. Child*

Awe [owe]. But deevil a shilling I awe, man.
Ronalds of Bennals.

Awee [a little while; somewhat].
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, . . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
I grudge a wee the Great folk's gift, . *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
I straiket it a wee for sport, . . . *Ep. to J. R. S.*
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Collected Harry stood awee, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale *S. In simmer when†*
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
S. O whistle, and I'll†
She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! . *S. O Willie brew'd†*
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And Then ye'll see him! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The third that gaed a wee aback, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Aweful,-fu'. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
The Rights of Woman.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . *The Vowels.*
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shoutther,
Clear-dangling, bang; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Awe-struck. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.

Awhile. And fare thee weel, a while! . *S. A red, red Rose.*
To shun impelling ruin,
A while her pinions tries; . . *S. How cruel are the* †
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, *S. I do confess thou* †
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends) *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Each worldly thought a while forbear, *On Lincluden Castle.*

A-winding. No more a-winding the course of yon river,
S. Where are the joys †

Awkart [awkward].
My Awkart Muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.*

Awkward. Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art:
To Miss Fontenelle.

Awnie [having awns, bearded].
And Aits set up their awnie horn, . *Scotch Drink. 3*

Axiom. call aloud This axiom undoubted
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

Axis. While Terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns, . . . *To W. Simpson.*

Ay. Ay, Ay! quo he, and shook his head.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Ay, and I love her still, ... *S. Handsome Nell.*

Ay [always]. We took the road ay like a Swallow:
A Gude New Year † *9.*
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch, . *The Ordination. 10.*
She ay shall bless that happy night, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, . . *S. The Taylor* †
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there. . . *S. The tither morn* †
And ay she shook the temper-pin. . . *S. Duncan Davison.*
And ay she set the wheel between: . . . . *Ib.*
And ay be welcome back again. . . . . *Ib.*
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Let that ay be your border: . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
Has ay some cause to smile: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
It pits me ay as mad's a hare; . . . *Ep. to J.R. 13.*
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Major Logan.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and aye. . . *Friend of the Poet* †
I dighted ay her een sae blue, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat, . . . *Halloween, 12.*
An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat, ... *Ib. 15.*
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry; *S. Here's to thy health* †
But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And ay until ye try them: . . . . . *Ib.*
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . . *In simmer when* †
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, . *S. John Anderson* †
Cog an ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you, If ye were ay fou.
S. Landlady count †
I sat beside my warpin-weel,
And ay I ca'd it roun'; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
O ay my wife she dang me. . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
And dear was she, I darena name,
But I will ay remember. . . *S. O may thy morn* †
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely* †
But prudence is her o'erword ay, . . *S. O poortith cauld* †
But ay I'm eerie they come ben. . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e. . *S. O this is no my ain* †
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
S. O were I on Parnassus †
Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me.
S. O whare did ye get †
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
S. O whistle, and I'll †
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.
Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill. . . *Poem on Life.*
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a' . *S. Sae flaxen were* †
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure, ... *Ib.*
And ay the ale was growing better: . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, *Tam Samson's El. 10.*
So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, *S. The Catrine woods* †
An' ay was guid to me an' mine; . *The Death of Mailie.*
An' warn him ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v. A. 3] . . *Ib.*
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . . . . . *Ib.*
ay on Sundays duly, nightly, . . . *The Inventory.*
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) . . . . *Ib.*
An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpan kiss, . . *The Jolly Beggars, R.I.*
And ay she wist na what to say;
S. The lass that made the bed.
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd "Alas! . . . . . *Ib.*
Ye ay shall mak' the bed to me. . . . . *Ib.*

Aye. She dresses aye sae clean and neat, *S. Handsome Nell.*
And aye I wish him back again. . . *S. My Harry was* †
But aye the tear comes in my ee, *S. O how can I be blythe* †
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . *Poem on Life.*
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel. . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
And aye the salt tear blinds her ee; *S. The lovely lass of* †
And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. *The Night was still* †
My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, *The Tree of Liberty.*
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works of virtue thrive, man; . . . . . *Ib.*

Aye [yes]. An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
The Twa Dogs. 22.

Ayont [beyond]. Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough; *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
"Is o'er ayont the water:" . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore: . . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*

Ayr [v. Aire]. As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
Add. to Edinburgh.
When in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Ep. to Major Logan. 14.
L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.*
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
S. How pleasant the banks †
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr; . *S. O what ye wha's in* †
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.) . . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Ae night within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The Sprites that ower the Brigs of Ayr preside. . . *Ib. 4.*
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; . . *Ib. 7.*
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth "A Citizen," a term o' scandal: . . *Ib. 10.*
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr, *S. The Catrine woods* †

O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man? . *The Fête Champetre.*
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, . . . *Ib.*
Along the lonely banks of Ayr. . . *The gloomy Night* †
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Or try the wicked town of A** . . *The Ordination. 9.*
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met *To Mary in Heaven.*
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore, . . . *Ib.*
O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
S. Truehearted was he †

Azure. Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
Lament of Mary of Scots.
When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise, *The Vision, D. II. 15.*

Ba' [ball]. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man. *A Fragment. 9.*
However Fortune kick the ba', . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', *The Farewell to St. J.'s L.*

Babbling. Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; *Liberty.*

Babel. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
The Ordination. 7.

Babie [baby]. Weel, my babie, may thou furder:
S. Hee balou †
And send him safe hame to his babie and me.
S. O whare did ye get †
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.
S. Out over the Forth †
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Babie-, Baby-clouts [baby-clothes].
O wha my babie-clouts will buy? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin; . . . *The Ordination. 7.*

Bab'lon. And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
Heaven's command. *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.*

Bacchus. 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus,
Scotch Drink. 1.
He was a care-defying blade,
As ever Bacchus listed! . . *The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.*

Bachelor. The boast of our bachelors a' man:
Rondalds of Bennals.

Back, *adv.* "Friend, whare ye gaun. Will ye go back?"
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
Gae back the gate ye cam' agian, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
So grateful, back your news I send you,
Kind Sir, I've read †
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
Lns on a Ploughman.
I'll never see him back again,'
O for him back again! [*re.*] *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. *On Kirk of Lamington.*
To get auld Scotland back her kettle!
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15.
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horse-men back to Forth, man,
The Battle of Sherra-moor.
An' echoes back return the shouts; . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
But I call'd her quickly back again,
S. The lass that made the bed.
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back.
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle! *There's naething like* †

Back, *s.* Abuse a Brother to his back; . *A Ded. to G.H. S.*
Wi' a' their bastards on their back! *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back. *Ep. to J. R. 3.*
But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; . . *Hallowe'en. 11.*
Altho' my back be at the wa', [*re.*]
S. Here's his Health in Water.
They laid him down upon his back, *John Barleycorn.*

May woman on him turn her back, . *On W. Stewart.*
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. *Scots Prologue.*
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
His back's been at the wa'; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
The Whistle. 9.
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,
S. There lived ance a carle †
To thresh my back at sic a pitch? . . *What ails ye now* †

Back, *to.* And Honour safely back her [Truth],
On W. Chalmers

Backet [backed]. Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
A Guid New-year † *1*

Backet [bucket]. parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Backlins-comin [coming backwards].
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She [the Moon] grew mair bright. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Back-recoiling. While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes. [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*

Backsliding. We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Ep. to Major Logan. 9.

Back-stairs. He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would
steal 'em, . . *Fragment, insc. to Fox.*

Back-style. Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
S. O whistle, and I'll †

Backward. Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear!
Despondency, an Ode. 1.
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The sun a backward course shall take . -
Ere ought thy manly courage shake; *S. Highland Laddie.*
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
The Jolly Beggars, R. II.
I backward mus'd on wasted time, *The Vision, D. I. 4.*
His twisted head look'd backward on his way, *The Vowels.*
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear! . . *To a Mouse.*

Back-yett [back-gate]. And come na unless the back-yett
be a-jee; *S. O whistle, and I'll* †

Bacon. And plenty of bacon each day in the yeasr;
Impromptu.
But why always Bacon—come, give me a reason? . *Ib.*

Bad. And clout the bad girdin o't. . *S. Duncan Gray.*
They may prove as bad as I am. . *S. Here's to thy health* †
The past was bad and the future hid;
S. My father was a farmer †
I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
What can a young lassie †

Bad, Bade. Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Halloween. 17
And bad her mak' a bed for me; . *S. The lass that made* †
Ye bad me write you what they mean *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
Had I the wyte she bade me?. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me . . . . . *Ib.*
And bade me mak nae clatter; . . . . . *Ib.*
He bade me act a manly part, *S. My father was a farmer* †
And bade gudeen to me, Jo. . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one day older this important day." *Prologue at Th.D.*
He [Time] bade me on you press this one word—"Think!" *Ib.*
My mither she bade me gie him a stool, [*re.*] *S. The auld man* †
And mony bade the warld gudenight;
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage.
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
When fient a body bade him. . . *There came a piper* †

Bade [desired ; endured].
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Badge. Its just the Blue-gown badge an claithing,
O' Saunts; . . . . . *Ep. to J. R. 4.*
. . whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear! *The Farewell to St. J.'s L.*
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, *S. When wild War's* †

Bag. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*
When the tother bag I sell and tother bottle tell, *Ib. S. i.*
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! . . . *Ib. S. viii.*

Baggie [*dim. of* bag ; the stomach].
Hae, there's a ripp to thy mnld baggie : *A Guid New Year* †

Baiginet [bayonet]. When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.

Baillie, Baillie [a Magistrate of a Burgh].
In some bit brugh to represent
A Baillie's name? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gailies; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Bairan [baring]. Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,
The Twa Dogs. 10.

Bairn [a child]. Since I tint my bairns, *S. By you castle wa'* †
Ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns, *El. on Capt, M.H. 3.*
O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn, . *El. on Year 1788.*
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither, . . . *Epit. on Wag.*
How mony bairns hae ye? . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
I am my mammy's ae bairn, . *S. I'm o'er young to marry* †
Now I've gotten wife and bairns, . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
Scots Prologue.
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; . . *Ib. 11.*
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed; *Tam Samson's El. 2.*
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. *Ib. 8*
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.
The Death of Mailie.
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith : . . . . . *Ib.*
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
S. The deuks dang o'er †
Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. . . . *The night was still* †
An' set the bairns to dand her
Wi' dirt this day. . . *The Ordination. 2.*
like a godly, elect bairn. . . . . *Ib. 8.*
But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Bairntime [a family of children ; a brood].
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heaven has lent, . *A Dream. 9.*
My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a'; *A Guid New-year* † *15.*

Baissemains. *Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, Ep. to Major Logan. 13.*

Baited. Such witching books are baited hooks *O leave novels* †
Baited with many a deadly curse? *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —*

Baith [both]. I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
A Ded. to G. H. 13.
Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows,
And sodgers baith; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
But, in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O; *S. Behind yon hills* †
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v. A. 6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 1.
Has made them baith no worth a f—t. . . . *Ib. 15.*
Baith their disease, and what will mend it. . . *Ib. 19.*
Which rais'd us baith : . . . . . *Ib. 31.*
I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
The beast again can bear us baith, ... *Ib.*
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Now they're crouse and canty baith! . . . . *Ib.*
And counted was baith wight and stark,
El. on Death of R. Knisscaux.
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal ; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Hell; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither, . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 7.*
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers! . *Ep. to J. R. 12.*
He's tell'd her father and mother baith. *Katharine Jaffray.*
And shook baith meikle corn and bear, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith : . *The Death of Mailie.*
aiblins gowd and honour baith . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
The lads and lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
Ae leg an baith the trams are broken : . . *The Inventory.*
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in, . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*
And baith the S[haw]s . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Baith snell an' keen ! . . . . . *To a Mouse.*
And bless your bonie lasses baith, . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . *To Terraughty.*
Baith loud an' lang. . . . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Bake [biscuit]. Here's crying out for bakes an' gills.
The Holy Fair. 18.

Bake, *to.* An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd Drinkers. *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Bak'd. farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump *The Holy Fair, 7.*

Baking. Frae morn to een its nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
The Twa Dogs. 9.

Balaam. That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass ;
On Grose's Peregrinations.
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam. . . *The Dean of Fac.*

Balance. High wields her balance and her rod;
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ; . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod ;
On Death of R. Dundas

Balance, *to.* They took nae pains their speech to balance,
To W. Simpson, P.S.
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter; . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Bald. But now your brow is bald, John,
S. John Anderson, my jo †

Bald-pate. To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
Prologue at Th., D.

Bald-pated. I see the old bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Sketch, New-Yr's Day.

Baleful. Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights! . *To Miss C.*

Ball. An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
The Twa Dogs. 31.

Ballad, -t. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best.
The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Ballantyne. When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Ballochmyle. Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.
S. The Catrine woods †
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle! . . . *Ib.*
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle. *S. 'Twas even, the dewy* †
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*

Balloon. Are mind't, in things they ca' Balloons,
To tak a flight, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Balm. Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Dropping dews, and breathing balm. . . *To Miss C.*
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds :
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Balmaghie [Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie].

It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie. . . *Ib. IV.*
And there was Balmaghie, I ween, . . . *Ib. V.*
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine. . . . . *Ib.*

Balmerino. bold Balmerino's undying name, *Fragment of Ode.*

Balmy. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest : *S. Adown winding Nith* †
The balmy gales awake the flowers, *S. Behold my love* †
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove ! . *Delia. An Ode.*
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale, . *S. Here is the glen* †
rosy lips, Rich with balmy treasure : . *S. Thine am I* †

Balou [a lullaby]. Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, *S. Hee balou* †

Baltic. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. *The Whistle. 4.*

Bamboozle. May never wicked men bamboozle him! *To W. Creech.*

Ban. And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy. *What ails ye now* †

Ban, *to.* The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think. *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Ban', Band [a badge of office worn by ordained clergymen].

gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie ; . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Band [company, troop].

Wi' sword in hand, before his band, . . *A Fragment. 2.*
To school in bands thegither, . . . *Epit. on Wag.*
Altho' that his [Charlie's] band be sma',
S. Here's a health to them †
Success to Kenmure's band, *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
The beauteous seraph Sister-band, *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
tyranny's empurpled bands ; . . *S. Streams that glide* †
Whigs to h—ll Flew off in frighted bands,
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
a belted knight, Bred of a border band,
The Election Ballads. I.
Oft have I met your social band, *The Farewell to St. J.'s L.*
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band
The Petition of Br. Water.
Know, the great Genius of this Land,
Has many a light, aerial band, . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Band [tie, fetter, bond].

The captive bands may chain the hands,
But powerful love enslave the man :
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
S. Bravo lads on Yar. braes †
And oft a more endearing band, . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Untie these bands from off my hands,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Yet here I lie in foreign bands, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
O why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining ? *S. O poortith cauld* †
In Love's silken band can bind it. . . *S. Sweetest May* †
The iron hand that breaks our band, *S. The day returns* †
By sacred truth and honour's band ! *S. The Highland Lassie.*
I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love. *S. The Posie.*
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
Ib.
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
The Whistle. 12.
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Bandits, Banditti. Those [critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame : *To R. G. of F. 4.*
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Bane [bone]. It just played dirl on the bane,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
When banes are craz'd, and blnid is thin, *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ; *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
Here lie Willie M[ie]hie's banes, . . *On a Schoolmaster.*
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns : *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
A boy no sae black at the bane ; *The Election Ballads. III.*
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, *The Jolly Beggars, S.V.*
They've nae sair-work to craze their banes,
The Twa Dogs. 29.
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations. . . *To a Louse.*
— by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Bane. But English gold has been our bane . *S. The Union.*
Morality, thou deadly bane, . . . *A Ded. to G. H. 7.*

Bang [a stroke, an effort].

Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Bang, *to* **[strike, beat].**

An I shall bang your hide, gudeman. *S. O gin ye were dead.*

Bang'd [struck, beat]. An' aft my wife she bang'd me,
S. O ay my wife.
And banged the despot weel, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Bangor [name of a minor Psalm Tune].

An' skirl up the Bangor : . . . *The Ordination. 3.*

Banie [having large bones].

The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel. . *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Banish. Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade, *S. Sleep'st thou* †

Banished, -'d. Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Bring our banish'd hame again ;
S. Frae the friends †
But now he's banish'd far away, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
lone in Patmos banished, . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.*
They banish'd him beyond the sea, *The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.*
Now there, they're packed aff to h—ll,
And banish'd our dominions, . . *The Ordination. 12.*
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Bank. As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd, *Add. to Edinburgh. 1.*
How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
S. Afton Water.
on the banks of winding Nith, . . *As on the banks* †
When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
Their woody picture in my tide : . . . . . *Ib.*
my dry and wholesome banks, ... *Ib.*
The primrose banks how fair ; . . *S. Behold, my love* †
Blythe by the banks of Earn, . . *S. Blythe was she* †
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, ... *Ib.*
She tripped by the banks of Earn, ... *Ib.*
O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae, *S. Braw lads of G. Water*
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, *S. Duncan Davison.*
Fairest maid on Devon banks! . . *S. Fairest Maid* †
Along the flowery banks of Cree, . *S. Here is the glen* †
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
S. How pleasant the banks †
the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon, . . *Ib.*
Now blooms the lily by the bank, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Along the banks of Aire, . *Man was made to mourn.*
Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
S. Now bank and brae †
To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, ... *Ib.*
Then let me range by Cassills' banks, ... *Ib.*
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, *S. O Logan, sweetly* †
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks, *S. O whare did ye get* †
On a bank of flowers one summer's day, *On a bank of flowers* †
On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen. . . . *Ib.*
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ; . . *Ib. Sett II.*
Oh! banks to me for ever dear ! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Ye lofty banks that Evan bound ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side ; . . *Ib.*

Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon. . *S. Streams that glide* †
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr, . *S. The Catrine woods* †
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
S. The Election Ballads. I
Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee; . . *Ib. IV.*
'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee, ... *Ib. V.*
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, *The Fête Champêtre.*
Along the lonely banks of Ayr. . *S. The gloomy night* †
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonie spreading bushes. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks, ... *Ib.*
Let lofty firs and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread, ... *Ib.*
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith, . *S. The Laddies by* †
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
S. To thee, loved Nith †
Ettrick banks now roaring red, . . . *To W. Creech.*
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells. *To W. Simpson.*
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
S. True hearted was he †
I thought upon the banks o' Coil, *S. When wild Wars* †
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae; . . . . . *Winter.*
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Bank [for money). The many-pounders of the Banks,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
My Cash-Account; . . *The Vision. D.I. 5.*

Banned, -'d. And bann'd the cruel randy,
S. Had I the wyte †
The courtly vermin's banned the tree, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Banner. The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
S. My bonie Mary.
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
The Election Ballads. V.
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners; . . . . *Ib. VI.*

Bannet [bonnet]. A gude blue bannet on his head,
S. The Ploughman †

Bannock, Bonnock [a round flat thickish cake of oat, pease, or barley-meal, baked on the fire].

Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock; *Auld comrade* †
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley. [*re.*] *Ib.*
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. . . . *Ib.*
O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
S. O whare did ye get †
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Banquet. The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip; *Delia. An Ode.*

Banter. — then the scathe an' banter
We're forced to thole. . *Ep. to Major Logan. 2.*

Baptiz'd. Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.
The Vowels.

Bar. The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; . . *Ep. to H. Parker*

Bar, *to.* And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
For ever bar returning Peace! . . . *The Lament.*
They bar the door on frosty win's; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Barbarian. Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Barbauld. In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Barber. By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Barb'rous. Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
On seeing Wounded Hare.
Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Bar'd. And bar'd the treason under.
The Election Ballads. VI.

Bard. a Bard of rustic song, ... *A Bard's Epit.*
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
Ep. to H. Parker.
a Bard, Laden with years and meikle pain,
Lament for Glencairn.
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. . . *Ib.*
The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care. . . . . *Ib.*
A lowly Bard was he, ... *Nature's Law.*
And lo! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion! . . . . . *Ib.*
By the Bard, what d' ye call him, that wore the black gown;
S. No Churchman am I †
Forgive the Bard! my fond regard . *On W. Chalmers.*
I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell, *Scots Prologue.*
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
The Brigs of Ayr. 1.
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard, . . . *Ib.*
a simple Bard, Unknown and poor, ... *Ib. 3.*
on either hand the list'ning Bard, ... *Ib. 4.*
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke, . . . *Ib. 4.*
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung. . *Ib. 11.*
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; . *Ib. 14.*
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! *Ib. 21.*
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard, that's far awa.
The Farewell to St. J.'s L.
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray, ... *Ib.*
I am a Bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws
Shook with a thunder of applause, . . *Ib. R. VIII.*
All hail! my own inspired Bard! . *The Vision. D. II. 1.*
And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] . . . *Ib.*
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful Art. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, the Artisan; . . *Ib. 7.*
To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; . *Ib. 10.*
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard. . . . . *Ib. 21.*
A bard was selected to witness the fray, *The Whistle. 11.*
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, . . . *Ib.*
Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: . *Ib. 17.*
Such is the fate of simple Bard, . *To a Mountain Daisy.*
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. . *To a Young Lady.*
Then take what gold could never buy
An honest Bard's esteem. . . . *To J. M'Murdo.*
See wha taks notice o' the bard! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
To R. G. of F. 3.
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
To R. Graham.
An' may a bard no crack his jest . . . . . *Ib.*
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Bardie, -y [*dim. of* **Bard**]. A humble Bardie wishes! *A Dream. 1.*

Will ye accept a Compliment,
A simple Bardie gies ye? . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
(Inspired Bardie's saw, man) . . *A Fragment. S.*
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, . *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, *On dining with Daer.*
Our Bardie's fate is at a close, . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed: . . . . . *Ib.*
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . . . . *Ib.*
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly seot. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 1.*
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While Rab his name is. . . . . *Ib.*
I, a simple, countra bardie, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
She's [Coila's] gotten Bardies o' her ain, *To W. Simpson.*
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie. . . . *Ib. P.S.*

Bardship. My Bardship here, at your Levee, *A Dream, 1.*

Bare. "But now, the Cot is bare and cauld, *As on the banks* †
"Has laid your rocky bosom bare. . . . . *Ib.*
When birks are bare at Yule. *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
Bare her leg and bright her e'en, . . *S. I met a lass* †
Or if bare a—— yet were tax'd; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, *S. O gude ale comes* †
Sae bleak and bare, ... *S. O wert thou in the* †
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, . . *To a Mouse.*
made bare My peace, my hope, for ever! *V.s under grief.*

Bare, *to.* Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast, *S. Fate gave the word* †
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart: *The Vision. D. II. 4.*

Barefac'd. An' some, their New-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Barefit. A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, *S. O Mally's meek.*
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And kissing barefit bunters. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter; . . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Bargain. For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster, . *A Dream. 6.*
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . *Add. to Toothache.*
'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Loove for loove is the bargain for me, *My Collier Laddie.*
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Bargain'd. A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; *Ep. to J.R. 5.*

Barge. Ent, G–d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges . . *A Dream. 7.*

Bark [of a tree]. Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Bark [of a dog]. Misfortune's gowling bark,
A Ded. to G.H. 14.

Bark, *to.* Virr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
Ep. to Major Logan. 2.
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Be [common sense] banish'd o'er the sea to France,
Let him bark there. . *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Barket [barked]. My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them.
The Twa Dogs. 20.

Barkin [barking]. Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a'; . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Barley. Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley. . . *Ib.*
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Amang the rigs o' barley; [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

Barley-brie [barley-juice, malt liquor].
How easy can the barley-brie
Cement the quarrel! . . . . . *Scotch Drink. 13.*

Barleycorn *v.* **John Barleycorn.**

Barley-scone. A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.
To Mr. M'Adam.

Barm. That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
Searching auld wives' barrels †

Barmie [of, or like barm].
My barmie noddle's working prime, . . . *To J. S. 4.*

Barn. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station . . *A Dream. 5.*
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen. . . . *Halloween. 21.*
To watch, while for the Barn she sets, ... *Ib.*
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; . *S. In simmer when* †
An' first con'd thrash the barn, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
— na bred to barn and byre, ... *Ib.*
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, *S. There was a lass* †

Barn-yard. Commend me to the Barn-yard,
S. The Ploughman †

Baron. The flower amang our barons bold,
Lament for Glencairn.
Were I a baron proud and high, . *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' Graham; *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.*
Maxwelton, that baron bold, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Barrel. And empty all his barrels: *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
A toom tar barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel. . . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
Searching auld wives' barrels
Och, ho! the day! . *Searching auld wives' barrels* †
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, *To a Medical Gent.*

Barren. In Poverty's low barren vale,
Lament for Glencairn.
What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
And bap'ly, eye the barren hut
With high disdain. . . . *To J. S., 17.*

Barr Steennie [Rev. Stephen Young, of Barr].
Barr Steennie, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
The Kirk's Alarm.

Barskimmin. And also Barskimmin's gude knight;
The Election Ballads. III.

Barter. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . *A Dream. 13.*

Bartie. I am as fu' as Bartie: . . . . . *To ——.*

Base, *adj.* God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Wha sae base as be a slave? . . . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race! *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Oh! can she bear so base a heart, . . . *The Lament.*
Busy haunts of base mankind, . . *S. Thickest night* †
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Base [in music]. May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!
Ep. to Major Logan. 7.

Base. As built on the base of the great Revolution;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
S. Caledonia.

Bashfu' [bashful].
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Bashing [being ashamed].
But bashing and dashing,
I kend na how to tell. . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Basin. A mickle quarter basin. . . . *S. Gat ye me†*

Bask. There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Bask'd. He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae
S. The heather was bloom.†

Basket. Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*

Bass. But *gravissimo*, solemn basses,
Ye hum away. . . *To J. S.'27.*

Bastard. And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack,
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Add. of Beelzebub.

Bastile. It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
The Tree of Liberty.

Batch [a party]. An' there a batch o' Wabster lads,
The Holy Fair. 9.

Bathe. In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
S. How pleasant the banks
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Batter. In vain Auld-age his body batters;
Tam Samson's El. 9.

Battle. Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . *Liberty.*
The battle closes deep and bloody: . *S. My bonie Mary.*
And fight thy chosen's battle; . . *New Psalmody.*
the first blow is ever half the battle; *Prologue, at Th., D.*
See the front of battle lour; . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e †*
Or did the battle see, man.
I saw the battle sair and teugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle. . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
And Gordon the battle to win! *The Election Ballads. III.*
Such is the rage of Battle. . . . . *Ib. VI.*

Batt'ry. I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries.
The Jolly Beggars. S.I.

Batts [the botts]. A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.

Bauckie-bird [the bat]. Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird.
The Jolly Beggars. R.I.

Baudrans, -ons, Bawd'rons [a cat).
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, . . *S. Willie Wastle.*
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons: . . *The Ordination. 10.*
Satan, Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, *Poem on Life.*

Bauk [a cross-beam]. An' darklins grapet for the bauks,
Halloween. 11.

Bauk-en' [end of a bauk]. Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Halloween. 12.

Bauld [bold]. 'But yet the bauld Apothecary
'Withstood the shock;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's the bauld an' slee, *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 14.*
bauld Ll[apraik, the king o' hearts, . . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 5.*
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey *Ep. to Major Logan. 5.*
The bauld Piteur fell in a furr, . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window, *S. Lass, when yr mither†*
Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter: . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie; *The Author's Cry and Prayer†*
My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, . *To a Louse.*
Your bodkin's bauld, ... *What ails ye now†*

Bauldest [boldest].
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Bauldly [boldly]. Syne bauldly in she enters: *Halloween. 22.*
Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . *Scots Prologue.*

Baumy [balmy]. like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;
S. The Posie.

Bawbee [a half-penny].
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie. . . *S. Come boat me o'er.*

Bawd. The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls,
Kind Sir, I've read†

Bawd'rons *v.* **Baudrans.**

Bawk [a strip of land left untilled].
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, . . *S. A Rose-bud by †*

Baws'nt [having a white stripe down the face].
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Bawtie [pet name for a dog].
The Spanish empire's tint a head,
An' my teethless Bawtie's dead; . *El. on Year 1788.*

Bay. Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
El. on Peg Nicholson.

Bay, Bays. So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The Whistle. 18.
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's bays. *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, *To R. G. of F. 5.*
Or humbler bays entwining . . *S. When first I saw †*

Be. Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, *A Ded. to G. H. 8.*
An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night. . . . *Halloween, 9.*
'An' her that is to be my lass,
'Come after me an' draw thee . . . . *Ib. 18.*
Her bridegroom for to be, O. . . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;
Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose †
Weel may we a' be! . . . . *S. Landlady count †*
My pride and my darling to be? . . *S. Leezie Lindsay.*
How can I be but eerie! . . *S. When I think on †*

Be, *to let* **[to let alone].** An' let poor damned bodies bee;
Add. to the Deil. 2.
An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be! *S. Again rejoic. Nature†*

Bead. While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead; *Tam Samson's El.*
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead. . . . *To a Haggis.*

Beadsman. Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nithside
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Beagle. As keen as a beagle, . *The Black-headed Eagle.*
Like beagles hunting game, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Beam. No other light shall guide my steps
'Till thy bright beams arise.
S. Farewell, dear mistress†
Beneath the moon's pale beams; . . . *Halloween.*
Gaily in the sunny beam; . . . *S. I dream'd I lay†*
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods *Lament for Glencairn.*
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Monody on a Lady. Epit.
love wi' unrelenting beam . *S. Now Spring has clad†*
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon. *S. O wat ye wha's in †*
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.
On Death of fav. Child.
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Reflected beams dwell in the streams, *The Fête Champetre.*
saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Or by the reaper's nightly beam, ... *Ib.*
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam: . . *The Lament.*
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
To Capt. Riddel.
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *To R. G. of F. 7.*
The village glittering in the noontide beam
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . *S. Young Peggy†*

Beam, *to.* virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;
El. on Miss Burnet.

Beam'd. Beam'd keen with Honor, *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd *S. When wild War's†*

Beaming. Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
S. Gloomy December.
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang; . . *S. Sae flaxen†*

When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart, . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
S. Their groves of †

Bean. The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.*
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Bear. The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Bear (barley), Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, *Scotch Drink. 1.*
And shook baith meikle corn and bear, . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Bear, *to.* That bears the Keys of Peter, . . *A Dream. 12.*
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Calling the storms to bear him [Vengeance] o'er a guilty land!
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e! *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faitbless to him.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
A burden more than I can bear. . *Despondency, an Ode.*
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind. . . *Friend of the poet* †
O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11]
Holy Willie's Prayer.
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it. *S. Husband, husband* †
Strength to bear it will be given, ... *Ib.*
I bear a heart shall support me still. . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
To bear this hated doom severe?
Improm. on Mrs. —'s birthday.
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die. . . *S. It is na, Jean, t*
I bear alane my lade o' care, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her.
S. Last May a braw wooer.
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Lns on windows Gl. Tav.
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, . . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
So in my tender bosom grows,
The love I bear my Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
And suffering I am doom'd to bear, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear;
Sonnet, on Death of R.
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
tell them, wi' a patriot-heat, Ye winna bear it? . *Ib. 11.*
Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
An' bear them to my Master dear. . *The Death of Maillie.*
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn. . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that! . . *S. The honest Man.*
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
Great love I bear to all the Fair, ... *Ib. S. VII.*
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Oh! can she bear so base a heart, . . *The Lament. 5.*
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
S. The Slave's Lament.
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . *The Twa Dogs. 1.*
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear *The Vision, D. II. 1.*
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
And when those legs to guid, warm kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me; . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
No heels to hear him from the opening dun;
To R. G. of F. 3.
He hears the unbroken blast from every side; . . *Ib.*
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, . . . *Ib. 7.*
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
S. Wae is my heart †
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee! *S. Wilt thou be my dearie* †

Beard. Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
Add. to Toothache.
'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Old winter with his frosty beard,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s birthday.
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, *On W. Chalmers.*
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven. . . *S. The auld man* †
under favor o' your langer beard, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*
He taks the Fiddler by the beard, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
Till icicles hing frae their beards; . . . *To J. S. 22.*
And may he wear an auld man's beard, *To Mr. M'Adam.*
A whiskin beard about her mou', . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Bearded. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Beardless. Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
El. on Year 1788.
When I was beardless, young and blate,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, *The Election Ballads. II.*
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Bearer. I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit *The Inventory.*

Bearing. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
S. Caledonia. 5.
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, . . *Liberty.*
Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr; . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
The magna charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing. . . . . *Ib. VI.*

Bear'st. Thou bear'st the gree. . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Thou, Tooth-Ache surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'! . . . . . *Ib.*

Beas' (lice). Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas',
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.

Beast. The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
S. Duncan Gray.
The beast again can bear us baith, ... *Ib.*
But least then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
On B.'s horse impound.
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; . . *Ib. 11.*
For mony a beast to dead she shot, . . . *Ib. 15.*
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; . *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast! . *The Death of Maillie.*
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, . . . *The Inventory.*
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least. . . . . *Ib.*
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
S. The small birds †
if the beast and branks be spar'd . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
My only beast, I had nae mae, . *S. What will I do gin* †
And bird and beast, in covert, rest, . . . *Winter.*

Beastie [*dim. of* **Beast**]. The doited beastie stammers;
On W. Chalmers.
If on a beastie I can speel, ... *To ——.*
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . *To a Mouse.*
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! . . . *Ib.*

Beat. An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad he beat! *A Guid New-Year* † *16.*

While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you heats. . . *A Winter Night. 5.*

The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*

Beat hemp for others, riper for the string;
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*

In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

While Love's luxurious pulse beat high, . *The Lament.*

While the life beats in my bosom, *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

Beating. Spare my love ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain,
S. Jockey's ta'en the †

And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
S. You wild mossy mountains †

Beattie. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark:' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.*

And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day. . *The Ordination. 11.*

'Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
'His "Minstrel lays;" *The Vision. D. ii. 6.*

Beau. A buck, a beau, or *Dem my eyes!*
Epit. on Mr. Burton.

Beauteous. Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day.
S. A Rosebud by my †

by thy beauteous self I swear, . . *S. Fairest maid* †

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-hand, *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Ruins yet beauteous in decay, . *On Lincluden Castle.*
Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
For beauteous, hapless Mary: . *The Dean of Faculty.*
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, . . *To Miss C.*
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor: *Wr. on Leaf of H. More.*

Beautify. And a conduct that beautifies a',
Ronalds of Bennals.

The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. *S. There's a youth* †

Beauty. Heav'n's beauties on my Fancy shine:
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
S. Adown winding Nith †

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day! . . . . *Ib.*

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows
And withers the faster, the faster it grows; . . *Ib.*

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; . *Ib.*

Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
Were not made for aye to last? . . . *Blue Bonnets.*

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine; . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †

More lovely far her beauty blows. . . . *Delia. An Ode.*

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
El. on Miss Burnet.

By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty;
S. Eppie Adair.

Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire. . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †

Beauty is at best deceit; . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
'And there, is Beauty's blossom!' . . *Nature's Law.*

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty, *S. O meikle thinks* †
In grace and beauty charming; *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; . . *S. O were my love* †
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; *S. O whistle* †
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, whose faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

By conquering beauty's sov'reign law; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †

In pride of beauty's light; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
in simple beauty drest, . . *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
The Belles of Mauchline.

Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, *S. The Catrine woods* †

When Love and Beauty heard the news, *The Fête Champetre.*

In beauty's pride array'd; . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? *The Rights of Woman.*

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
S. There's a youth †

An' set your beauties a' abread! . . . . *To a Louse.*

Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
S. True-hearted was he †

Beauty's of a fading nature, . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
S. You wild mossy mountains †

Beaver. Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!
S. Cock up yr beaver.

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, . . *Ib.*

Became. The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.
Lament for Glencairn.

Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover. . . . *S. When first I saw* †

Beck (a curtsey). She'll gie ye a beck, and hid ye light,
The Tarbolton Lasses.

Beckie. My compliments to sister Beckie; *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Beck'ning. As thy shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Become. The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature;
Ep. to Young Friend. 9.

To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife! . . . . *S. How cruel* †

An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.
S. O gin ye were dead.

And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends. *The Vision. D. II. 18.*

Bed. Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
A Winter Night. 10.

While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow. . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †

I greet round their green beds in the yard,
S. By yon castle wa' †

The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*

Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory. . . . *S. Deluded swain* †

Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you. . *S. Husband, husband* †

For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share. *Lament for Glencairn.*

Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! . . *Liberty.*

Altho' my bed were in yon muir, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*

And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
S. My Collier Laddie.

When a' the lave gae to their bed
S. My Harry was a gallant †

She laid me in a saft bed, [*re.*] . *S. O wat ye what my* †

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
On seeing wounded Hare.

The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
On Death of fav. Child.

Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory. . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, . . *S. Scroggam.*

My mither she bade me put him to bed, *S. The auld man* †

I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed, . . *Ib.*

He left his bed and took his wayward rout, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, *S. The Catrine woods* †

And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Does the sober bed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII*

And bad her mak' a bed for me:
She made the bed both large and wide,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

The lass that made the bed to me. [*re.*]
S. The Lass that made the bed.

The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'. *S. The last braw bridal* †

Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie. . *S. The Ploughman* †

I will mak my Ploughman's bed, ... *Ib.*

My mither, she has ta'en the bed,
Wi' thinking on my fa'. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', *S. The Taylor* †

An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod. . . . *S. There's news, lasses* †

I'll no gang to my bed Till I get a man. . . . . *Ib.*

But now the share uptears thy bed, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
To R. G. of F. 9.

Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Ye've lien in some unco bed. . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Bedded. O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded? [*re.*]
S. O ken ye what Meg †

Bedeck. And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
S. The small birds †

Bedevil'd. She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie. *The Inventory.*

Bedew. I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; . . . *V.'s under grief.*

Bedew'd. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
S. A Rosebud by my †

Bedim. Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; *The Jolly Beggars, R. I.*

Bedlam. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.

Bed-post. each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.

Bedropp'd. Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
Tam Samson's El. 6.

Bee. Amang the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, *S. Amang the trees* †

The flower-enamour'd busy bee . . . . *Delia. An Ode.*

The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
S. O Logan! sweetly †

It's a for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . . . *S. O Phely* †

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Tam o' Shanter. 6.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke; . . *Ib. 17.*

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

May have charms for the linnet and the bee;
S. The winter it is past †

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon; . *S. Turn again, thou* †

No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year. *S. Where are the joys* †

While bees delight in opening flowers; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Beech. spreading beech and tapering elm, *As on the banks* †

Beef. (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; *Poem on Life.*

Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef; . . *Scotch Drink. 4.*

A chield wha'll soundly baff our beef; *The Twa Herds. 13.*

For a' his fresh beef and his saut, . . *S. To daunton me.*

Been. I've been but three years in my teens;
S. I'm o'er young †

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . *S. Killiecrankie.*

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie O; . . . . . *Ib.*

I hae been in for't ance or twice, . . *V.'s to J. Ranken.*

Beer. Small beer persecution, *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*

With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Beet [to add fuel to fire].

Lang beet his hymeneal flame, . . *A Ded. to G. H. 14.*

It heats me, it beets me, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*

It's plenty beets the lover's fire. . *S. In simmer when* †

Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

Beetling. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Befa' [befall]. May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.
S. Behind yon hills †

Befel. Which lately on a night befel,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.

Befitted. Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
On B.'s horse impound.

Before. Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
S. Craigie-burn Wood.

The words come skelpan, rank and file,
Amaist before I ken! . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

On eighteen pence a week I've lived before.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; *Scots Prologue.*

Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before. . . . . *Symon Gray* †

Befriend. Nor person to befriend me, O;
S. My father was a farmer †

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
S. Musing on the roaring †

When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name,
The Brigs of Ayr.

When kindly you mind me,
O then befriend my Jean! . . . *The Farewell.*

But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that helang'd ye. . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Beg. And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg. *A Ded. to G. H. 2.*

For my sake this I beg it o' you, . . *Auld comrade* †

The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.*

tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow, ... *Ib. 9.*

Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; *Friend of the poet* †

Thy pardon I sincerely beg, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*

Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil; . *Man was made to Mourn.*

And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!
Prologue, at Th. D.

Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.

But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair, . *Ib. S. 11.*

About to beg a pass for leave to beg; . . *To R. G. of F.*

I court, I beg thy friendly aid, ... *To Ruin.*

Began. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, . *A Fragment. 1.*

Began to fear a fa', man; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*

The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.

It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread, ... *Ib. 12.*

just as he began to tell, ... *Ib. 31.*

When first the human race began, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 15.*

I beld the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander: . . . . *S. Gat ye me* †

Altho' his hair began to arcb, . . . *Halloween. 19.*

Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise; . *S. It was the charming* †

when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
S. John Anderson, my jo †

And show'rs began to fall; . . . *John Barleycorn.*

His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail. . . . . *Ib.*

And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage. . . . . *Ib.*

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend Sage; . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth, with me, to mourn . . . . *Ib.*

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail; . . . *New Psalmody.*

Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

An' there began a lang digression . . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
The Whistle.

Begat. And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen rate race!
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Begbie's. Then aff to B—gh—'s in a raw,
An' pour divine libations . *The Ordination. 1.*

Beggar. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Add. of Beelzebub.
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v. A. 16]
Tam o' Shanter.
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; . *To a Louse.*

Begged. He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Begging. Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Begin. Already I begin to try it, . *Auld comrade dear* †
When corn begins to shoot, . . . *One night as I* †
An' folk begin to tak the gate; . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon; . . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day. . . *Ib. 27*
And infant Frosts begin to bite, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
That merry day, the year begins, . . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
But why, o' Death, begin a tale? . . . *To J. S. 11.*

Beguile. May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, *S. Behind yon hills* †
If e'er I beguile thee, My Eppie Adair! *S. Eppie Adair.*
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles. . . . . *Fragment.*
Or wi' his song her cares beguile: . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile. [v. A. 5] . *Ib.*
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains. *The Vision. D. II. 9.*

Beguil'd. Wiser men than me's beguil'd,
S. First when Maggy †
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
But long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †

Begun. He may do weel for a' he's done yet
But only—he's no just begun yet.
A Ded. to G. H. 3.
Sae I've begun to scrawl, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 7.*
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken. . . *Ep. to J. R. 7.*
An' the wee powts begun to cry, ... *Ib. 11.*
Who life and wisdom at one race begun, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career
Lns on Fergusson.
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun,
S. The winter it is past †
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun, *S. There was a lad* †

Be-had. Or be-had, and I'll tak you:
S. Will ye go and marry †

Behave. An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
Poor Mailie's El.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Behaviour.
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour
S. Cock up your beaver.

Behest. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest. *A Prayer under Anguish.*
He felt the powerful, high behest, . . . *Nature's Law.*

Behind. Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone,
A Fragment. 8.
an' coost their claise Behind him in a raw, ... *Ib. 9.*
But left behind her ain gray tail: . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, *Tam Samson's El. 10.*
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Behint, Behin' [behind]. Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.
jinks about, Behint the muckle thorn: . . *Halloween. 6.*
But Merran sat behint their backs, . . . *Ib. 11.*
"By G–d I'll not be seen behint them,
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose; . . . *To J. S. 25.*
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'! . *A Gude New-Year* † *7.*
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like, ... *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
S. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.

Behold. Behold, my love, how green the groves,
S. Behold, my love †
Behold the hour, the boat arrive! . *S. Behold, the hour* †
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . . *Liberty.*
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
On Death of fav. Child.
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray; . . . *S. Sensibility* †
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor . *Tragic Frag.*

Beild *v.* **Bield.**

Being. O Thou great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know: *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Thou Being, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 21.*
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
In weary being now I pine, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
On Death of fav. Child.
On this poor being all depends; . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Belang [belong to].
The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee! *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †

Belang'd [belonged to].
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye. . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Beld [bald]. And though his brow be beld aboon,
S. The cardin o't.
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
S. To daunton me.

Beldam. Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
View the wither'd beldam's face *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, . *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Be-ledger'd. Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
To J. S., 23.

Belial. The sons of Belial in the Land . *New Psalmody.*

Belief. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Let me in this belief expire,—To God I fly.' *The Hermit.*

Believe. Believe me, happiness is shy, *A Bottle and Friend.*
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him! . . *A Farewell.*
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 15.*
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. *Prologue at Th., D.*
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: . . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain. . *To W. Simpson.*
But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, ... *Ib. 2.*
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.
S. Wandering Willie.

Believer. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.
A Ded. to G. H. 9.

Believing. No matter—stick to sound believing.
A Ded. to G. H. 8.

Bell, Andrew. Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; [re.]
Halloween. 11.

Bell. Thou, Toothache surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'! . . *Add. to Toothache.*
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
The village bell has told the hour, . . *S. Here is the glen* †

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
S. The last braw bridal †

His flunkies answer at the bell; . . *The Twa Dogs. S.*
But stray amang the heather bells, *S. There was a lass* †
But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, *To W. Simpson. 10.*

Belle. Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
S. Adown winding Nith †

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, . . *O leave novels* †
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The Belles of Mauchline.

Bellow'd. Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
Tam o' Shanter. S.

Bellum [force, assault].
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . *To W. Creech.*

Bellyfu' [bellyful]. On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. I.

Bellys [bellows]. When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
Scotch Drink. 10.

Belong. We have the honour to belong to you!
Scots Prologue.

Belov'd. Frae my best Belov'd I rove, *S. Frae the friends* †

Below. Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below!
A Winter Night. 7.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree. . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle unseen . . *Halloween. 25.*
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below: . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Which sweetly winds so far below;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Aboon distress, below envy, . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
By all the conscious villian fears below! . *To Clarinda.*
And still, below, the horrid cardon boils *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Belt. An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.

Belted. The first ane was a belted knight,
The Election Ballads. I.
A prince can make a belted knight, *S. The Honest Man.*
prouder than a belted knight, . *S. When first I saw* †

Belyve [by and by].
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums; . . *To a Haggis.*

Bemoan'd. Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Tam Samson's El. 12.

Bemused. The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.

Ben [In, Into the inner room; the inner room].
Blythe was she but and ben, . . . *S. Blythe was she* †
While frosty winds blaw in the drift
Ben to the chimla lug, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
Sae crafti'lie she took me ben, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: . *S. In simmer when* †
But ay I'm eerie they [Want and Hunger] come ben.
S. O that I had ne'er †

O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,
And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
S. O when she cam ben †
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . . *On W. Stewart.*
I cannily keekit ben, . . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; . *S. Tam Glen.*
With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. S.
As he gade but and ben, O. . . . . *S. The Taylor* †
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest. . . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
she blusht, And stepped ben. . . . . *Ib. S.*
To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Bench. How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches; *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Bench, *the.* The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Extem. in Court of Session.

Bend. And raging bend the naked tree;
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Bended. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
Upon his hunkers bended, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Bending. When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
Auld comrade †
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery. . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
His bending joints and drooping head . *John Barleycorn.*
"I am a bending aged tree, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Benefactor. Autumn, benefactor kind,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low! . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Beneficent. Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
S. The sons of old Killie.

Benevolence. They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air, *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Benevolent. The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.
A Winter's Night. 11.
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Benight. Dark despair around benights me.
S. One fond kiss †

Benign. Great Nature spoke, with air benign, *Nature's Law.*

Benignant. Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Ben-Ledi. While Phœbus sunk beyond Ben-Ledi.
S. By Allan Stream †

Ben-Lomond. While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw,
Ep. to Davie.

Benmost [inmost]. The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
An seek the benmost bore: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Bennals. But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Be-north [to the northward of].
Be-north the Roman wa', . . . *A Fragment. S.*

Bent [where bent-grass grows; the hill; the moor].
Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent. . . *S. As I came o'er* †

Bent [of mind].
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Bent. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
To dip her left sark-sleeve in, Was bent . *Halloween. 24.*
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
S. O ay my wife she dang me.
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil: *S. Streams that glide* †
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
bent on winning borough towns, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith *saul* an' *body*, . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
As to the north I bent my way, *S. The lass that made the bed.*
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums; . . *To a Haggis.*
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie! . . *To J. S. 7.*

Bequeath. A copy o' this I bequeath,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death, *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Bereav'd. Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me.
S. I dream'd I lay †

Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †

Bereft. Sad will I be, so bereft, . *S. Husband, husband* †
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care; . *The Farewell.*

Berry. The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play; *The Vision, D. II. 23.*
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, *S. T. Menzie's Mary.*

Berwick-law. The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
S. My bonie Mary.

Beset. Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
a ring, Was a' beset wi' diamonds; . *S. My Sandy gied* †
While here I sit all sore beset, . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, . *The Twa Herds. 11.*

Beside. Wha will sit beside me there?
S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him! . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Besiege. When gaping they besiege the tents,
Scotch Drink. 8.

Besom. Ruin, with his sweeping besom, *A Ded. to G. H. 10.*
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Besouth [to the southward of].
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. . . *To W. Simpson. 7.*

Bespatter. Your Kingship to bespatter; . *A Dream. 3.*

Bespoke. Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Bespotted. And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Lns add. to J. Ranken.

Bess.
blinkin Bess of Annandale, [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. 1.*
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
S. Last May a braw †

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: *S. O merry hae I been* †
Farewell, my Bess! . . . . . *The Farewell.*
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, . . *The Inventory.*
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,
Could only peer it; [v. A. 14] *The Vision, D. I 11.*

Bessy, -ie. Speer in for bonie Bessy; *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, *S. In simmer when* †

Best. Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
A Ded. to G. H. 6.

The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
the best wark-lume i' the house, . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
My kindest, best respects I sen' it, *Auld comrade dear* †
The ae best fellow e'er was born; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth. . . . . *Ib. 16.*
by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
El. on Miss Burnet.
How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
And joys the very best, ... *Ib. 8.*
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3.*
She's saft at best an' something lazy, . . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 3.*
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,
Ep. to R. Graham. 1.
Pity the best of words should be but wind! . . . *Ib. 5.*
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this. *Epit. on a Friend.*
Frae my best Belov'd I rove, . . . *S. Frae the friends* †
A pint o' the best o't, . . *S. Gudeen to you, Kimmer* †
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.*
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . *S. In simmer when* †
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. *Jenny M'Craw* †
Beauty is at best deceit; . . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
my last, best, only friend, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best! . *Man was made to Mourn.*

But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [*re.*]
S. My love she's but †
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, . . . *S. Now rosy May* †
And here's the flower that I lo'e best
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
The lassie I lo'e best. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
the bonie lad that I lo'e best . *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Who know them best despise them most.
On Window at Stirling.
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! . *S. One fond kiss* †
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
S. Out over the Forth †
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Ronalds of Bennals.
The sweetest and best o' them a', man. . . . . *Ib.*
I can hand up my head wi' the best o' the breed, . . *Ib.*
My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best, . *Ib.*
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'. [*re.*] . *S. Sae flaxen* †
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best. . . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Scots Prologue.
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, . . . *Ib.*
It was her best, and she was vauntie. . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
I lo'e him best of onie yet. . . . *S. The cardin o't.*
in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
The Election Ballads. 1.
But I will send to London town
Whom I like best at hame . . . . . *Ib.*
Or whom in a' the country roun',
The best deserves to fa' that? . . . . . *Ib. II.*
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
S. The heather was bloom. †
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, *The Holy Fair. 26.*
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best. . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
And dressed them all in the best of their clothes,
S. The Poor Thresher.
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
The Rights of Woman.
The twa best herds in a' the wast, . . *The Twa Herds.*
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, . . . *To a Mouse.*
With every kindliest, best presage, . . *To Chloris.*
Her darling bird that she lo'es best . . *To W. Creech.*
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best. . . *To W. Simpson.*
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will! . . . . *Winter.*
The bonie lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that . . . *S. Women's Minds.*
A bonie lass, I like her best. . . . . *Ib.*

Bestow. The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!
A Ded. to G. H. 14.
Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
A Winter Night. 7.
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! *Lns on Fergusson.*
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman. . *S. O gin ye were dead.*
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
The Brigs of Ayr.
What be intended on them to bestow;
S. The Poor Thresher.
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow: . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
'I come to give thee such reward,
'As we bestow. . *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it. . . *To Terraughty.*
Ae sweet smile on me bestow. . *S. Turn again, thou* †
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . *S. Where are the joys* †

Bestowed, -'d.
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
Her body is bestowed well, . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet; . *To Capt. Riddel.*

Bestowing. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect.
The Election Ballads. III.
the earth bestowing My simple food; . . *The Hermit.*

Bestrow. When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Be't [be it].
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae.
S. Contented wi' little †
'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. II.
Be't light, be't dark, . . . *Ep. to Major Logan. 14.*

Bethankit [the grace after meat].
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums. . . . *To a Haggis.*

Betide. Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; *S. I do confess* †
And she wad send the sodger lad,
Whatever might betide. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Whate'er betide it, ... *What ails ye now* †

Betray. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover: . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May he never eat of her bread! *S. Here's a health to them* †
But fortune may betray thee. . *S. Here's to thy health* †
Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover. . . . *S. The last time I* †
While faithless snaws ilk step betray,
Whare she has been. . . . . *The Vision. D. I. 1.*
Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success;
To Clarinda.

Betray'd.
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
S. The heather was bloom.†
By Love's simplicity betray'd, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion, . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Better. He's just—nae better than he should be.
A Ded. to G. H. 4.
And aiblins ane been better Than You . . *A Dream. 3.*
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Few better were or braver; . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
They're better just than want ay On onie day. . *Ib. 14.*
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
In my last plack thy part's be in't,
The better ha'f o't. . . . . *Ib.*
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
Mang better folk, . *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
Your better art o' hiding. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
Aboon them a' I loo him better; *S. Brave lads on Yar. braes.* †
We gae the boot and better horse; *S. Carl, an the king come.*
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! *El. on Year 1788.*
As muckle better as you can. . . . . *Ib.*
And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' Adviser! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Ye'll find me in a better tune; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.*
An faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part. . . . . *Ib. 19.*
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better. . . . *Ep. to Major Logan. 8.*
The better that I'm fou., . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
for want o' better shift, ... *Halloween. 4.*
But without some better qualities
She's no the Lass for me. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
But far better days I trust will come again;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty. *Lns, on Windows Gl. Tav.*
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. *S. My Sandy gied* †
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better. . . *S. O gie my love brose* †
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye. . . . *S. O Tibbie! I hae* †
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets. . . *Sketch.*
And ay the ale was growing better: . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
A better never lifted leg, ... *Ib. 9.*
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.*
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Alas! can I make it no better return!
S. The small birds rejoice †
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony Tenant-man . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
It wad for ev'ry ane be better, ... *Ib. 26.*
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
But why should ae man better fare
And a' men brithers! . . . . . *Ib.*
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie. . . . . *Ib.*
Nine Ferriers wad done better. . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
'Quo' I, I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better.' . . *What ails ye now* †
'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, ... *Ib.*

Betters. nameless wretches, That ape their betters.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
"There's ither Poets, much your betters, . . *To J. S. S.*

Betty. Wee image of my bonny Betty, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
The Belles of Mauchline.
Tak a mark by auntie Betty, *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Between. And ay she set the wheel between:
S. Duncan Davison.
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar; . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Between her an' the moon, ... *Halloween. 26.*
And now what seas between us roar, *S. How lang and dreary*
O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between; . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Between themsels they were sae busy:
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Wish'd unison between the pair, . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
rising, rejoicing, Between his twa Deborahs, *Ib. R. VIII.*

Beuk, Buke [book]. And write their names in his black beuk
S. Awa, whigs, awa.
My Grannie she bought me a beuk, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Sae dinna put me in your buke, . . . *The Inventory.*

Bevel. The Brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel.
Tam Samson's El.

Bewail. And not a muse in honest grief bewail.
El. on Miss Burnet.
The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young; . *S. Fate gave the word* †

Bewail'd. In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Lament for Glencairn.

Beware. Beware o' bonie Anne. [*re.*]
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Then let the louns beware, Sir, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
There's death in the cup—sae beware! . *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; *O leave novels* †
And bids me beware o' young men; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
S. The heather was bloom. †

Bewildered. He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
To W. Creech.

Bewitched, -'d. And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Bewitching. The man and his wine's sae bewitching!
Inscrip. on Goblet.
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Bewitchingly. Bewitchingly o'er arching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.
S. Sae flaxen †

Beyont [beyond]. There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe;
S. The weary Pund.

Bias. He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias: *Add. to Unco Guid. S.*

Bible. old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Reproof by Himself.
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

Bicker [a wooden drinking-cup].
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
In cog or bicker, . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*

Bicker [a quick sudden movement, or short run].
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*

Bicker, *to* **[to run swiftly].**
Aff she started in a fright,
And through the braes what she could bicker;
S. Donald Brodie.

Bicker'd [flowed with swift tremulous noise].
Auld Aire ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas; . . . . *Once night as I* †

Bickering, -in', -in [moving with swift tremulous noise; excited noisy contending].
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; . . . *Halloween. 25.*
Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
Wi bickering brattle! . . *To a Mouse.*
For there will be bickerin' there; *The Election Ballads. III.*

Bid. There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And bid wild war his ravage end, *S. How can my poor hrt.* †
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
In vain wild Prudence †
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . . . *Liberty.*
He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
Prologue at Th., D.
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
And bids me beware o' young men; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Go bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go bid him lay his laurels down, . *S. The Captive Ribband.*
And sage Experience bids me this declare
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
O, bid him save their harmless lives, *The Death of Mailie.*
O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . . . . . *Ib.*
An' bid him burn this cursed tether, ... *Ib.*
And ilka ane at London court
Would bid to him gude day. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
An' saying aye or no's they bid him: . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Bid better [seek, wish, or desire better].
I doubt na they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water; *Add. of Beelzebub.*
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better. *Ep. to Major Logan. S.*

Bide [to stand, stay, endure].
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.
S. Here's a health to them †
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . *A Winter Night. 3.*
Slighted love is sair to bide, . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
How blythely would I bide the stoure,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Bide the surging billow's shock. . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Yet coin his pouches wad na hide in;
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; . . *S. Wha is that at* †

Bield, Biel, Beild [a shelter; a dwelling].
And roses blaw in ilka bield; . . *S. In simmer when* †
Thy bield should be my bosom, . *S. O wert thou in the* †
beneath the random bield O' clod or stane,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
An' hap him in a cozie biel, . *On Scot. Bard gone to W.I.*
The sun blinks kindly in the biel', *S. The Contented Cottager.*
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, . *S. But lately seen* †

Bien [plentiful, prosperous, decent and comfortable].
Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
That live sae bien an' snug: . . . . *Ep. to Davie. I.*
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Bier. And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
Monody, on a Lady.
O bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v. A. 10]
Sonnet, on Death of Riddel.

Big. Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st 11.*
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Big, *to* **[to build].** We will big a wee, wee house,
S. Duncan Davison.
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
S. O whare did ye get †
An' naething, now, to big a new ane, . . *To a Mouse.*
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' mavfowl bigs her nest, [v. A. 15]
Tam Samson's El.

Big-belly'd.
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care [*re.*]
S. No Churchman am I †

Biggan [building]. Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,
The Twa Dogs. 10.

Biggan [a building, a house].
By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin; . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Bigotry. Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Bike *v.* **Byke.**

Bill [bull]. As yell's the Bill. . . . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

Bill. And dish them out their bill o' fare, . *To a Haggis.*
"I would vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Billet. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt; *To Mr. Renton.*

Billie, -y [a brother; a young fellow; a good fellow; a fellow].
But tent me, billie; . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.*
This was thy billie, dam, and sire, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, *Ep. to Major Logan. 1.*
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, . *On Scot. Bard. gone to W.I.*
Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie! . . . . *Ib.*
When chapmen billies leave the street, . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin, *Tam Samson's El. Per C.*
Erskine, a spunkie norland billie;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.
The billie is gettin his questions,
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.
The Election Ballads. III.
My gamesome billy Will, ... *Ib. V.*
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon: . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . . *The Twa Dogs*
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . . . *Ib. 26.*
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain. . *To W. Simpson.*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. . . . . *Ib.*
An' when the new light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch! . . . *Ib. P.S.*
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us! . . . *V.s on Window, Carron.*

Billow. The billows on the ocean [a type of woman],
S. Deluded swain †
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Hope and Fear's alternate billow . *Musing on the roaring* †
Bide the surging billows' shock. . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
'Tis not the surging billows' roar, . *S. The gloomy night* †
For her I'll dare the billows' roar; *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam; *The Vision. D.I. 13.*
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
S. Wandering Willie.

Billy [William]. my mason Billie, *Auld comrade dear* †
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels [*re.*]
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em, *Ib.*

Bind. In Love's silken band can bind it. *S. Sweetest May* †
And binds the mire like a rock; . . *Tam Samson's El.*
And bind him down wi' caution, . . *The Ordination. 5.*
They bind the wild, Poetic rage,
In energy. [v. A 4]. . *The Vision. D. II.*

Binding. But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. *The Book-Worms.*

Birch [for flogging].
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The Vowels.

Birch [tree]. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
To Mary in Heaven.

Birchen. All underneath the birchen shade;
S. Here is the glen †

Bird. An' could hae flown out owre a stank,
Like onie bird. *A Guid New-Year* † *3.*
dear bird, young Jeany fair, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . *A Winter Night. 4.*
As light's a bird upon a thorn. . . *S. Blythe was she* †
I hear the wild birds singing; . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, *S. Damon & Sylvia.*
List'ning to the wild birds singing, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing
The reliques of the vernal quire; *Lament for Glencairn.*
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
The merry birds are lovers a', . . *S. Now rosy May* †
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
S. O merry hae I been †
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
How blest, ye birds that round her sing, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
And I a bird to shelter there, . . *S. O were my love* †
I hear her in the tunefu' birds, . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean. . . . . *Ib.*
The bird of eve flits sullen by . *On Lineluden Castle.*
While birds rejoice on every spray;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*
In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies. . . . *S. Sensibility* †
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
Sonnet. writ. on Birthday.
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; . . . . . *Ib.*
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
As canty as ever a bird in the spring. *S. The Poor Thresher.*
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
S. The small birds †
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair . . *Ib.*
And the small birds sing on every tree; *The Winter it is past* †
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she. *S. There was a lass* †
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; . . . *Ib.*
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, *To Mary in Heaven.*
And every bird thy requiem sings; . . *To Miss C.*
Her darling bird thnt she lo'es best
Willie's awa! . . . . *To W. Creech.*
The birds sit chittering in the thorn, *S. Up in the morning.*
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; *S. Where Cart rins* †
And bird and beast, in covert, rest, . . . *Winter.*
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird.
S. Ye banks and braes †
And ilka bird sang o' its love, ... *Ib.*

Birdie, -y [*dim. of* **bird**].
The little birdie's blythely sing, *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
The birdie's flit on wanton wing. . *S. Now bank and brae* †
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers, *S. The Catrine woods,* †
nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; . . *Ib.*
to screen the birdie's nest, . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
The birdies dowie moaning.
Shall a' be blythely singing, *S. The young High. Rover.*
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; . *El. on Year 1788.*

Birk [the birch tree].
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.
S. Afton Water.
And twa-three stinted birks are left, . *As on the banks* †
the birks of Aberfeldy [*re.*]? . *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
When birks are bare at Yule. *S. Cauld is the e'ening blast* †
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
S. The Contented Cottager.
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, ... *Ib.*
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, *S. When o'er the hill* †
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Birken [birchen]. Blythe in the birken shaw.
S. Behold, my love †
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, . *S. Blythe was she* †
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †

Birkie [a fellow; a smart conceited fellow].
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
The Election Ballads. III.
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that; . *S. The Honest Man.*
Whare birkies march on burning marl: . *To Mr. Renton.*
Farewell, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, *To Terraughty.*
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd. . . *To W. Creech.*

Birring [whirring]. Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a';
Tam Samson's El. 7.

Birsies [bristles]. And tirl the hallions to the birsies;
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.

Birth [berth]. So, took a birth afore the mast,
On Scot. Bard gone to W.I.

Birth. And mercbandise' whole genus take their birth:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . . *S. Sweetest May* †
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, *The Vision. D. II. 14.*
Passion's birth, and infants' play . . . *To a Kiss.*
Cauld blew the bitther-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
And resign to Parent Earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth. . . *To Miss C.*

Birth-day. May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see, . *A Dream. 1.*
Amang thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine . . . . *Ib.*
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty and subjection This great Birth-day. . *Ib. S.*

Birth-place. The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
S. My heart's in the High. †

Birtwhistle. And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Vet luckily roars in the right.
The Election Ballads. III.

Bit [used as a *dim.*; **small, little.]**
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
In some bit Brugh to represent
A Baillie's name? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.*
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, *S. The Taylor fell* †
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. . . . *Ib.*
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk. . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie, . . *Ib. 33.*
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, . . . *To a Louse.*
Till some bit callan bring me news, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Bit [nick of time, crisis].
Is instant made no worth a louse
Just at the bit. . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*

Bit. And handsome ilka bit about her. . *S. I met a lass* †
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread; . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, *The Death of Mailie.*
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Bitch. Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
She's but a b—tch. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.*
O Death, how horrid is thy taste
To lie with such a b—? . . *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches, *Ins add. to J. Ranken.*
Ye midnight b—es. . . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.
The Henpecked Husband.
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. *To R. G. of F. 6.*
What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, . . *What ails ye now* †

Bitch-fou [bitch-drunk].
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests, *On dining with Dacr.*

Bite. Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.*
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . . . *For W. Nicol.*

Bite, *to.* When bitter bites the frost,
S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
And infant Frosts begin to bite, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
And gif ye canna bite, ye can bark. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
That bites sae sair, . *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Biting. biting Boreas, fell and doure, . *A Winter Night.*
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost! . . . . *Ib. 7.*
his caustick wit was biting, rude, . *Extem. on W. Smellie.*
coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; . *The Brigs of Ayr. 2.*

Bitter. But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet: . . *A Dream. 15.*
While scabs an' botches did him [Joh] gall,
Wi' bitter claw, . *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, . *Add. to Toothache.*
Was it the bitter eastern blast, . . *As on the banks* †
"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies, ... *Ib.*
When bitter bites the frost, . *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom; . . *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*
The bitter blast that round me blaws *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
S. O merry hae I been †
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, *S. O wert thou in the* †
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
Ode, To Mem. of Mrs. —.
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
The bitter little that of life remains: *On seeing wounded Hare.*
The bitter frost and snaw. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear, . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, *Remorse. A Frag.*
It sets you ill
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
The Jolly Beggars, R. I.
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, . . *The Lament. 8.*
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
S. The Slave's Lament.
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
Ib.
But for their sake my heart doth ache,
With many a bitter throe: *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear! *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v.A.13]
The Twa Dogs. 23.
Ha'e bad a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel. . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, *Third Ep to J. Lap.*
Alas! what bitter toil an' straining . . *To J. S., 20.*
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
But Oh! thon bitter step-mother and bard, *To R. G. of F., 3.*
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, . *To Rev. J. M'Math*
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Bitter-biting. And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
A Winter Night. 7.
Canld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; . *To a Mountain-Daisy*

Bitterlie. She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
Wad taste sae bitterlie. *S. Her Daddie forbad* †

Bittern. Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake. *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*

Bizz [bustle]. D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Add. to the Deil. 17.

Bizz, *to* **[to buzz].** Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye,
Poem on Life.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*

Bizzard [the Buzzard]. Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
The Election Ballads. IV.

Bizzie [busy]. I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..

Black. 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
A Ded. to G. H. 6.
Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances, . . *Ib. 16.*
(Black be your fa' !) . . . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
will send him linkan, To your black pit; . . *Ib. 20.*
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
For it's jet, jet black, an it's like a hawk,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And write their names in his black benk *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black; . . . *Ep. to J. R. 3.*
Some black bog-hole, Arrests us, . *Ep. to Major Logan, 2.*
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome Carlin; . . *Halloween. 23.*

The lass wi' the bonie black e'e. . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
Straight the sky grew black and daring; *S. I dream'd I lay* †
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
S. Last May a brave †
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, . . *Ib.*
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Black gowns of each denomination, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
S. No Churchman am I †
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . *S. O whistle* †
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleagin
At some black art. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar, . . *Ib.*
I'll gie you my bonie black hen. . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
Tam o' Shanter. 7.
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, . . . *Ib. 11.*
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v. A. 16] *Ib.*
The red-coat lads wi' black cockands
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel, [pr.]
The Election Ballads. I.
A boy no sae black at the bane; . . . . . *Ib. III.*
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue. . . . . *Ib.*
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. . . *Ib.*
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black? . . . . . *Ib. V.*
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
Black [Russel] is na spairan: . . . . . *Ib. 21.*
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel. . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws. . . . . *Ib. 12.*
To try my fate in guid, black prent; . . . *To J. S., 7.*
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal! . *To W. Simpson. 17.*
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown;
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; *S. Wantonness for ever* †

Black-bearded. Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel,
Adam A—'s Prayer.

Blackbird. Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
S. Afton Water.
In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear, . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
They heard the blackbird's sang, man; *The Fête Champetre.*
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Black-bonnet [an Elder of the Church].
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
To Rev. Mr. M'Math.

Blackbyre.
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
Renalds of Bennals

Blackest. To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Blackguard. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Blackguarding. An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock
The Holy Fair. 9.

Black-headed. The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle.
The black-headed eagle †

Black-Jock.
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician,
Letter to J. Goudie.
Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands.
The Election Ballads. IV.

Black-nebbit. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
The Election Ballads. III.

Black'ning. The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The Cotter's Sat. Night
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head. . . . . *To Ruin.*

Blad *v.* **Blaud.**

Blade [a careless fellow].
The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
He was a care-defying blade,
As ever Bacchus listed! . . . . . *Ib. R. VII.*

Blade. The progress of the spiky blade.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
How cut-throat Prussian blades were bingin;
Kind Sir, I've read †
But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, *The Ordination. 4.*
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle; . . *To a Haggis.*
On every blade the pearls hung; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Blae [blue; livid; sharp, keen].
How do ye this blae eastlin wind', . *Auld Comrade dear* †
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; . *S. Had I the wyte* †
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws. *The Twa Herds. 12.*
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
S. There's a youth †

Blair. "That distant years may boast of other Blairs"
On Death of Sir J. Blair
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. . *The Election Ballads. III.*

Blam'd. Whom canting wretches blam'd: . *Epit. for G. H.*
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gives you honor) *To Rev. J. M'Math*
"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'." . . . *What ails ye now* †

Blame.
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
A Dream. Mot.
Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation, ... *Ib. 5.*
We darena weel say't though we ken wha's to blame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! . *Ep. to J. R. 12.*
And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly us'd her: . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
'Tis yon and Taylor are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, . *S. One fond kiss.* †
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Remorse. A Frag..
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they shou'd blame her, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Your doctrines I maun blame, . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Blameless. All blameless joys on earth we find, *To Chloris.*

Blaming. With little admiring or blaming: *To Capt. Riddel*

Blanket. Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
S. The Taylor fell †

Blast. And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
A Winter Night. 8.
To shiver in the blast their lane. . . *As on the banks* †
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring? . . . . *Ib.*
"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies, ... *Ib.*
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa! . . . . *S. But lately seen* †
O cauld blaws the e'enin blast
When bitter bites the frost, *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast, . *El. on Capt. M. H. 13.*
But now has come a cruel blast, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
the howling wintry blast . . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
O raging fortune's withering blast *S. Luckless Fortune.*

chill November's surly blast . *Man was made to Mourn.*
No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine. . *S. My love's a winsome* †
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; . *S. O Lassie art thou* †
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, ... *Ib.*
in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, . . *S. O wert thou in* †
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
S. Oh, open the door, †
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
And wings the blast to blaw, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast, ... *Ib.*
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
On Death of R. Dundas.
to the whistling blast and waters' roar, ... *Ib.*
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks, . *Ib.*
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast. . . *Ib.*
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast; . . . . . *Ib.*
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay! . . . *S. Sensibility* †
The rattling showers rose on the blast; . *Tam o' Shanter. S.*
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast. . . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, *S. The gloomy night* †
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
The Kirk's Alarm.
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; *S. Their groves of* †
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell, . . *To a Mouse.*
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.) . . . . *To Chloris.*
He bears the unbroken blast from every side: *To R. G. of F., 3.*
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, *S. Up in the morning.*
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
S. When wild War's †
The Wintry West extends his blast, . . . *Winter.*
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, ... *Ib.*

Blast, *to.* That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
S. Forlorn, my Love †
G–d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got; . . *The Ruined Maid's L.*

Blasted, -t. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
On seeing wounded Hare.
The very name of Douglas blasted, *On Duke of Queensberry*
Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom; . . *On Poet's Daughter.*
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . *The Death of Mailie.*
Our Whipper-in, wee. blastet wonner, . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
Ye ugly, creepan. blastet wonner, . . . *To a Louse.*

Blastie [a blasted creature; term of contempt].
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; . . *The Inventory.*
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin! . . *To a Louse.*

Blasting. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Blate [shy, bashful, backward].
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, *A Bard's Epit..*
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur. . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs, . . *Halloween.*
O steer her up, and be na blate, . . *S. O steer her up* †
When I was beardless, young and blate,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The Cotter's Sat. Night 8..

Blather [bladder].
May Gravels round his blather wrench, " *Scotch Drink. 17.*
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather. *The Death of Mailie.*

Blaud, Blad [a large piece.]
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 4.*
To get a blad o' Johnnie's morals, . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Blaud, *to* **[to slap, beat].**
An' he's the boy will blaud her! . . *The Ordination. 2.*

Blaudin' [pelting].
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Blaw [to blow].
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,
Then stood to blaw; *A Guid New-Year* † *14.*
In vain to me the cowslips blaw, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . *As on the banks* †
How do ye this blae eastlin win',
That's like to blaw a body blin': . *Auld Comrade dear* †
The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; *S. Behind yon hills* †
O cauld blaws the e'enin blast
When bitter bites the frost, *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
While frosty winds blaw in the drift, ... *Ib.*
And there blaws up a hearty crack;
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir; *S. I'm o'er young* †
And roses blaw in ilka bield; . . *S. In simmer when* †
Spare my love ye winds that blaw, *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, *S. My bonie Mary.*
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
S. My Nanie's awa.
The scented breezes round us blaw, . *S. Now rosy May* †
The bitter blast that round me blaws *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
S. O wat ye wha's in †
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
S. O wert thou in the †
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west, ... *S. Of a' the airts* †
And wings the blast to blaw, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's, . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, *Scots Prologue.*
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; . *S. The Laddies by* †
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, *S. The young High. Rover.*
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . *S. To daunton me*
And Ettrick banks now roaring red
While tempests blaw; . . *To W. Creech.*
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, *S. Up in the morning.*
And hail and rain does blaw; . . . . *Winter.*

Blaw [to brag, boast].
I winna blaw about mysel, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
He brags and he blaws o' his siller, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Blaw south [to blow south, *i.e.* **to England, banish from Scotland].**
The muckle devil blaw you south,
If ye dissemble! *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.*
The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Blawing [blowing].
When January winds were blawing cauld,
S. The lass that made the bed.

Blawn [blown]. The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
Tam o' Shanter. 8.
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
The Election Ballads. I.
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire. *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*
There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
The Kirk's Alarm.
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
S. When wild War's †

Blaze. He falls in the blaze of his fame.
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance; . . . *Halloween.*

The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Methinks they brighten to a blaze! *On Lincluden Castle.*
With Art's most polish'd blaze. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Blaze, *to.* Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
S. A Rosebud by my †

Bleach. Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; . . *To W. Creech.*

Bleached, -'d. His locks were bleached white with time,
Lament for Glencairn.
Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Bleak. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.
El. on Miss Burnet.
waste Sae bleak and bare, . . *S. O wert thou in the* †
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, . . *The Farewell.*
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, . . *To a Mouse.*
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . *To W. Simpson. 13.*

Bleak-fac'd. As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns,
The Twa Dogs. 19.

Bleaky. Lone on the bleaky bills the straying flocks
On Death of R. Dundas.

Blear'd. And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
S. To daunton me.
That had been blear'd with mourning; *S. When wild War's* †

Bleary [blear e'e, wet eye].
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Braw lads of G. Water

Bleat. Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed: *Poor Mailie's El..*

Bleat, *to.* And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Bleating, -an. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating:
S. As I came o'er †
That wantons round its bleating dam: *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, *Poor Mailie's El..*
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;
To W. Simpson. P.S..

Bled. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †

Bleed. (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
The Brigs of Ayr.
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, *S. The gloomy night* †
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
S. Wae is my heart †

Bleeding. The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Besides, he hated bleeding: . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
fell remorse, a conscience bleeding . . *The Hermit.*
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
To R. G. of F., 5.

Bleer [to blear]. I think on my bonie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.
S. Ay waukin, O.

Bleer't [bleared].
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', . . *Duncan Gray* †

Bleeze [blaze]. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Halloween. 10.
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Bleez'd [blazed]. He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
Halloween. 8.

Bleezing, -an [blazing].
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes, . *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezan bright, . *The Vision. D.I. 7.*

Blellum (an idle, talking fellow).
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums? . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, . . . *To W. Creech.*

Blend. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
Fragment inscr. to Fox.

Bless. God bless you a'! . . . . . *A Dream. 15.*
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent: . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Lord bless us with content! . . . . . *Ib.*
And bless the parent's evening ray *S. A Rosebud by my* †
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! . *A Winter Night. S.*
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. *Auld Comrade dear* †
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
But still, but still, I like them dearly,
God bless them a'! . *Ep. to Major Logan. 9.*
Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], . *Epit. on Country Laird.*
I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
L—d bless thy chosen in this place, . . . *Ib. 10.*
God bless the King And the companie! *S. Landlady, count* †
And bless auld Coila, large and long, . . *Nature's Law.*
O Willie, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely,* †
To bless his little filial flock, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
O bless her with a Mother's joys, ... *Ib.*
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a Parent's wish. . . . . *Ib.*
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. L.
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
Return ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
God bless your Honors, a' your days, . . . *Ib. 24.*
And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk, ... *The Calf.*
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . *The Hermit.*
But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; *S. There was a lass* †
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight,
To Clarinda
And bless your bonie lasses baith, . . *To Mr. M'Adam*
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, ... *Ib.*
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare!
To R. G. of F., 9.
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny
Bless them and thee! . *To Terraughty.*
I'll bless her and wiss her
A Friend above the Lift. . . *Wr. on leaf of H. More.*
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Blessed. Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa! . *To W. Creech.*

Blessing, -in.
A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Major Logan. 6.*
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, . . *S. John Anderson* †
O blessings on my wee thing, *S. My Love's a winsome* †
My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
My blessins upon thy bonie e'e bree!
S. O whare did ye get †
Life, thou soul of every blessing, . . *S. Raving winds* †
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . *The Death of Mailie.*
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! . . *The Farewell.*
Or frae puir man a blessin wan, . *S. The Laddies by* †
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley! . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
My blessings aye attend the chiel, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
So blessin's on thee, Robin! . . *S. There was a lad* †
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! *To a Mouse.*
My blessings on you, sonsie wife; . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*

Blest. There's nane that's blest of human kind
But the cheerful and the gay, *A Bottle and Friend.*
blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, *A Ded. to G.H., 15.*
And ev'ry thing is blest but I. *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, *Blest be M'Murdo* †
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
How blest the Solitary's lot, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
The Solitary can despise, Can want, and yet be blest! *Ib. 4.*
Blest Highland bonnet! *Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.*
Yet then content could make us blest; *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest: *Ib. 5.*
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest: *Ib. 5.*
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Fate still has blest me with a friend. *Ib. 10.*
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend, *Ib. 5.*
As e'er God with his Image blest, *Epit. on a Friend.*
He's blest—if as he brew'd be drink *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my happy, glorious day:
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest. *S. It is na, Jean,* †
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest. *Man was made to Mourn.*
But oh! [Death] a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn! *Ib.*
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
S. O merry hae I been †
And blest be the day I did it again. *Ib.*
How blest the humble cotter's fate, *S. O poortith cauld* †
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
S. O wat ye wha's in †
How blest, ye birds that round her sing, *Ib.*
Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; *S. O were my love* †
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight. *On Miss J. Lewars.*
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
On Death of fav. Child.
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wond'ring eyes. *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour, *Ib.*
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Your friendship much can make me blest,
S. Talk not of Love †
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
Tam o' Shanter. 6.
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal
S. The Contented Cottager.
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
A House o' Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest. *The 1st Psalm.*
O happy is that man, an' blest! *The Holy Fair. 11.*
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee! *S. The lovely lass of I.* †
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
The Rights of Woman.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! *The Tears I shed.*
But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, *S. The tither morn* †
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
S. The winter it is past †
Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! *To a Mouse.*
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could be improve. *To Chloris.*
Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit. *To J. S., 6.*
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection. *To Mr M'Adam.*
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! *To R. G. of F., 7.*
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, *To Terraughty.*
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
And saw me once supremely blest, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Blether, Blethers (nonsense).
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 7.*
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers! *Ep. to J. R. 12.*
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead! *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
But stringing blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing. *The Vision, D.I., 4.*

Blether, (to talk nonsense).
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v. A. 2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.S.

Blethering, -'ran (foolish-talking).
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b–tch,
Into thy dark dominion! *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Blew. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' *A Fragment. 7.*
N'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill, *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, *Lament for Glencairn.*
As cauld a wind as ever blew; *On Kirk of Lamington.*
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
The piper loud and louder blew; *Ib. 12.*
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: *Ib. 16.*
Blew up each Tory's dark designs, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. *The Whistle. 3.*
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him. *There came a piper* †
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin. *S. There was a lad* †
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; *To a Mountain-Daisy*

Blight. Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring? *As on the banks* †
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights! *To Miss C.*

Blight, *to.* No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine.
S. My Love's a winsome †
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, *S. There was a lass* †

Blighted. Was mine; 'till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
S. Now Spring has clad †

Blin' (blind). How do ye this blae eastlin wind',
That's like to blaw a body blin': *Auld comrade* †
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', *S. Duncan Gray* †
But the body he was sae doited an blin.
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †

Blin', *to* (to blind).
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, *S. Ca' the Ewes,* †

Blind. Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, †
S. Contented wi' little †
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, *S. Landlady, count* †
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, *Lns on windows Gl. Tav.*
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; *S. O whare did ye get* †
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best. *Scotch Drink. 21.*
To this be never blind; *S. She's fair and fause* †

Blind, *to.* And aye the salt tear blinds her ee:
S. The lovely lass of I. †

Blinded. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded; *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*

Blinding. Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
To W. Simpson. 13.
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw: *Winter.*

Blindly. Had we never lov'd so blindly, *S. One fond kiss* †

Blink [a glance; a look; a moment; a short time].

When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,
Adam A—'s Prayer.

The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. . *S. Blythe was she* †

Sae I gat paper in a blink, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.*

But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, *S. In simmer when* †

Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. . . . . *Ib.*

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [*re.*] *S. Now bank and brae* †

That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, . . *S. O lay thy loof* †

To steal a blink by a' unseen; . *S. O this is no my ain* †

But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
S. O whistle, and I'll †

For ne blink o' the bonie burdies! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon: . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*

At Darlet we a blink did tarry; *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary*

Ae kind blink before we part; *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

Blink, *to* **[to glance; to look kindly; to shine].**

And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede *S. A' the lads o' Thornie* †

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †

While day blinks in the lift sae bie; . *S. Ca' the Ewes* †

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

The sun blinks blythe on you town, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

The sun blinks kindly in the biel', *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

And did na joy blink in her e'e; . *S. There was a lass* †

And ev'ry star that blinks aboon, ... *To J. S.*

Blinker [a pretty girl; a term of contempt].

The witching cursed delicious blinkers *Ep. to Major Logan. 10.*

Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, sieze the blinkers! *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Blinket, -it [blinked].

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent, . . *S. As I came o'er* †

She blinket on her sodger: . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Blinking, -in, -an [shining, glancing; smirking].

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae bie; *S. O Willie brew'd* †

His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*

And blinkin Bess of Annandale, . *The Election Ballads. I.*

There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,
Are blinkan at the entry. . . . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Blin't [blinded].

The saut tear blin't his e'e; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*

Blirt [a violent outburst of crying].

The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Braw lads of G. water.

Bliss. May heaven augment your blisses, . . *A Dream. 1.*

Still higher may they heeze Ye in bliss, . . . *Ib. 9.*

A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
A Winter Night. 9.

The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.

The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

If there's another world, he lives in bliss; *Epit. on a Friend.*

A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †

The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! *Innocence* †

And with bim is a' my bliss, . *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O!
S. My father was a farmer †

My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. *S. O ay my wife she dang.*

And offers, bliss to give and to receive. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Then is it wise to damp our bliss? . *Sketch. New Yr's Day.*

All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

O why that bliss destroy! . *S. Talk not of Love* †

The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Lose all the bliss it had with you, *S. The capt. Ribband.*

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart!
S. The day returns †

Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips o' Anna. . *S. The gowd. locks of A..*

I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is, . *The Inventory.*

Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard. . *The Vision, D. II. 21.*

O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, ... *To a Kiss.*

With every kindliest, best presage,
Of future bliss enroll thy name: . *To a yng Lady.*

May bliss domestic smooth his private path; *To R. G. of F., 9.*

An' said my fan't frae bliss expell'd me; *What ails ye now* †

If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her, *S. When first I saw* †

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy? . . *S. Why, why tell thy* †

Blissful. The blissful day we twa did meet,
S. The day returns †

Where is thy place of blissful rest? *S. To Mary in Heaven.*

Blithe *v.* **Blythe.**

Blitter [the snipe].

The blitter frae the boggie, . . *S. What will I do gin* †

Block. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Blockhead. I like a blockhead boost to ride, *The Inventory.*

I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! *The Vision, D. I. 6.*

By blockhead's daring into madness stung; *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Blood. An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak it guid in law, man . . *A Fragment. 9.*

By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.

The life blood streaming thro' my heart, *Ep. to Davie, 9.*

That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood. *Ep. to Major Logan. 13.*

Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . *Fragment of Ode.*

And they hae taen his very heart's blood, *John Barleycorn.*

For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise. . . . . *Ib.*

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Lament of Mary of Scots.

In wars at hame I'll spend my blood.
Lns on windows, Gl. Tav..

And while life's dearest blood is warm, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Chilly grief my life-blood freezes, . . *S. Raving winds* †

But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. . *Scotch Drink. 4.*

This lovely maid's of royal blood *S. The bonie Lass of Albany*

What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
S. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, *S. The gloomy night* †

Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:
The League and Covenant

three noble chieftains, and all of his blood, *The Whistle. 5.*

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . *To W. Simpson.*

Blood-hound.

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! *A Winter Night, 8.*

Blood-stain'd.

The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
My heart forgets, . . *A Winter Night. 5.*

Bloody. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: *Add. to Edinburgh.*

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! *El. on Capt. M. H. 1.*

On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his [death's] face, *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

The battle closes deep and bloody: . *S. My bonie Mary.*
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
On seeing wounded Hare.
And after many a bloody, deathless doing, . *Scots Prologue.*
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
The butcher deeds of bloody fate, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, *S. The lovely lass of I.* †
A bloody man I trow thou be; . . . . . *Ib.*
[Truce] With bloody armaments and revolutions;
The Rights of Woman
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
S. The small birds rejoice †
[Critics!] Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
To R. G. of F., 4.
toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . *To W. Creech.*
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants, . . *What ails ye now* †

Bloom. The bloom of a fine summer's day!
S. Adown winding Nith †
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; . *Lament for Glencairn.*
And blighted a' my bloom, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
When merry May its bloom renew'd. . *S. O were my love* †
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
Blasted before its bloom; . . *On Poet's Daughter.*
Such thy bloom! did I say, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, *S. The Catrine woods* †
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate.
Full on thy bloom, . *To a Mountain-Daisy*
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower. *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Bloom, *to.* So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, . *S. I do confess* †
While clover blooms white o'er the lea, *S. In simmer when* †
Now blooms the lily by the bank, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And the next flowers that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. . . . . *Ib.*
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
S. O bonie was yon rozy †
The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,
On Death of fav. Child
And blooms a rose in Heaven. . *On Poet's Daughter.*
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art. . *On W. Stewart.*
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art. [*re.*] . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
S. The Banks of Nith.
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
S. The Posie.
The simmer lillies [may] bloom in snaw, *S. To daunton me*
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
S. Ye banks and braes †
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, *S. Young Peggy* †

Bloomed. And bonie bloom'd our roses; *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Blooming, -in. And down amang the blooming heather,
S. As I came o'er †
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
Desart ilka blooming shore; . . *S. Frae the friends* †
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree, . *Lament of Mary of Scots*
Amang the blooming heather: . *S. Now westlin winds* †
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall;
S. O this is no my ain †
And welcome in the blooming year! *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The youthful blooming Nelly lay, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Blooming in the sunny ray; . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;)
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
S. The heather was blooming †
Blooming on thy early May, ... *To Miss C.*
Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,
Listen to a loving swain; . . *Will ye go and marry* †
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make;
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Blossom,
bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . *A Dream. 14.*
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
S. How pleasant the banks †
My blossom sweet did blow, . . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there, is Beauty's blossom! . . *Nature's Law.*
With purple blossoms to the spring; . *S. O were my love* †
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
On Death of fav. Child
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow;
On Death of Sir J. Blair
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast; . . . *Sad thy tale* †
And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring;
The Election Ballads. III.
But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
The blossom of our gentry! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam*
Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon; . *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom, . *S. When wild War's* †
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And bless the dear parental name,
With many a filial blossom. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Blossom, *to.*
And now she [Virtue] sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Blossom'd.
And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; . *Sp. extem. to yng Lady.*

Blot. A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew no higher praise. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Blot, *to.* And never envy blot their name!
Add. to Edinburgh. 3.

Blotch't. Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Blow. But, word an' blow, N–rth, F–x, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, *A Fragment. 9.*
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . *A Winter Night. 9.*
Nor envious breath so triumph'd in a blow,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, *S. Fate gave the word* †
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
Man was made to Mourn.
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
On Death of R. Dundas.
the first blow is ever half the battle; *Prologue, at Th., D..*
Liberty's in every blow! . . . . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.*
they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows; [v.A.4] . *The Vision.*
And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . *The Vowels.*
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may; . . . *To J. S., 25.*

Blow, *to.* Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
A Winter Night. 7.
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
S Afton Water.
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
More lovely far her beauty blows. . . . *Delia, an Ode.*
My blossom sweet did blow, . . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Still richer breathes and fairer blows, . . *S. O Phely* †
But through the broken space, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . *On Lincluden Castle*
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:
On Death of Sir J. Blair
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow; . . *Sad thy tale* †
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, ... *Ib.*
Ye [flowers] blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Where rich ananas blow! . . . . *The Farewell*
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
S. The small birds †
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow: *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Vet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . *The Vision, D. II. 20.*
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! *To a Mountain-Daisy*
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Why am I loth †

Blowing. This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The Hermit.
Raving winds around her blowing, . *S. Raving winds* †
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind. . . *S. Thickest night* †

Blude, Bluid [blood].
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Our father's blude the kettle bought!
S. Does haughty Gaul †
And blude red wine's the rysin' Sun. . *S. Gane is the day* †
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neebour's blude to spill; . . . *Ib.*
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . *S. To daunton me*
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozeo,
S. What can a yng lassie †
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; . *A Ded. to G. H., 1.*
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . *A Fragment. 3.*
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin, . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid: . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, . . *Ib. 20.*
My dearest bluid to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.
The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin. . *The Twa Herds, 6.*

Bludie *v.* **Bluidy.**

Blue. The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din: . . *A Vision.*
And by thy een sae bonie blue, . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
And bonie blue are the sunny skies. . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;
S. Braw lads of G. water.
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
S. Cock up yr beaver.
Like the unchanging blue, . *S. El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
I dighted ay her een sae blue, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.
S. Here's a health to them †
On his bead a bonnet blue, . . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Twa lovely een of bonie blue. . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
It was her een sae bonie blue. [*re.*] . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow: . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
The feeling heart's the royal blue, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Tam o' Shanter. 9.
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, . . *Ib. 13.*
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue,
The Election Ballads. III.
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled, . . *Ib. VI.*
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . *S. The Laddies by* †
His bonnet it is blue, jo. . . . *S. The Ploughman* †
A gude blue bannet on his head, ... *Ib.*
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
S. The Posie.
The sky was blue, the wind was still, *S. The Rigs o' Barley*
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; *S. There's a youth* †
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl', . *To Mr. Renton.*
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Blue-bell. Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
S. Their groves of †

Blue-clue [clew of blue yarn].
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night. . . *Hallowcen. 11.*

Blue-gown [a beggar who got yearly on the King's birth-day a blue cloak or gown with a badge].
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing,
O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething, *Ep. to J. R. 4.*

Bluer. The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, *S. O Phely* †

Bluid *v.* **Blude.**

Bluidy, -ie [bloody].
Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, . . *El. on Year 1788*
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day.
The Ordination, 4.
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit! . . . . . *To a Haggis.*
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks. . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war. *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Blume [bloom].
How can ye blume sae fair! *S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.*

Blunder. It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion: *To a Louse.*

Blunt. It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt. . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.*

Bluntie [a stupid person].
And gar me look like bluntie. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †

Blush. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
S. Adown winding Nith †
In manhood's dawning blush; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
To gie the sweetest blush o' health, *The Tree of Liberty.*
In her [Beauty's] armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
S. Von wild mossy mountns †
Her blush is like the morning, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Blush, *to.* Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.

Blush'd, -t. He gaz'd, he wish'd, be fear'd, he blush'd,
S. On a bank of flowers †
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name, *The Fête Champetre.*
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped 'ben. . . *The Vision. D. I. S.*
At length she blush'd a sweet consent, . *S. There was a lass* †

Blushing. Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
Conscious, blushing for our race. . *On scaring Waterfowl.*
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, *The Vision. D. II, 16*
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . . *To Miss C.*

Bluster.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits; . *The Kirk's Alarm, 9.*

Blustering.

A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Blype [a shred].

Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night. . . *Halloween. 23.*

Blythe, Blithe.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, *S. Behind yon hills* †
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw. . . . *S. Behold, my love* †
Blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben, [*nr.*] . *S. Blythe was she* †
Blythe ba'e I been on yon hill. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
S. Contented wi' little †
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en. *S. Duncan Davison.*
An' baud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night. . . *Halloween.*
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, . . *Ib. 3.*
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . . . *Ib. 28.*
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, *S. Handsome Nell.*
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, *S. In simmer when* †
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, ... *Ib.*
Sweetly blythe his waukening be,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
As blythe lay down at e'en: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
S. O merry ha'e I been †
The sun blinks blythe on yon town, *S. O'wat ye wha's in* †
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
Oh, how can I be blythe and glad, . *S. Oh, how can I* †
Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,
On Window of C. Inn, F..
And blythe awakes the morrow, . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
But blythe an' frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.
S. The Contented Cottager.
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Blythe and merry may she be, *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing
S. The Poor Thresher.
I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
When a' were blythe and merry, . . *S. The tither morn* †
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill. *The Vision, D. II. 8.*
O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East. *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny *To Terraughty*
She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,
She's aye so blythe and cheerie;
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, *S. When first I saw* †
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud, . *S. Young Jockey* †
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow,
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
My heart was blithe and gay. . . . *To Clarinda.*

Blythely. The little birdies blythely sing,
S. Bonie Lassie. will ye go †
And blythely awaukens the morrow; *S Craigie-burn Wood.*
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, . *S. My Wife's a winsome* †
How blythely would I bide the stoure,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
Shall a' be blythely singing, . *S. The young High. Rover.*

Blyther. Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.
S. O Willie brew'd †

Blythest. But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green.
S. Blythe was she †
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.
S. There was a lass, and †
Young Jockey was the blythest lad . *S. Young Jockey* †

Blythesome.

My kindly blythesome wee thing, *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Boar. The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth. *S. Caledonia.*

Board. The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
Ronalds of Bennals.
But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Boarding school.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gouks and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding schools, . *To W. Creech*

Boast. The boast of our bachelors a', man: *Ronalds of Bennals.*
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa! . . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
But wha is he, his Country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie; . *S. The Laddies by* †
My secret-heart's exulting boast? . . . *The Lament.*
There distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome. . *The Vision. D. I. 13.*

Boast, *to.*

The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Lns, on windows Gl. Tav.
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
S. My father was a farmer †
Let other heroes boast their scars, . . . *Nature's Law.*
The man who boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . *S. Now bank and brae* †
Of lordly acquaintance you boast, . *On an empty Fellow.*
That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;
The Election Ballads. IV.
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Then thou mayest freely boast . . . *The Toast.*
Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
She boasts a Race, To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace. *The Vision, D. I. 15.*

Boasted.

This boasted Honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, . . *A Winter Night. 9.*

Boat. But, G–d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats *A Dream. 7.*
Behold the hour, the boat arrive! . . *S. Behold the hour* †
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . *S. My bonie Mary.*
And perish'd mony a bonie boat, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Boat, *to.* Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie. *S. Come boat me o'er* †

Boatfu'. There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell. *S. There's news, lasses* †

Boatman. The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream.
On Lincluden Castle

Bob. Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
The Dean of Fac..
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got, ... *Ib.*
Bob's purblind, mental vision: . . . . . *Ib.*
And orator Bob is its ruin. . . *The Kirk's Alarm. 3.*

Bobbed [curtseyed].
And when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, [*re.*]
S. O when she cam ben †

Bobby. Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him. *The Dean of Fac..*

Bock [to vomit].
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang*

Bocked [vomited].
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl. . *A Winter Night. 2.*

Boconnock [Robert Pitt of Boconnock, Cornwall].
Tell yon guid blnid o' auld Boconnock's,
The Author's Cry and Prayer 20.

Boddle [a small copper coin equal, in value, to the sixth of an English penny].
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
I'll wad a boddle, ... *The Brigs of Ayr. 5*

Bode. I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. *S. Here's to thy health* †

Bodement. Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
In vain would Prudence †

Boding. deep, as soughs the boding wind, *As on the banks* †
A boding voice is in mine ear, . *S. From thee, Eliza* †

Bodkin. Your bodkin's bauld, . . *What ails ye now* †

Body, -ie [person]. poor worthless body,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be! *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
That's like to blaw a body blin': . *S. Auld Comrade dear* †
Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body [*re.*] *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
Gin a body meet a body Comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry. [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! . . *Ib.*
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I; [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell; . . . *Ib.*
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom; . . *Ib.*
It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, S.*
This worthless body damn'd himsel,
To save the Lord the trouble. . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
Poor silly body see him; . . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
If Denmark, any body spak o't; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
S. Last May a brave wooer †
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; *S. O whare did ye get* †
But the body he was sae doited an blin,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
He was but a paidlin body, O! . *S. The deuks dang o'er*
The body, e'en let him escape; *The Election Ballads. III*
A place where body saw na't: . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
Wi' monie a wearie body, In droves that day.
The Holy Fair. 6.
When ferret a body bade him. . . *There came a piper* †
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body. . . *To a Louse.*
gi'en the body half an e'e, . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
When ne'er a body heard or saw. . . *S. Young Jockey* †
An' let poor, damned bodies bee; . . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . *S. Donald Brodie.*
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies. . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose †
Jamaica bodies, use him weel, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
What way poor bodies liv'd ava. . . *The Twa Dogs, 7.*
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, ... *Ib. 13.*

I ken he weel a Snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him; *To Gav. Hamilton..*
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; . . *S. Willie Wastle.*

Body [as opposed to soul].
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too must rise. . . *Epit. on Country Laird.*
An' here his body lies fu' low
For saul he ne'er had ony. . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start,
At this my way sae far awa. . . *S. Sae far awa.*
In vain Auld-age his body batters; *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Her body is bestowed well, . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Bog. Last day my mind was in a bog, . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Boggie [*dim.* of bog].
The blitter frae the boggie, . . *S. What will I do gin* †

Bog-hole. till some mishanter,
Some black bog-hole, Arrests us, . *Ep. to Major Logan. 2.*

Bogle [a hobgoblin; a scarecrow].
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie: . . *S. By Allan stream* †
Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
The silly bogles, Wealth and State. *S. O poortith cauld* †
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares: . . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

Boil. By Heavens, the sacrilegions dog
Shall fuel be to boil it! . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire. . *The Dean of Fac..*
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. . . *To W. Simpson. 7.*
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . . . *Ib. 11.*
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Boiling. Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef; *Scotch Drink. 4.*
There high my boiling torrent smokes,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Boisterous.
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, *The Fête Champetre.*

Bold. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; *S. Caledonia. 3.*
bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, . . . *Ib. 6.*
bold Balmerino's undying name, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
John Barleycorn was a hero bold, . . *John Barleycorn.*
The flower amang our barons bold, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! . . . *Ib.*
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Prologue, sp. by Woods
Inspiring bold John Barleycora! . . *Tam o' Shanter, 11.*
Maxwelton, that baron bold, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, . . . *Ib.*
And Stewart bold as Hector, ... *Ib.*
Bold stems of Heroes, [v. A. 4] . . . *The Vision.*
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd [v. A. 4] . . . *Ib.*
Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v. A. 4] . . . *Ib.*
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Boldest. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . *Liberty.*

Bold-following. Bold-following where your Fathers led!
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.

Boldly. Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes: *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Bold-mingling.
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand; . *The Vision, D. I. 12.*

Bole [a small recess in a wall].
There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe; . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Bolus. Surrounded thus by bohs pill,
And potion glasses. *Poem on Life.*

Bombast. Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Bonds. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Bone. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones; . *John Barleycorn.*

Till down my weary bones I lay *S. My father was a farmer* †

Bonie, Bonnie, -y [lovely; handsome; pretty].

Five bonie Lasses round their table, *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats . . *A Dream, 7.*
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent, . . . *Ib. 9.*
bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . . *Ib. 14.*
dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A bonie gray: *A Guid New-year* † *2.*
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: . . . . *Ib. 6.*
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I; . . . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard. . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
Beware o' bonie Anne. [*re.*] . *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.*
My bonie Peggy Alison. . . . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
And by thy een sae bonie blue, ... *Ib.*
O my bonie Highland lad, [*re.*] . . *S As I came o'er* †
And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, *As on the banks* †
what ruefu' chance, Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; *Ib.*
The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, ... *Ib.*
And bonie bloom'd our roses; . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
I think on my bonie lad, . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
As spotless as she's bonie, . . . *S. Behind you hills* †
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O; . . . . . *Ib.*
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee! . . . *S. Blythe was she* †
And bonie blue are the sunny skies. . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy? [*re.*] *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing. . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face of thine; . . . . . *Ib.*
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;
S. Braw lads of G. water †
My bonie dearie. . . . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
Gat grist to her mill. . . . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †
I see thee sweet and bonie; . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white an' bonie. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.*
A bonie lass, ye kend her name, ... *Ib. 28.*
Bonie was the Lammas moon, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*
An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', A bonie hen, . *Ib. 7.*
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
Ep. to Major Logan. 9.
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †
A' forbye my bonie sel', ... *S. Gat ye me,* †
Amang the bonie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . . *Halloween. 2.*
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou, . . . *Ib. 10.*
O once I lov'd a bonie lass, . . . *S. Handsome Nell*
As bonie Lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw, ... *Ib.*
A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e, ... *Ib.*
My bonie dearie. [*re.*] . . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, . . . *S. Hee balou* †
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, . . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
The lass wi' the bonie black e'e. . . . . *Ib.*
O, what a feast her bonie mou! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
Here's to thy health, my bonie lass, *S. Here's to thy health* †
Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie, [*re.*] *S. Highland Laddie.*
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Twa lovely een of bonie blue. . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
It was her een sae bonie blue. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
I met a lass, a bonie lass, . . . *S. I met a lass* †
And see my bonie Jean again. . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. . *S. In simmer when* †
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
your bonie brow was brent; . . . *S. John Anderson* †
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
S. Lady Mary Ann.
My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet. [*re.*] . *Ib.*
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make; . . *Ib.*
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue: . . . *Ib.*
I was the Queen o' bonie France, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Bonie lassie, artless lassie! . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie. . *S. My bonie Mary.*
And I maun leave my bonie Mary. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
Whare live ye my bonie lass, . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
a bonie, westlin weaver lad [*re.*] . *S. My heart was ance* †
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
She is a bonie wee thing, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
My bonie, bonie Sandy O; . . *S. My Sandy gied to* †
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [*re.*] *S. Now bank and brae* †
O bonie was yon rosy brier, . . *S. O bonie was you rosy* †
And bonie she, and ah how dear! . . . . . *Ib.*
the grove By bonie Irvine-side, . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
O saw ye bonie Lesley, . . *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
He'd look into thy bonie face.
And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee." . . *Ib.*
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. . . . . *Ib.*
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall;
S. O this is no my ain †
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr; . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
My Muse maun be thy bonie sell; *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play. . . *S. O were my love* †
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'! . . . . . *Ib.*
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.
S. O whare did ye get †
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, . . *Ib.*
My blessins upon thy bonie e'e brie! . . . . *Ib.*
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks, . . . *Ib.*
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, *S. O whistle* †
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean. . . . . *Ib.*
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa? [*re.*]
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . *On W. Chalmers.*
My bonie maid, before ye wed . . . . . *Ib.*
O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
As bonie a ass or as braw, man, . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first her bonie face I saw; . . . . . *Ib.*
Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, [*re.*] *S. Scenes of wee* †
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
By bonie Castle Gordon, . . *S. Streams that glide* †
Not the wealthy, but the bonie; . . *S. Sweetest May* †
I'll gi'e you my bonie black heo, . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
And perish'd mony a bonie boat, ... *Ib. 15.*
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, . *S. The Banks of Doon*
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, ... *Ib.*
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
And the bonie lass of Albany. *S. The bonie lass of Albany.*
But oh, alas, for her bonie face. . . . . *Ib.*
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? *The Brigs of Ayr 6.*

Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr. . *S. The Catrine Woods* †
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my bonie cot; *S. The Contented Cottager.*
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, *The Fête Champetre.*
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [*re.*] *S. The gloomy night* †
At length they discover'd a bonie moor hen. [*re.*]
S. The heather was bloom. †
Skipping on yon bonie knowes, *The High. Widow's Lam.*
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted, ... *Ib. 25.*
And bonie spreading bushes. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
My bonie lass I work in brass, *The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.*
And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. *S. The night was still* †
The Ploughman he's a bonie lad. . *S. The Ploughman* †
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;
S. The Posie.
It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie, . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Alas! that e'er a bonie face
Should draw a sauty tear! . *The Ruined Maid's Lam.*
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense
She kens hersel she's bonie. . . . . *Ib.*
Speer in for bonie Bessy; . . . . . *Ib.*
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, ... *Ib*
Upon a bonie day in June, . . . *The Twa Dogs, 1.*
He draws a bonie, silken purse . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
And such a leg! my bonie Jean,
Could only peer it; [v. A. 14] *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon! [*re.*] *S. The young High Rover.*
We drank a health to bonie Mary. [*re.*]
S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,
S. There grows a bonie brier †
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me. . . . *Ib.*
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and you be he. . . . *Ib.*
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

There was a bonie lass,
And a bonie, bonie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; *S. There was a bonie lass* †
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear. . . . . *Ib.*
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonie lasses lie aspar, . . . *S. There was a lad* †
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. [*re.*]
S. There was a lass, and she †
For he's bonie and braw, weel favoured with a',
S. There's a youth †
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;
Third Ep. to J. Lap.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem. . *To a Mountain-Daisy*
The bonie Lark, companion meet! . . . . . *Ib.*
And bless your bonie lasses baith, . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . *To Terraughty.*
her bonie buskit nest . . . . . *To W. Creech.*
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. [*re.*] *S. 'Twas even-the dewy* †
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle green;
S. Wae is my heart †
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, *S. When first I saw* †
The bonie lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that. . . *S. Women's Minds.*
A bonie lass, I like her best, ... *Ib.*
Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, [*re.*] *S. Ye banks and braes* †
He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, . . *S. Young Jockey* †
The bonnie lad o' Galla water. *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft; . . . . *Poem on Life.*
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!" *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.
S. There's auld Rob †
Wee image of my bonny Betty, . *Add. to Illegit. Child*
Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, . . *El. on Year 1788.*

(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.) . *Tam o' Shanter, 2.*
my bonny sweet wee lady, ... *The Inventory.*
I look'd her in her bonny face, *S. The lass that made the bed*
The bonny lass made the bed to me, ... *Ib.*
the bonny glen, Where early life I sported;
S. When wild War's †

Bonier. But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than bries o' Yarrow ever saw. *S. Blythe was she* †
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . *Poor Mailie's El.*

Boniest, Bonniest.

The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. *S. The Ploughman* †
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
S. How pleasant the banks †
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, *S. Young Peggy* †

Bonilie, Bonnilie.

Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, . *El. on Capt. M. H. 5.*
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie! . *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.*

Bonnet. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie! . . . *A Vision.*
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
S. Cock up yr beaver.
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria
Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress, . *Ib.*
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*
On his head a bonnet blue, . . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Up higher yet my bonnet; . . *On dining with Daer.*
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . . . *Ib. 8.*
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang . . *Ib. 24.*
His bonnet it is blue, jo. . . . *S. The Ploughman* †
His bonnet he A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
S. The tither morn †
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
S. There grows a bonie †
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; *S. There's a youth* †
The vera tapmost, towrin height
O' Miss's bonnet. . . . *To a Louse.*
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
To Rev. J. M'Math.
Feathers o'a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Bonnock *v.* **Bannock.**

Bon ton. To learn *bon ton* and see the worl'.
The Twa Dogs. 22.

Booby. And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice: . . . . *S. How cruel* †

Book. Some books are lies frae end to end,
Death and Doctor Hornbook.
It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
And in thy fury burn the book
Even of that man M'Gill, . . . *New Psalmody.*
Such witching books are baited hooks . *O leave novels* †
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan, or book could make,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; *The Kirk's Alarm, 5*
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye; . . *Ib. 12*

Bookseller. Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart.
To R. G. of F., 3.

'Boon [above].

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . *S. Lovely Davies*

Boon. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift : . . . *Ib. 5.*
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
Clarinda, take this little boon, . . . *To a Lady.*
For boons accorded, goodness ever new, *To R. Graham.*

Boor.
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Boord [board].
An' float the jinglan icy boord, . *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Boord-en' [board-end, head of the table].
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie; *S. Rattlin', Roarin Willie*

Boortries [elder shrubs].
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan. . . *Add. to the Deil. 6.*

Boost [must needs; behoved].
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture . . . . *A Dream. 6.*
I like a blockhead boost to ride, . . . *The Inventory.*

Boot [the balance of value in barter. O' boot, to boot].
We gae the boot and better horse. *S. Carl, an the King come.*
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night. *The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.*

Boot. Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Booted. Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Bootless. But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair! *S. Anna, thy charms †*

Border. We'll over the border and gie them a brush;
S. Cock up your beaver.
But where ye feel your Honor grip,
Let that ay be your border: . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border, . . *S. Hee balou †*
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton
Out frae the English border, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, . *S. My father was a farmer †*
The first ane was a belted knight,
Bred of a border band, [re.]. . *The Election Ballads. I*
And there frae the Nidsdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves, . . . *Ib. III.*
The noble Maxwells and their Powers
Are coming o'er the border, . . *S. The noble Maxwells †*
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border; *S. The Sons of old K.*

Bore [a crevice, a cranny, a small hole].
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
While frighted rattons backward lenk,
An seek the benmost bore: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Bore. An' bore him to the wa', man. . *A Fragment. 6.*
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore; . *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
And ance she bore a priest; . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, . . .
The very stanes that Adam bore, *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†*
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang. . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore; *On Duke of Queensberry.*
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
He, who bore in heaven the second name,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy †*

Borealis. Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Tam o' Shanter. 7.

Boreas. biting Boreas, fell and doure, *A Winter Night. 1.*
Cauld is the e'enin blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool, . *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †*
That sunny walls from Boreas screen. *S. On Cessnock banks †*
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, *The Fête Champetre.*
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
May Boreas never thrash your rigs. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Boreas' hoary path. . . . . *To Miss C..*

Born. The ae best fellow e'er was born! *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*
E'en let them die—for that they're born! *El. on Year 1788.*
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
Man was made to Mourn.
But ah how hope is born but to expire!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
A highland lad my Love was born, *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
There was a lad was born in Kyle, *S. There was a lad †*

Borne.
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
On the lofty ether borne, . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, . . . *Ib. 9.*
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . *The Inventory.*

Borough *v.* **Brugh.**

Borrow. I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody. . . *S. Nacbody.*
From housewife cares a minute borrow *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, . *V.s under Grief.*

Bosom. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks. *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . *S. Anna, thy charms †*
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Was on her bosom straw'd so, . . *S. As I gaed up by †*
Has laid your rocky bosom bare, . *As on the banks †*
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
If she winna ease the throes,
In my bosom swelling; . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been †*
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Least my Jewel I should tine. . . *S. Bonie wee thing †*
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. *S. By Allan stream †*
Something in her bosom wrings, . . *S. Duncan Gray †*
Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.*
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling: *S. Farewell, thou stream †*
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
S. Gloomy December.
Then in thy bosom try, What peace is there! *S. Had I a cave †*
Adown her neck and bosom hing; . *S. Her flowing locks †*
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest: . . *S. Highland Mary.*
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . . . *Ib.*
Her heaving bosom, lily white, . . *S. I gaed a waefu' †*
Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†*
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more. . . . *Ib.*
To warm me in thy bosom, . *S. Lass, when yr mither †*
I reign in Jeanie's bosom. . . *S. Louis what reck I †*
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
Monody, on a Lady.
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
'The liquid fire of strong desire
'I've pour'd it in each bosom; . . . *Nature's Law.*
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
S. No Churchman am I †
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell. . *S. Now Spring has clad †*
"So in my tender bosom grows,
"The love I bear my Willy. . . . *S. O Phely †*
Thy bield should be my bosom, . *S. O wert thou in the †*
His bosom ill at rest. . . . *S. On a bank of flowers †*
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
On seeing wounded Hare.
And nestled thee close to that bosom. *On Death of fav. Child*
fond regard For ane that shares my bosom, *On W. Chalmers.*
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. *Prologue, at Th., D..*
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, Oh, she is sae far awa. . . *S. Sae far awa.*
Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest string: . . . *'Sad thy tale †*
Friends so near my bosom ever, . . *S. Scenes of woe †*

Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. . *Sp. extem. to yng Lady.*
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing. . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought. . . *S. Talk not of Love* †
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The Brigs of Ayr.
It shall upon my bosom live, . . *S. The capt. Ribband.*
The day returns, my bosom burns, *S. The day returns* †
My Smith, my bosom frien'; . . . . *The Farewell.*
No thought of guilt my bosom sours; . . *The Hermit.*
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
S. The Highland Lassie
An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling: . . *S. The last time I* †
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. *S. The lazy mist* †
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; *S. The Posie.*
soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair *S. The small birds* †
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
'In pensive walk. . *The Vision, D. II, 15.*
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail, . . *S. There was a bonie lass* †
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; *S. There was a lass* †
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish; . . *S. Thine am I* †
There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
To a Mountain Daisy.
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief Against your arts. *To J. S.*
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . . *To Miss C..*
Till fled each hope that once bis bosom fired, *To R. G. of F., 5.*
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken; . . *Vs., under Grief.*
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, *S. Wandering Willie.*
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom: . *S. When wild War's* †
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. . *S. Where are the joys* †
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary. . . . . *Ib.*
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
S. Yon wild mossy mountins †
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom, ... *S. Young Peggy* †

Bosom-chord.

Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*

Bosom-melting.

Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art; *The Vision, D. II. 19.*

Boston. Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston.
Auld comrade dear †

Boston-ha'. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man; *A Fragment. 3.*

Boswell. Or gab like Boswell.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.

Botch. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,
Wi' bitter claw, *Add. to the Deil. 18.*

Bother. gin ye like to end the bother, *What ails ye now* †

Bother, *to.*

The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother, . . *The Holy Fair. 24.*

Bottle. Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
A Bottle and Friend.
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
My bottle is a holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.
S. No Churchman am I †
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care . . *Ib.*
There a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care. [*re.*] . *Ib.*
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care. . . . . *Ib.*
I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell, . *Ib.*
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night. . . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe; . . *S. The weary Pund.*
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall *The Whistle.*
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, . . *Ib. 4.*
Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night, . *Ib. 14.*
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, . . . *Ib.*
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime! *Ib. 17.*

Bottle-swagger.

He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Bough. Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
"Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? *As on the banks* †
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough; *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Bought.

Our father's blude the kettle bought! *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
But be may say he's bought her O. *S. My love's she's but* †
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
For we're not to be bought or sold
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
My Grannie she bought me a beuk, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
We're bought and sold for English gold . *S. The Union.*
I bought my wife a stane o' lint, . *S. The weary Fund.*

Bouk [the body; a carcase].

And mony a bouk did fa', man:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Bound, *s.*

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre. *S. The Sons of old Killie.*
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid lib'ral band is found . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Bound. And a' folk bound to sleep, . *S. It was a' for* †
For Love has bound me, hand and foot, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
'My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, . . *S. O Phely* †
Ye lofty banks that Evan bound! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Never bound by winter's chains! . *S. Streams that glide* †
He [Love] bound me with an iron chain, *S. Talk not of Love* †
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
The Brigs of Ayr.
His manly leg with garter tangle bound. . . *Ib. 13.*
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man; *The Fête Champetre.*
But round my heart the ties are bound, *S. The gloomy night* †
And bound him in a dungeon fast, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
And bound the Holly round my head: *The Vision. D. II. 23.*

Bounded.

'Some, bounded to a district-space, *The Vision. D. II. 10.*

Bounden. I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Boundless. The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar; *S. From thee. Eliza* †
boundless oceans roaring wide, ... *Ib.*

When winter rules with boundless power,
S. How can my poor hrt †

Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! *The Lament, 9.*
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, . *The Holy Fair, 22.*
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love. *The Vision, D. II. 14*

Bounteous. And send us from thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head! *At Globe Tav. D..*
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
To R. G. of F., 7.
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it. . . *To Rev. J. M'Math*

Bounty.
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed. *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . *To R. Graham.*

Bourbon. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
S. How pleasant the banks †

Bournonville. Aye, and Bournonville too?
Add. to Dumourier.

Bouse *v.* **Bowse.**

Bousing. While we sit bousing at the nappy,
Tam o' Shanter. 1.

Bout [about].
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear; *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Bouze. And if we dinna haud a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Bow [rainbow]. Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
S. On Cessnock banks †

Bow. The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
S. No Churchman am I †
And many a low humble bow to the ground:
S. The Poor Thresher.

Bow, *to.* For me! sae laigh I need na bow, *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
S. By yon castle wa' †

Bow'd. I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid, [*re.*]
S. The Lass that made the bed.
The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd, . . . *To W. Creech.*

Bower, -'r.
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, . . *A Vision.*
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . *A Winter Night. 1.*
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bower. . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, *S. As I gaed up by* †
O happy be the woodbine bower, . *S. By Allan stream* †
Slides by a bower where monie a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, . *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bowers; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 5.*
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, ... *Ib. 10.*
Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade; *S. Here is the glen,* †
The merle, in his noontide bower, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
In Roslin's fairest bower
I'll shelter this sweet flower, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; *S. Now rosy May* †
All in its rude and prickly bower, *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
My cave would be a lover's bower, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks, *S. O whare did ye get* †
Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . *S. Scenes of woe* †
In twining hazel bowers,
His lay the linnet pours; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Oft in the vocal bowers recline? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers, *S. The Catrine woods* †
gathering flowers and busking bowers. *The Fête Champetre.*
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers;
S. Their groves of †
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Bower [a lady's chamber; an apartment].
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, *S. Here's to thy health,* †
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window, *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
Wha is that at my bower door? . . *S. Wha is that at* †
In my bower if ye should stay, ... *Ib.*
What may pass within this bower, ... *Ib.*
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; . . *The Hermit.*

Bow-hough'd [crook thighed].
She's bow-bough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Bow-kail [cabbage].
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail, . . *Halloween. 4.*
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt, ... *Ib. 9.*

Bowl.
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 21.*
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul, . . *Ep. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
The bowl we maun renew it; . . . *On W. Stewart.*
See the smoking bowl before us, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [*v. A. 12*]
Scots Prologue.

Bowse, Bouse, *to.*
There let him bowse an' deep carouse, . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Come bouse about the porter! . . *The Ordination. 13.*
Then bowses drumlie German-water, . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Bow't [crooked]. A runt was like a sow-tail
Sae bow't . . *Halloween.*

Box. An' Charlie F—x threw by the box, *A Fragment. 5.*
An' send him to his dicing box,
An' sportin lady. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.*
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*

Boy. But sneer na British-boys awa'; . . *A Dream, 14.*
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, . *A Fragment 6.*
On Chatham's Boy did ca', man; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
If he's a parent, lass or boy, . . *Auld comrade dear* †
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, . *El. on Year 1788.*
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, . . *S. Landlady, count* †
Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we; . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
She eyes her freeborn martial boys,
Tak' aff their Whisky. . . . *Ib. P.*
A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; *The Election Ballads. II.*
A boy no sae black at the bane; . . . . *Ib. III.*
For men, I've three mischievous boys, . . *The Inventory.*
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
An' he's the boy will blaud her! . . *The Ordination. 2.*
M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
That Heresy can torture: . . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Robin was a rovin' boy, . . . *S. There was a lad* †
This waly boy will be nae coof, ... *Ib.*
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wylecoat; *To a Louse.*
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear; *To Gav. Hamilton.*
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . *To J. S., 28.*

Brace. M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar], such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw; *To W. Creech.*

Brace, *to.* Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; *To J. S., 18.*

Brac'd. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Brachens, Breckan [fern].
Amang the brachens, on the brae, . . . *Halloween. 26.*
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
S. Their groves of †

Brae [the slope of a hill].
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; *A Guid New-year* † *14*
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [*re.*]
S. Afton Water.
"And stript the claeding aff your braes? *As on the banks* †
But Pbemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. . . *S. Blythe was she* †

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
The braes ascend like lofty wa's, ... *Ib.*
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae, *S. Braw lads of G. water.*
The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
S. By Allan stream †
Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir: . *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; [*re.*] . *S. Donald Brodie* †
On braes when we please then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune; . . *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
Virr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
Upbill, down brae, till some mishanter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Whyles cooket underneath the braes, . . *Halloween. 25.*
Amang the brachens, on the brae, ... *Ib. 26.*
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
How pleasant the banks †
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. . . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
The primrose down the brae; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
S. Now bank and brae †
Far, far frae me and Logan braes, [*re.*] *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr; . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
S. On Cessnock banks †
Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . *On dining with Daer.*
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes. . . *One night as I* †
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
S. Should auld acquaintance †
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe, . *The Black-Headed Eagle*
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. *S. The Catrine woods* †
The lintwhites in the hazel braes, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae
The heather was blooming †
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame; . . *To W. Simpson. 3.*
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, . . . *Ib. 10.*
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry! . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle. *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie. . *S. What will I do gin* †
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae; . . . . . *Winter.*
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Braehead. The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Brag, *to.*
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
He brags and he blaws o' his siller, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair. *A Guid New-year* † *6.*

Braid [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword, . *S. Naebody.*
Braid money to tocher them a', man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
S. Should auld acquaintance †
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid! . *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd,
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Braid-claith [broad-cloth].
swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Braik [a large heavy harrow for rough ground].
An' pownies reek in plengh or braik,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 1.

Brain. Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten; . . . *For W. Nicol.*
They heat your brains, and fire your veins, . *O leave novels* †
Wild floated in my brain; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
To R. G. of F.. S.

Braing't [rushed rashly forward].
Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket,
A Guid New-Year † *12.*

Brak [did break].
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, . . . *A Dream, 10.*
An' brak him out o' house an' hal', *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, . *S. My Sandy gied to* †
A Jillet brak his heart at last, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed. . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
She brak it o'er my pow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Brake, *s.* The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
S. Fate gave the word, †
As flies the partridge from the brake, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
On seeing wounded Hare.

Brake [broke].
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
S. By yon castle wa' †

Branch.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Its branches spreading wide, man. . . . . *Ib.*
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . *The Twa Dogs, 21.*
Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.
There grows a bonie †

Branchy. The branchy shelter lost and gane *As on the banks* †

Brand.
Waving on high the desolating brand, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang. *S. The auld man* †

Branded. Heavens, should the branded character, be mine!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Brandish. And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*

Brandy, Bran'y.
For ale and brandy's stars and moon, . *S. Gane is the day* †
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Scots Prologue.
And brandy Jean, that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, . . . *Ib.*
But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean . . . . *Ib.*
There's some are fon o' brandy; . . *The Holy Fair. 27.*
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Brankie [pranked up].
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . *S. Killiecrankie.*

Branks [a kind of wooden curb for horses].
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. *Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7.*
goavan, as if led wi' branks, . . *On dining with Daer.*
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, . *On W. Chalmers.*
if the beast and branks be spar'd. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Brash [a sudden and short fit of sickness].
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . *Scotch Drink. 15.*

Brass. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass. *On Grose's Peregrinations*
My bonie lass I work in brass, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
S. What can a yng lassie†

Brass-collar. His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar
The Twa Dogs.

Brassy. Pretensions rather brassy, . *The Dean of Fac..*

Brats [rags, coarse clothing].
the wives and dirty brats . . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Here's our ragged Brats and Callets!
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Brattle [a short race; fury; hurry].
Might aiblins wanr't thee for a brattle; *A Guid New-year† 10*
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . *A Winter Night. 3.*
Thon need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle! . . *To a Mouse.*

Brave. Till Fraser brave did fa', man; *A Fragment. 4.*
brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, . . *S. Caledonia.*
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, . . . *Ib.*
For brave Caledonia immortal must be; . . . *Ib.*
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
S. Cock up your beaver.
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! . . *Ib.*
No terrors hast thon to the brave. *S. Farewell, thou fair day†*
O, who would not die with the brave! . . . . *Ib.*
The deed too daring brave is; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The Stewarts all were brave; . . . . *On Lord G.*
my son Maitland, wise as brave, *The Election Ballads. V.*
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; . . *Ib. VI.*
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
S. The small birds†
Brydons brave Ward I well could spy, [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*
Fullarton, the brave and young; . . . *Ib. D. II. 6.*
The brave Caledonian views with disdain; *S. Their groves of†*
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, *S. When wild War's†*

Brave, *to.*
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word. *S. Farewell, ye dungeons†*
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave. . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Prepar'd power's prondest frown to brave, *Poet. Inscription.*
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon. . *S. Streams that glide†*

Braved. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . *Liberty.*
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Bravely. To hardy Independence bravely bred,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Braver. Few better were or braver; . . *A Dream. 11.*

Bravest.
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa†*
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward. . . *On Miss J. Scott.*

Braving. braving angry winter's storms, *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Bravo! A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey
Encore! Bravo! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*

Braw [handsome; fine; gaily or well dressed].
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, *A. Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, . *A Dream. 14.*
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.*
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†*
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; *S. Braw lads of G. water.*
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
S. By yon castle wa'†
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine; . . *Halloween. 3.*
Her braw, new, worset apron . . . . . *Ib. 13.*
They hecht him some fine braw ane; . . *Halloween. 23.*
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . *S. Highland Laddie*
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw†
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together. . *S. O gie my love brose†*
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
S. O ken ye what Meg†
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
S. O Mary, at thy window†
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. *S. O when she cam ben†*
Or how can I gang brisk and braw; *S. Oh, how can I be blythe†*
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
In this braw age o' wit and lear, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
As bonie a lass or as braw, man, . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Though fluttering ever so braw, man. . . . . *Ib.*
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. . . . *Ib.*
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . . *S. Tam Glen*
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, *Tam Samson's El., 7.*
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
The Belles of Mauchline
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
S. The deil cam fiddlin'†
Buy braw troggin, . . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
Or melvie his braw claithing! . . . . *Ib. 25.*
To wail her braw John Highlandman. [*sr.*]
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
The braw lass made the bed to me, *S. The Lass that made.*
The last braw bridal that I was at, *S. The last braw bridal†*
His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . *S. The Twa Dogs.*
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
They waste sae mony a braw estate! . . . *Ib. 25.*
A tight, outlandlish Hizzie, braw, . . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd with a',
S. There's a youth†
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; *Ib.*
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, . . *To J. S., 22.*
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw: . . . *To W. Creech.*

Brawest [most handsome].
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine. . *The High. Widow's Lament*
Young Robie was the brawest lad, *S. There was a lass,†*

Brawlie, -y [very well, perfectly; finely; heartily].
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou,†*
See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . . . . . *Ib.*
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
S. O meikle thinks my love†
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . *To W. Creech.*
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; *To W. Simpson.*
Sae brawly's he could flatter; *S. Here's his health in water.*
And ev'n the vera deils they [Bards] brawly ken them).
The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped; *The Election Ballads. III.*

Brawling. from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Brawnie. The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel
Scotch Drink. 11.

Braxie [a sheep that has died of splenic fever; the flesh of such].
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; *To W. Simpson.*

Breach. Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Bread. Folk maun do something for their bread,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.
We're fit to win our daily bread, . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
I could lay my bread and kail . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread! .
S. Here's a health to them †
And the warld before me to win my bread,
S. My Collier Laddie.
I make indeed my daily bread, *S. My father was a farmer* †
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her [fortune], O. . . . . *Ib.*
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, *The Death of Mailie.*
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's lips,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds *The Holy Fair. 23.*
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.
S. The Poor Thresher.
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Breadalbaine. Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Break.
One morning by the break of day, *S. It was the charming* †
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
S. The Posie.
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; . *S. Wha is that at my* †

Break, *to.*
What ance he says, he winna break it; *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O! . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
S. Bonie Bell.
But secret love will break my heart, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart. *Extem. pinned to Coach.*
My poor heart then break it must, *S. Husband, husband* †
Or can'st thou break that heart of his,
Whose only fault is loving thee? *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . *S. O steer her up* †
That breaks the magic of my dream; *On Lincluden Castle*
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [pr.]
S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! *S. The day returns* †
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
The Henpecked Husband.
And when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
It winna break. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? *S. Turn again, thou* †
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
Night, where dawn shall never break, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
S. Ye banks and braes †

Breaking, -in. Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
S. My Harry was a gallant †
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
S. My Nannie's awa.
Except for breakin o' their timmer, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither. . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

Breast.
As Something loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done; . *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,
S. A Rosebud by †
Perhaps this bour in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
A Winter Night. S.
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine; . . *S. Behold, my love* †
Her head upon my throbbing breast, *S. By Allan stream* †
Come, let me take thee to my breast,
S. Come, let me take thee †
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast. *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
If happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast, . *S. Fate gave the word* †
(What breast of northern ice but warms?) *Fragment of Ode.*
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
How sweet unto that breast to cling, *S. Her flowing locks* †
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
The weeping blood in woman's breast *Lament of Mary of Scots*
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, . *Ib.*
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
And in her breast enthrone me: . *S. Louis what reck I* †
Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast: *Man was made to Mourn.*
And sought a correspondent breast, . . *Nature's Law.*
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain. . . . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
And flinty is thy breast: . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
E're while thy breast sae warming, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
S. O were I on Parnass. †
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'! . . *S. O were my love* †
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
S. Oh, open the door, †
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; *S. On a bank of flowers* †
In his breast no pity dwells, . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
S. Out over the Forth †
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Whose image lives within my breast;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; *Sp. Extem. to yng Lady.*
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v. A. 15]
Tam Samson's El..
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast; *The Aus. to the Guidwife.*
To pit some havins in his breast! . *The Death of Mailie.*
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna. *S. The gowd. locks of A.* †
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Your dear remembrance in my breast, . . *The Lament.*
That breast, how dreary now, and void, . . . *Ib.*
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
S. The Posie.
There lies the dear partner of my breast. *S. The sun he is sunk* †
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean. . *S. There was a lass* †
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, ... *Ib. 18.*
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Wi's spreckl'd breast, . . . *To a Mountain-Daisy*
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
To Mary in Heaven
So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*
Wha has mair honor in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest *To Rev. J. M'Math*
this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
S. Wae is my heart †
A leal, light heart was in my breast, . *When wild War's* †
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulder; . *S. Willie Wastle* †
The noblest breast adores them maist, . *S. Women's Minds*

Breastet [did spring up or forward].
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, *A Guid New-Year* † *14*

Breastie [*dim. of* **breast**].
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie; . . *On W. Chalmers*
O, what a panic's in thy breastie! . . . *To a Mouse.*

Breath. Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
S. Adown winding Nith †
Ye're mayhe come to stap my breath;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
Sin' I began to nick the thread, An' choke the breath: *Ib. 12.*
a fair strae-death, By loss o' blood, or want o' breath, *Ib. 25.*
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
As Willie drew his latest breath; . . *Epit. on W. —.*
O what is death but parting breath? *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
See how she fetches at the thrapple.
An' gasps for breath. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Nor give the coward secret breath. . . . *Liberty*
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath. . . *S. O were my love* †
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.
On Death of fav. Child
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath; . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, . *Scotch Drink. 10.*
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
They fled like frighted dows, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . *The Death of Mailie*
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath . . *The Vision. D. I. 6.*
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . . . *To Miss C.*
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers! . . . *To Miss M'Adam*
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Breathe. Still richer breathes and fairer blows, *S. O Phely,* †
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around? *On Lineluden Castle.*
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

Breath'd. Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose. *S. On a bank of flowers* †
My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.

Breathin, *s.*
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Breathing. 'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
S. Here is the glen, †
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest: . . *S. Highland Mary.*
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
S. O Logan! sweetly †
Tasting the breathing spring, . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Dropping dews, and breathing balm. . . *To Miss C.*

Brechan [a horse-collar].
And eke a braw new brecban, . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Breckan *v.* **Brachens.**

Bred. I was bred up at nae sic school, . *S. Ca' the Ewes*
'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
S. Here's a health to them †
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O; . *S. My father was a farmer* †
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early O:
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly. O.
S. My father was a farmer †
It's tauld he was a sodger bred, *On Grose's Peregrinations*
na bred to barn and byre, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
To hardy Independence bravely bred, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
a belted knight, Bred of a border band,
The Election Ballads. 1.
An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is. . . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace. . *The Vision, D. I. 15.*

Bree [juice]. And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
S. O Willie brew'd †

Breed. I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Especial, rams that cross the breed. . *The Ordination. 5.*

Breed, *to.* No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
S. My father was a farmer †
bigs her nest, To hatch an' breed: [v.A.15] *Tam Samson's El.*
O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . *The Death of Maillie*
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . *The Holy Fair, 18.*

Breedin'.
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin'. . *El. on Year 1788.*

Breef, Brief [a spell or charm, a short writing].
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef . . . . *To J. S.*
King David o' poetic brief, . . . *What ails ye now* †

Breeks [breeches]. Young, royal TarryBreeks, *A Dream. 13.*
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; *Auld comrade dear* †
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . *S. Tam Glen.*
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

Breer [briar].
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Breeze.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me. . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
The breezes idly roaming [a type of woman],
S. Deluded Swain †
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest: . . *S. Highland Mary.*
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
S. How pleasant the banks †
The scented breezes round us blaw. . *S. Now rosy May* †
Her robes, light waving in the breeze, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean. *S. On Cessnock bank,* †
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The western breeze steals thro' the trees. *The Fête Champetre.*
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, *S. The young High. Rover.*
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
S. Their groves of †
Western breezes softly blowing.
Suit not my distracted mind. . . *S. Thickest night* †
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
S. Wandering Willie.

Brent [high and straight].
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, *S. Braw lads of G. water.*
your bonie brow was brent; . *S. John Anderson, my jo* †

Brent new [brand-new].
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, . *Tam o' Shanter, 11.*

Brethren.
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The Brethren o' the mystic level . . *Tam Samson's El.*
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown. *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three. *S. The lowly lass of I.* †
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Brew.
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky: *S. A' the lads o' Thornie* †
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.
S. In simmer when †
We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink.
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Brew'd, -'t.
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't.
Wad taste sae bitterlie. . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen, . . *S. Scroggam.*

Brewer.
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, *Epit. on G. Richardson.*

Brewin (brewing).
To ken what French mischief was brewin:
Kind Sir, I've read †
He saw mischief was brewin; . . . *The Ordination. S.*

Bridal.
The last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day, *S. The last braw bridal* †

Bride. so may I be a bride! . . . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: *A Gude New-Year* † *6.*
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn; *S. Duncan Davison.*
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide
The day I was my Willie's bride; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'. *S. The last braw bridal* †

Bridegroom.
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
Lament for Glencairn.

Bridle. And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, . *S. It was a' for* †

Brief.
Stop, passenger! my story's brief, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*

Brief *v.* **Breef.**

Brier.
briers an' woodbines budding green, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 1.*
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy, . . . *S. I do confess* †
O bonie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man; *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows, . . *S. O Phely,* †
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
S. The Winter it is past †
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
S. There grows a bonie †
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . . *To J. S., 16.*
He strays amang the woods and briers, *S. Young Jamie,* †

Briery. Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*

Brig [bridge].
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig; . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. . . *Ib.*
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race. . . . *Ib.*
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, . . . *Ib.*
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, ... *Ib. 5.*
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? . . . *Ib. 6.*
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn! . . . *Ib. 7.*
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; . . *Ib.*
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
In coming by the brig o' Dye, *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Bright.
Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn, *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night, ... *Ib.*
Sae shortly you shall see me bright, *Auld comrade dear* †
taught by the bright Caledonian lance, . *S. Caledonia. 5.*
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: . . *Ib. 6.*
For Matthew's course was bright; . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
ye twinkling starnies bright, ... *Ib. 14.*
Or bright L[aprai]k's, my friend to be,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 14.
No other light shall guide my steps
'Till thy bright beamis arise. *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
S. Here's to thy health †
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* ‡
Bare her leg and bright her een, . . *S. I met a lass* †
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.
Lus on Fergusson.
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight, . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night.
S. Now westlin winds †
She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, *S. O Willie brew'd* †
With noiseless step and taper bright, *On Lincluden Castle.*
Bright ran thy line, O G— . . . *On same Lord G.*
When the tear trickled bright, . *On Death of fav Child.*
O' stature short, but genius bright,
On Grose's Peregrinations
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft; . . . *Poem on Life.*
Your course to the latest is bright. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
Prologue sp. by Woods.
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Or dark as misery's woeful night . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Yourself, you wait your bright reward. . . . . *Ib.*
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: . . *Ib.*
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
The sun rose clear and bright; . *The Election Ballads. V.*
But left behind him heroes bright, ... *Ib. VI.*
by that Hieroglyphic bright, . *The Farewell to St. J.'s L..*
Till Order bright, completely shine, ... *Ib.*
O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st with boundless sway!
The Lament, 9.
by the moon and stars so bright, . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune: . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright,
The Vision. D. I. 7.
Bright Phebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
The Whistle. 13.
So uprose bright Phebus—and down fell the knight. *Ib. 10.*
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!" *Ib. 18.*
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun,
S. The winter it is past †
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
S. Their groves of †
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Trenching your gushing entrails bright . . *To a Haggis*
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
To R. G. of F., 9.
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She [moon] grew mair bright. *To W. Simpson, P. S.*
Bright as a cloudless summer sun. . . *V.s below Picture.*
Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Brighten. It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Methinks they brighten to a blaze! *On Lincluden Castle.*
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile. . . *Scotch Drink. 6.*

Brighter.
Does the sober bed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love? *The Jolly Beggars S. VIII.*
Glowing dawn of brighter day. . . . . *To a Kiss.*

Brightest.
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Brightest climes shall mirk appear, *S. Frae the friends* †
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
S. O wert thou in the †

Brilliant. That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Brim. They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim, . . *John Barleycorn.*

Brimful. the brimful grief-worn eyes . . *Sad thy tale* †

Brimstone [*v.* **Brunstane**].
And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,
Red, reeking, het. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The Brigs of Ayr.
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
The Kirk's Alarm.
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, . . *The Ordination, 10.*

Bring. To bring them to a right repentance?
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit! . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a' [our joys]. *S. But lately seen,* †
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward: . *Despondency, an Ode, 2.*
For relief a sigh she brings; . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast. . . . *Ep. to Davie, 9.*
Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword; *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Bring our Banish'd hame again; *S. Frae the friends* †
And bring a coggie mair. . . . *S. Gane is the day* †
And bring hame a Carlisle cow. . . . *S. Hee balou,* †
And we hae pints to bring. . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Brings the dusty siller; . . *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again, . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
Content and love bring peace and joy, *S. In simmer when* †
But nocht in all-revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician,
Letter to J. Goudie.
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; *S. Now westlin winds* †
But soon may peace bring happy days, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . . *On W. Stewart.*
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. . *Poet. Add. to Tytler*
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
Prologue, at Th., D.
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs?
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
We'll send him o'er to his native shore
And bring our ain sweet Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking. . *The Dean of Fac..*
While day and night can bring delight, *S. The day returns* †
To bring them tidings hame, [*re.*] . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna! . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, . . *The Lament, 8.*
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather: *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, . *The Ordination. 14.*
At night I do bring my full wages away: *The Poor Thresher.*
We thought ay death wad bring relief, *The Twa Herds, 13.*
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
S. There's auld Rob †
I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
Wad bring ye to: . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss,
To Mr. J. Kennedy
Till some bit callan bring me news . . . . *Ib.*
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd. *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Bringing.
If bringing them [the Hanovers] over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them. [v. A. 9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Bring'st.
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
S. Wandering Willie

Brink. Or richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem, *Scotch Drink. 2.*
For me, I'm on Parnassus brink, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Briny. An' down the briny pearls rowe. *Poor Mailie's El..*

Brisk. I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
S. O where did ye get †
Or how can I gang brisk and braw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †

Brisket. An spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r, *A Gude New-Year 12.*

Bristl'd. Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
Add. to the Deil. 8.

Bristle. Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Bristling. His bristling beard just rising in its might,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Britain. And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaister; . *A Dream. 6.*
Be Britain still to Britain true, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game: *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, ... *Ib.*
For Britain's guid his saul indeotin . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it. . . *Ib. 22.*
For Britain's guid! for her destruction! . . *Ib. 24.*

Brither [**brother**].
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . *Auld comrade* †
But come, your hand, my careless brither,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Farewell, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! *To W. Simpson.*

British. But sneer na British-boys awa; . *A Dream, 14.*
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. [*re.*] *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted . . . . *Ib.*

Briton. But oh, it was a tale of woe.
As ever met a Briton's ear! . . . *A Vision.*

Brittle. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread; *To J. S., 10.*

Broach. Could he some commutation broach,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 21.

Broad. Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †
Now gay with the broad setting sun!
S. Farewell thou fair day †
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion. . . . *The Holy Fair.*
First enter'd A. a grave, broad, solemn wight, *The Vowels.*

Brock [a badger].
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock. . . . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, *The Twa Herds. 6.*

Brodie.
Donald Brodie met a lass
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; . . *S. Donald Brodie* †

Brogue [a trick].
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue. . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*

Broil. So I must toil and sweat and broil,
S. My father was a farmer †

Broke.
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, *S. O lay thy loof* †
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, *On Lincluden Castle*
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
The Election Ballads. V.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! *The Tears I shed.*
For there he rov'd that broke my heart, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear! . . . . *Ib.*
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest. . *Vs. to J. Ranken.*

Broken. Her broken shins to plaister; . . *A Dream. 6.*
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Had I no got greeting, my heart won'd hae broken, . *Ib.*
"To wander in my broken shade, . . *As on the banks* †
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,
An aching broken heart, . . *S. Canst thou leave me* †
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb, . *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
[Damnation] For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
But through the broken space, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . *On Lincluden Castle.*
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy. *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
S. She's fair and fause †
The broken, iron instruments of Death, *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
Broken trade o' Broughton, . *The Election Ballads, IV.*
The Tory ranks are broken. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken; . . *The Inventory.*
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow. . *The Lament, 10.*
reckless vows, Would soon been broken. *The Vision. D.I. 9.*
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union, . . *To a Mouse.*

Broken-hearted.
And thou art broken hearted: *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. . *S. One fond kiss* †
When frae my Jeany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken hearted. . . *S. The tither morn* †

Bronze. And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Broo [broth, liquid; water].
Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin hen-broo; . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
Cats like milk, And dogs like broo; . . . . *Ib.*
The flesh to him the broo to me, . *S. O gin ye were dead.*
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, . . . *Ib. 9.*

Brood. ye whirring paitrick brood; *El. on Capt. M. H. 7.*
She [the linnet] soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Superstition's hellish brood. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Brood, *to.* And fondly broods with miser care;
To Mary in Heaven.

Broom. Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my deary,
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
S. The Banks of Nith.
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom;
S. Their groves of †

Broom-stick. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Broose [a race at a country wedding].
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed; *A Guid New-year* † *9.*

Brose. O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
S. O gie my love brose †
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, . . . *To J. S., 24.*
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Brother. Abuse a brother to his back; *A Ded. to G. H. S.*
Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother, . *Ib. 16.*
Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
A Winter Night. 7.
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! . . *Ib. 9.*
The youngest Brother [Mason] ye wad whip
Aff straught to H—ll. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Then gently scan your brother man, *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
And the wretch, his [the Tyrant's] true sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
S. Does haughty Gaul †
O, H[enderson]! the man! the brother!
El. on Capt. M. H. 15.
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Fragment, incer. to Fox.
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet: *S. How can my poor heart* †
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil; . *Man was made to mourn.*
Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse;
S. No Churchman am I †
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care. . *Ib.*
For he but meets a brother. . . *On Dining with Daer.*
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
The Election Ballads. III.
Like brothers they'll stand by each other;
Sae knit in alliance are kin. . . . . *Ib.*
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! . . . *The Farewell,*
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou'lt share, ... *Ib.*
Dear brothers of the mystic tye! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson

Brotherhood.
Our Master and the Brotherhood . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Brotherly.
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre. *S. The Sons of old Killie*

Brought.
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought, *A Guid New-year* † *10*
The ways of men are distant brought, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', . . *Ep. to J. R., 7.*
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
Lament for Glencairn.
For she [our Kirk] by tribulations
Is now brought very low. . . . *New Psalmody.*
For her forbears were brought in ships, . *Poor Mailie's El.*
And never brought to mind? *S. Should auld acquaintance* †

Ae spring brought off her master hale, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The Election Ballads. VI.
So dawning day has brought relief *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought; . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Psalm.*
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low! *S. The sun he is sunk* †
An' darker gloamin brought the night: . *The Twa Dogs, 35*
Was brought to the court of our good Scotish King,
The Whistle.
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
S. Wandering Willie

Broughton. Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
The Election Ballads. III.
Broken trade o' Broughton, A' in high repair. . *Ib. IV.*
Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e; . . *Ib.*

Broust [as much malt liquor as is brew'd at a time.]

She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
Wad taste sae bitterlie. . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †

Brow. With lordly Honor's lofty brow, *A Winter Night. S.*
Dark as the frowning rock his brow,
And curled as the wintry wave, . . *As on the banks* †
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, *S. Brave lads of G. Water.*
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John, . . *S. John Anderson* †
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.
S. O gin ye were dead.
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
S. On Cessnock banks †
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . *On Scaring Water-fowl.*
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
Prologue at Th., D.
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, *Scots Prologue.*
Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning, *S. Sleep'st thou* †
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, *Tam o' Shanter. 1.*
Hospitality with cloudless brow. . *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
And though his brow be beld aboon, . *S. The cardin o't.*
On ilka brow she's planted a horn. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
And wrinkled was her brow, . . *The Election Ballads, I.*
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,) . . . *Ib. VI.*
And brow bent gloomy melancholy, . . *The Hermit.*
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
S. The lazy mist †
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.
S. The Poor Thresher.
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs
Were twisted, graceful, round her brows! *The Vision, D. I. 9.*
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows! . . . *To J. S., 9.*
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . *V.s, below Picture.*
to justly shew that brow, And mark that eye of fire, . *Ib.*
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, *S. When first I saw* †
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly savage winter. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Brown. While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Ep. to H. Parker.
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
On death of R. Dundas.
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, *Scotch Drink. 2.*
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
S. The Heather was blooming †
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
S. The lazy Mist †
Her baffet locks as brown's a berry, *T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, *To W. Simpson. 10.*
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown; *S. Wantonness for ever* †
While tumbling brown, the Barra comes down, . *Winter.*

Brown [Rev. John Brown of Haddington].

Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston; *Auld comrade dear* †

Brownhill.

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. *Impromptu.*

Browster-wives [ale-house wives].

But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
They are the muses. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Bruce.

Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks. . *Halloween.*
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? *Scots Prologue.*
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! . . . *S. The Union.*
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
The Whistle, 18.

Brugh, Borough, Burrough.

In some bit Brugh to represent
A Baillie's name? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, *The Brigs of Ayr, 3.*
Fancies that our Brugh denies protection, . . . *Ib. 8.*
bent on winning borough towns, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Combustion thro' our boroughs rode, ... *Ib.*
Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; *The Vision, D. I. 15.*
An' your auld burrough mony a time, . *The Inventory.*

Bruised. And much oppressed and bruised she was;
As priest-rid cattle are, *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Aud blae and bluidy bruis'd her; . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
S. Wae is my heart †

Brulzie [a fray, broil].

Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
And hell mix'd in the brulzie. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
I hope we. Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie. *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Brunstane [brimstone].

Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . *Add. to the Deil. 1.*
Your brunstane devilship I see
Has got him there before ye; . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd Drinkers. *Scotch Drink. 20.*
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure. . *To Terraughty.*

Brunt [burned].

Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; . . . *Halloween. 9.*
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it; . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' . . *Ib. 13.*
An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le. . *The Inventory.*
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt. *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Brush. We'll over the border and gie them a brush;
S. Cock up your beaver.

Brush, *to.* He wha could brush them down to mools,
To W. Creech.

Brushing.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
S. The heather was blooming †

Brust [burst].

An' sriechan out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust! *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 2.*

Brute. Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw;
A Guid New-year † *15.*
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. *The Death of Mailie.*
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . . *The Inventory.*
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
It raises man aboon the brute, . . *The Tree of Liberty*
But by the brutes themselves elekit,
To be their guide. . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds. . . . *Ib. 15.*
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; *Why am I loth* †

Brydon.

Brydons brave Ward I well could spy, [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*

Buboes. An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
O' curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres. [v. A. 13].
The Twa Dogs. 23.

Buchan [Buchan's "Domestic Medicine"].
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14

Buchan Bullers [wild rocks on the Buchan coast, having caves and a great 'blow-hole' where the sea bullers, *i.e.* makes a loud gurgling noise].
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Buck. A buck, a bean, or Dem my eyes! *Epit. on Mr. Burton*

Buckhaven. Up wi' the carls of Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven, *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Buckie [*dim. of* buck].
that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s, . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, *To Terraughty.*

Buckle. Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin; *S. The Ploughman* †
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. *S. There's a youth* †
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. . . *Ib.*

Buckler.
A guide, a buckler, an' example *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*

Buckskin [an inhabitant of Virginia].
An' did the Buckskins claw, man; . . *A Fragment. 4.*
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For't, in Virginia! . . *Ep. to J. R. 11.*

Bucky, -ie. When they gae to the shore o' Buckie,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky; . . . . *Ib.*
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky. . . . . *Ib.*

Bud. At buds and flowers were hinging, O
S. Amang the trees †
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; *El. on Capt. M. H. 7.*
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 10.*
That blasts each bud of hope and joy; *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
S. How pleasant the banks †
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet. *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
My stem was fair, my bud was green, *S Lovely Davies.*
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy, *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
S. The Brigs of Ayr.
But ere the bud was on the tree. *The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.*
When lintwhites chant amang the buds, *To W. Simpson.*

Bud, *to.* But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
How weel it buds and blossoms there, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Budding. briers an' woodbines budding green,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.
The hawthorns budding in the glen, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, *S. Now westlin winds* †
As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows. . . *S. O Phely* †
Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom. . . . *On Poet's Daughter.*
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
S. The Posie.

Budget.
An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron! *The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.*
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Buff. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.
S. Here's a health to them †

Buff, *to* [to beat].
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; *The Twa Herds. 13.*

Bughtin-time [the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked].
When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo: *S. When o'er the hill* †

Build.
But build a castle on his head, . *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,
S. The noble Maxwells †

Building.
For building cot-houses sae fam'd, *The Election Ballads. V.*

Building-taste.
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Built. As built on the base of the great Revolution;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Churches built to please the Priest.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.

Burdly [stout-made, broad-built].
A filly burdly, steeve an' swank, . *A Guid New-Year* †3.
burdly chiels, and clever hizzies. . . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

Buittle. An there will be Buittle's apostle.
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
The Election Ballads. III.
Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth, . *Ib. IV.*
And Buittle was na slack; . . . . . *Ib. V.*

Buke *v.* **Beuk.**

Bulk. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Bull. The lion and the bull thy care have found, *To R. G. of F.*

Bullers *v.* **Buchan Bullers.**

Bullock. 'Here lies a famous Bullock!' . . *The Calf.*

Bum [the Buttocks].
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
The Jolly Beggars. S.I.

Bum, *to* [to make a humming noise].
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure. *To W. Simpson.*

Bum-clock [a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings].
The bum-clock humm'd wi lazy drone, . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Bumman [making a humming noise].
Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard you bumman.
Wi' eerie drone; . . *Add. to the Deil. 6.*

Bummle [a drone, an idle fellow].
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle!
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.

Bumper. Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
S. No Churchman am I †
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . *On W. Stewart.*
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er, . . *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; *The Whistle. 13.*
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, . . *Ib. 14.*
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? *Ib. 16.*

Bumper, *to.* "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.
The Whistle. 8.

Bunker's Hill.
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
At Bunker's hill. . . . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*

Bunter [a low vulgar woman].
And kissing barefit bunters. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Bunyan.
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston: *Auld comrade dear* †

Buoy. The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Burden.
Now life is a burden that bows me down, *S. By yon castle wa'* †
A burden more than I can bear, . *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*
each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Light is the burden love lays on; . *S. In simmer when* †
Their gun's a burden on their shoutber;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear.
S. The Slave's Lament.
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
S. Wae is my heart †

Burden-bearing,
Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. . *New Psalmody.*

Burdie [*dim. of* bird; a damsel].
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

Bure [did bear].
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: *A Guid New-Year* †6
Thou bure the Bard through many a sbire?
Ep. to H. Parker.
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. . *To W. Simpson.*
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, . . . *Ib. P.S.*

Burgess. She won each gaping burgess' heart.
The Election Ballads. VI.

Burgoyne.
B-rg—ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, . *A Fragment. 4.*

Burke. For Paddy B—rke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man: . *A Fragment. 5.*
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!
The Election Ballads. VI.

Burn [a rivulet].
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, . *A Fragment. 2.*
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths no-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl. *A Winter Night. 2.*
As down the burn they took their way. *S. As down the burn* †
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn, ... *Ib.*
A burn was clear, a glen was green, *S. Duncan Davison.*
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. . . . *Ib.*
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, *Halloween. 21.*
The trout within yon wimpling burn *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . *S. Sae flaxen* †
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn, *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid! . *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
O that my een were flowing burns! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, *The Fête Champetre.*
I never drank the Muses' Stank,
Castalia's burn an' a' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:
S. Their groves of †
Adown some trottin burns meander, *To W. Simpson. 15.*
Down by the burn where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, *S. When o'er the hill* †
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Adown the burn to steer, my jo: . . . . . *Ib.*
While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae; . . . . . *Winter.*

Burn [water used in brewing spirituous liquor].
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker! . . *Scotch Drink, 9.*

Burn, *to.*
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, . *Add. to Toothache.*
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be. . . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, . *Halloween. 2.*
Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Licentious passions burn: . *Man was made to mourn.*
And in thy fury burn the hook
Even of that man M'Gill. . . *New Psalmody.*
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, *Once fondly lov'd* †
The day returns, my bosom burns. *S. The day returns* †
And bid him burn this cursed tether, *The Death of Mailie.*
Still o'er the field the combat burns, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
S. The Highland Lassie.
Again I feel, again I burn! . . . . . *The Lament.*
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! *To Clarinda.*

Burn'd.
While pointers round impatient burn'd, *Tam Samson's El., 8.*

Burnet.
Fair B— strikes th' adoring eye, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*

Burnewin [*lit.* burn the wind; a blacksmith].
Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap. . . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*

Burnie [*dim. of* burn]. White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din, . *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, . . *Halloween. 25.*
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
On ilka hand the burnies trot. *S. The Contented Cottager*
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Burning, -in', -an.
A burning an' a shining light. . *Auld comrade dear* †
And pours his vengeance in the burning line, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Afric's burning zone, . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun, . . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash! . . . . *Remorse. A Frag..*
Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, *Scots Prologue*
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . *S. Streams that glide* †
Could shake them o'er the burning dub, *The Twa Herds, 8.*
Whare birkies march on burning marl: . . *To Mr. Renton*
A burnin' an' a shinin' light. . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin' lake, *Ib.*
Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! . *Scotch Drink. 15.*

Burnish't.
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, *To W. Creech.*

Burns, Robert.
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Then may L[aprai]k and B[urns] arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another B[urns] . . . . *Nature's Law.*
And B[urns]'s spring, her fame to sing, ... *Ib.*
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . *On dining with Daer.*
Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel *Reply to a Reproof.*
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead! *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B[urns] came by, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns. . . . *The Inventory.*
Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
The Kirk's Alarm.
The pray'r still you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
While Burns they ca' me. *To Terraughty.*
Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, *To W. Creech.*
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Burns, Miss. Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
Lns under Pict. of Miss B.

Burrough *v.* **Brugh.**

Burr-thistle [the spear-thistle].
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Burst. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Bursting.
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; . . *S. Could aught of song* †
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover: . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Noosing with care a bursting purse, *Ode. to Mem. of Mrs. —*
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
On Death of R. Dundas.
What bursting anguish tears my heart!. . *The Farewell.*
The bursting tears my heart declare, *S. The gloomy night* †
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover. . *S. The last time I came* †
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Burton.
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*

Bush. Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest, . *S. A Rosebud by* †
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
S. How pleasant the banks †
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush, *S. Now westlin winds* †
And shoots its head above each bush; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
While his mate sits nestling in the bush; . . . *Ib.*
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonie spreading bushes. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
S. The Posie.

There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
S. There grows a bonie brier †

We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, . *Ib.*
The blythest bird upon the bush, . *S. There was a lass* †

Bushby.

Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Here lies J—n B—y, honest man' *Epit. on J. B., Writer.*
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby.
But what has become o' the head?
The Election Ballads, III.
And there led I the Bushby's a'; . . . . . *Ib. V.*

Bushy. Within the glen sae bushy, O, *S. The Highland Lassie*

Business. No sly man of business contriving a snare,
S. No Churchman am I †

The Deil had business on his hand. *Tam o' Shanter. S.*
He left the foul business to folks less divine. *The Whistle. 15.*
And did Sol's business in a crack; . . . *To J. Taylor.*
And last my prologue-business slily hinted.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Busk [to adorn, dress].

Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
But now they'll busk her like a fright, . . *To W. Creech*

Buskie-glen [bushy-glen].

There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen, [*sc.*] *S. In simmer when* †

Buskin. And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Busking [bedecking].

gathering flowers and busking bowers, *The Fête Champetre.*

Buskit [dressed, bedecked].

Weel buskit up sae gaudy; . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
New brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, *To W. Creech.*

Buss [a bush]. Ye, like a rash-buss stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh. . *Add to the Deil. 7.*
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in time's wintry rage. *S. But lately seen* †

Bussle [bustle].

An' d—mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
Seizan a Stell. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Bust. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson

Bustle. "Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
Scots Prologue.
How could you raise so vile a bustle, . *The Twa Herds. 3.*

Bustle, *to.* if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
Fragment inscr. to Fox

Bustling, equal to the bustling strife, *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
bustling and justling, Forget each grief and pain. . . *Ib.*

Busy. As busy Trade his labours plies; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
'Gnid-een', quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
'When ither folk are busy sawin?' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.*
The flower-enamour'd busy bee . . . *Delia, an Ode*
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, . *Despondency, an Ode, 2.*
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward: . . . . . *Ib. 2.*
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy
'This month an' mair, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.*
Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, *S. O gude ale comes* †
Busy feed, or wanton lave; . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, . . . *Sketch.*
An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud. *The Holy Fair. 8.*
Between themsels they were sae busy;
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! *The Lament, 2.*
And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard.
S. There grows a bonie brier †

Busy haunts of base mankind, . . *S. Thickest night* †
where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, . *To J. S., 9.*
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure. *To W. Simpson. 16.*

But [without].

My trunk of eild, but buss or beild. . *S. But lately seen,* †
But either house or hal'? . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
But thee, what were our fairs and rants? *Scotch Drink. 8.*
To live but her I canna; . . . *S. The gowd locks of A.*
They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald, . . . *To a Mouse.*
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain; . . . *To J. S., 17.*

But-and-ben, Butt-an'-ben [*lit.* the outer and inner, kitchen and parlour; the whole house].

Blythe was she but and ben, . . . *S. Blythe was she,* †
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou,
As he gade but and ben, O. . . . *S. The Taylor* †
when some kind, connubial Dear
Your But-and-ben adorns. . . . . *The Calf.*
Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, *The Holy Fair. 18.*

Butt [in the outer room or kitchen; the outer room].

I pray an' ponder butt the house, . *Auld comrade dear* †
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: . *S. In simmer when* †

Butcher. May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as butchers like a knife!
Add. of Beelzebub.
The butcher deeds of bloody fate, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Butching. Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.

Butter. Gie my love brose and butter; *S. O gie my love brose* †
farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Butter'd. butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt, *Halloween. 28.*
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Butterfly. Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Monody, on a Lady, Epit.
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own; *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Buttocks. Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Button. I wad na gie a button for her. *S. Willie Wastle* †

Buy. And joys that riches ne'er could buy; *Ep. to Davie. 8*
O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy': *S. In simmer when* †
But now I've found a treasure
Too rich for a king to buy. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; *S. O meikle thinks my love* †
O wha my babie-clouts will buy? *S. O wha my baby clouts* †
O wha will buy the groanin maut?. . . . . *Ib.*
An for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
O Willie come sell your fiddle, And buy a pint o' wine; *Ib.*
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . *The Death of Mailie.*
Wha will buy my troggin,
Gude election ware; . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee; . . . *Ib.*
If to buy ye're slack, Hornie's turnin' chapman,
He'll buy a' the pack. . . . . *Ib.*
Lord send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, ... *Ib. VI.*
Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . *The Fête Champetre.*
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me. *S. The High. Widow's Lament.*
His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
But me he shall not buy nor fee, . . *S. To daunton me.*
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem. . . . *To John M'Murdo.*
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
S. What can a young Lassie †

I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . *S. Young Jamie* †

By. As I gaed up by yon gate end, *S. As I gaed up by* †
Come weel, come woe, I care na by, *S. Behind yon hills* †
Wae gae by yon, Duncan Gray. . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen
As by he walks? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*
As soon's the clockin-time is by, . . , *Ep. to J. R. 11.*
I care na by how few may see, . *S. First when Maggie* †
He by his showther gae a keek, . . . *Halloween, 19.*
O wae gae by his wanton sides, *S. Here's his health in water.*
It was na sae ye [hours] glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie. *S. How lang and dreary* †

I'll ay ca' in by yon town, . . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
Louis what reck I by thee, . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
But troth I care na by. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
There's some great folk set light by me,
I set as light by them ; . . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
I car'dna by, Sae sad was I, . . *S. The tither morn* †
When Hughoc he cam doytan by. . *The Death of Mailie.*
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light. . . . . *To J. S., 12.*
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ; . . . . . *Ib. 25.*
I'll ne'er gang by your door. . . . *V.s to Landlady.*

By [aside, apart].

An' Charlie F–x threw by the box, . *A Fragment. 5.*
An' Caledon threw by the drone, ... *Ib. 9.*
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. . *A Guid New-year* † *17*
When ye set by the wheel at e'en. . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Till some ane by his bonnet lays, . . *The Holy Fair, 24.*
Threw by his coat and bonnet, . . . *To J. Taylor.*

By an' by, -bye.

Till by an' by, if I hand on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan : . *Auld comrade dear* †
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea ; . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye ;
Or else the Deil's be in it. . . *Extem., to an Intimate.*
O John, come kiss me by and by, . *S. O John, come kiss* †

By himsel [beside himself, out of his mind].

'But monie a day was by himsel,
'He was sae sairly frighted . . . *Halloween. 16.*

By the bye.

Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam ?
Prologue, at Th., Dumf..

Bye attour [besides, in addition].

Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane ; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

Byke, Bike [a multitude ; a bee-hive].

The hungry bike did scrape and pike *S. Amang the trees* †
As bees hizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ; *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
But Homer like the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Byre [a cow-house].

To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station . . . *A Dream. 5.*
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ; . *S. In simmer when* †
na bred to harn and byre, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, *S. There was a lass* †

Ca' [call].

at Friendship's sacred ca' . *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit..*
But first on Sawnie gies a ca', . . . *Halloween, 22.*

Ca', *to* **[to call].**

To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, . *A Ded. to G. H., 1.*
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ; . . . . *Ib. 6.*
And C–rl–t–n did ca', man : . . . *A Fragment, 2.*
Till Death did on him ca', man ; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
On Chatham's Boy did ca', man ; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy . *Add. to Illegit. Child*
What tho' they ca' me fornicator, ... *Ib.*
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . *Add. to Toothache*
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
I'll ay ca' in by yon town, . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, *In Defence of a Lady.*
And tell me what they ca' ye? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
And ca' anither gill, jo; . . . . *S. O steer her up* †
O wha will tell me how to ca't? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
There's ane they ca' Jean, . . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.
The Kirk's Alarm
Her [Freedom's] sons did loudly ca', man ;
The Tree of Liberty.

He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ; . *The Twa Dogs. S.*
I think we'll ca' him Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
While Burns they ca' me, . . . *To Terraughty.*
in things they ca' balloons, . . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
And wha a crime dare ca' that? . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Ca', *s.*

And our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. *S. The Cooper o' Cuddy* †

Ca', *to* **[to drive].**

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't : . . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, [*re.*] . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, *S. O merry hae I been* †
Hey ca' thro' ca' thro, For we hae mickle ado, *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.*
But ca them out to park or hill, . *The Death of Mailie*
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Cabinet. Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Ca'd, -'t [called].

An' he ca'd me his dearie. . . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, *S. Duncan Davison.*
They ca'd him Duncan Davison. . . . . *Ib.*
A coward loon she ca'd me ; [*re.*] . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans *Searching auld* †
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord, . *S. The Honest Man.*
The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar, *The Twa Dogs. 2.*
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, . . . *Ib. 4.*
I watna what they ca'd him ; . . *There came a piper* †
But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang ; . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie, . *S. Willie Wastle* †
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad. . *A Guid New-year* † *S*
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, . . *What ails ye now* †

Ca'd, -'t, Cawd [drove ; driven].

While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 1.—
I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun' ; . . . *S. My heart was ance* †
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a' : . *S. The Cooper o' Cuddy* †
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Cadger.

Or die a cadger pownie's death, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip ; . *The Jolly Beggars, R.1*

Cadie, Caddie [a young fellow ; a fellow].

E'en cowe the cadie ! . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.*
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Cæsar.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar *The Twa Dogs. 2.*

Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott.

Cage. Poor Tammy G–ge within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man ; *A Fragment. 3.*

Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
When thus the Caird address'd her, ... *Ib.*
The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk ; . . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Until they sconner. . . . . *To J. S. 22.*

Cairn [a loose heap of stones].

That proudly cock your cresting cairns ; *El. on Capt. M.H. 3.*
She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin, . . . *Halloween. 24.*
And thro' the whins and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn ! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Cairn. But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn. *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, *The Whistle, 4.*

Cairney. As I came o'er the Cairney mount,
S. As I came o'er †

Caition [caution, security for].
Wou'd a' the land do this, then I'll be caition,
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, *Scots Prologue.*

Cake [oatmeal dough pressed thin and flat, baked on a girdle and toasted before the fire].
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
And for my dear-loved land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire; . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Calais. To Hague or Calais takes a waft, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Calces. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.

Calculate. O would they stay to calculate,
Th' eternal consequences; *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*

Caldron. And still, below, the horrid caldron boils
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Caledon, Caledonie, Caledonia.
An' Caledon threw by the drone, . . *A Fragment, 9.*
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, *S. Among the Trees* †
Return again fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie! . . *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, . . *S. Caledonia.*
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?) . . *Ib.*
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, . . . *Ib.*
For brave Caledonia immortal must be; . . . *Ib.*
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse; . . . *Ib.*
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
S. Here's a health to them †
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, . . *Liberty.*
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
On death of Sir J. Blair.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! *Prologue sp. by Woods.*
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; *S. Their groves of* †

Caledonian. taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
S. Caledonia.
In thy sweet Caledonian lines; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.
Prologue sp. by Woods.
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Wad show the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. *Scots Prologue.*
Caledonian, on wi' me. . . . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
S. Their groves of †

Calf. For instance, there's yourself just now,
God knows, an unco Calf! . . . *The Calf.*
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Calf-ward [a small inclosure for calves].
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.

Calker [the hinder part of a horse-shoe, sharpened and turned downwards, for safety on the ice].
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker. . . . . *To J. Taylor.—*

Call.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, *A Winter Night. 9.*
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; *S. Here is the Glen* †

Call, *to.*
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, . . *Ib.*
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park. *Ep. to Major Logan. 14.*
Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted, *Extem. on Commem. of Thomson.*
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer, *S. Here is the Glen* †
Love's, graces and virtues, I call not on you;
Monody, on a Lady.
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
S. No Churchman am I †
Lord to account who dares thee call. *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*
And taen the Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Call a toast—a toast divine; . . . *The Toast.*
And call the trembling vowels to account. . *The Vowels.*
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . . *To R. Graham.*
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor: *Wr. on Leaf of H. More*

Callan, Callant [a lad, a stripling].
Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan! *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
lest he learn the callan tricks, . . *To Gav. Hamilton*
Till some bit callan bring me news
That you are there, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
In days when mankind were but callans,
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, *To W. Simpson, P.S..*
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †

Call'd. When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?) . *Ib.*
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some main light beneath my head.
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on, [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D.I.*
When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise, *The Vision, D. II. 15.*
A furnicator lown he call'd me, . . *What ails ye now* †

Caller, Callor [cool, refreshing].
And little fishes' caller rest: . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. *The Holy Fair. 1.*

Callet [a wench, a trull].
I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Here's our ragged Brats and Callets! . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Calling.
Calling the storms to bear him [Vengeance] o'er a guilty land!
Add. sp. by Fontenelle
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 7.*
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck. . . *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwalling. . . . *The Inventory.*

Callor *v.* **Caller.**

Calm. Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
The Brigs of Ayr.
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood. . . . *The Hermit.*
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, *The Holy Fair. 13.*
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, . . *To J. S., 20.*
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm. . . *To Miss C.*
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! . *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Calm-blooded.
I grant him [wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..

Calvin.
O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O' sic a feast! . . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; . . *To W. Creech.*

Cam [came]. Ye cam to Paradise incog, *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
When there cam a yell o'foreign squeels, *S. Amang the trees* †
But whigs cam like a frost in June, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse, ... *Ib.*
The girdin brak, the beast cam down, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, . *S. Duncan Gray cam'* †
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves . *Hallowcen. 23.*
Cam ye by Killiecrankie O? . . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, *S.s* { *O can ye labour lea* † / *O Lassie art thou* †

O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,
And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
S. O when she cam ben t

As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit ben,
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.

His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . *S. Tam Glen.*

In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid! . *Tam Samson's El., 9.*

He cam on purpose for to court me. . *S. The auld man †*

O cam ye here the fight to shun,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man; . . . . . *Ib.*

The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy †*

When Hughoe he cam doytan by. . *The Death of Mailie.*

The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; *S. The deil cam' fiddlin' †*

But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land
Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. . . . *Ib.*

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
S. The High. Widow's Lament.

Cam skelpan up the way. . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup, ... *Ib. 3.*

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; . . *The Ordination. 2.*

The Taylor he cam here to sew, . . . *The Taylor †*

Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

We cam' na here to view your warks,
V.s on Window, Carron.

I said 'Gude Night,' and cam' awa', *What ails ye now †*

Came. Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Add. by Fontenelle.

Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

As I came o'er the Cairney mount, *S. As I came o'er †*

And as he was singing the tears down came,
S. By yon Castle Wa †

So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.

But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*

To Crochallan came The old cock'd hat,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

But, L—d, that Friday I was fow,
When I came near her, *Holy Willie's Prayer. S.*

Came frae her een sae bonie blue, *S. I gaed a waefu' †*

But the chearful spring came kindly on, *John Barleycorn.*

The sultry suns of summer came, ... *Ib.*

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale, *Katharine Jaffray.*

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton. . . . . *Ib.*

And came to this conclusion, O: *S. My father was a farmer †*

And Rob and Allan came to see; *S. O Willie brew'd †*

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, *Poor Mailie's El.*

A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, *S. She's fair and fause †*

The auld man he came over the lea, *S. The auld man †*

Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Then, crown'd wi' flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, . . *Ib.*

A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair: . . *Ib.*

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Frae the Glenken came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed; . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons, . . . *Ib. VI.*

The Whigs came on like ocean's roar . . . . *Ib.*

When Politics came there to mix
And make his ether-stane, man! *The Fête Champetre.*

And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end. . . . *The Hermit.*

Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg],
Nane else came near it. *The Vision, D. I. 11.*

Last-day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B[urns] came by, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

The last time I came o'er the moor, *S. The last time I came †*

There came a piper out o' Fife, . *There came a piper †*

Chill came the tempest's lour; . . . *To Chloris.*

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady, . . *S. When first I came †*

when I came roun' by Manchline town, . . . *Ib.*

An' ay my heart came to my mou. . . *S. Young Jockey †*

Cameleon-savage.
The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and strife; *S. Caledonia.*

Campbells. True Campbells, Frederick an' Hay;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r: *The Vision. D. II. 11.*

Can, *s.* No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.

Can.
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Canaan. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a niger; *The Ordination. 4.*

Candid. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Candie. And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like succar-candie. *S. Had I the wyte †*

Candle. She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Cane.
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*

Canker. A Conscience but a canker *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v. A. 13]
The Twa Dogs. 23.

Canker, *to.* But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride. *Ep. to Davie. 1.*

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Canker-worm.
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting? . . *As on the banks †*

And on my dry and wholsome banks,
Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. . . . . *Ib.*

Cankrie [cross, crabbed].
The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*

Canna [cannot].
I canna say but they do gailies; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. *S. Ay waking, O †*

I canna tell, I maunna tell, . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood*

Ev'n them he canna get attended, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.*

I can die,—but canna part,
My bonie dearie. . . . . *S. Hark! the mavis' †*

But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy: . *S. In simmer when †*

Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest. . . . *S. It is na, Jean †*

But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! *S. Now bank and brae †*

A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morison. *S. O Mary, at thy window †*

My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
S. O meikle thinks my love †

He'd [the Deil] look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee." *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †*

If he canna get her at a', man. . *S. Ronalds of Bennals.*

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride, . . . *Ib.*

If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 5.*

To live but her I canna; . . . *The gowd, locks of A.*

"But yet I canna name ye." . . . *The Holy Fair, 4.*

They canna sit for anger. . . . . *Ib. 14.*

And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark. *The Kirk's Alarm, 8.*

Some hae meat and canna eat, . . *The Selkirk Grace.*

Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting . . *The Tarbolton Lasses*

I canna say but ye strunt rarely, . . . *To a Louse.*

An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear! . . . *To a Mouse.*

The flinty heart that canna feel . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Wi' welcome canna bear me; . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, *To W. Creech.*

I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-rankling sorrow. . . . *Verses under Grief.*

If it winna, canna be. . . . *S. Wilt thou be my †*

Canniest [easiest].
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair; *S. In simmer when †*

Cannily, -ie [cautiously, prudently].

As I cant by Crochallan
I cannily keekit ben, . . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.
S. The heather was blooming †
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannilie he hums them; . . *The Holy Fair. 17.*

Cannon.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar, *S. Highland Laddie.*
When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle, . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
Over sea, over shore.
Where cannons loudly roar; . *S. There was a bonie lass* †

Canny, -ie, Cany, -ie [gentle, quiet, safe, easy, cautious, prudent, wary, useful, expert].

Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
S. John Anderson †
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, *Ronalds of Bennals*
bamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, . *A Guid New-Year* † *5.*
I maun guide it [my penny-fee] cannie, *S. Behind yon hills* †
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*
Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, . . *Ep. to J.K. 5.*
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lye that night. . . . *Hallowecn. 5.*
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw, . . . *Ib. 22.*
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale . *S. In simmer when* †
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, . . *To Terraughty.*
Gie me the groat again, cany young man, *S. The Taylor fell* †
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Canie wee thing, Lovely wee thing . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day. . . *To J. S., 18.*

Cant [a merry story].

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, . . *Ep. to J.K. 2.*
. . . for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, . *What ails ye now* †

Cant. But still the preaching cant forbear,
Ep. to Young Friend. 9.

Cant, *to.*

Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Canter. I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagittarre, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tam Samson's El., Per C..
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, . . *To Mr. Renton.*

Cantharidian [made of Cantharides].

O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaisters . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Canting, -an.

Whom canting wretches blam'd; . *Epit. for G. H., Esq.*
Ye canting Zealots, spare him! *Tam Samson's El., Epit.*
Their sigban, cantan, grace-proud faces, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Cantraip [a charm, spell, incantation].

By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Some cantraip hour.
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
And by some devilish cantraip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light. . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Canty, -ie [cheerful, merry, lively].

Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
S. Contented wi' little, †
The Clachan yill had made me canty,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.
Now they're crouse and canty baith! . *S. Duncan Gray* †
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: *El. on Capt. M.H. 11.*
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
S. John Anderson †
O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it; *Poem on Life.*
cock thy tail, an' toss thy horns fu' canty; *The Ordination. 6.*
As canty as ever a bird in the spring. *S. The Poor Thresher.*
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony. . . . *S. The tither morn* †
An be as canty
As ye were nine year less than thretty, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
He canty claw! . . . *To W. Creech.*
As cantie as a kittlen; . . . . . *Hallowcen, 24.*
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O; . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, . *Nature's Law.*
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Cany, -ie, *v.* **Canny.**

Cap. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he wakis? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow,
Sketch, New-Yr's Day.

Caper. Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*

Caper'd. My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink.
S. Last May a braw Wooer †

Cape-stane [cope-stone].

The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Capon.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, *S. Amang the Trees* †
Urinus Spiritus of Capons. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Caprice.

Of thy [nature's] caprice maternal I complain. *To R.G. of F..*

Capricious. That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, *To J.S. 3.*

Cap'rin,

With a' his noise an' cap'rin; . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Captain.

O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady. . *S. The Captain's Lady.*

Captive. The captive bands may chain the hands,
But powerful Love enslaves the man:
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine,
S. The Captive Ribband.
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too. . . . . *Ib.*

Caput mortuum.

The caput mortuum of gross desires *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

Car. Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
Impromt. on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.
Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', . . *The Fête Champetre.*
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, *S. Tibbie Dunbar.*

Car [a sledge, hurdle].

In cart or car thou never reestet; . *A Gude New-Year* † *14.*

Carcase.

Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul,
May in some future carcase howl, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17*

Card. Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Car'd. I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
S. Last May a braw Wooer †
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; *S. O whistle* †
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Cardin. The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't; *S. The cardin o't.*

Car'dna by [cared not by, was indifferent].

I card'na by, Sae sad was I. . . *S. The tither morn* †

Cardoness.

Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], . *Epit. on a Laird.*
Alas, alas! O C[ardoness],
Then thou hadst slept for ever! . . . . . *Ib.*

And there will be Cardoness, Esquire.
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, *The Election Ballads, III.*
Here's the stuff and lining, O Cardoness' head; *Ib. IV.*
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness.
A howlet sits at noon. . . . . *Ib. V.*

Care.

Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man? *A Bottle and Friend.*
. . . till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye Frae Care . . . *A Dream. 9.*
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, *A Guid New-Year† 18.*
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning. *S. A Rosebud by†*
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care. . . *A Vision.*
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love, . . . *Ib.*
Tho' n' my daily care thou art, . . *S. Ah, Chloris†*
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care; . *S. Anna, thy charms†*
When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares, *Auld comrade dear†*
An' has nae care but Nanie, . . . *S. Behind yon hills†*
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nanie, ... *Ib.*
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, *Blest be M'Murdo†*
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been†*
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
S. Contented wi' little†
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me
While care my heart is wringing. *S Craigie-burn Wood.*
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.*
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
Despondency, an Ode. 1.
To Care, to Guilt unknown! . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
That heart how sank, a prey to grief and care,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares; . . . *Ib.*
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained; *Ep. to Young Friend.*
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care! . . . . . *Ib.*
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, ... *Ib.*
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 18.
Von Sang ye'll sen't, wi' canny care, . . *Ep. to J. K. 5.*
The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . *S. Frae the friends†*
My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; *S. Gane is the day†*
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; [*re.*]
S. Gloomy December.
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O! *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
An' warly cares, and warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O! . . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' canny care, they've plac'd them
To lye that night. . . . *Halloween. 5.*
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duely changed; . . . . *Ib. 27.*
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, *S. Here's to thy health†*
Let my Mary be your care. . . . *S. Highland Mary.*
A hungry care's an unco' care; . *S. In simmer when†*

"I hear alane my lade o' care, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
"The friendless Bard and rustic song,
"Became alike thy fostering care. . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' care nor thrall oppress. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care. . . . . *Ib.*
But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
S. Last May a braw wooer†
Seem'd weary, worn with care; *Man was made to Mourn.*
Or haply, prest with cares and woes, ... *Ib.*
With Cares and Sorrows worn, ... *Ib.*
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
S. My father was a farmer†
The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't; . *S. My Wife's a winsome†*
Kind Nature's care had given his share, . *Nature's Law.*
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care. [*re.*]
S. No Churchman am I†
a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; *Ib.*
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care. . . . *Ib.*
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care. . *Ib.*
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . *S. Now bank and brae†*
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care. . *S. Now Spring has clad†*
Amid life's thorny path o' care. *S. O bonie was yon rosy†*
Or wi' his song her cares beguile. . *S. O Logan! sweetly†*
The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, . . *S. O Phely,†*
Thou tells of never ending care; *S. O stay, sweet warbling†*
O that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care, . . *S. O that I had ne'er†*
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Ode, sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
On B.'s Horse impound.
And I will join a mother's tender cares,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; *Poem on Life.*
I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care; * *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
Prologue, at Th., D..
An' liquor guid to fire his blnid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; . . . *Ib. 6.*
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': . . . . *Ib.*
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, . *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*
From housewife cares a minute borrow . . . . *Ib.*
Yet come thou child of poverty and care,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing. . *S. Sweet fa's the eve†*
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, . . . *Ib. 9.*
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care! . *S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.*
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, . *Ib.*
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, . . . *Ib. 3.*
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; . . *Ib. 12*
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile [v. A. 5] . . *Ib.*
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, . *Ib. 7.*
He wales a portion with judicious care; . . *Ib. 12.*
O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . *The Death of Mailie*
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care; . *The Farewell.*
Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep; . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
While here I wander, prest with care, *S. The gloomy night†*

But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care : . . . *The Hermit.*

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care ; . *S. The Highland Lassie*

Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care : . . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*

We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib.*

What is reputation's care ? . . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, . . *The Lament.*

By my good luck a lass I met,
Just in the middle of my care,
S. The lass that made the bed.

The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow ; . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

So hold thy industry with diligent cares.
S. The Poor Thresher.

When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care ?
S. The small birds †

Her cares for a moment at rest : . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs ; . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . . . *Ib. 19.*

Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful Art. . . *The Vision. D. II. 4*

And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains. . . . . *Ib. 9.*

So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ; *The Whistle. 10.*

And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ; *S. There was a lass* †

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . *To a Haggis.*

some dainty fair one, To ware his theologic care on,
To Dr. Blacklock

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! . . . . *Ib.*

Heave Care o'er-side! . . . . . *To J. S., 11.*

They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ; . . . . *Ib. 17.*

Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. *Ib. 25.*

And fondly broods with miser care ; *To Mary in Heaven.*

The lion and the bull thy [Nature's] care have found.
To R. G. of F..

And just conclude that " fools are fortune's care." . *Ib. 7.*

I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care! . . . . *To Ruin.*

Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief : . *To Terraughty.*

Though prest with care and sunk in woe,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
V.s to Landlady of Inn.

but grief and care In wildest fury hae made hare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *V.s, under Grief.*

Yet, for a' my dool and care,
It's wantonness for ever! . . *S. Wantonness for ever* †

sorrow and sad sighing care. . . *S. Where are the joys* †

And I sae weary fu' of care! . . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Care, *to.* Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish, . *S. Ay waking, O* †

But what care I how few they be, [that ken me]
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O. . . *S. Behind yon hills* †

Come weel come woe, I care na hy, ... *Ib.*

Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther we can fa'. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*

I care na by how few may see, . . *First when Maggy* †

I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.
Fragment inscr. to Fox.

I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye.
S. Here's to thy health, †

I dinna care a single flie ; . . *S. In simmer when* †

Naebody cares for me, I care for naebody. . *S. Naebody.*

I care na wealth a single flie ; . . . *S. O Phely,* †

But troth I care na by. . . . . *S. O Tibbie* †

But fient a hair care I. . . . . *Ib.*

Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me, . *S. O whistle* †

Nae honest worthy man need care,
To meet with noble youthful Daer, *On dining with Daer.*

What care I in riches to wallow, . . . *S. Tam Glen.*

The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
S. The deuks dang o'er.

For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin ; . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ; . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly : *S. Tibbie Dunbar.*

Care-defying.

He was a care-defying blade,
As ever Bacchus listed! . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Care na by [care not by, to be indifferent].

Come weel come woe, I care na by, *S. Behind yon hills* †

I care na by how few may see, . *S. First when Maggy* †

But troth I care na by. . . . . *S. O Tibbie* †

Care-untroubled.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear. *S. Musing on the roaring* †

O thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . *The Lament.*

Career. Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave, *A Bard's Epit.*

To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career,
Lns on Fergusson.

Careerin [careering, cheerfully].

They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . . *Halloween. 28.*

Careful.

And careful note each op'ning grace, *The Vision, D. II. 10.*

Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ; . . . *Ib. 22.*

Carefully.

And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O ; *S. My father was a farmer* †

Careless.

I for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences, . *Add, to Unco Guid. 2.*

Careless ilka thought and free, . *S. Blythe hae I been* †

Baith careless and fearless,
Of either heaven or hell ; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*

But come, your hand, my careless hrither,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.

My life was ance that careless stream,
S. Now Spring has clad †

And heard thee as the careless wind ?
S. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark †

I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share ; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ; . *To J. S., 14.*

Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

With careless step I onward stray'd, *S. 'Twas even, the dewy* †

The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Caress.

The frank address, the soft caress, . *O leave novels* †

Caressan.

But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . *The Twa Dogs.*

Carest. The langer ye hae them the mair they're carest.
S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft †

In pleasure's lap carest ; . *Man was made to mourn.*

I once was by Fortune carest, . *S. The Sun he is sunk* †

Caring. Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ; *Despondency, an Ode.*

Carking. Does a' his weary carking cares beguile [v. A. 5]
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Carl, Carle [a man as distinguished from a boy ; a strong man ; a churl ; an old man].

That iron-hearted Carl, Want, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*

Carl, an the king come, [re.] *S. Carl, an the king come.*

Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray hair'd carl. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*

Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl
Maun follow the carl. . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*

Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . . . *S. Hey ca' thro.*

Death, that grusome carl. . . *Lns addt. to J. Ranken.*

There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,
S. There liv'd anee a carle †

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, . . . *Ib.*

" O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, . . *Ib.*

Carleton. And C–rl–t–n did ca', man: *A Fragment. 2.*

Carl-hemp [the male stalk of hemp].
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Carlie [*dim. of* **carl**].
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O. *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Carlin, Carline [a stout old woman; a term of contempt for a woman, a witch].
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou se get the saul o' boot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, gronsome Carlin; . . *Halloween. 23.*
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
The carlin claught her by the rump, . . . *Ib. 18.*
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin. *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
S. The last brawe bridal †
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
That auld, capricious carlin, Nature. . . *To J. S.. 3.*
There was five Carlines in the south, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Marjory o' the Monylochs, A carline auld and tengh. . *Ib.*
Five wighter carlines werna found . . . . . *Ib.*
At strife thir carlines fell; . . . . . *Ib.*
A carline stoor and grim, ... *Ib.*

Carlisle, Carlyle.
And bring hame a Carlisle cow. . . . *S. Hee balou,* †
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',
S. There grows a bouie †
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha' . . . . *Ib.*

Carmagnole.
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, . . . *Poem on Life.*

Carnage.
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . *S. Caledonia.*
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Carnal. It's just a carnal inclination. . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times *The Holy Fair. 17.*
That Stipend is a carnal weed . . *The Ordination. 5.*

Carnival.
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13]. *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Carol.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday

Caroll'd.
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, *The Vision, D. II. 21.*

Carouse.
There let him bowse an' deep carouse, *Scotch Drink. Mott.*

Carp.
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 8.

Carpet-weaver. And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day. *The Ordination. 9.*

Carriage. Ithers seek they kenna what;
Features, carriage, and a' that; *S. Jockey fou,* †
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': *The Belles of Mauchline*
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . . *The Inventory.*
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, ... *Ib.*
Does the train-attended Carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Carrick [the southern district of Ayrshire].
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear, . . . *Halloween. 2.*
My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better. . . *S. O gie my love brose* †
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore; . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Carried.
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; *Jenny M'Craw* †
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
To its blackest nook he [the Deil] has carried her ben,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Carry.
They carry the gree frae them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry; . . *The Dean of Fac.*

Carryan.
Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Cart [a river in Renfrewshire].
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Cart.
In cart or car thou never reestet; *A Guid New-Year* † *14.*
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart. . . *John Barleycorn.*
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new; . . *The Inventory.*

Cartes [cards].
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, *A Fragment. 7.*
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, . *Ep. to Davie. 8*
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 5.*
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) *To W. Simpson*

Cartie [*dim. of* **cart**]. If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie. . *To —.*

Cas'd [confined].
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . *S. Amang the trees* †

Case. thou kens our waefu' case, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases; . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
Maggie's was a piteous case, . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case, . *Epig. on being neglected at Inn.*
As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common, *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*
"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case! *The Death of Maillie.*
In case that worth should wanted be.
The Election Ballads. V.

Cash.
A man may tak a neebor's part.
Yet hae nae cash to spare him. . *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes. . . *Scotch Drink, 15.*
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
Some rhyme. (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; *To J.S., 5.*

Cash-Account. Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
My Cash-Account: *The Vision, D. I. 5.*

Cassencarrie. And there will he gay Cassencarrie.
The Election Ballads. III.

Cassilis, Cassills.
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, *S. Now bank and brae* †
Then let me range by Cassills' banks, . . . *Ib.*

Cassilis Downans [three or four small green hills near Cassillis Castle on the Doon, Ayrshire].
Upon that night when Fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans dance, . . . *Halloween.*

Cast. But cast a moment's fair regard *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
To cast my een up like a Pyet, . *Auld comrade dear* †
Dim-backward as I cast my view, . *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
He'd ne'er cast saunt upo' thy tail. . . . . *Ib.*
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find; *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, . *Poem on Life.*
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim.
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad. . . *The 1st Psalm.*
But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast, ... *Ib.*
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . *S. The Ploughman* †

The Men cast out in party-matches, . *The Twa Dogs. 32.*
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear! . . *To a Mouse.*
I see ye upward cast your eyes . . *To J. S., 28.*

Castalia.

I never drank the Muses' Stank,
Castalia's burn an' a that, . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Castalian.

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o earthly jinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10*

Castigated.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*

Casting.

And casting woo' to me. *S. The High. Widow's Lament*

Castle. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon, *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
S. By yon castle wa' †
But build a castle on his head, . *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
S. Lady Mary Ann.
O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa'! . *S. O were my love* †
As the finest dame in castle or ha'. *S. O when she cam ben* †
The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa'; *The night was still* †
while dew-drops hang Around her on the castle wa'. . *Ib.*
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle green;
S. Wae is my heart †
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
S. What will I do gin †
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Castle Gordon.

Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon. . *S. Streams that glide* †
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon. . . . . *Ib.*
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonie Castle Gordon. . . . . *Ib.*
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon! [re.] *S. The yng High. Rover.*

Ca't *v.* **Ca'd.**

Cat.

Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Cats like milk, And dogs like broo;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! *The Ordination. 11.*
The cat has twa [een], the very colour; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Catalogue.

Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow,
I'se no insist; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 15.*

Catch. Or witty catches, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 6.*
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Catch, *to.*

Then catch the moments as they fly, *A Bottle and Friend.*
No—stretch a point to catch a plack; . *A Ded. to G.H., S.*
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
And tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
S. Green grow the Rashes.
There catch her ilka glance of love, *S. Now bank and brae* †
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e!
S. O wat ye wha's in †
That I might catch poetic skill, *S. O were I on Parnass.*†
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time];
Prologue, at Th., D..
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares: . . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; . . *Ib. 17.*

Catch'd.

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
But Och! they catch'd him at the last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch,
The Ordination. 10.

Catch-the-plack [money-grubbing].

Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*

Catechize.

Ye'll catechize him every quirk, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Catrine. Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, *S. The Catrine woods* †

Cattle.

The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, *A Guid New-year* † *10.*
I thought me on the ourie cattle, . . *A Winter Night. 3.*
And much oppressed and bruised she was;
As priest-rid cattle are, . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . . *The Inventory.*
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, . . . *To a Louse.*

Caudron [a caldron].

To go an' clout the Caudron. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons; . . *The Ordination. 10.*

Cauf [calf].

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †

Cauf-leather [calf-leather].

Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

Caught. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
My heart was caught before I thought, *S. When first I came* †
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy: *S. When wild War's* †

Cauk [chalk].

And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel. *On Grose's Peregrinations*

Cauld [cold], *adj., adv.*

The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights,
A Vision.
But now, the Cot is bare and cauld, . *As on the banks* †
O cauld blaws the e'enin blast
When bitter bites the frost, . *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore, *El. on Capt. M. H. 9.*
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff, *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, . . *Halloween. 15.*
When it is cauld an' wat, . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
O Poortith cauld, and restless love, *S. O Poortith cauld* †
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
O wert thou in the cauld blast, . . *S. O wert thou in* †
Misfortune's cauld Nor-west . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillows't thy head,
On Death of fav. Child.
As cauld a wind as ever blew;
A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's ever spak; . *On Kirk of Lamington*
Each in its cauld hand held a light. . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, *S. The Fête Champetre.*
[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues. *The Holy Fair, 11.*
When January winds were blawing cauld,
S. The lass that made the bed.
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still.
S. The Taylor fell †
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree. . . *The Twa Herds. 10.*
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; *S. Their groves o'* †
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; . *To a Mountain-Daisy*

Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! *To a Mouse.*
A creeping cauld prosaic fog . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, *S. Up in the morning.*
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
S. Wandering Willie
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

Cauld [cold], *s.*
And creep in frae the cauld? . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, . . *Ib. 27.*
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; . . *Ib. 29.*

Cauldness [coldness].
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Caup [a wooden drinking vessel].
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup! . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight: . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, . . *Ib. 23.*

Cause. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
[The honest heart], However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile: . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, *Fragment of Ode.*
'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
'Great cause ye hae to fear it; . . . *Halloween. 14.*
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
S. Here's a health to them †
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause. . . . . *Ib.*
[Damnation] For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Some cause unseen still stept between,
S. My father was a farmer †
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
Remorse. A Frag.
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care: . . . *The Hermit.*
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause
The League and Covenant.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
In the cause of right engaged, . . *S. Thickest night* †
And curst be the cause that shall part us! . . *To Mary.*
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes: . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Cause, *to.* She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
S. She's fair and fause †
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought. . . *S. Talk not of Love* †

Caused. All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. *S. Where are the joys* †

Causeless.
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, *To R.G. of F.,5.*

Causey-cleaners.
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Caustick.
his caustick wit was biting, rude, . *Extem. on W. Smellie.*

Caution. And bind him down wi' caution. *The Ordination. 5.*
And wakeful caution still aware Of ill . *To a young Lady.*
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . *To J. S., 15.*

Cautious. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root. *A Bard's Epit.*
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; *Auld comrade dear* †
Propriety's cold, cautious rules . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, *The Whistle. 15.*

Cave.
as soughs the boding wind, Amang his caves, *As on the banks* †
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, *S. Had I a cave* †
To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
Lament for Glencairn.
My cave would be a lover's bower, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind! . *On seeing Lord G.'s Seat.*
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, . . . *Ib.*
And hollow whistled [the blast] in the rocky cave.
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair
And find at night a sheltering cave, *S. Streams that glide* †
Till Echo answer frae her cave, . *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
In this lone cave, in garments lowly, . . *The Hermit.*
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave. . . *S. Thickest night* †
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
S. Wandering Willie
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves. . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Cave-lodged.
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Cavern. in yon cavern grim and sootie, *Add. to the Deil. 1.*
The cavern wild with tangling roots, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
On Death of R. Dundas.
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Cavie [a hen-coop].
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the Chicken cavie: . *The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.*

Cawd *vt.* **Ca'd.**

Cease. Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish, . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Husband, husband, cease your strife, *S. Husband, husband* †
Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin, *Tam Samson's El., Per C..*
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! *The Lament.*
The din o' war wad cease, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
My weary heart its throbbings cease, . . . *To Ruin.*
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Why am I loth †

Ceaseless. Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Ceasing. Wi' never-ceasing toil; . . *Ep. to Davie, 6.*

Celestial.
And Port was celestial glory. . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . *S. Her flowing locks* †
Powers celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair, . . *S. Highland Mary.*

Cell. Within his humble cell, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. . . . *To a Mouse.*
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Cement. How easy can the barley-brie
Cement the quarrel! . *Scotch Drink. 13.*

Censure.
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*

Censuring. Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
In vain wild Prudence †

Cent, Centum.
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
S. No Churchman am I †
Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
In cent per cent; . . . *To J. S..23.*

Centre, Center.

If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast, . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*

May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre. *S. The Sons of old K..*

Certain. A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Add. to the Deil. 20.

This past for certain, undisputed ; . *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

With your Honours and a certain King, *The Dean of Fac..*

Certes. And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Cesarean. Heroes in Cesarean fight *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Cess.

How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Cessnock.

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen, . . . *Ib.*

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ; . . *Ib. Sett II.*

Chace *v.* **Chase.**

Chain.

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
S. Farewell, thou stream †

He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . *S. Lovely Davies.*

At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Her's are the willing chains o' love, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Edward, chains, and slavery ! . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †

By your sons in servile chains, ... *Ib.*

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
Sketch, New-Yr's Day

Never bound by winter's chains ! . *S. Streams that glide* †

He [Love] bound me with an iron chain,
S. Talk not of Love †

Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ; *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.
S. Their groves of †

And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
S. True hearted was he †

Chain, *to.*

The captive hands may chain the hands,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ;
S. By Allan stream †

In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul !
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

Chain'd. Whar damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*

Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes :
To Clarinda

Chair.

Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . *El. on Year 1788.*

Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †

Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs . . . *Ib. 10.*

His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . *The Vowels.*

Chair-back.

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him ; . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Challenge.

"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
The Whistle.

Chalmers.

And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. [*re.*] *On W. Chalmers.*

Chamber.

And private was the chamber : . *S. O May thy morn* †

And kindly she did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair.
S. The Lass that made the bed.

And frae my chamber went wi' speed ; . . . . *Ib.*

Chamer, Chaumer [chamber].

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer . *To W. Creech.*

Champêtre.

Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste.
He gies a Fête Champetre. [*re.*] *S. The Fête Champetre.*

Champion. In either wing two champions fought,
The Election Ballads. VI.

What champions ventured, what champions fell ;
The Whistle. 3.

Chance.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, . . . *A Vision.*

I will take my chance with you ; . . *Add. to Dumourier.*

"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,
"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees ; . *As on the banks* †

The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;
S. Caledonia. 6.

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
S. Contented wi' little †

Time and chance are but a tide, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †

sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 1.*

But just a Rhymer like by chance, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 9.*

Depending on some higher chance, *S. Here's to thy health,* †

While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there ; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

And aft as chance he [poor man] comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, . . *Poem on Life.*

If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
The Petition of Br. Water

Then chance and fortune are sae guided, *The Twa Dogs. 16.*

Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, . . *Ib. 33.*

Thou whom chance may hither lead, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Chance, *to.*

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight, *On Grose's Peregrinations*

Chanc'd.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove . *S. By Allan stream* †

It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin : . . . *Halloween. 23.*

A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Chancre.

curst Venetian b–res an' ch–ncres [v. A. 13].
The Twa Dogs. 23.

Change. Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases ; *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*

Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . *S. Bonie Bell.*

Nature's mighty law is change ; . . *S. Let not woman* †

Alas ! alas ! a devilish change indeed. . *Lns, on Deathbed.*

And fools o' change are fain ; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Change, *to.*

Has gart me change my sang. . *S. My heart was ance* †

I know her heart will never change, *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Changed, -'d.

Alas, how chang'd the times to come ! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*

And ev'ry time great care is taen,
To see them duely changed : . . . *Halloween. 27.*

But hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice ; *The Holy Fair. 14.*

And chang'd with every moon my love, . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Changefu'.

I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown ; *Lament for Glencairn.*

Change-house [tavern].

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
The Holy Fair. 18.

Changing.

Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.
S. The Winter it is past †

Channel.

That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry : . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
To Mary in Heaven.

Chant. How can ye chant, ye little birds,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

When lintwhites chant amang the buds, *To W. Simpson.*

While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Chanted.
'Tis the soft chanted choral song, . *On Lincluden Castle.*

Chanter [the pipe which produces the melody in a bag-pipe].
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, *Auld comrade dear†*
O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter; . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . *To W. Simpson.*

Chanticleer.
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, *A Winter Night. 10.*

Chanting, -an.
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The lav'rocks they were chantan
Fu' sweet that day. . *The Holy Fair. 1.*

Chap, Chaup [a blow].
Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap [v. A. 17] . *Scotch Drink. 10.*

Chap [a fellow].
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station . . . . *A Dream. 5.*
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
And ither chaps, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.*
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.
a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
On that [hand], a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkan on the lasses . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
This chap will dearly like our kin', *S. There was a lad†*

Chapel, Chappel.
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
The Election Ballads. III.

Chapman [a pedlar, a hawker].
As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
When chapmen billies leave the street, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
the ford, Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; *Ib. 10.*
Hornie's turnin' chapman,
He'll buy a' the pack. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Chapter.
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Character. Heaven's, should the branded character, be mine!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Charg'd.
Our Sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps too true; *To Miss L., with Beattie.*

Charge.
to pay your debt, An' lessen a' your charges; . *A Dream.*
To my arms their charge convey. *S. How can my poor heart†*
To gie them music was his charge: . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
And thousands hasten'd to the charge:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
An' now my dying charge I gie him, *The Death of Mailie.*
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,
The Election Ballads. VI.
And still his discourse was concerning his charge,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Charge, *to.*
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. *S. Afton Water.*
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Auld comrade dear†

Chariot. And twere more fit that she should sit,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. *S. O Mally's meek.*

Charles.
The muffled murtherer of Charles *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt: *Kind Sir, I've read†*

Charlie [Fox, the statesman].
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. . *A Dream, 10.*
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, . *A Fragment. 5.*
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, . . *Ib. 7.*
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; *Kind Sir, I've read†.*

Charlie, Prince.
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal†
Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . *S. Come boat me o'er†*
We'll o'er the water to Charlie; . . . . . *Ib.*
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie! . . . . . *Ib.*
I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, ... *Ib.*
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! . . . . . *Ib.*
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie. . . . . *Ib.*
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
S. Here's a health to them†
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free; . *S. The High. Widow's Lament.*

Charlie.
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, *Auld comrade dear†*
Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
S. Lady Mary Ann
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
But Charlie gat the spring to pay . . . . . *Ib.*

Charm.
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They [youth, grace, love, &c.] wait on bonie Anne.
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
When in my arms, wi' a thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet†*
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . *S. Anna, thy charms†*
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
S Awa' wi' yr witchcraft†
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. . *Ib.*
Rifled ilka charm about her. . . . *S. Donald Brodie†*
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? *Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.*
As hopeless I muse on thy charms, *S. Here's a health to ane†*
Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns.
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The man in arms 'gainst female charms, . . . *Ib.*
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire,
The charms o' lovely Davies. . . . . *Ib.*
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
S. My Lord a-hunting†
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms;
These are all immortal charms. . . *S. My Mary's face†*
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature; *S. Now westlin winds†*
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
S. O meikle thinks my love†
My youthful heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Phely. . . . *S. O Phely,†*
Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy; *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wond'ring eyes. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd, ... *Ib.*
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move. . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart; . . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'. . . . *S. Sae flaxen†*
Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, *Scots Prologue.*
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs? *S. Slow spreads the gloom†*
Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear;
Sonnet, on Death of R..
There I'll despise imperial charms, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The Petition of Br. Water.
But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, . . . *Ib. R. VI.*
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone! . . *The Lament.*
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? *The Rights of Woman.*
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet and the bee;
S. The Winter it is past †
in all thy youth and charms, ... *To Chloris.*
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine. . . . . *To Mary.*
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . *To W. Simpson.*
O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! . . . . *Ib.*
And still to her charms She alone is a stranger!
S. True-hearted was he †
There all her charms she does compile!
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? *Why am I loth* †
the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †
O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms. . . *Ib.*

Charm, *to.*

Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name: . . . *Ep. to Davie. S.*
ye whom social pleasure charms, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 21.*
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; *Lament for Glencairn.*
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind. . *S. My Mary's face* †
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e. . *S. O this is no my ain* †
I hear her charm the air. . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
S. On Cessnock banks †
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
On Death of fav. Child.
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . *S. Sensibility,* †
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Again ye'll charm the vocal air. . *S. The Catrine woods* †
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; . . . . *Ib.*
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
The Henpecked Husband.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] *The Vision, D. II.*
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, . *To Chloris.*
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Charm'd.

She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
S. O Lassie, art thou †
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
To Clarinda.

Charmer. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
S. Adown winding Nith †
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my Charmer . *S. Now westlin winds* †
My fair, my lovely Charmer! . . . . . *Ib.*
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? *S. Stay, my charmer* †
Cruel charmer, can you go! . . . . . *Ib.*

Charming.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young; *S. Behind yon hills* †
It was the charming month of May *S. It was the charming* †
The youthful charming Chloe; [*pr.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
And all resistless charming, . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O;
S. My father was a farmer †
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely. . . *S. O Phely,* †
In grace and beauty charming; *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
O charming Polly Stewart, [*pr.*] . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her fantless form and graceful air; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; . . *S. Sensibility,* †
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
S. The Slave's Lament
You, a charming lovely creature, *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Then, O! then, my charming Katie, ... *Ib.*

Charter. But first hang out that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal Charter, . . *A Dream, 13.*
Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.*

Charter'd. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa! . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Chase, Chace.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
There's a holier chace in your view; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Chase, *to.*

The warly race may riches chase, *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle! . . *To a Mouse.*
With steady aim, some Fortune chase; . *To J. S., 18.*

Chasing. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

Chaste. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 13.
Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
The Election Ballads. III.
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, . . *To a Kiss.*

Chasten'd.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*

Chatham. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's Boy did ca', man; *A Fragment. 7.*
Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith, ... *Ib. 8.*
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Chaumer *v.* **Chamer.**

Chaunt. Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Cheap. Their sports were cheap an' cheary: *Halloween. 28.*
Wi' you no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Cheapest. It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel. *Scotch Drink, 13.*

Chear, *to, v.* **Cheer,** *to.*

Chearful, -fu', -fully *v.* **Cheerful, -fully.**

Chearing.

All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
The Brigs of Ayr, 13.

Chearless, Cheary *v.* **Cheerless, Cheery.**

Cheat. Fancy only kens nae cheat. . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Cheat, *to.* But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
An' cheat you yet. *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
Cheat him, Devil, if you can. *Epit. on J—n B—y, Writer.*
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd. *The Rev. J. M'Math.*

Check.

Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*

Check, *to.*

Check thy climbing step, elate, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Cheek.

When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, *A Fragment. 6.*
His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . *S. As down the burn* †
They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*
ambush'd by the chimla cheek, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Epit. for Author's Father.

Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . *S. Her flowing locks* †
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; *Lament for Glencairn.*
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;
Monody, on a Lady.
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
S. My Sandy gied to †
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, *S. Oh, open the door* †
Her cheeks are like you crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran. . . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
His cheek to her's he fondly laid, . *S. There was a lass* †
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Cheek-for-chow [cheek by jowl, close side by side].

We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better. *Ep. to Major Logan. S.*
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, S.

Cheel *v.* **Chiel.**

Cheep [chirp].

Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, *The Ordination. 7.*

Cheep, *to* **[to chirp].**

He cheeps like some bewildered chicken, . *To W. Creech.*

Cheer.

And hail'd the morning with a cheer, *A Winter Night. 10.*
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Cheer, Chear, *to.* The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.*
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl', . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
How kindly thou would'st cheer me, *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to chear, . *S. Here is the glen.* †
Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
Each eye it chears when she appears, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, *S. O Logan, sweetly* †
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The robin pensive Autumn chear, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And chear him late and early. . *S. The Ploughman* †
And dawtingly did chear me; . *S. The tither morn* †
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, *The Tree of Liberty.*
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me chear thee? . *S. Wilt thou be my* †
And cheer each fresh'ning flower. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Cheer'd. And when the welcome summer show'r
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †

Cheerful, Chearful, -fu'.

There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man. *A Bottle and Friend.*
But the chearful Spring came kindly on, *John Barleycorn.*
Then let us chearfu' acquiesce; . . *Ep. to Davie, 7.*
But cheerful still, I am as well,
As a monarch in a palace, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O, ... *Ib.*
wait The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me; . *S. One fond kiss.* †
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.

And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
That you do maintain them so well as you do.
S. The Poor Thresher.
And spent the chearful, festive night;
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L...
chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; . *To J. S., 14.*
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, Wi' chearfu' face, *Ib. 24.*
While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Cheerfully, Chearfully.

Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack; *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Cheery, -ie, Cheary. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: *S. By Allan Stream* †
A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary; . . . *Halloween. 19.*
Their sports were cheap an' cheary: . . . *Ib. 28.*
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery. . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
She's aye so blythe and cheerie; . *S. When first I saw* †
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery O, *S. When o'er the hill* †
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander. . . *S. When wild War's* †

Cheerless, Chearless.

Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Improm. on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.
Cheerless night that knows no morrow. *S. Raving winds* †
When frae my Jeany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †

Cheese.

Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, *The Holy Fair. 7.*
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds . . *Ib. 23.*

Chequering.

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Cherish. It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Cherish'd.

Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth. *The Vision, D. II. 14.*

Cherry.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Her lips more than the cherries bright, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Chest.

Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Chicken.

His chicken heart so tender; . . *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the Chicken cavie: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken. . *To W. Creech.*

Chief. brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, *S. Caledonia.*
'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
And him, among the Princes chief
In our Jerusalem, ... *New Psalmody.*
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell, ... *Ib. 16.*
My chief, amaist my only pleasure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Others now claim your chief regard; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The healsome Parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright: *The Lament. S.*
Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern; . . *V.s below Picture.*
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts. . *What ails ye now* †

Chief, *s.* The German Chief to thraw, man: *A Fragment. 5.*
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou.* †
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
S. Here's a health to them †
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
A chief o' doughty deed: . *The Election Ballads. V.*
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command; [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D.I.*
the Campbell's, chiefs of fame, . . . *Ib. D. II, 11.*
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief! . *To Terraughty.*

Chiefest. The bands and bliss o' mutual lóve,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!
S. Brawe lads on Yar. braes †

Chiefly.
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, *Monody on a Lady.*
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en. *S. On Cessnock banks* †
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een. . . . *Ib. Sett II.*
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee;
The Poor Thresher.
But chiefly thou, apostle A-d,
We trust in thee, . *The Twa Herds, 10.*
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
S. There's a youth †

Chieftain, -an.
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
S. Here's a health to them †
three noble chieftans, and all of his blood. *The Whistle, 5.*
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin race! . . *To a Haggis.*

Chiel, Chield, Cheel [a fellow; a young man].
O thou grim mischief-making chiel, *Add. to Toothache. 6.*
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . *Auld comrade dear* †
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; . . . *Ib.*
How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.*
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?
Scots Prologue.
The brawnie, hanie, ploughman-chiel . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
'Tam Samson's dead!' . *Tam Samson's El.*
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, *The Tree of Liberty*
buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, . . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
I lippen'd to the chiel in tronth, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name.
To W. Simpson. 3.
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, ... *Ib. 6.*
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it. . . . *Ib. P.S..*
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! . . . . . *Ib.*
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; *The Twa Herds. 13.*
But Facts are cheels that winna ding, . . *A Dream. 4.*

Child.
For she is Simplicity's child. . *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Sweet and harmless as a child; . *S. First when Maggy* †
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
Lament for Glencairn.
This darling child of nature, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
On Death of fav. Child.
Yet come thou child of poverty and care,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand. . *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
The Petition of Br. Water.
. . . tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw, *The Kirk's Alarm*
But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
To R. G. of F., 3.
woman, nature's darling child! *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Childish.
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Children. I see the children of affliction.
Unaided through thy curs'd restriction.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Who had many children and most of them small,
S. The Poor Thresher.
You have many children I very well know. . . . *Ib.*
To my wife and children in whom I delight, . . . *Ib.*
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small. *Ib.*
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
The Rights of Woman.

Chill. Chill. o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
A Winter Night. 9.
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
S. How pleasant the banks †
chill November's surly blast . *Man was made to Mourn.*
November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill. on thy lovely form; . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, *S. The gloomy night* †
Chill came the tempest's lour; . . . *To Chloris.*

Chilly. The dew sat chilly on her breast. *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows! *A Winter Night. 7.*
No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
But through the broken space, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . *On Lincluden Castle*
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, . . *S. Raving winds* †
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! . . . *To Miss C.*

Chiming.
They rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, *The Vision, D. II. 12.*

Chimla, -ie [chimney].
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
amhush'd by the chimla cheek, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high . *Halloween, 7.*

Chimney-nook.
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Chin. His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
The Holy Fair. 13.
Her nose and chin they threaten ither; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Chinky.
thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, *A Winter Night. 9.*

Chipper.
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,

Chirp. *To Capt. Riddel.*
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Chittering [trembling with cold].
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, *A Winter Night. 4.*
The birds sit chittering in the thorn.
S. Up in the morning early.

Chloe.
The youthful charming Chloe; [*re.*] *S. It was the charming* †
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; *Sp. extem. to yng Lady.*

Chloris.
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be, [*re.*] *S. Ah, Chloris, since* †
Take aught else of mine,
But, my Chloris spare me! . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Such was my Chloris' bonie face, . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'. [*re.*] . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove . . . . *Ib.*

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine; . *S. O bonie was yon* †

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue †

Chloris, Chloris all the theme! . *S. Why, why tell thy* †

Choice. Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife. . . *S. How cruel* †

Choicest. You have my choicest model ta'en, *Epit. on W——.*

Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down. *S. Highland Mary.*

Choir, Quire.

Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
El. on Miss Burnet.

The reliques of the vernal quire; . *Lament for Glencairn.*

Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight. . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*

The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir: *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Choke.

'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
'An' choke the breath: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.*

Choked. While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl. *A Winter Night, 2.*

Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? *As on the banks* †

Chokin. It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Cholic.

Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; . *Add. to Toothache.*

Choose, Chuse.

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, *S. Caledonia. 6.*

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlins fell; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds. *The Twa Herds, 15.*

'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,
'The various man. . *The Vision, D. II, 7.*

If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine may chuse me; . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Choral.

"Tis the soft chanted choral song, . *On Lincluden Castle.*

The choral hymn that erst so clear,
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, ... *Ib.*

Chord.

He knows each chord its various tone, *Add. to Unco Guid, 8.*

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung: . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . *S. Sensibility,* †

Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*

Chorus.

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: *Tam o' Shanter, 5.*

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

They mind't na wha the chorus tenk, . . *Ib. R. III.*

Looks round him an' found them
Impatient for the Chorus. . . . . *Ib. R. VIII.*

Round and round take up the Chorus, . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Chose. Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. *The Dean of Fac..*

Chosen.

Yet I am here a chosen sample, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*

Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . *New Psalmody.*

And fight thy chosen's battle; . . . . . *Ib.*

e'en thy chosen lassie, . . *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †

ye chosen Five and Forty, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; [v. A. 18]
The Holy Fair. 10. —

Chow *v.* **Cheek-for-chow.**

Chow [to chew].

Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
O' Mailie dead! [v. A. 19] *Poor Mailie's El.*

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . *Scotch Drink. 4.*

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Chrichton Peel.

And black Joan, frae Chrichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin, . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Christ.

Bless Jesus Christ. O C[ardoness], . . *Epit. on a Laird.*

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' Christ and ninety-five, . . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Christen. She forms the thing and christens it—a poet.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Christendie.

Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †

Christened.

Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Christening. And there will be Douglasses doughty,
New-christening towns far and near,
The Election Ballads. III.

For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christening kail-yards. . . . . *Ib. V.*

Christian.

Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw. man; . *A Fragment. 3.*

For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence. . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation; . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

As men, as christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Chronicles.

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, *The Whistle. 3.*

Chrystal. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
S. Afton Water.

Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . *S. Bonie Bell.*

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; . *S. Bonie Lassie* †

Thon chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
El. on Miss Burnet.

List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, chrystal stream; . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †

The chrystal waters round us fa', . . *S. Now rosy May* †

The wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,
S. The Fête Champetre.

Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . *S. Thickest night* †

Chuck [a hen; a familiar name for a woman].

But up arose the martial Chuck, *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Chuckie [*dim of* chuck].

I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank* †

I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, . . *To W. Creech.*

Chuffie [fat-faced.]

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Church. Our sad decay in Church and State,
Surpasses my descriving; *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars: *S. By yon castle wa'* †

Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
S. No Churchman am I †

The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Churches built to please the Priest. . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Churchman.

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
S. No Churchman am I †

Chuse *v.* **Choose.**

Ciceronian.

Heroes in Cesarean fight
Or Ciceronian pleading. . *The Election Ballads, VI.*

Cinder.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Circle.

Witness that filial circle round, . *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd; . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Circled.
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man : *The Fête Champetre.*

Circling. Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake : *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 16.
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
To R. G. of F., 9.

Circumcision.
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision, . . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Circumstance.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
Remorse. A Frag..

Cit [the civet].
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. . *To R. G. of F..*

Cit.
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds, *Ep. to R. Graham.2.*
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
S. No Churchman am I †
Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
In cent per cent; . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Citizen.
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: . . *Ib. 10.*

City. Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Prologue, at Th., D..
Let others love the city, ... *S. Sae flaxen* †
Where royal cities stately stand; . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city! . . *The Ordination. 11.*
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
S. There's a youth †

City-gent.
Do ye envy the city-gent, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*

Civil. To grant a heart is fairly civil, *Auld comrade dear* †
But to the hen-birds unco civil; . . *El. on Year 1788.*
Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
Improm. on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.

Civilly.
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing; *The Jolly Beggars. S.III.*

Clachan [a small village about a church, a hamlet].
For which we daurna show our face
Within the clachan. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The Clachan yill had made me canty,
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 3.
'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,' . . *Ib. 14.*

Clackleith.
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
Afton's Laird, *P.S. to* "*The Kirk's Alarm.*"

Clad. 'That Hornbook's skill
'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
S. Now Spring has clad †
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body, . . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
in thy scanty mantle clad, . . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. . *To R. G. of F., 3.*
Be thou clad in russet weed, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Claeding [clothing].
And stript the claeding aff your braes? . *As on the banks* †

Claes, Claise [clothes].
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man. . . . *A Fragment. 9.*
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form an' claes; . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, . . *To J. S., 22.*

Claim. Or modest Merit's silent claim; *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt. *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . . *The Calf.*

Claim, *to*. An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers! *Ep. to J. R. 12.*
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Fragment of Ode.
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Others now claim your chief regard; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: . . *The Lament.*
'And this district as mine I claim, *The Vision. D. II. 11.*

Claise *v.* **Claes.**

Claith [cloth, clothing].
'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . *The Holy Fair, 7.*

Claithing [clothing].
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing,
O' Saunts; . . . . . *Ep. to J. R. 4.*
Or melvie his braw claithing! . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

Clamb. And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,
That slowly curling clamb the hill. *As on the banks* †
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson
we clamb the hill thegither, . *S. John Anderson, my jo* †
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, . . *The Fête Champetre*

Clamour. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. *Scotch Drink. 11.*
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . *To W. Creech.*

Clamouring.
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*

Clam'rous.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, *A Winter Night. 9.*
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18

Clan. Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
S. Here's a health to them †
"To grace this damn'd infernal clan." *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles . . . *Ib.*
They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man; . . . . *Ib.*
I was the happiest of a' the Clan,
S. The High. Widow's Lam..
But he still was faithfu' to his clan, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, *The Whistle. 7.*

Clang. While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Clanging.
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs; . *On Scaring Water-fowl.*
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Clangor. An' lilt wi' holy clangor; . *The Ordination 3.*

Clankie [a sharp stroke that causes a noise, a severe blow].
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; . . *S. Killiecrankie.*

Clanronald. Picture o' the great Clanronald; *S. Hee balou,* †

Clap [the clapper of a mill].
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 1.*

Clap. Turn out on her guard in the clap of a band,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Clap, *to.* Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, . . *The Ordination. 2.*
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle ; . . *To a Haggis.*
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
S. Will ye go and marry †

Clapper.
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ; . *S. Willie Wastle.*

Claret. Good claret set before thee : . *S. Deluded swain* †
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret : . *Poem on Life.*
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
The Whistle. 7.
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. . . *Ib. 9.*
The dinner being over, the claret they ply. . . *Ib. 12.*

Clarinda. Clarinda, rich reward ! o'erpays them all !
In vain would Prudence †
Clarinda, take this little boon, . . . *To a Lady.*
Before I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blithe and gay, . . . *To Clarinda.*
But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind ; . *Ib.*

Clark [scholarly].
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then ! *El. on death of R. Ruisseaux.*

Clark [clerk].
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark. . . *Third Ep. to J. L..*

Clarket [clerked].
Or strutted in a bank and clarket
My Cash-Account ; *The Vision. D. I., 5.*

Clarty [dirty, nasty].
That clarty barm should stain my laurels :
Searching auld wives' barrels †

Clash [tittle-tattle, the talk of the hour].
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . *To J. S., 5.*

Clash, *to* **[to talk, to gossip].**
E'en let them clash ; . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Clash'd. They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Clasp. When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!
S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
Or clasp me in a close embrace ; . *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Clasp'd. His bonnet he A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;
S. The tither morn †
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †

Clasping. Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
The Lament. 4.

Class. While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man : *A Fragment. 8.*

Class, *to.* Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
S. Green grow the Rashes.

Classic. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Clatter.
And still the [mill] clap plays clatter. . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter ; . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Clatter, *to.* The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.
An' there the pint-stowp clatters ; . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.

Clatter [tattle, gossip, an idle story].
An' tease my name in kintry clatter : *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
And dree the kintra clatter : *S. Here's his health in water.*
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Anither gies them clatter ; . . *The Fête Champetre.*
Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter ;' *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Clatter, *to* **[to prattle, gossip].**
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
'Tam Samson's dead!' . *Tam Samson's El..*

Claught [snatched at, seized, clutched].
And claught th' unfading garland there,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson
The carlin claught her by the rump, . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

Claughtin [clutching, grasping greedily].
I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin't together at a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Clause.
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues ; *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.*

Claut, Claute [what is scraped together ; a clutch of anything].
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on . . . *Poem on Life.*

Clautet [scraped].
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . *A Dream. 15.*

Claver [clover].
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close of day,
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay ; *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*

Clavers [frivolous talk, prattle].
sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers ;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
With clavers and haivers
Wearing the time awa' : . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Clavers [John Graham of Claverhouse].
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O ; . . *S. Killiecrankie.*

Claw [scratch].
While scabs an' hotches did him [Job] gall,
Wi' bitter claw, . *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie ; . . *S. The Laddies by* †

Claw, *to* **[to scratch].**
An' did the Buckskins claw, man ; . *A Fragment. 4.*
I wbyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
S. Contented wi' little, †
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, *On W. Chalmers.*
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.*
K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, *The Ordination. 1.*
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem !
He canty claw ! . . . *To W. Creech.*

Claw'd [scratched].
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden ! . *El. on Year 1788.*
He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Claws. And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . *For W. Nicol.*
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ; *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Clay.
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode ; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
My noble master lies in clay ; . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,
On Death of fav. Child.
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay ! . . . *S. Sensibility,* †
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Tam Samson's El., Epit.
Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, . *S. The lovely lass* †
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace ! . . . *S. The Union.*
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin ; . *The Vision, D 1.3.*
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay ! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
My weary heart its throbhings cease,
Cold-mould'ring in the clay ? . . . . *To Ruin.*
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Clay-cauld [clay-cold].
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

Claymore.
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

An' guid Claymore down by his side,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.

Clean. The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean *A Dream, 15.*
Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 7.*
In order on the clean hearth-stane,
The Luggies three are ranged; . . . *Halloween. 27.*
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Although his pouch o' coin were clean, . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
S. O were I on Parnass. †
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
His English style, and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season. . . . *The Holy Fair, 15.*
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg],
The Vision. D. I. 11.
But twenty times, I rather wou'd be
An atheist clean, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
I had amaist forgotten clean, . . *To W. Simpson. P. S.*
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body, . *What ails ye now* †

Cleaner. To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Cleanest.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in; *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*

Cleanly. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, . *Halloween.*

Clear. He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, *A Guid New-year* †
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
S. Afton Water.
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. *Ib.*
Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; *As on the banks* †
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: *S. Caledonia. 6.*
A burn was clear, a glen was green, *S. Duncan Davison.*
And Blackbirds whistle clear, . . *Ep. to Davie, 4.*
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Where Dooo rins, wimplin, clear, . . . *Halloween. 2.*
the clear winding Devon, . *S. How pleasant the banks* †
But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, *S. Now westlin winds* †
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; *S. O whare did ye get* †
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The holy anthem loud and clear; . *On Lincluden Castle.*
The choral hymn that erst so clear,
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, ... *Ib.*
The sun rose clear and bright; *The Election Ballads, V.*
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith. . . *The Inventory*
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The Petition of Br. Water.
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
S. The Posie.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank, *The Twa Herds, 5.*
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
S. The small birds rejoice †
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
The Whistle.
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
S. The Winter it is past †
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
S. There's a youth †
My morning raise sae clear and fair, . *V.s under Grief.*
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, *S. When o'er the hill* †

Clear, *to.*
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . *The Holy Fair, 13.*
But clear your decks an' here's the Sex
I like the jads for a' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, *The Tree of Liberty.*
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13]. *The Twa Dogs, 23.*

Clear-dangling.
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*

Clearing, -in'.
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Clearly.
She clirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . *S. Amang the trees* †
The moon it shines fu' clearly. . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
Ep. to Maj. Logan, 9.
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly; *S. Now westlin winds* †
The moon was shining clearly; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
That shone that night so clearly! . . . . . *Ib.*

Cleckin [a brood of chickens, a brood].
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Cleed [to clothe].
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
S. O whare did ye get †
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed; *Tam Samson's El. 2.*
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
S. The Contented Cottager.

Cleek [to catch as by a hook; to snatch up].
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin;
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.

Cleekit [linked themselves by the arms, in couples, and whirled round in the dance].
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Tam o' Shanter. 12.

Cleft. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Cleg [a gad-fly].
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*

Clench'd. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
Extem. in Court of Session.

Clergy. Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle:
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Clerk.
May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! . *A Ded. to G. H., 14*
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
It may escape the learned clerks; . *S. O this is no my ain* †
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Clerkship. Your clerkship he should sair. *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Clever. I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.
Epig. on —.
A clever, sturdy fallow; . . . . . *Halloween. 10.*
For clever Deils he'll mak 'em! . . *On a Schoolmaster.*
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
buirdly chiels, and clever bizzies. . . *The Twa Dogs, 11.*

Click! When click! the string the snick did draw,
The Vision. D. I. 7.

Cliff.
where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep, *Add. by Fontenelle.*
As through the cliff he sank him down; *As on the banks* †
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers, *S. Bonnie Lassie* †
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where Echo slumbers. *El. on Capt. M. H. 3.*
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
The little floweret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn

Cliffy.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Climb.
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.*
The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep ;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Climber.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind, *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*

Climbing.
Check thy climbing step, elate. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Clime.
In this strange land, this uncouth clime. *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Brightest climes shall mirk appear, *S. Frae the friends* †
While in distant climes I wander, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, *Once fondly lov'd* †
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
All in this mottie, misty clime, . . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, *To J. S., 21.*

Cling.
How sweet unto that breast to cling, *S. Her flowing locks* †
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Clink [a smart stroke; money].
May Hornie gie her doup a clink . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink. . *Auld comrade dear* †
Because ye bae the name o' clink, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin clink, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Clink, *to* [to chink, jingle, rhyme].
And if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.*
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Rivan the words tae gar them clink ; *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Clinkan [clinking].
Comes clinkan down beside him ! . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Clinkum, Clinkumbell! [the church bell-ringer].
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon ; . . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" *What ails ye now* †

Clinton.
But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man. . . *A Fragment. 4.*
Whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance? . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Clipping.
Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Clips [shears].
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Clishmaclaver [useless conversation].
For a' their clish-ma-claver : . . . . *A Dream. 11.*
What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

Cloak. When Winter muffles up his cloak, *Tam Samson's El.*
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Clock. The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Clockin-time [hatching-time].
As soon's the clockin-time is by. . . *Ep. to J. R. 11.*

Clod. Put clods upon his head, . . *John Barleycorn.*
beneath the random bield O' clod or stane,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

Cloot [hoof].
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . *The Death of Mailie.*
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, ... *Ib.*

Cloots, Clooty, -ie [having cloots; the devil].
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie. . *Add. to the Deil. 1.*
An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, . . . *Ib. 20.*
So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet, . . *What ails ye now* †

Clos'd. Clos'd under hatches, . . *Add. to the Deil. 1.*
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so,
Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still,
Come kiss me at your leisure. *S. As I gaed up by* †
The wintry sun the day has clos'd, *S. Behind yon hills* †
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
The Election Ballads. VI.
The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . *The Vision. D. I. 1.*
when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West, . . *Ib. 2.*
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Close. And nestled thee close to that bosom.
On Death of fav. Child.
Or clasp me in a close embrace ; . *S. The Captive Ribband.*
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. . *The Twa Dogs, 10.*
M'——ll's close nervous excellence, . *The Twa Herds, 17.*

Close, *s.*
By yon castle wa' at the close of the day, *S. By yon castle wa'* †
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,
El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day. . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Our Bardie's fate is at a close, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Or labour hard the panegyric close, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
S. True hearted was he †

Close, *to.*
Or close them fast in death! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e? . . *A Winter Night. 4.*
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb! *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it ; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.*
'Till grief my eyes should close, . . *S. Had I a cave* †
The battle closes deep and bloody : . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Soon my weary eyes I'll close. never more to waken.
S. Thou hast left me †
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day. . . *To J. S., 18.*
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care! . . . . *To Ruin.*
As thy shades of evening close. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Closed. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
S. On a bank of flowers †
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Closer. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18.*

Closing.
My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*

Clothe. The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Clothed. Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
S. Now bank and brae †

Clothes. And dressed them all in the best of their clothes,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Cloud. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray ;
Blest be M'Murdo †
The clouds' uncertain motion, [a type of woman]
S. Deluded swain †

The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd. . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, *S. The gloomy night* †

For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

When clouds in skies do come together
To hide the brightness of the sun, *When clouds in skies* †

Fear not clouds will always lour. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse.*

Cloud, *to.* Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind; . *Rusticity's* †

Clouden, Clouden-side.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang; *S. Hark! the mavis* †

We'll gae down by Clouden-side, ... *Ib.*

Yonder Clouden's silent towers, ... *Ib.*

Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; *On Lincluden Castle.*

Cloudless.

Hospitality with cloudless brow. . *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Love's the cloudless summer sun . . *S. Thine am I* †

And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
To R. G. of F., 9.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun. . *V.s below Picture.*

Cloudy. Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.

Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †

Clour [a lump or swelling caused by a blow].

Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks; *To W. Simpson, P. S.*

Clout. The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

O wha my babie-clouts will buy? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †

Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v. A. 16]
Tam o' Shanter.

And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin: . . . *The Ordination. 7.*

Clout, *to.* And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't. *S. Duncan Gray.*

To go an' clout the Caudron. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Clouted.

Your royal nest—Is e'en right reft an' clouted, *A Dream. 4.*

Cloutin [patching].

O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle, *S. O merry hae I been* †

Cloven. auld cloven Clooty's haunts . *What ails ye now* †

Clover.

While clover blooms white o'er the lea, *S. In simmer when* †

The craik amang the clover hay, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Clown.

A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O. . *S. My father was a farmer* †

Cloy. The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †

Club.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes. *A Fragment. 7.*

But a club of good fellows like those that are there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.
S. No Churchman am I †

Or nobly fling the gospel club, . . *The Twa Herds. 8.*

Club, *to.*

The vices also, must they club their curse? . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Clud [cloud].

Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

The flaes they flew awa in cluds, . *S. The Taylor he cam* †

Clue. Con'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; *S. Willie Wastle* †

And in the blue-clue throws then, . . . *Halloween, 11.*

Clumsy-witted.

before ye wed Sic clumsy-witted hammers, *On W. Chalmers.*

Clunk [to emit a sound like that of liquor when violently shaken in a half-empty cask, or when rapidly poured out of a bottle].

An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night. *The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.*

Cluster.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters. . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Clust'ring.

See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.S.

Clutch. if kirk folks dinna clutch me, . . *The Inventory.*

Clutch'd.

The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, *The Vowels.*

Clyde. Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Coach. He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Coalition.

Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 21.*

Coals.

His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents: . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Coarser.

Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*

Coast.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
S. The Slave's Lament.

Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam; *The Vision, D. I. 13.*

Coat. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty coat;
S. Hey, the dusty miller †

Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it: *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
Ronalds of Bennals.

New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

I coft a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnie o't; . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
S. There's a youth †

Has fated me the russet coat, . . . *To J. S., 6*

Threw by his coat and bonnet, . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Coat [petticoat].

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water. [tr.]
S. Braw lads of G. water.

Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
S. O when she cam ben †

Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Coatie [*dim. of* Coat].

I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller. . . *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †

And come in thy coatie sweet Tibbie Dunbar.
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Coaxin. Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain. *To W. Simpson.*

Coble.

An' wintle like a saumont-coble. . *A Guid New-year* † 7.

Cobweb'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . *The Vowels.*

Cochran. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an nik:
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Cock [the mark for which curlers play].

Wha will they [the Curlers] station at the cock,
Tam Samson's El..

Cock.

Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, *Add. to the Deil. 14.*

The toolzie's tough 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; . *El. on Year 1788.*

The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! . . *Ep. to J. R. 1.*

The cock may craw, the day may daw, *S. O Willie brew'd* †

But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Frae e'enin till the cock did craw; *The night was still* †

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
S. What will I do gin †

Cock, *to.* Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!
S. Cock up yr beaver.

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, . . *Ib.*

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns; *El. on Capt. M. H. 3.*

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.

Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, *Tam Samson's El., 7.*

Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail,
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; . . *The Ordination. 6.*

I'll cock my nose aboon them a', . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

But Willie set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest, . *To W. Simpson.*

Cockade, -aud. The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

That gallant badge, the dear cockade, *S. When wild War's†*

Cock'd. The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
Extem. on W. Smellie.

His bonnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush
S. The tither morn†

Cockie [*dim. of* **cock; term of familiarity**].

And gratefully my gude auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Cockpen. And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
S. O when she cam ben†

And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha', . . . *Ib.*

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, . . *S. Scroggam.*

Cod. Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. *The Twa Dogs. 2.*

Cod [a pillow].

A cod she laid beneath my head, *The Lass that made the bed.*

An' the cradle wants a cod, . . *S. There's news, lasses†*

Coffers. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
S. There's auld Rob M.†

Coffin. Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
Tam o' Shanter. 11.

Coft [bought].

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†

That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

I coft a stane o' haslock woo, . . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Cog [a wooden dish of cooper's work].

I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer; . *A Gude New-Year† 13.*

I gi'e them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
S. Contented wi' little†

Cog an ye were ay fou, . . . *S. Landlady, count†*

Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
In cog or bicker, . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*

For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Coggie [*dim. of* **cog**].

An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it, ... *A Dream. 15.*

Coggie, an the king come, . *S. Carl, an the king come.*

And bring a coggie mair. . . . *S. Gane is the day†*

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; . . . *Ib.*

I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman. . . *S. The Ploughman†*

Coil [an affluent of the river Ayr].

from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil, . *S. When wild War's†*

Coil, Coila [Kyle, the middle district of Ayrshire, a name popularly derived from Coil or Coilus, a legendary Pictish king].

Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, . . *Nature's Law.*

To sing auld Coil in nobler style . . . . . *Ib.*

That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . *The Twa Dogs.*

the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . . *Nature's Law.*

And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys. . . . . *Ib.*

Coila's fair Rachel's care to day, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales; *S. The gloomy night†*

'Of these am I—Coila my name: . *The Vision, D. II. 11.*

And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends. . . . *Ib. 18.*

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . *To W. Simpson.*

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, ... *Ib.*

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, ... *Ib.*

Coin. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
S. Contented wi' little,†

The coins o' Satan's coronation! *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†*

Although his pouch o' coin were clean, . . *S. O Tibbie!†*

Vet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
On Sc. Bard gne to W. I.

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
The Fête Champetre.

And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; *The Whistle. 6.*

Cold.

A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. *Epit. for R. A..*

For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
Monody, on a Lady.

And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier. . . . *Ib.*

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder thy love for me, Oh: *S. Oh, open the door†*

The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
On seeing wounded Hare.

Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. *Once fondly lov'd†*

Propriety's cold, cautious rules . *Rusticity's ungainly†*

But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low. . . . . *Sad thy tale†*

No cold approach, no alter'd mien, . *The Tears I shed.*

Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue. *S. The winter it is past†*

Enclasped, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace! . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Cold-mould'ring.

My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold-mould ring in the clay? . . . . *To Ruin.*

Cold-pausing.

Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . *To J. S., 15.*

Colean. Or for Colean, the rout is taen, . *Halloween.*

Colic-grips.

Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a'; . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Colin. By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame. *S. My Lord a-hunting†*

There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, ... *Ib.*

Collar.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . *The Twa Dogs, 3.*

Colleaguing, -in.

Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.*

Collect. Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Collected.

Collected Harry stood awee, *Extem. in Court of Session.*

The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

Colledge, College.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.

We'll send him a year to the College yet; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge: . *The Holy Fair. 19.*

But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools, . . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding schools, . . *To W. Creech.*

Collie [a shepherd's dog].

The tither was a ploughman's collie, . *The Twa Dogs. 4.*

Collier. And I follow the Collier laddie, *S. My Collier Laddie.*

Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie [*pr.*] . . . . *Ib.*

And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie. . . . . *Ib.*

And fair fa' my Collier laddie. . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? . *S. O when she cam ben* †

Collieshangie [an uproar; a squabble].
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Collieston. And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
The Election Ballads. III.
Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; *Ib. IV.*

Colonel.
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
My honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal; . . . *Poem on Life.*
And there will he gleg Colonel Tam.
The Election Ballads. III.

Colour. Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Dusty was the coat, Dusty was the colour,
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Colours mingl'd unco fine, ... *S. Jockey fou,* †
His colour sicken'd more and more, . *John Barleycorn.*
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells:
S. The heather was bloom. †
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong. [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Than under gospel colours hid he
Just for a screen. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
A' the colours in the town,
I hae won their wanton favour. . *S. Wantonness for ever* †
The cat has twa, the very colour; . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Combat.
Still o'er the field the combat hurns, *The Election Ballads, VI.*

Combat, *to.*
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: . . *To Clarinda.*

Combine. Some social join, and leagues combine;
S. Now westlin winds †

Combustion. Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
The Election Ballads. VI

Come. Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.
A Bottle and Friend.
I winna lie, come what will o' me) . *A Ded. to G.H., 4.*
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers then are sure to lose me. . . . *Ib. II.*
Ye've lately come athwart her; . . . *A Dream, 13.*
An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day. . . *Ib.*
Where human weakness has come short,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
And I will come again, my Luve, . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
A time that surely shall come;
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
What comes o' thee? . . . . *A Winter Night. 4.*
When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,
Adam A——'s Prayer.
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
And till ye come—your humble servant, . . . *Ib. 5.*
Why did they not come along with you, *Add. to Dumourier.*
Alas, how chang'd the times to come! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And then comes ane and twenty.
S. And O for ane and twenty †
Come kiss me at your leisure. [*re.*] . *S. As I gaed up by* †
"And come ye here, my Son," he says,
"To wander in my broken shade, . *As on the banks* †
Heavy comes the morrow. . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Lanely night comes on, ... *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Come weel come woe, I care na by. . *S. Behind yon hills* †
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, ... *Ib.*
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy. . *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame [*re.*]
S. By yon castle wa' †
Carl, an the king come, . . *S. Carl, an the king come.*
An somehodie were come again, ... *Ib.*
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie. . . . . *Ib.*

Come, let me take thee to my breast, *S. Come, let me take* †
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
S. Contented wi' little †
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee. . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*
I was come round about the hill, ... *Ib. 5.*
'Ye're mayhe come to stap my breath: . . . . *Ib. 9.*
'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't; . *Ib. 11.*
'Come, gies your news! . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Till, slap! come in an unco loun, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
How it comes, let Doctors tell, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
come o'er his studdie Wi' thy auld sides! *Et. on Capt. M. H.*
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers. [*re.*] . . . *Ib. 3.*
nor cankert care E'er mair come near him.
Et. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Ye ministers, come mount the pupit. . *Et. on Year, 1788.*
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.
Epig. on being neglected at Inn.
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That veni, vidi, vici, is his way; . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained. . *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
ev'n should Misfortunes come, . . *Ep. to Davie, 7.*
The words come skelpan, rank and file, . . . *Ib. II.*
They gang in [to Colledge] Stirks, and come out Asses,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers! . . *Ib. 21.*
Come, kittle up your moorlan harp . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 8.*
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, . . . *Ib. 10.*
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back. . . *Ep. to J. R. 3.*
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
But come, your hand, my careless brither, . . . *Ib. 8.*
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; . *Ib.*
She winna come bame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab! *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Then come, thou fairest of the fair! . *S. Fairest maid* †
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Friend of the poet †
'An' her that is to be my lass,
'Come after me an' draw thee . . *Halloween. 18.*
An' young an' auld come rinnan out, . . . *Ib. 20.*
Nought of ill may come thee near, *S. Hark! the mavis* †
And art thou come, and art thou true! *S. Here is the glen* †
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, *S. Here's to thy health,* †
My dear, I'll come and see thee; . . . . . *Ib.*
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like, ... *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane, . *I'm o'er young* †
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin simmer, ... *Ib.*
But why always Bacon—come, give me a reason?
Impromptu.
I'll be wed come o't what will, . *S. In simmer when* †
Of gude advisement comes nae ill. . . . . *Ib.*
Jamie, come try me. [*re.*] . . *S. Jamie, come try me* †
But far better days I trust will come again;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window, *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
But never, never can come near the heart.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,
Monody, on a Lady.
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, *S. My love she's but* †
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Come, let us sweep them off, said they, *New Psalmody.*
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . *S. Now rosy May* †
And now come in my happy hours, ... *Ib.*
Come let us stray our gladsome way, *S. Now westlin winds* †
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, *S. O gude ale comes* †
O John, my luve, come kiss me now, [*re.*]
S. O John, come kiss †

But soon wi' sounding Victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck.
S. O Mally's meek.

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
S. O merry hae I been †
But ay I'm eerie they [Hunger and Want] come ben.
S. O that I had ne'er †

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
S. O were I on Parnass. †
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, . *S. O whistle* †
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; . . . *Ib.*
And come, as ye were na coming to me, . . . *Ib.*
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa. *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
And a' my tears be tears of joy,
When he comes hame that's far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
Come, mourn wi' me! . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
And every year come in mair dear . *On W. Chalmers.*
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . *On W. Stewart.*
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, . . *Poem on Life.*
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, *Poor Mailie's El.*
Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! . *Ib.*
I come to wish you all a good new year! *Prologue, at Th., D..*
O Willie, come sell your fiddle, [*re.*]
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
Ronalds of Bennals.
She winna come hame to her Willy. *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap. . . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*
Thou comes—they [my poor verses] rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses! . . . . . *Ib. 18.*
Yet come thou child of poverty and care,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Some counsel unto me come len'; . . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; . . . . *Ib.*
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; . . . . . *Ib.*
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.*
E'en let him come out as he dowe. *The black-headed Eagle.*
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noodle.
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown, . *Ib. 6.*
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to bid us part; *S. The day returns* †
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers: *The Death of Mailie.*
But downa do's come o'er me now, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, *The Election Ballads. II.*
Wha wants troggin Let him come to me, . . *Ib. IV.*
Come then, wi' unconth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, ... *Ib. VI.*
Come, will ye court a noble lord, . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
S. The High. Widow's Lament.
Comes clinkan down beside him! . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
In guid time comes an antidote . . . . *Ib. 16.*
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . . . *Ib. 24.*

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that, . . *S. The Honest Man.*
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
O' double verse come gie us four, . . *The Ordination. 3.*
Come, let a proper text be read, ... *Ib. 4.*
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, . . . *Ib. 7.*
Come bouse about the porter! . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, . . . *Ib. 14.*
My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, *S. The Ploughman* †
No work comes me wrong . . *The Poor Thresher.*
when I come home from my labour at night . . . *Ib.*
To see them come round me with prattling noise, . *Ib.*
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. *S. The Taylor fell'd* †
But how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented; . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
Come join your counsel and your skills, . . *Ib. 15.*
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight. . . *The Vision, D. I. 7.*
And come to stop those reckless vows, ... *Ib. 9.*
I come to give thee such reward, As we bestow. *Ib. D. II. 2.*
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime;
The Whistle. 17.
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
S. The winter it is past †
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
S. There's auld Rob. M. †
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane; . *Ib.*
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell. . . *S. There's news, lasses* †
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
And come in thy contie sweet Tibbie Dunbar.
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace. . . . *To J. S., 13.*
Come Sir, here's tae you; . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
when a tale comes i' my head, . . *To W. Simpson. 5.*
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us! . . *V.s on Windows, Carron*
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, *S. Wandering Willie.*
O come and see, quo' Findlay; . . *S. Wha is that at* †
"Come hither lad, an' answer for't, . *What ails ye now* †
When clouds in skies do come together *When clouds in skies* †
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, *S. When wild War's* †
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly! . . . . . *Ib.*
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. . *S. Where are the joys* †
When we're married what comes then?
S. Will ye go and marry †
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . *Winter.*
An' ay the nigbt comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a'; . *S. Young Jockey* †

Comedy.
For Comedy abroad he need na toil, . . *Scots Prologue.*

Comely. Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

Comfort. And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma'; . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hail design. . *Friend of the poet* †
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone:
S. Gloomy December.
'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, ... *S. No Churchman am I* †
Some sairie comfort still at last, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . *The Hermit.*
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
No comfort, no comfort I have! . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; *The Twa Dogs. 17.*

Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind; . . . *To Chloris.*

Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . *S. Where are the joys* †

Comfort, *to.* An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
Auld comrade dear †

Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †

Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn! *Man was made to Mourn.*

To comfort us 'twas sent, man: . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Comfortable.

Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. . *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Comfortless.

And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow. . . . *The Lament.*

Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue, *S. The winter it is past* †

Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . *V.s, under Grief.*

Coming, -in, -an.

Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; . . *S. Donald Brodie* †

With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that, . . *S. The Honest Man.*

And come, as ye were na coming to me, . *S. O whistle* †

coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; *The Brigs of Ayr. 2.*

The noble Maxwells and their Powers
Are coming o'er the border, . . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

In coming by the brig o' Dye, *S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*

Comin thro' the rye, poor body, . *S. Comin' thro' the rye* †

How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin?
Scots Prologue.

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

Or tell what new taxation's comin, . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,
S. There grows a bonie †

An' weary Winter comin fast, ... *To a Mouse.*

Frae hame this comin Friday; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin? . . *To J. S., 4.*

Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan. . . *Add. to the Deil. 6.*

Command, Comman'.

I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances: . . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Where Cummins once had high command:
S. The Banks of Nith.

Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngker's a' are warned to obey;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands; . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
The Farewell, To St. J.'s L..

Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command: . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*

The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command; [v. A. 4] *The Vision, D. I.*

all beneath his high command, . . . *Ib. D. II, 3.*

Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks. . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
"Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
The Holy Fair. 4.

Command, *to.*

Who [false usurper] now commands the towers and lands
The royal right of Albany. *S. The bonie Lass of Albany*

Commander. And there will be Murray Commander,
The Election Ballads. III.

Commandment.

But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd. . *The Dean of Fac..*

Commence.

Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver; . . *The Ordination. 9.*

Commend, Commen'.

And where ye justly can commend—commend them;
Scots Prologue.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Commend me to the Ploughman. . . *S. The Ploughman* †

Commend me to the Barn yard, ... *Ib.*

And to his goodness I commend ye. . *To Mr. Renton.*

Commentator.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*

Commerce-Chaumer [Chamber of Commerce].

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . *To W. Creech.*

Commission.

Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him; *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Committed. The maister drunk—the horse committed;
On B.'s Horse Impound..

Commix.

Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Commix'd.

There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands: *S. Streams that glide* †

Common.

Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*

I tell nae common tale o' grief, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*

How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy! . *S. I do confess* †

Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile. . . . . *Ib.*

Common motives lang sinsyne, . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free: . . *On scaring Water fowl.*

Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*

Unite in common recreation; . . . *The Twa Dogs, 19.*

But this is Gentry's life in common. . . . *Ib. 34.*

May I be Slander's common speech; . . *To W. Creech.*

As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. *Tragic Frag.*

Commoner.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where, . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*

Commons.

A Horse o' Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that. *The Election Ballads. II.*

It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. . . . *Ib. III.*

Common-sense.

Reid, to common sense appealing, *Auld comrade dear* †

To common sense they [Philosophers] now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . . . . *Ib.*

But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*

In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

While Common-Sense has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

a rock To crush common sense for her sins, *The Kirk's Alarm,*

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, *The Ordination. 2.*

Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day. . *Ib. 11.*

And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
That bites sae sair, . . *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Commutation. Could he some commutation broach,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Companie.

God bless the king And the companie! *S. Landlady, count* †

Sitting at yon board-en',
And amang guid companie; *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*

Companion.

Companions of my social joy! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*

Hear, how he [Morality] gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions! . . *The Ordination. 12.*

The bonie Lark, companion meet! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal! . . . *To a Mouse.*

Compare.
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, *S. As I gaed up by* †
Her yellow hair, beyond compare, . *S. O Malley's meek.*
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

Compare, *to.*
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare ; *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Compare wi' honie Brigs o' modern time ? *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*

Compar'd. Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie : . . . . *Halloween. 9.*
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride. . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art, . . *Ib. 17.*
Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me ! . . *To a Mouse.*
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike! . . . *To J. S., 26.*

Comparison.
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. *Remorse. A Frag..*
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Compass.
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.
No Churchman am I †

Compeer.
With talents passing most of my compeers, . *Tragic Frag.*

Compel. Strong necessity compels. *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Compile. There all her charms she does compile ;
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Complain. I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove : . . . *S. Let not woman* †
I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Of thy caprice maternal I complain, . . *To R. G. of F..*

Complaining. Thy soothing fond complaining.
S. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark †
But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . *To J. S., 20.*
His sad complaining dowie raves. . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Complaint. "I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Complaisance.
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*

Compleat, Complete.
Her air so sweet, her shape complete, *S. As I gaed up by* †
Her reputation is complete . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Mally's ev'ry way compleat. . . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
S. O when she cam ben †
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
Ronalds of Bennals.
But [judges] of meet or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.
To Capt. Riddel.

Compleater. Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress compleater : *A Dream, 12.*

Compleenin [complaining, ailing].
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
S. What can a young lassie †

Completely. Till Order bright, completely shine,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
An' aften labour them completely. . . . *The Inventory.*

Complexion.
But Queen N[etherplace], of a different complexion,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Compliment. Will Ye accept a Compliment
A simple Bardie gies Ye? . *A Dream. 9.*
My compliments to sister Beckie; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Compliment, *to.* O some will court and compliment,
S. John, come kiss me now.

Complimental.
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood.
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Complimentary.
I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion : . *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*

Complimented.
I see ye're complimented thrang, . . . *A Dream. 2.*

Compose.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him ; . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Composing. Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie !
On Scot. Bard gae to W. I.
Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! *To W. Simpson. 17.*

Compound.
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ; *The Vowels.*

Comprehension.
An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension. . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Compute.
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*

Comrade.
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . *Auld comrade* †
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear ; *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him. *The Twa Dogs.*

Com'st.
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again! . . *S. But lately seen* †

Con.
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ; *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Conceal. But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer. *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And [a'] the earth conceals sae lowly ; *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought; . . *S. Talk not of Love* †
I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow. . . . *V.s, under Grief.*
Ye maun conceal till your last hour! . *S. Wha is that at* †

Concealing.
The hazard of concealing; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
S. The lazy mist †

Conceit. ye were my first conceit, . *S. John Anderson* †
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Conceited.
A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.*
Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Concerns.
This wot ye all whom it concerns, *On dining with Daer.*
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns. . . . *The Inventory.*

Concert. Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Harmonious concert rung in every part. . . *Ib. 12.*

Concession.
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, . . . *To a Kiss.*

Conclude.
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, *Auld comrade dear* †
But to conclude my lang epistle, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 22.*
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang ; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
To R. G. of F., 7.

Conclusion. I will not wind a lang conclusion.
With complimentary effusion: *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*
And came to this conclusion, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry : *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
And here's, for a conclusion, . . . *The Ordination. 14.*

Condemn'd.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . *S. The last time I* †

Condition.
Waes me ! She's [Superstition's] in a sad condition ;
Letter to J. Goudie.

Conduct.
And a conduct that beautifies a', . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
The Rights of Woman.

Confess. A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e, . *S. Handsome Nell.*
But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
I do confess thou art sae fair, . . . *S. I do confess* †
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, ... *Ib.*
Lovely Burns has charms—confess ;
Lns under Pict. of Miss B..

Confession.
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree
S. Here's a health to ane †
Speaking silence, dumb confession, . . *To a Kiss.*
I made an open fair confession, . . *What ails ye now* †

Confine.
Think on the dungeon's grim confine, *A Winter Night. 9.*

Confine, *to.*
Those headlong, furious passions to confine ; *Why am I loth* †

Conform. When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, *A Fragment. 6.*

Confound. Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
G-d confound their stubborn face, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
To confound the poor Doctor at ance. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Confounded. Astonished ! confounded ! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load.
Epig. on Capt. Grose.

Confoundedly.
And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry : *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Confuse. Confuse their brains in Colledge classes!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.

Confusion.
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion : *The Ordination. 14.*

Confute.
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it, *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Conglobe. Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Congratulation.
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty. . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Congregation.
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ; . . . . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*

Congress. An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man. *A Fragment. 1.*

Conjure.
" I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More.
The Whistle. 8.

Conjuring. Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Connected.
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Connexion. Dearest tie of young connexions, *To a Kiss.*

Connubial. Tho' when some kind, connubial Dear
Your But-and-ben adorns, . . *The Calf.*
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom, . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Conquer.
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Conquer'd.
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside. *S. Caledonia.*

Conquering. In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
By conquering beauty's sov'reign law ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms.
S. You wild mossy mountains †

Conqueror.
The son of great Loda was conqueror still, *The Whistle. 3.*

Conquest.
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †

Conscience.
A Conscience but a canker . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 4.
An' he swoor by his conscience, . . . *Halloween. 17.*
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn ; . *The Election Ballads, IV.*
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here. . . . *The Hermit.*
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire ; *To Clarinda*
Their raxan conscience, . . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Conscious.
The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill,
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee *Ep. to R. Graham. 3*
Conscious, blushing for our race, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part ; . . . *To Chloris.*
By all the conscious villain fears below ! . *To Clarinda.*
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
To Miss Graham.
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Consciousness.
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt
Remorse. A Frag..

Consent.
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting. . *S. As I came o'er* †
At length she hlush'd a sweet consent, *S. There was a lass* †

Consequence.
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ; . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
And resolutely keep its [Honor's] laws,
Uncaring consequences. . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*
A consequence I draw that. . . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Consequential.
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13] *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Consider.
consider now, Ye're unco muckle dautet ; . *A Dream, 15.*
Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, . *The Twa Herds. 11.*

Consolation.
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
S. No Churchman am I †
To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given . . *On Poet's Daughter.*

Constable.
Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Constancy.
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
S. The Posie.

Constant. We'll be constant while we can *S. Let not woman* †
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, . . . *S. O were my love* †
As thy constant slave regard it ; . . *S. Sweetest May* †
And is constant for ever and true ; *S. The Winter it is past* †
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . *To Chloris.*

Constantly.
Thy goodness constantly we prove, . *Grace after Dinner.*
My minny does constantly deave me, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . *The Twa Dogs. 15.*

Constellation.
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine; . . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
I'd heeze thee up a constellation, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Constitution.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
The Rights of Woman.

Constrain. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Man was made to mourn.

Consume. Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off thy holy hill: . *New Psalmody.*
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
May there my latest hours consume, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . . . *The Hermit.*

Consumption.
Gane in a galloping consumption, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Contagion. Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Contemplation.
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, . . *The Hermit.*

Contempt.
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.
Monody, on a Lady.
And sunk them in contempt; . . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Contend.
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
The Whistle. 16.

Contending.
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Content.
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; . *Death of Mailie.*
We [O Death !] freely wad exchang'd the wife,
An' a' been weel content. . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee: . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy. . . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
And mak us a' content, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
But give me real, sterling Wit, And I'm content. *To J. S., 23.*
Content with You to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. *Ib. 29.*

Content, *s.*
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord bless us with content! . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Yet then content could make us blest; . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Content and love bring peace and joy, *S. In simmer when* †
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal
S. The Contented Cottager.
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace *The Hermit.*
Make content and ease thy aim. *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Content, *to.*
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.*

Contented.
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
S. Contented wi' little, †
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . *The Inventory.*
They're maistly wonderfu' contented; *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

Contention.
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Contentment.
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Contest.
The jovial contest again have renewed. *The Whistle. 5.*

Contradiction.
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Fragment inscr. to Fox.

Contrasted.
His forbears' virtues all contrasted, *On Duke of Queensberry.*

Contriving. No sly Man of business contriving a snare,
S. No Churchman am I †

Control. She reigns without control. . *S. Handsome Nell.*
The tyrant Death, with grim control, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole: *S. Streams that glide* †

Controul, *to.*
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour. *To R. G. of F..*

Controuling.
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me, *Why am I loth* †

Conveener. Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Convene. Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene, . . *Halloween.*

Convenience.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*

Converse.
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. . *Extem., To Mr. S—e.*

Convert.
How monie hearts this day converts, . *The Holy Fair. 27.*

Convey.
To my arms their charge convey, *S. How can my poor heart* †

Conviction.
An' rouse them up to strong conviction.
An' move their pity. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Convoy. To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Convoy'd.
Convoy'd me through the glen. . *S. My heart was ance* †

Convulse.
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop: . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
A sight pale envy to convulse) . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Cood [cud].
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Coof, Cuif [a blockhead, a fool, a ninny].
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
S. And O for ane and twenty †
While Coofs on countless thousands rant, *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,
Epit. on Holy Willie.
But wha wad keep the handless coof, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, *Scotch Drink. 12.*
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . *S. She's fair and fause* †
"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; . *S. Tam Glen.*
Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that: . . *S. The Honest Man.*
I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . *The Vision, D. I. 6.*
This waly boy will be nae coof, . *S. There was a lad* †

Cooing. Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Cooket [darted in and out of hiding, in ways unexpected and playful].
Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle Unseen . . *Hallowcen. 25.*

Cookin [cooking].
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Cook'ry.
And cook'ry the first in the nation: *Extem., To Mr. S——e.*

Cool.
"Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; *As on the banks* †
A cool spectator purely! . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
lofty firs, and ashes cool, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, . *To J. S, 26.*

Cool, *to.*
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. *S. Scroggam.*

Cool'd. Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
S. O merry hae I been †

Cooling. While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Cooper.
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa ; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, ... *Ib.*

Cooper'd.
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.
The Kirk's Alarm.

Coor [to cover]. They scarcely left to coor their fuds
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Cooser [a stallion].
And no a perfect kintra cooser. . *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Coost, Cuist [did cast].
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise *A Fragment. 9.*
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner ; . . . *Epig. on A. Turner.*
And coost her duddies to the wark, . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . *The Death of Mailie.*

Coot.
The wanton coot the water skims, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ; *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*

Cootie [having legs clad with feathers].
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw ; *Tam Samson's El., 7.*

Cootie [a wooden kitchen dish].
Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*

Copy. A copy o' this I bequeath, *P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."*

Coquette.
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Corbie [a raven ; a crow].
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Cordial. One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

Core. The crest, an auld crab-apple
Rotten at the core. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish. . . *S. Thine am I* †
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

Core [corps].
Hear me, ye venerable Core, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
" Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Lament him a' ye rantan core, . *On Se. Bard gne to W. I.*
That night enlisted in the core, . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
He was the king of a' the Core, . *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
My partner in the merry core, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,
The Election Ballads. VI.
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
The adjutant o' a' the core, Willie's awa! . *To W. Creech.*

Cork.
And every new cork is a new spring of joy ; *The Whistle. 12.*

Corky-headed.
staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*

Corn.
The cleanest Corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ; *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
The yellow corn was waving ready : *S. By Allan stream* †
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn :
S. Caledonia.
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.*
To pou their stalks o' corn ; . . . . *Halloween. 6.*
Aod corn wav'd green in ilka field, *S. In simmer when* †
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn ! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, *S. Now westlin winds* †
When corn begins to shoot, . . . *One night as I* †
That merry night we get the corn in, *Scotch Drink. 9.*
And shook baith meikle corn and bear. *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was ; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn . *The Death of Mailie.*
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn *S. The gloomy night* †
to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. *The Holy Fair. 1.*
Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie,
S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie ; . *Ib.*
And tent the waving corn wi' me. . *S. There was a lass* †
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! *To Clarinda.*
While corn grows green in summer showers,
S. Where Cart rins †

Corner.
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ; . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
An' cheat you yet. . . . . *Ib. 20.*

Corn-inclosed.
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †

Corn-mou. Commend me to the Barn yard,
And the Corn-mou, man ; *S. The Ploughman* †

Corn't [fed with oats].
When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
A Guid New-Year † *9.*

Cornwallis.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought, *A Fragment. 4.*

Corny. while each corny spear Shoots up its head,
El. on Capt. M. H. 12.

Coronation.
The coins o' Satan's coronation *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †

Coronet. Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Corps. The corps is no nice of recruits ; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
The Whistle. 13.
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt:
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Correspondence.
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor ! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*

Correspondent.
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due : . . . . *Nature's Law.*

Corroding. heart-corroding care and grief *Ep. to Davie, 9.*

Corrupt.
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature : . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

Corruption.
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck. . . *A Dream, 8.*
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart ; *The Vision, D. II. 4.*

Corse. She sees his pale corse on the plain Oh ;
S. Oh, open the door, †

Corsincon [a mountain in New Cumnock parish, Ayrshire, where the Nith takes its rise].
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, *S. O were I on Parnass* †

Corss [cross ; market-place].
if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Manchline Corss,
To Mr. J. Kennedy,

Cost.
A lesson sadly teaching to your cost, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Cost, *to.* The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Braw lads of G. water.
I donbt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes ; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . *S. The eardin o't.*
The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears :
The League and Covenant †
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! . . *To a Mouse.*
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ; . . . *To J. S.*

Costly.
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

Cot. My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
S. Afton Water.
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides: . . . *Ib.*
When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,
Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill. . *As on the banks* †
But now, the Cot is bare and cauld, ... *Ib.*
To Riddell, much lamented man!
This ivied cot was dear; . *Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her.*
This ivied cot revere! . . . . . *Ib.*
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my bonie cot; *S. The Contented Cottager.*
At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, *S. There was a lass* †
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil, *S. 'Twas even, the dewy* †
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it, . . *S. When wild War's* †

Cot-house. Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee Cot-house should hand me;
S. My Collier Laddie.
For building cot-houses sae fam'd, *The Election Ballads, V.*
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
S. There's auld Rob. M. †

Cot-folk. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension. *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Cotillion.
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Cottage. The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings; *S. Behold, my love* †
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
Fragment of Ode.
By Colin's cottage lies his game, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
What A[iken] in a Cottage would have been;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But haply, in some Cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; *Ib. 17.*
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: . *Ib. 19.*

Cottager. The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: *Ib. 18.*

Cottage-rousing.
A cottage-rousing craw. . . . *A Winter Night. 10.*

Cottage-scene.
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains. *The Vision, D. II. 9.*

Cotter, Cotter-man.
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
S. Her Daddie forbad †
How blest the humble cotter's fate, *S. O poortith cauld,* †
Was na Robin bauld, Tho' I was a cotter;
S. Robin shure in hairst.
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Gaed hoddan by their cotters; . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
A Cotter bowkan in a shengh, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! . . *Ib. 26.*

Couch.
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
when my nightly couch I try, . . . *The Lament.*
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish? . . *S. Ay waking, O* †

Cou'd be.
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Cough'd. The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day,"
Prologue, at Th., D..

Couldna, Cou'dna [could not].
Her favour Duncan couldna win; . . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin' o't.
S. My love she's but a lassie †
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea. . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea? . . . . . *Ib.*
I couldna tell what ailed me, . . *S. When first I saw* †
I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,
S As I was a-wand'ring †
But wbether she [the moon] had three or four [horns],
I cou'dna teil. . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Duncan cou'dna be her death, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, *S. O saw ye bonie L.*†
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
How much, how dear I love thee. *S. O were I on Parnass.*†

Coulter. Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. . *To a Mouse.*

Council. Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; . . . *Ib. 10.*

Council-house. Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Counsel.
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
Some counsel unto me come len'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
To think how mony counsels sweet,
The husband frae the wife despises! . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6
Come join your counsel and your skills, *The Twa Herds. 15.*
'To give my counsels all in one, . *The Vision, D. II. 22.*
Grave these counsels on thy soul. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Counsel, *to.*
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Count. To count her [the Moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.*
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
Then guidwife count the lawin, . . *S. Gane is the day* †
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
S. Here's to thy health, †
Landlady, count the lawin, . . *S. Landlady, count* †
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, . *Nature's Law.*
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns. . . *To W. Simpson.*
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger, . . *S. When wild War's* †

Counted. And counted was baith wight and stark,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

Counter.
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? *Why ant I loth* †

Counterbalance.
Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Countless.
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
While Coofs on countless thousands rant, *Ep. to Davie, 2.*
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!
Man was made to mourn.
From countless, unbeginning time. *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*

Country, -ie, -a [*v. also* **Kintra**].
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King an' Country weel, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
A country lad is my degree, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,
S. Caledonia.
Our King and our Country to save,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws! *Fragment of Ode.*
Travel the country thro' and thro', . . *S. Hee balou,* †
His country's pride, his country's stay;
Lament for Glencairn.
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
S. My heart's in the High. †
O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
On Death of R. Dundas.
To mourn the woes my country must endure, . . *Ib.*
A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
On Death of Sir. J. Blair.

Their title's avow'd by my country. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin! *Scots Prologue.*
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
The herryment and ruin of the country; . . . . *Ib.*
Or whom in a' the country roun'
The best deserves to fa' that? *The Election Ballads. II.*
Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Nae woman in the Country wide
Sae happy was as me. . . *S. The High. Widow's L...*
My Donald and his Country fell, Upon Culloden's field. *Ib.*
Vet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. *The Jolly Beggars, S. I.*
Does the train-attended Carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove? . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
The day he stude his country's friend. . *S. The Laddies by†*
But wha is he, his Country's boast? . . . . . *Ib.*
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . *The Twa Dogs, 30.*
His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*
O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain, *S. Twas even, the dewy†*
A credit to his country. . . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
I've serv'd my king and country lang, *S. When wild War's†*
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger. . . . . *Ib.*
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, . . *S. Hee balou†*
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
Five wighter carlines werna found
The south countrie within. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Oh, I am come to the low countrie, *S. The High. Widow's L...*
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
A countra Laird had ta'en the batts; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*
Some merry, friendly, countra folks, . . *Halloween. 2.*
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . *On W. Chalmers.*
An' screen our countra Gentry; . . *The Holy Fair, 9.*
An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . *The Twa Dogs, 26.*
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . *To J. S., 5.*
in requit, Has blest me with a random-shot
O' countra wit. . . . . *Ib. 6.*
'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, . . *Ib. 22.*
I, a simple, countra bardie, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Countrymen. Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason! *Scotch Drink. 14.*

Country-side.
And kept the country-side in fear.) . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Couple.
That sic a couple fate allows ye . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed; *Tam Samson's El., S.*

Cour *v.* **Cow'r.**

Courage.
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it. *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*
He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary; . . . *Halloween. 19.*
The sun a backward course shall take . .
Ere ought thy manly courage shake; *S. Highland Laddie.*
'Twill make your courage rise. . . *John Barleycorn.*
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride, *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Course. Can others teach the course to steer, *A Bard's Epit..*
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet: . . . . *A Dream, 15.*
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; *S. Afton Water.*
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: *S. Caledonia.*
But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright; . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
The sun a backward course shall take . .
Ere ought thy manly courage shake; *S. Highland Laddie.*
Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O; *S. My father was a farmer†*
Your course to the latest is bright. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course; *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
where the Greenock winds his moorland course, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*
At length from me her course she steer'd, *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill; *S. The lazy mist†*
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun, *S. The Winter it is past†*

Courser. On sprightly coursers prance; . *Halloween.*

Court.
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station Than courts *A Dream. 5.*
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game: *Kind Sir, I've read†*
For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin; . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
There's even. I'm tauld, i' the Court
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Courts for Cowards were erected, . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
O would they stay aback frae courts, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king, *The Whistle.*

Court, *to.*
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When Manhood is your wish! . *Despondency, an Ode, 5.*
But there are such who court the tuneful nine *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Gi'e me love in her I court; . . . . *S. Jockey fou,†*
O some will court and compliment, . *S. John, come kiss.*
All for to court this pretty maid, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
A hapless lover courts thy lay, *S. O stay, sweet warbling†*
Bnt warily tent, when ye come to court me. *S. O Whistle,†*
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be, . . . *Ib.*
He cam on purpose for to court me. . *S. The auld man†*
Come, will ye court a noble lord, . *The Fête Champetre.*
We'll court nae mair below the bush io our knil-yard, *S. There grows a bonie†*
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . . *To J. S., 5.*
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care! . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Courted.
I courted fortune's favour, O; *S. My father was a farmer†*
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? *Scots Prologue.*
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted: . *S. When wild War's†*

Court-day [rent day].
on our Laird's court-day, . . . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Courtesie. And thank'd her for her courtesie; *S. The Lass that made the bed.*

Courtier. The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true? . *S. Behold, my love,†*
The courtier's gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine. . . . . *Ib*
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Courting, -in.
wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard. *S. There grows a bonie†*
For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin; *S. There's a youth†*
When feather'd tribes are courting, . *S. Young Peggy†*

Courtly. And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp†*
It may escape the courtly sparks, . *S. O this is no my ain†*
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; . . *The Hermit.*
The courtly vermin's banned the tree, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Cousin.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet, *Auld comrade dear* †
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I spier'd for my cousin fu' conthy and sweet, . . *Ib.*
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, *There came a piper* †

Couthy, -ie [affable, loving, kind, pleasant].
Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side, . *Halloween. 7.*
She was couthy, he was kind. . . . . *S. Jockey fou.* †
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
couthie fortune, kind and eannie, . . *To Terraughty.*

Cove. There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, . *Halloween.*
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v. A. 4] *The Vision, D. 1.*

Covenant.
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; *Jenny M'Craw* †
Their leagnes and their covenants a' she has ta'en; . *Ib.*
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
And covenant True blues, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:
The League and Covenant.

Covenanter.
Auld covenanters shiver . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Cover.
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
And cover him under a mawn, O. . *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover: . *S. The last time I* †
The snaws the mountnins cover, *S. The yng High. Rover.*

Cover'd. Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
S. My heart's in the High. †
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, *S. Up in the morning.*

Covert.
Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm; *The Petition of Br. Water,*
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day. . . . . *Winter.*

Covey.
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . *S. The gloomy night* †
Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Coveyed.
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Cow. And bring hame a Carlisle cow. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †

Cow, *to v.* **Cowe,** *to.*

Coward.
Go frighten the coward and slave! *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die! *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
A coward loon she ca'd me; . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Nor give [ye winds] the coward secret breath. . *Liberty.*
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].
S. O poortith cauld †
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he! . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward. . . . *On Miss J. Scott.*
Wha can fill a coward's grave? . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! . . . . . *Ib.*
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, *Tam Samson's El.,* 10.
The coward slave, we pass him by, *S. The Honest Man.*
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Courts for Cowards were erected, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Is wrought now by a coward few, . . . *S. The Union.*

Cow'd [depressed with fear, kept under].
The baildest o' them a' he cow'd; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Cowe [a setting-down, a repression].
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Cowe, Cow, *to* **[depress with fear, put down, lop].**
To cowe the rebel generation, . *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*
E'en cowe the cadie! . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.*
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day. . *The Ordination. 13.*
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cow the lairds, . . *The Twa Herds, 15.*
An' not a mnse erect her head
To cowe the blellums? *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
But shortly they will cowe the louns! *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Cowgate [a street or lane in Mauchline village, striking off opposite the Church].
While Common-Sense has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Cowl.
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [*re.*] . *S. Scroggam.*

Cow-milk.
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, *The Death of Mailie.*

Cowp the cran [tumble over, *v.* **Cran].**
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body, . *What ails ye now* †

Cowpit, -et [tumbled over, overset].
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Cow'r, Cour [to cower, crouch].
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
A Winter Night. 4.
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
While at the stook the shearers cow'r *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Cowran [cowering].
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . *To a Mouse.*

Cowslip.
In vain to me the cowslips blaw, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*
And scattered cowslips sweetly spring;
S. Now bank and brae †
She's stately like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between,
S. On Cessnock banks †
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
S. The small birds †

Cowt, Cowte [a colt].
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver; . . . . *A Dream. 11.*
Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, . . *The Inventory.*

Coxcomb.
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. *Ep. Jr. Esopus.*
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That veni, vidi, vici, is his way; . . . . . *Ib.*

Coy. Seeks Science in her coy abode. *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
Lesley is sae fair and coy, . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy, . . *S. I do confess* †
wi' coy and fickle nature, . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Cozie [warm, comfortable, snug].
prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk . *Halloween. 10.*
And hap him in a cozie biel: . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. 1.*
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' forming assignations . . . *The Holy Fair, 20.*
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell, . . *To a Mouse.*
Then canie in some cozie place,
They close the day. . . *To J. S., 18.*

Coziely [snugly].
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them . *Halloween. 5.*

Crab-apple. The crest, an auld crab-apple
Rotten at the core. *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Crabbed, -t.
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, *Scotch Drink. 1.*
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Crack, in a [immediately].
And did Sol's business in a crack; . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Crack [chat, conversation, discourse].
On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2.
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack. . . . *Ib. 20.*
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
And there blaws up a hearty crack;
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, . . *Halloween. 11.*
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, . . . *Ib. 28.*
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.*
They're a' in famous tune For crack . *The Holy Fair, 26.*

Crack, *to* **[to chat].**
Wha will crack to me my lane? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Crack, *to.*
And gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack. *Scots Prologue.*
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' may a bard no crack his jest . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Crack credit [to lose character and credit].
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Crackan [chatting].
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Cracked. For this the watchman cracked his crown,
The Tree of Liberty.

Crackling.
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! *To Clarinda.*

Cradle. Then I maun sit the lee lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, *S. Duncan Gray.*
The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod, . *S. There's news, lasses* †

Craft [a croft, a field near a house].
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture I' the craft . . *A Dream. 6.*
I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane; . . *S. There's news, lasses* †

Craft.
In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. . *Sketch.*
A hizzie's the half of my Craft: *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft, . . *Ib. R. VII.*
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft, . . *Ib. S. VII.*

Craftilie. Sae craftilie she took me ben, *S. Had I the wyte* †

Craftsman.
And by that Hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

Crafty.
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning, *S. O meikle thinks my love* †
A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation; . . . *The Holy Fair, Mott..*

Crag.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, *Add. to the Deil, 9.*

Craggy.
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Craig [the neck, throat].
The knife that nicket Abel's craig *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Craig [a crag].
I sat me down upon a craig, . . . *As on the banks* †
As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Craigdarroch.
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;
The Whistle. 6.
Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, . . *Ib. 7.*
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink! *Ib. 17.*

Craigen-Gillan.
I'm rous'd by Craigen-Gillan! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Craigie [*dim. of* craig, the neck, throat].
Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, . . . *S. Ilee balou,*†
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Craigie-burn.
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, . . *Ib.*
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Craigy [craggy].
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard, . *Lament for Glencairn.*

Craik [the landrail].
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,
El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
The craik amang the clover hay, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Crambo-clink, Crambo-jingle [rhymes].
Amaist as soon as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 8.*
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. 1.*

Cramm'd. And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers. Extem.
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Cran [an iron support on which to rest a pot or kettle above the fire. "Cowp the cran," go to wreck like a pot when the cran is upset].
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garren lasses cowp the cran . . *What ails ye now* †

Crank [the noise of an ungreased wheel].
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*

Crankous [fretful, captious, rebellious].
This while she's [Scotland's] been in crankous mood.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.

Cranreuch [hoar frost].
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld! . . *To a Mouse.*

Crap [a crop, harvest; the top or highest part of a thing. "Craps o' heather," heather-tops].
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye.
He has nae love to spare for me: *S. In simmer when* †
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam; [v. A. 2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Crap, *to* **[to crop].**
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; *El. on Capt. M. H. 7.*

Crape. An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape *Poor Maillie's El..*

Crash.
But smash them! crash them a' to spails! *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. . . . *To a Mouse.*

Crashing.
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
Fragment of Ode.
crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, *The Brigs of Ayr, 7.*
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Cravat.
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Crave. I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave *Tam Samson's El.. 13.*
'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny: . . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*

Craw [a crow].
And flee o'er the bills like a craw, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Craw [the crow of a cock].
And bail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw. . . *A Winter Night. 10.*
Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, *S. Amang the trees* †

Craw, *to* **[to crow].**

The cock may craw, the day may daw, *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw ; *Tam Samson's El., 7.*
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
S. What will I do gin †

Crawl.

Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. *On an empty Fellow.*

Craze. They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes,
The Twa Dogs. 29.

Craz'd.

When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
The craz'd creations of misguided whim ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Crazy.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy, *A Guid New-year* † *2.*
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought, . . . *Ib. 16.*
We've worn to crazy years thegither ; . . . *Ib. 18.*
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
crazy, weary, joyless Eild, ... *To J. S., 13.*

Create. Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
A Winter Night. 9.

Creating.

ere she gave creating labour o'er, . *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*

Creation. [Damnation] For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.
Hangman of creation, . . . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
The craz'd creations of misguided whim ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
An' there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation. . . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
The Whistle. 17.

Creative. And look through Nature with creative fire ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Creator.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Together hymning their Creator's praise, . . *Ib. 16.*

Creature. O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want ! *A Grace bef. Dinner.*
Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ; . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, . *A Winter Night. 7.*
nskance the creature eyeing, . . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
And sees, with self-approving miad,
Each creature on his bounty fed.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
All Creatures joy in the suns returning, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
The creature grain'd aa eldritch laugh.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature. . . . *S. Deluded swain* †
The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress ! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
I dote on ev'ry feature
Of this dear artless creature. . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature. . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
S. Sleep'st thou †
Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ; . . *The 1st o V.s of 90th Ps.*
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, . . . *The Inventory.*
All creatures retired to rest. . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
You, a charming lovely creature,
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane ! *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Now she's left by ilka creature ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Credit.

Look something to your credit ; . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel ! . *The Death of Mailie.*
He'll be a credit till us a', . . *S. There was a lad* †
A credit to his country. . . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Creditable.

There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Cree. Along the flowery banks of Cree. *S. Here is the glen* †

Creed. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.*
There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution, *The Ordination. 5.*

Creel [an osier basket, a pannier. "To have one's senses in a creel," to be under some mental confusion or craze].

My senses wad be in a creel, . . *To W. Simpson, 3.*
dark in Death's fish-creel . . *Tam Samson's El. 6.*
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Creep.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep ; . *El. on Year 1788.*
When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
And creep in frae the cauld ? . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, *To a Louse.*
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ; . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Creepie-chair [the stool of repentance].

When I mount the Creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there ? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †

Creeping, -an.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, . . . *To a Louse.*
I gi'e them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.
S. Contented wi' little †
Comes hostan, hirplan, owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace. . . . *To J. S., 13.*
A creeping cauld prosaic fog . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Creeshie [greasy].

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen ! *Tam o'Shanter. 13.*
An' pour your creeshie nations ; . . *The Ordination. 1.*

Crept.

The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Crest. The crest, an auld crab-apple,
Rotten at the core. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest. . *To W. Creech.*
But Willie set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest, . *To W. Simpson.*

Crested. Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
S. Afton Water.

Cresting.

That proudly cock your cresting cairns; *El. on Capt. M. H. 3.*

Crew.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, *The Fête Champetre.*
A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
"Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
"Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: *Tragic Frag..*

Crib. For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . *The Ordination, 6.*

Cried *v.* **Cry'd.**

Criffel [a mountain 1895 feet high, near the mouth of the Nith, overlooking the Solway].

The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Crime.

To love they thought nae crime, Sir; *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own ! . . *Despondency, an Ode, 5.*
Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes ;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Follies and crimes have stain'd the name
On Duke of Queensberry.
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, *Remorse. A Frag..*
Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The Brigs of Ayr.
In days when riding was nae crime . . *The Inventory.*
Loves veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover : . *S. The last time I* †
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. *Tragic Frag..*
A bonie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that ? . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Crimson.

In all its crimson glory spread, . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
A crimson still diviner ! . . . *S. Her flowing locks* †
That crimson rose how sweet and fair; *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
Trouts hedropp'd wi' crimson hail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ; . . . . *To Miss C.*

Crimson-tipped.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Cripple. (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); *To R. G. of F..*

Crippled.

Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . *To R. G. of F.*

Criterion.

The grand criterion of his fate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Critic. Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.
I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.
Fragment incer. to Fox.
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. *To R. G. of F., 3.*
Critics—appalled, I venture on the name, . . . *Ib.*
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage ! . *Ib.*
toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw ! . *To W. Creech.*
And self-conceited critic skellum His quill may draw ; . *Ib.*

Critical. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*

Crochallan. To Crochallan came The old cock'd hat,
Extem. on W. Smellie.
As I cam by Crochallan
I cannily keekit ben, . . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*

Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing].

Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes. . . *The Twa Herds.*

Crony, -ie.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
" My name is Fun—your cronie dear. . *The Holy Fair. 5.*

Crood [to coo as a dove].

While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry ! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Crooded [cooed].

A cushat crooded o'er me, . . . *One night as I* †

Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks :
Fragment, incer. to Fox.

Crooked.

The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throw ther ; . . . *Halloween.*

Croon [a hollow continued moan].

Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon. . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care. . *Ep. to Major Logan. 4.*
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon : . . . . *Halloween. 26.*
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed ! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Croon, *to* **[to emit a low, hollow, continued sound].**

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon: . . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

Croon'd [hummed]. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.

Crooning [humming a tune].

Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh. *Ep. to J. L—K, Ap. 1st. 8.*
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

Croose *v.* **Crouse.**

Cross [across].

But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers then are sure to lose me. *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
By this time he was cross the ford, . *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Cross. And that we'll tell them at the cross,
S. Carl, an the King come.
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage ; . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe, ... *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallen ca'. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Cross, *to.* An somebodie were come again.
Then somebodie maun cross the main,
S. Carl, an the King come.
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †
I maun cross the main, My dear, . . *S. It was a' for* †
A running stream they dare na cross. *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ; . *S. The day returns* †
And I maun cross the raging sea ; . *S. The Highland Lassie.*
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
S. What can a Young Lassie †

Cross'd, Crost.

And hast thou crost that unknown river,
El. on Capt. M. H. 15.
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
Ep. to H. Parker.
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . *Poor Mailie's El.*
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Tam o' Shanter. 12.

Crouch.

An when the new light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch ! *To W. Simpson, P.S. 12.*

Crouchie [crook-backed].

Or crouchie Merran Humphie, . . . *Halloween. 20.*

Crouching. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
The Henpeck'd Husband.

Crouse, Croose [brisk, lively, gleeful, bold].

Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse ; *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Now they're crouse and canty baith ! . *S. Duncan Gray* †
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
at times when I grow crouse, . . . *What ails ye now* †

Crousely [gleefully, with spirit].

Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw ; *Tam Samson's El., 7.*

Crowd, Croud.

Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, *A Bard's Epit.*
But Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs, ... *Ib.*

Crowd, *to.*

Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, *On Lincluden Castle.*

Crouded. An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist : *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Crouding.

Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, *A Winter Night. 6.*

Crowdie [meal and water, or meal and milk, stirred together in a cold state; food of the porridge kind in general].

An' they cry crowdie ever mair. . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day ;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. . . . . *Ib.*
My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, mau ; *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*

Crowdie-time [breakfast-time].

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, . *The Holy Fair. 6.*

Crowlan [crawling].

Ha ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie ! . . *To a Louse.*

Crown.

" The worm that gnaws my bonie trees,
" That Reptile wears a Ducal crown !" *As on the banks* †
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust : *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my hairns, and he [Jamie] tint his crown,
S. By yon castle wa' †

He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
S. Cock up your beaver.

'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,
Epig. on ---.

And for your lawful King his crown, *S. Highland Laddie.*

The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been; *Lam. for Glencairn.*

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown, . . *S. Mark yonder pomp* †

But see yon the Crown how it waves in the air,
S. No Churchman am I †

The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. *S. O wert thou in the* †

Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
S. The day returns †

Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers; *The Petition of Br. Water.*

For this the watchman cracked his crown,
The Tree of Liberty.

Crown, *to.*

Let her crown my love her law, . . *S. Louis what reck* †

The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, . . *S. O Phely,* †

To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
Prologue, at Th., D..

The sole reward that crowns my pain. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
To R. G. of F., 9.

Did warlike laurels crown my brow, *S. When first I saw* †

Crown'd.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †

with days and honors crown'd, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, . *Ib.*

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath, . *Ib.*

Crowning.

Domestic peace and comfort crowning
The hail design. . . *Friend of the poet* †

My dismal months no joys are crowning,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Cruel.

By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . *A Winter Night. 9.*

"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, *As on the banks* †

O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling: *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

By cruel hands the sapling drops, . *S. Fate gave the word,* †

The cruel powers reject the prayer . . . *Fragment.*

The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar; . . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †

And bann'd the cruel randy, . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree *S. Here's a health to ane* †

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize, . . . *S. How cruel are* †

But now has come a cruel blast, . *Lam. for Glencairn.*

I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, *Lns. wr. on Bank Note.*

Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, . *S. Now westlin winds* †

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey; . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
On seeing wounded Hare.

And heal her cruel wounds. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes;
On Death of R. Dundas.

I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Cruel, cruel to deceive me! . . *S. Stay my charmer* †

Cruel charmer, can you go! [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.
S. The lazy mist †

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, . *S. The lovely lass of I.* †

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
S. The Slave's Lament.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †

Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. . . . *To a Mouse.*

Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, ... *To Ruin.*

For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise.
S. Turn again, thou fair †

Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream? *S. Why, why tell thy* †

she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair, . . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Cruelly.

Is this thy plighted, fond regard
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy? . *S. Canst thou leave me* †

Cruelty.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn? . . *Man was made to Mourn.*

And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . *The Vowels.*

Crumbling.

Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time; *On Lincluden Castle.*

Crummie [a cow with crooked horns].

Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Crummock [a staff with a crooked head].

Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray hair'd carl. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*

Lowping and flinging on a crummock, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Crump [crisp].

An' farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Crunt [a blow on the head with a cudgel].

An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt; . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Crush. Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers; *On W. Chalmers.*

Crush, *to.* To crush the villain in the dust:
Lns. wr. on Back of Bank Note.

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem: . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Crush the locusts, save the flower,
Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.

Crushed, -'d, -'t.

The Wretch, already crushed low
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? *A Winter Night. 9.*

To tell the truth, they [poverty and care] seldom fash't him,
Except the moment that they crush't him;
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

For he crush'd him between two stones. *John Barleycorn.*

The infant aith, half-form'd, was crush't; *The Vision. D. I. S.*

Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Crushing, -an.

Crushing the despot's proudest bearing.. . . *Liberty.*

Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Crust. I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by,
S. The Auld Man †

Crusted.

Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Cry.

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry. *S. Caledonia.*

In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . *Fragment of Ode.*

L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.

The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
S. Now westlin winds †

The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! *S. O. Logan! sweetly* †

And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
On Death of R. Dundas.

The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Cry, *to.*

Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just ! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley ?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, *S. Behold the hour* †
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry.
S. Comin' thro' the rye †

Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate ! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit ; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry, ... *Ib.*
An' the wee powt's begun to cry, . . *Ep. to J. R. 11.*
" In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries : . . *Epit. on Walter S..*
They roar an' cry a' throw ther ; . . . *Halloween.*
An' they cry crowdie ever mair. . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
O wha will tent me when I cry ? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
Such thy morn! did I cry, . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
The voice of nature loudly cries,
That something in us never dies : *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
' Na, waur than a'! ' cries ilka chiel,
' Tam Samson's dead! ' . *Tam Samson's El..*
And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
That I might greet, that I might cry,
The Election Ballads. VI.
One and all cry out, amen ! . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Sweet lassie dinna cry, . *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
For e'en and morn she cries, alas ! . . *S. The lovely lass* †
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, " Hoolie ! . . *To J. S., 7.*
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Cry'd, Cried.

Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' Willie, rise ! . *A Fragment. S.*
Stop Thief ! dame Nature cried to Death, . *Epit. on W'..*
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her ! . . . *Halloween. 22.*
My true love ! she cried,—and sunk down by his side,
S. Oh, open the door, †
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
' L—d, five ! ' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
Tam Samson's El., 11.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud. . . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, " Alas !
S. The lass that made the bed.
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, " Robin ! " *What ails ye now* †
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
S. What will I do gin †
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ? . *S. When wild War's* †

Crying.

Here's crying out for bakes an' gills, . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Crystal. Beside his crystal well ! . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Crystal Devon, winding Devon, [*re.*] . *S. Fairest maid* †
Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
And drink my crystal tide. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed, . . . *To W. Creech.*
And glitter o'er the crystal streams . *S. Young Peggy* †

Cub. My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing ! *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Cuckold. I'll tak Cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie Cuckold to naebody. . *S. Naebody.*
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he ! . *S. O Willie brew'd* †

Cuddle [embrace, fondle].

O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
S. O merry hae I been †
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs. *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Cuddled [fondled].

I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O; *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Cuddy.

The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa ; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

Cudgel.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake. . *Add. to the Deil. S.*
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . *The Vowels.*

Cudgell'd.

And cudgell'd him full sore ; . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Cuff'd.

How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket! *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

Cuif *v.* **Coof.**

Cuist *v.* **Coost.**

Cukoo. " God save the King " 's a cukoo sang
That's unco easy said ay : . . *A Dream. 2.*

Cull. And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold hier.
Monody, on a Lady.

Culloden.

My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden's field, *S. The High. Widow's Lament.*

Cumbrous. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys ;
S. The Contented Cottager.
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Cummins. Where Cummins once had high command :
S. The Banks of Nith.

Cummock [a short staff with a crooked head].

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.

Cumnock. The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Cunning. But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: . . *Sketch.*
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Cunningham [the northern district of Ayrshire].

Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Cup. Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear : *El. on Capt. M. H. 12.*
And pours her [pleasure's] cup luxuriant ; . *Innocence* †
There's death in the cup—sae beware ! *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
And still I can join in a cup and a song ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
She put the cup to her rosy lip,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty ; . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
If mantling high she fills the golden cup, *To R. G. of F., 7.*
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Cupar.

Donald Brodie met a lass
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar [*re.*] . *S. Donald Brodie* †

Cupid.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft.
That play'd a Dame a shavie *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Cur. O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
That bites sae sair, . *The Twa Herds, 16.*
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast ;
To R. G. of F., 6.

Curch [a covering for the head, a kerchief].

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . *S. Duncan Gray.*

Curchie [curtsey].

An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*

Cure. a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.
S. No Churchman am I †
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling : . . *S. The last time I* †

Cure, *to.* That wound degenerate ages cannot cure
On Death of R. Dundas.
A woe that no mortal can cure. . *S. The winter it is past* †

Cur'd. Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Cureless.
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Curious. Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Half-jest, she [Nature] tried one curious labour more.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
knit with curious tracery, . . *On Lincluden Castle.*
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
My savage journey, curious, I pursue. *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Curl.
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. *On an empty Fellow.*
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Curled. And curled as the wintry wave, *As on the banks †*

Curler.
When to the loughs the Curlers flock, *Tam Samson's El.*
The Curlers quat their roaring play, *The Vision. D. I., 1.*

Curlew.
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 7.*

Curlie [curly-headed].
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Curling. And peaceful raise its ingle reek,
That slowly curling clamb the hill. *As on the banks †*
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, *S. On Cessnock banks †*

Curmurring [murmuring, a slight rumbling noise].
Or some curmurring in his guts, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*

Curpan, Curple [the crupper, the buttocks].
An' haurls at his curpan; . . . *Halloween. 18.*
Douse hingin o'er my curple. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Current. Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current; *Nature's Law.*
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter; . *The Fête Champetre.*
But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland Lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Curry. And [Devils] gie their hides a noble curry,
Wi' oil of aik. . . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Curse.
My curse upon your venom'd stang, *Add. to Toothache.*
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse, *S, Awa, whigs, awa.*
The vices also, must they club their curse? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-prond race,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
Baited with many a deadly curse? *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
On Seeing wounded Hare.
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
My curse upon them every one, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . *To W. Simpson.*
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Curse, *to.* An' curse your folly sairly . . *A Dream, 10.*
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare.
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; *To Clarinda.*
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. *To R. G. of F..*

Cursed, -'d, Curst.
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkeys *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue, . . . *Ib. 10.*
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, *Auld comrade dear †*
wi' his art 'And cursed skill, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.*
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 1.—*
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back. . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
The witching cursed delicious blinkers *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Lns, back of Bank Note.
Unaided through thy curs'd restriction; . . . *Ib.*
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, . . *Poem on Life.*
Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, . *Scotch Drink. 20.*
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aquavitæ; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
An' bid him burn this cursed tether. *The Death of Mailie.*
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife.
The Henpecked Husband.
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell, . *The Ordination, 2.*
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres [v. A. 13]. . *Ib. 23.*
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name, . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'[Quha]e, . . . *Ib. 12.*
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin! . . *To a Louse.*
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan. . . . *To J. S., 19.*
And curst be the canse that shall part us! . . *To Mary.*

Cursedly.
But never honest man's intent,
As cursedly miscarry'd. . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*

Cursing.
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*

Cur'st. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod; . *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*

Curtain.
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; *S. Musing on the roaring †*
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . *S. Now vosy May †*
Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Curtain-lecture.
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
The Henpecked Husband.

Curtis [Capt. Curtis, who destroyed the Spanish floating batteries during the siege of Gibraltar].
I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
The Jolly Beggars, S. I.

Cushat [the wood-pigeon].
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it; . *S. Now westlin winds †*
A cushat crooded o'er me, . . . *One night as I †*
On lofty aiks the cushats wail, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Custock [pith of a kale or cole-wort stalk].
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them; . . *Halloween, 5.*

Cut. Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Cut, *to.* And cut him by the knee; . *John Barleycorn.*
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd. . *The 1st ô V.s of 90th Ps..*
King Loui' thought to cut it down, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Cut aff his head and a', man. . . . . *Ib.*
An' cut you up wi' ready slight, . . . *To a Haggis.*
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
And quivers in my heart. . . . *To Ruin.*
"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no,
"Your dearest membe *What ails ye now †*

Cutted. A tbief, new-cutted frae a rape, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Cut-throat.
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
Kind Sir, I've read †
Those [critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
To R. G. of F., 4.

Cutty [short; "Cutty-sark," a short shift].
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" . . *Ib. 16.*
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, ... *Ib. 19.*

Cutty-stool [a low stool; stool of repentance].
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, *Add. to Toothache.*

Cyclopean.
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury. . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20]
A Vision.
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray.
The weary shearer's hameward way,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', . . *The Fête Champetre.*
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. *The Whistle. 13.*

Dad. May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five and forty years thegither! *Auld comrade dear* †
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, . *The Ordination, 4.*

Daddy, Daddie, Dadie [*dim. of* Dad, father].
Or if I hlush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
An' [inherit] thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins, ... *Ib.*
Altho' his daddie was nae laird, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . *El. on Year 1788.*
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, *Kind Sir. I've read* †
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice; *S. O Tibbie! I hae* †
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. [*re.*]
S. O wha my babie-clouts †
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.
S. O whare did ye get †
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin. . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: . *S. Tam Glen.*
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
She stares the daddy in her face, . . . *The Inventory.*
Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
We'll howse about till Dadie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib. S. V.*
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
S. There's a youth †
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
S. There's auld Rob. M. †
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Daddy Auld [Father Auld, the parish clergyman of Mauchline, by whom Burns was rebuked].
Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
The Kirk's Alarm.
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld. . . *What ails ye now* †

Daer [Basil Wm., Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk, met by Burns at Prof. D. Stewart's villa].
Nae honest worthy man need care,
To meet with noble youthful Daer, *On dining with Daer.*

Daez't [stupefied].
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Second Ep. to Davie.
I've seen me daez't upon a time; . *There's naethin like* †

Daffin [merriment, foolishness].
Ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin. . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
"To spend an hour in daffin: . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
For towsing a lass i' my daffin. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v. A. 1] *The Twa Dogs.*

Daft [mad, foolish, giddy, frolicsome].
So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, *A Ded. to G. H., 12.*
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . *Add. to Toothache.*
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick; . . . . *Ib.*
If that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s,
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . *Kind Sir. I've read* †
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft; . . . *Poem on Life.*
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft? *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft, . . *Ib. S. VII.*
Or maybe, in a frolic daft.
To Hague or Calais takes a waft, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Dafter.
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Dagger.
When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Dails [deals or planks].
Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Daily.
There daily I wander as noon rises high, *S. Afton Water.*
Tho' a' my daily care thou art, . . *S. Ah, Chloris,* †
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser; . *Ep. to Young Friend, 11.*
We're fit to win our daily bread, . . *Ep. to Davie, 2.*
I make indeed my daily bread, *S. My father was a farmer* †
But as daily bread is all I need, ... *Ib.*
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice, . . *Scotch Drink. 14.*
We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

Daimen-icker [an occasional ear of corn].
A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: *To a Mouse.*

Dainty [agreeable, pleasant, nice; worthy].
Ye royal Lasses dainty, ... *A Dream. 14.*
I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank* †
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. *Impromptu.*
My ain dear, dainty Davie. . . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel
An' fou o' glee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Had at the time some dainty fair one. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, ... *Ib.*
I wat she is a dainty chuckie, As e'er tread clay! . . *Ib.*
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; *To R. G. of F., 6.*

Dainty [a delicacy, tid-bit, rarity].
No gi'en by way o' dainty
But ilka day. . . . *The Ordination. 6.*

Daisy, Daisie.
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, *A Guid New Year* † *2.*
The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild; *S. Adown winding Nith* †
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
In days when Daisies deck the ground, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, *S. The Posie.*
Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate.
That fate is thine—no distant date; *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Dale, Dail.
An' thro' the flowery dale; . . *S. As down the burn* †
The Game shall Pay owre moor an' dail.
For this, niest year. . *Ep. to J. R. 10.*
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man:
S. The Fête Champetre.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, *S. The gloomy night* †
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, *The Ordination. 6.*

And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
S. The small birds †

His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, *The Twa Herds.* 7.
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Dalgarnock [an old parish in Dumfries-shire, now incorporated with Closeburn Parish].

I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Dalrymple.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae, . *The Twa Herds.* 12.
Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence, . . . *Ib.* 17.
D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw, *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Dam [a mole across a stream].

Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Dam [a female parent].

This was thy billie, dam, and sire, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
That wantons round its bleating dam; *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Dam [urine].

Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam; [v. A. 2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Dame. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces, *Add. to Unco Guid.* 6.
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
S. By yon castle wa †
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her; . . *Ep. to young Friend.* 7.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . *Epit. on W.*
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, *S. In Simmer when* †
As the finest dame in castle or ha' *S. O when she cam ben* †
Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her, *Poem on Life.*
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, . . *Tam o' Shanter.* 1.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, . . . *Ib.* 4.
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11
A dame wi' pride eneugh, . . *The Election Ballads.* I.
Dame fortune should bing by the neck; . . *Ib. III.*
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care; *S. The Highland Lassie.*
But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
Simper James. Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
The Kirk's Alarm.
And the dames danced in the ha'; *S. The last braw bridal* †
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, *S. The weary Pund.*
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
The Whistle. 10.

Damie [*dim. of* dame].

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Damn.

And damn a' Parties but your own; . *A Ded. to G. H.* 9.
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.

Damnable.

To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error. . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Damnation.

It's no through terror of D-mn-t—n; . *A Ded. to G. H.*, 6.
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expences! . . *Add. to Unco Guid.* 5.
Damnation then would be our fate,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again; *Ep. to R. Graham.* 5.
I wha deserve sic just damnation. *Holy Willie's Prayer.* 3.
A wight that will weather damnation.
The devil the prey will despise. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation. . . . *Ib. VI.*
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n. [v. A. 22] . *The Holy Fair.* 12.

Damned, -'d.

They!—they be d——d! what right hae they
Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
Then we'll be d-mned no doubt . *Add. to Dumourier.*
An' let poor, damned bodies bee; . . *Add. to the Deil.* 2.
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
D—n'd haet they'll kill! . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.* 15.
'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
'Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! . . . *Ib.* 29.
May they be damn'd together. . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d——'d! . . *Epit. for. G. H.*
This worthless body damn'd himsel,
To save the Lord the trouble. . *Epit. on D. C.*
That the worms ev'n d——d him
When laid in his grave. . . . *Epit. on Walter S..*
If ever he rise, it will be to be d——'d.
Extem. on "the Marquis."
Whar damned devils roar and yell, *Holy Willie's Prayer.* 4.
To grace this damn'd infernal clan. *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. . *Poem on Life.*
Thy auld damned elbow yenks wi' joy, ... *Ib.*
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd Drinkers. *Scotch Drink.* 20.
An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a hussle,
Seizan a Stell, *The Author's Cry and Prayer,* 7.
And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran, . . *Ib.* 13.
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr.* 9.
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; . . *The Inventory.*
And roar every note of the damn'd. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; . . *To J. S.*, 6.
All devil as I am, a damned wretch. . . *Tragic Frag.*

Damon.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: [*pr.*] *S. Damon and Sylvia.*

Damp.

Then is it wise to damp our bliss? *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Dampiere. How does Dampiere do? *Add. to Dumourier.*

Dance. The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn; *S. Behold, my love,* †
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair: *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.* 17.
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
S. O Mary, at the window †
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
Prologue, at Th., D..
Warlocks and witches in a dance; . . *Tam o' Shanter.* 11.
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! . . . *Ib.* 15.
Wi' merry dance in winter-days, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
"But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land,
"Was, the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man. *The Fête Champetre.*
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha',
S. There grows a bonie †
Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

Dance, *to.*

By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, *Add. to Dumourier.*
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick; . *Add. to Toothache.*
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing, *S. Carl, an the king come.*
Upon that night, when Fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans dance, . . . *Halloween.* 1.
Fairies dance sae cheery. . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
But when will he dance like Tam Glen? . *S. Tam Glen.*
"We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee;
S. The Poor Thresher.
Around it a' the patriots dance. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
And learning in a woody dance, . *The Twa Herds.* 10.
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light. . . . *To J. S.*, 11.

Danced, -'d.

I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill! . . . *Ep. to J. R.* 6.
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree. . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
He's danc'd awa' he's danc'd awa'
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
And the dames danced in the ha'; *S. The last braw bridal* †
Sae merrily they danced the ring, . *The night was still* †
We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, *T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down, *S. There was a lass* †
Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song? *S. Where are the joys* †
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'. . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Dancer.

The dancers quick and quicker flew; . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*

Dancing, -in.

seasons dancing, life advancing, . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Nell's heart was dancin at the view; . . *Halloween. 10.*
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; . . . . *Ib. 25.*
And singin' there, and dancin' here, [v. A. 11]
Holy Willie's Prayer.
I see thee dancing o'er the green, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. *S. The Ploughman* †
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . *S. The tither morn* †
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',
S. There grows a bonie †

Dang, Dung [knocked, pushed, worsted, driven].

When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O. . *S. Amang the trees* †
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she hang'd me, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Thus dung in staves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Danger.

And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Nay, more—there is danger in touching; *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
From ev'ry danger keep him free, . . . *S. Somebody.*
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Where maoy a danger I must dare, *S. The gloomy night* †
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; . . *To a Painter.*
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger. . *S. When wild War's* †
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, hold,
Soar around each cliffy hold, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Dangerous. But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Dangling.

An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling hang; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel. . . . *Poem on Life.*

Danton *v.* **Daunton.**

Dappl't.

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, *A Guid New-Year* † *2.*

Dare.

And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
S. Contented wi' little †
Our father's blude the kettle bought!
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
And dares the public like a noontide sun. . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And dare the war with all of woman born: . . . . *Ib.*
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Nor dare disclose my anguish. *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die! *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair,
S. Lovely Davies.
Lord, to account who dares thee call,
On Com. Goldie's Brains
Dare invade your native right, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger; . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
The stubborn Tories dare to die: *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Where many a danger I must dare, *S. The gloomy night* †
For her I'll dare the billows' roar: . *S. The Highland Lassie.*
We dare be poor for a' that! . . *S. The Honest Man.*
I ken the devils dare na touch me. . . *The Inventory.*
Yet dare not speak my anguish. . . *S. The last time I* †
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern. [v. A. 4] *The Vision, D. I.*
'Some fire the Sodger on to dare; . . . *Ib. II. 4.*
Not a hope that dare attend; . . . *S. Thickest night* †
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: . . *To Clarinda.*
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes: . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame:
To W. Simpson.
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . *S. Where are the joys* †
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, . . *Why am I loth* †
And wha a crime dare ca' that? . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Dar'd. On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his [death's] face, *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant True blues, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Darena [dare not].

We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
I canna tell, I mauna tell,
I darena for your anger: . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
S. My Sandy gied †
And dear was she, I darena name, *S. O May thy morn* †
And here's to them, we darena tell, ... *Ib.*
I lo'e her mysel, but I darena weel tell, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
My heart is sair, I darena tell, . . . *S. Somebody.*
A running stream they dare na cross. . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
O love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;
S. The Posie.

Daring, -in.

His darin look had daunted me; . . . . *A Vision.*
Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
The daring invaders they fled or they died. . *S. Caledonia.*
Straight the sky grew black and daring; *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . . . *Liberty.*
The deed too daring brave is; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? *Scots Prologue.*
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring: *The Election Ballads. VI.*
By blockhead's daring into madness stung; *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Dark. When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A V. on being Hosp. Entertain'd.
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim. . *A Winter Night. 8.*
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Dark as the frowning rock his brow, . *As on the banks* †
Threw broad and dark across the pool: . . . . *Ib.*
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 16.*
Be't light, be't dark, . . . *Ep. to Major Logan, 14.*
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
Into thy dark dominion! . . *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Of speechless grief, and dark despair : *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †
Dweller in yon dungeon dark, . *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow.
On Death of fav. Child.

And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :
On Death of R. Dundas.

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, . . *Ib.*
Dark despair around benights me. . *S. One fond kiss,* †
And to dark Oblivion join thee ! . . *S. Raving winds* †
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile. . . *Scotch Drink, 6.*
Or dark as misery's woeful night . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Then night's gloomy shades, clondy, dark, o'ercast my sky :
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †

And in an instant all was dark : . . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
dark in Death's fish-creel . . *Tam Samson's El. 6.*
heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Blew up each Tory's dark designs, *The Election Ballads, VI.*
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
S. The lazy mist †

In spite o' dark banditti stabs . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night ! *To W. Simpson. 14.*
Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . *Why am I loth* †

Darken'd.

They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
S. Caledonia.

And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
S. The lazy mist †

Darkening, -'ning.

Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, *A Winter Night. 1.*
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, *The Vowels.*
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day ! . *To W. Simpson.*

Darker. Her eye-brows of a darker hue, . *S. Sae flaxen* †
An' darker gloamin brought the night : . *The Twa Dogs, 35.*

Darkest. lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, . *The Hermit.*

Darkling. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit, . . . *A Bard's Epit.*

But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.
El. on Miss Burnet.

And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
To R. G. of F., 7.

(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:) . . . *Ib. 9.*

Darklins (darkling).

An' darklins grapet for the hauks, . . . *Halloween. 11.*

Darkly. Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
The Petition of Br. Water.

The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v. A. 10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.

Dark-muffl'd.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain ; . *A Winter Night, 6.*

Darkness. In shades of darkness hide [weakness, frailty].
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

quenched in darkness like the sinking star, . . *Liberty.*
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Tam o' Shanter. 8.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Darksome. They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim, . *John Barleycorn.*

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Banishes ilk darksome shade, *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
The darksome night did me enfauld,
S. The lass that made the bed.

Darlet.

At Darlet we a blink did tarry ; *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Darling. Edina! Scotia's darling seat ! *Add. to Edinburgh.*
The sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †

While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ? . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart : *S. Behold the hour* †
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
S. Caledonia.

Spring, thou darling of the year ; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 12.*
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean ! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped.
And pierc'd my darling's heart : . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
So I for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long. . . . . *Ib.*
I've been her [mammy's] darling a' my days,
S. I'm o'er young to marry †

My pride and my darling to be? . . *S. Leezie Lindsay.*
This darling child of nature, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
O Thou dread Pow'r †

My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing ! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band
The Petition of Br. Water.

Give the poet's darling flame, . . . *The Toast.*
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful Art. . *The Vision, D. II. 4.*
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Her darling bird that she lo'es best . *To W. Creech.*
woman, nature's darling child ! . *S. 'Twas even, the dewy* †
Ance the darling o' the men : . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Dart. 'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.

That when I looked to my dart, It was sae blunt, *Ib. 17.*
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside ? . *Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.*
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will out-rival the dart : *Extem., pinned to Coach.*
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, . . *O leave novels* †
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, *S. Sae far awa.*
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
To R. G. of F..

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ; . . . . . *To Ruin.*
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Dart, *to.*

Or thro' each nerve the raptnre dart, *S. By Allan stream* †
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Monody, on a Lady.

When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart ; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. *To R. G. of F., 3*

Darting. A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances : . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Dash. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit ! . . . . *To a Haggis.*
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Dash'd.

And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Dashing.

Across the rolling, dashing roar, . . *S. Behold the hour* †
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar :
S. Had I a cave †

Suspend their dashing oars to hear *On Lincluden Castle.*
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
On Death of R. Dundas.
But hashing and dashing I kend na how to tell.
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Delighted with the dashing roar; . *The Vision, D. II. 13.*

Date.
O! why has Worth so short a date? *Lament for Glencairn.*
Add to our date one minute more? *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
I mind it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young and blate,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
That fate is thine—no distant date; *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Date, *to.*
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Dateless.
your braw, nameless, dateless letter, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Daud [to thrash, abuse; drive forcibly; pelt].
An' set the hairns to daud her [Common Sense],
Wi' dirt this day. . . *The Ordination, 2.*

Daudin [pelting].
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Daughter.
Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. *Blest be M'Murdo* †
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife, ... *S. How cruel* †

Daunt.
Still I will try to daunt you; . . *S. Husband, husband* †

Daunted. His darin look had daunted me; . *A Vision.*

Dauntingly.
Sae dauntingly gaed he: . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

Dauntless. The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
Epit. for Author's Father.
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . *Vs under Picture.*

Daunton, Danton [to subdue, intimidate].
Shall ever danton me, or awe me, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
But an auld man shall never daunton me. [*re.*]
S. To daunton me.
To daunton me, and me sae young, ... *Ib.*

Daur [to dare].
'I daur you try sic sportin, ... *Halloween, 14.*
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, *In Defence of a Lady.*
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady! . . . *To a Louse.*
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations. . . . . *Ib.*
How daur ye do't? . . . . . *Ib.*
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee [Religion].
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Daurna [dare not].
For which we daurna show our face *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
As for the deil, he daurna steer him
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †

Daurk [a day's labour].
Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
A Guid New-Year † *16.*
An' nought but his han'-daurk, . . *The Twa Dogs, 10.*

Daur't [dared].
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee.
A Guid New-year † *2.*

Daut, Dawte [to fondle, caress, make of, pet].
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
When I did kiss and dawte her, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And ither some will kiss and daut; . *S. John, come kiss.*

Dautet, Dawtet [made of, petted.
Ye're unco muckle dautet; . . . . *A Dream. 15.*
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane
As yell's the Bill. . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

Dawtingly [caressingly].
And dawtingly did chear me; . *S. The tither morn* †

David, Davie [King David of Scripture].
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . *The Ordination. 3.*
King David o' poetic brief, . . . *What ails ye now* †
An' snugly sit amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet. . *Ib.*

Davie. But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, *Ep. to Davie, 2.*
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! . . . . *Ib. S.*
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie. [*re.*] . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie; . . . . . *Ib.*
My ain dear, dainty Davie. . . . . *Ib.*
But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie: . . . . *Ib.*

Davie Bluster [Mr. Grant, Ochiltree].
Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Davies.
The charms o' lovely Davies. [*re.*] . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Davison.
They ca'd him Duncan Davison. . *S. Duncan Davison.*

Davock [*dim. of* David].
Wee Davock bands the nowt in fother. . . *The Inventory.*
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . . . *Ib.*

Daw [to Dawn].
The cock may craw, the day may daw, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
S. What will I do gin †

Dawd [a large piece of anything].
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Dawing, -in [dawn of day, dawning].
I con'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
And dawin it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule. . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †
The day is near the dawin; . . *S. Landlady, count* †
As day was dawin in the sky . *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Dawn. Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread, . *S. A Rose-bud by* †
At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Lovely was she by the dawn, . . *S. It was the charming* †
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
At morning dawn and parting day. . *S. O were my love* †
She's fresher than the morning dawn *S. On Cessnock banks* †
or hail the chearful dawn, . *On seeing wounded Hare.*
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
S. The heather was bloom.†
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing lard may stray, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Glowing dawn of brighter day. . . . *To a Kiss.*
Night, where dawn shall never break,
W'r. in Friars-Carse H..
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Dawn, *to.*
But fairer still my Delia dawns, . . *Delia. An Ode*

Dawning.
In manhood's dawning blush; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
So dawning day has brought relief *S. The noble Maxwells* †

Dawte, Dawtet, *v.* **Daut, Dautet.**

Day.
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; . . . . . *Ib. 14.*
On sic a day as this is, ... *A Dream. 1.*
Amang thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day. [*re.*] . *Ib.*
. . till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye Frae Care . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
But some day ye may gnaw your nails, . . . *Ib. 10.*
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. . . . *Ib.*
He was an unco shaver For monie a day. . . *Ib. 11.*
Or trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre Some luckless day. *Ib. 12.*
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . . *Ib. 15.*

Then lost his way, ne misty day, . . *A Fragment. 4.*
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie *A Guid New-year† 1.*
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day. . . . . *Ib. 2.*
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, ... *Ib. 6.*
That day, ye was a jinker noble, ... *Ib. 7.*
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither. . . . *Ib. 11.*
An' monie an' anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat! . . . . *Ib. 16.*
An' thy auld days may end in starvin', . . . *Ib. 17.*
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day, . *S. A Rosebud by†*
He sang wi' joy his former day, ... *A Vision.*
They!—they be d—d! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? . *Add. of Beelzebub. 3.*
Whose ancestors, in days of yore, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, . . . *Ib. 19.*
[Beauty] The bloom of a fine summer's day!
S. Adown winding Nith†
The day was waxing weary, . . . *S. As I gaed up†*
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, ... *Ib.*
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal†
The wintry sun the day has clos'd, *S. Behind yon hills†*
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . *Blest be M'Murdo†*
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy. . *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go†*
But lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day, . . *S. But lately seen†*
Oh! age has weary, weary days! . . . . . *Ib.*
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow: *S. By Allan stream†*
By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
S. By yon castle wa'†
And a' the day to sit in dool, . . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . . . . *Ib.*
There was once a day, but old Time then was young,
S. Caledonia.
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee. . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Slides by a bower where monie a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir. *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
'Thus goes he on from day to day,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
Fair the face of orient day, ... *Delia, An Ode.*
Oh, enviable, early days, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Then I maun sit the lee lang day, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,
El. on Capt. M. H. 9.
Whom we, this day, lament! . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear, . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . . . *Ib. 10.*
May still your life from day to day,
Nae "*lente largo*" in the play, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
They persecute you all your future days *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
And mercy's day is gane . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my happy, glorious day:
S. Farewell, dear mistress†
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
S. Farewell, thou fair day†
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, *Fragment of Ode.*
Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . *S. Gane is the day†*
'But monie a day was by himsel,
'He was sae sairly frighted . . . *Halloween. 16.*
I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,
S. Here's a health to ane†
L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
S. How can my poor heart†

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie; *S. How lang and dreary†*
The joyless day, how dreary; . . . . . *Ib.*
I've been her [mammy's] darling a' my days,
S. I'm o'er young to marry†
And plenty of bacon each day in the year: . *Impromptu.*
Give me Maria's natal day! *Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
When day is gane, and night is come, . *S. It was a' for†*
One morning by the break of day, *S. It was the charming†*
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting†*
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
S. John Anderson,†
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel
Till on her wedding day, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
Kind Sir, I've read†
And the days are awa that we hae seen;
But far better days I trust will come again;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe? . *Lament for Glencairn.*
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The day is near the dawin; . . *S. Landlady, count†*
Shrinking from the gaze of day. . *S. Mark yonder Pomp†*
I can win my five pennies in a day, *S. My Collier Laddie.*
My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance†*
I rue the day I sought her O, [*re.*] *S. My love she's but†*
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear. *S. Musing on the roaring†*
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, . . *Nature's Law.*
There I'll spend the day wi' you, . . *S. Now rosy May†*
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, ... *Ib.*
When a' thir days are done, man, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
S. O Lassie, art thou†
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my Willie's bride; . *S. O Logan! sweetly†*
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, ... *Ib.*
But soon may peace bring happy days, ... *Ib.*
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, [*re.*]
S. O merry hae I been†
And blest he the day I did it again. . . . . *Ib.*
O Phely, happy be that day, ... *S. O Phely†*
'As songsters of the early year
'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, ... *Ib.*
O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy; . . . . *S. O Tibbie!†*
a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . *S. O were I on Parnass.†*
By night, by day, a field, at hame, ... *Ib.*
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
At morning dawn and partieg day. *S. O were my love†*
The cock may craw, the day may daw, . *S. O Willie brew'd†*
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts†*
On a bank of flowers one summer's day
S. On a bank of flowers†
The piety of ancient days! . . *On Lincluden Castle.*
A ne'er to be forgotten day, . . *On dining with Daer.*
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
On Death of R. Dundas.
The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.
And blest the day and hour, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
"You're one year older this important day."
Prologue, at Th., D..
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had. . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds†*
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
Now's the day, and now's the hour, . *S. Scots wha ha'e†*
Och, ho! the day! . . . . . *Searching auld†*
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne? *S. Should auld acquaintance†*

This day. Time winds th' exhausted chain.
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
This day's propitious to be wise in. . . . . *Ib.*
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!" . . . *Ib.*
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust. . . . . *Ib.*
with days and honors crown'd, ... *Ib.*
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
S. Sleep'st thou, or†
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he [the sun] leads the day.
S. Slow spreads the gloom†
I thank thee, author of this opening day!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . *S. Streams that glide†*
God bless your Honors, a' your days,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days! *S. The Banks of Nith.*
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neebour's blude to spill;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Alas the day, and wo the day,
A false usurper wan the gree, *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle. . . . *Ib. 5.*
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
We'll live a' our days, ... *S. The Carls o' Dysart.*
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days: . *Ib. 16.*
The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet, *S. The day returns†*
While day and night can bring delight, ... *Ib.*
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, *The Death of Mailie.*
He saw her days were near hand ended, . . . *Ib.*
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O; *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
In March the three-and-twentieth day,
The Election Ballads. V.
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
Our lads gaed a hunting ae day at the dawn,
S. The heather was bloom.†
[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear; . . . . *The Hermit.*
I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . . . . *Ib.*
The lav'rocks they were chantan
Fu sweet that day. [*re.*] *The Holy Fair. 1.*
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him, ... *Ib. 12.*
How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' Lasses! . . . . . *Ib. 27.*
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day. . . *Ib.*
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet E[urns] came by, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been. . . *The Inventory.*
In days when riding was nae crime . . . . *Ib.*
Day an' date as under notit, ... *Ib.*
Round we wander all the day; *The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.*
The day be stude his country's friend
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. *S. The Laddies by†*
The morn that warns th' approaching day, . *The Lament.*
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night . . . . *Ib.*
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me. *S. The lass that made.*
'Twas on a Hallowmass day, . . *S. The last braw bridal†*
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me; . . *S. The lovely lass of†*
So dawning day has brought relief *S. The noble Maxwells†*
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day. [*re.*] . *The Ordination. 1.*
This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, . *The Ordination. 2.*
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, ... *Ib. 3.*
O happy day! rejoice, rejoice! . . . *Ib. 13.*
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;
S. The Poor Thresher.
Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at break o' day; . . . . . *S. The Posie.*
in far less polish'd days, . . . *The Rights of Woman.*
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
S. The Taylor fell†
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Upon a honie day in June, . . . *The Twa Dogs.*
That merry day the year begins, ... *Ib. 20.*
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, . . . *Ib. 30.*
Niest day their life is past endnring. . . . *Ib. 32.*
Resolv'd to meet some ither day. . . . . *Ib. 35.*
O would, or I had seen the day . . . *S. The Union.*
The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . . *The Vision, D. I. 1.*
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me;
And when the Day had clos'd his e'e Far i' the West, . *Ib.*
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"
The Whistle. 18.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, *S. The young High. Rover.*
As day was dawin in the sky . *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, ... *Ib.*
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
S. There liv'd ance a carle†
And he had a wife was the plague of his days, . . *Ib.*
But whatna day o' whatna style, . *S. There was a lad†*
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun, ... *Ib.*
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Glowing dawn of brighter day . . . *To a Kiss.*
Friday first's the day appointed,
By our Right Worsbipful anointed, . *To a Medical Gent.*
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, *To J. S., 14.*
Then canie, in some cozie place, They close the day. *Ib. 18.*
With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying, ... *To J. Taylor.*
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn. *To Mary in Heaven.*
To live one day of parting love! . . . . . *Ib.*
'Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. . . . . *Ib.*
Last day my mind was in a bog, . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! . *To R. Graham.*
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyless day? . . . . . *To Ruin.*
This day thou metes threescore eleven, . *To Terraughty.*
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, . . . *Ib.*
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day! . *To W. Simpson.*
In days when mankind were but callans, . . *Ib. P. S.*
And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.
S. Twas even—the dewy†
A' day they fare but sparely; . . *S. Up in the morning.*
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; . . *S. Wha is that at†*
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
S. What can a yng lassie†
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
When day did daw, and cocks did craw, *S. What will I do gin†*
the happy days I spent wi' you, my dearie;
S. When I think on†
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger. . . *S. When wild War's†*
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day. . . . . *Winter.*
The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, . . . *Ib.*
Life is but a day at most, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
As thy day grows warm and high, ... *Ib.*

Day-detesting.

Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light. . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18.*

Day-lang. For there, wi' my Lassie, the day-lang I rove,
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †

Day-star. Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.
On Death of fav. Child.

Dazzle. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; . . *Halloween. 25.*

Dazzle, *to.* And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
S. There's a youth †

They dazzle our een. as they flie to our hearts.
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †

Deacon. Ve dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Dead.

Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; . . *A Vision.*
renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead. *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
'As dead's a herrin: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear,
For him that's dead. *El. on Capt. M. H. 12.*
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Ye honoured mighty dead! . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I will try to daunt you; . *S. Husband, husband* †
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead. . . *John Barleycorn.*
For all the life of life is dead, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Immingled with the mighty dead! . . . *Liberty.*
He who of R—k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
Lns while on Deathbed.
O aa ye were dead, gudemaa, . *S. O gin ye were dead.*
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead! [*re.*] *Poor Mailie's El..*
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses:
Tam o' Shanter. 11.
'Tam Samson's dead!' [*re.*] . . . *Tam Samson's El..*
And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock, ... *The Calf.*
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.
The Death of Mailie.
An' clos'd her e'en amang the dead! . . . . . *Ib.*
Now Robin, greetin', chows the bams
O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] . . . *Ib.*
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone!
To J. S., 10.
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page,
To R. G. of F., 5.

Dead (death).

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twill be my dead, that will be seen, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue. . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
For mony a beast to dead she shot, . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.
S. There's auld Rob M. †
As whiles they're like to be my dead, . *To W. Simpson.*

Deadly. Morality, thou deadly bane, . *A Ded. to G.H., 7.*
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
To show their deadly rage. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
But now he [love] is my deadly fae,
Unless thou'lt be my ain. . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
purse, Baited with many a deadly curse?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide; . *Tam Samson's El., 10.*
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . *The Election Ballads. I.*
The magna charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; . *S. The gloomy night* †
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
S. When wild War's †

Dead-sweer [very reluctant].

I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
A Ded. to G. H., 13.

Deaf. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Bear this in mind, [in politics] be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
The Kirk's Alarm.
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Deal.

To you the dotard has a deal to say, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Deal, *to.*

And deal from iron hands the spare repast, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Lns. extm. in Lady's Pocket-book.
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best, . . *Scotch Drink, 21.*
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Dealing.

Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their tea-hours bite, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.*
Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten; . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Dealt.

He dealt it [coin] free: . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Dean.

Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir. . *The Dean of Fac..*

Dear. I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my Master dear, *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! *A Farewell.*
And I will luve thee still, my Dear, [*re.*] *S. A red, red Rose.*
dear bird, young Jeany fair, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
As dear an' near my heart I set thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Yet let the friend be dear. . . . *S. Ah, Chloris,* †
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . *Auld comrade* †
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katy. *S. Canst thou leave me* †
And Andrew dear believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
The life blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast. . . . . *Ib. 9.*
All hail! ye tender feelings dear! . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
An' by her een wha was a dear ane! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
Epit. for Author's Father.
Farewell, dear mistress of my soul,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear, . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, *S. Hark! the mavis* †
O welcome dear to love and me! . . *S. Here is the glen* †
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the dear rolling ee; *S. Here's a health to ane* †
My dear, I'l come and see thee; . *S. Here's to thy health* †
My dear lad that's far away, *S. How can my poor heart* †
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
S. How pleasant the banks †
I'll wed another like my dear . . *S. Husband, husband* †
And when her lovely form I see,
O baith, she's doubly dear again! . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
I mana cross the main, My dear, [*re.*] . *S. It was a' for* †
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [*re.*]
Last May a braw wooer †
This ivied cot was dear; *Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her..*
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [*re.*]
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

I dote on ev'ry feature
Of this dear artless creature, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
The generous purpose, nobly dear, . *S. My Mary's face* †
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear. . *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Wi' her the lassie dear to me, . *S. Now bank and brae* †
My ain dear, dainty Davie. . . *S. Now rosy May* †
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie. . . . . *Ib.*
But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, *S. Now westlin winds* †
So dear can be, as thou to me, ... *Ib.*
And bonie she, and ah how dear! *S. O bonie was you rosy* †
While my dear lad maun face his foes. *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And dear was she, I darena name, . *S. O May thy morn* †
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy . . . . . *S. O Phely* †
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely. . . . . *Ib.*
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Phely. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. . . . . *Ib.*
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee. [*re.*] *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.
S. O whare did ye get †
And in their dear petitions place him :
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever, . *On Death of fav. Child.*
Told how dear ye were aye to each other. . . . *Ib.*
And every year come in mair dear . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Once fondly lov'd †
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.
S. Out over the Forth †
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . *Poor Maillie's El..*
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear; . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me; . . . . . *Ib.*
For auld lang syne, my dear. . *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Rnin!
Scots Prologue.
And still his precious self his dear delight : . . *Sketch.*
Oh! banks to me for ever dear! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. . . . *Ib.*
O dear! for Somebody; . . . . . *S. Somebody.*
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; *Sp. Extem. to yng Lady.*
My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; . . . . *Ib.*
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, *Tam o' Shanter, 19.*
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear! *S. The banks of Nith.*
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
The Brigs of Ayr. 1.
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, . . . *Ib. S.*
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
Ib. 12.
some kind, connubial Dear . . . . . *The Calf.*
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, *S. The Capt. Ribband.*
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4.
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society yet still more dear; . . . *Ib. 16.*
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! . . . *Ib. 20.*
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear. . *The Death of Mailie.*
Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! *The Election Ballads, VI.*
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! . . *The Farewell.*
All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore! . . . . . *Ib.*

Dear brothers of the mystic tye! *The Farewell. To St J.'s L..*
To Masonry and Scotia dear! . . . . . *Ib.*
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
The Henpecked Husband.
My name is Fun—your cronie dear, . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him! . . . . *Ib. 11.*
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; . . . *The Inventory.*
An' go wi' me an' be my dear; . *The Jolly Beggars, S. V.*
And by that dear Kilbaigie, ... *Ib. S. VI.*
For her dear sake, and her's alone! . *The Lament, 4.*
Your dear remembrance in my breast, ... *Ib. 6.*
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three. *S. The lovely lass of I.* †
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. . *S. The Posie.*
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear; . . *Ib.*
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
The Rights of Woman.
I bae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
S. The Slave's Lament.
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter; *S. The sons of old Killie.*
There lies the dear partner of my breast,
S. The sun he is sunk †
But then my wife and children dear,
O whither would they go? . . . *Ib.*
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear:
S. There was a bonie lass †
the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear. . . . . *Ib.*
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; . *S. There was a lass* †
But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'.
S. There's a youth †
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine. . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice, . . *To a Painter.*
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . *To Clarinda.*
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, . . *Ib.*
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . . . . *Ib.*
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, . . . *To J. S.*
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman, . . . *Ib. 14.*
O Mary! dear, departed shade! . *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
Those records dear of transports past, ... *Ib.*
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An Edwin still to you. . *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
Wi' you no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Dear Peter, dear Peter, ... *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, *To R. G. of F., 5.*
O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear. *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear! . . . . *Ib.*
Thee, dear maid, have I offended? *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
S. Twas na her bonie blue †
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
S. Wandering Willie.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, *S. When wild War's* †
That gallant badge, the dear cockade. . . . . *Ib.*
Art thou my aia dear Willie? . . . . . *Ib.*
But, my dear and lovely Katie, *S. Will ye go and marry* †
to me more dear, Than all the Pride of May: . *Winter.*
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor: *Wr. on Leaf of H. More.*
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary. *S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams* †
But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me.
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . *S. Young Jamie* †
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Dear-bought.
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, . . *The Inventory.*

Dearer. I never lo'ed a dearer. . *S. My love's a winsome†*
My lassie, ever dearer; . . . *S. O wat ye wha that loes†*
Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
S. O whare did ye get†
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich ananas blow! . . . . *The Farewell.*
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
S. Their groves of†
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers, . . *Ib.*
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean. . . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate†*
The gift still dearer, as the giver you. . *To R. Graham.*

Dearest.
My dearest member nearly dozen'd: *Auld comrade dear†*
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her. *S. Come let me take thee†*
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part. . *Ep. to Davie, S.*
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
Man was made to mourn.
But did you see my dearest Phillis,
In simplicity's array; . . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp†*
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
Monody, on a Lady.
The dearest o' the quorum. [*re.*] . *S. O May thy morn†*
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining? . *S. O poortith cauld†*
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. . *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
while life's dearest blood is warm, ... *Ib.*
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! . *S. One fond kiss†*
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she loves me best of a'. [*re.*] . . *S. Sae flaxen†*
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove . . . . *Ib.*
What says she, my dearest, my Phely? [*re.*]
S. Saw ye my Phely.
We will drain our dearest veins, . . *S. Scots wha ha'e†*
And I hae tint my dearest dear; . *S. She's fair and fause†*
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul. . . *S. Streams that glide†*
Dearest of Distillation! last and best!
How art thou lost! *The Author's Cry and Prayer, Mott.*
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1.
Inst and pride, The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers,
The Hermit.
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's bed! . *S. The lovely lass of I.†*
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
The Rights of woman.
The dearest siller that ever I wan. . . *S. The Taylor fell†*
The dearest comfort o' their lives
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; *The Twa Dogs, 17.*
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew! *The Vowels.*
But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.
S. There's a youth†
Dearest tie of young connexions, . . . *To a Kiss.*
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart. . . . *To Chloris.*
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
And quivers in my heart. . . . . *To Ruin.*
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue†
"To cut it aff, an' what fore no,
"Your dearest member." . . . *What ails ye now†*
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom: . *S. When wild War's†*

Dearie [*dim. of* **dear**].
Wha did I meet upon the way,
But pretty Peg, my dearie. . . . *S. As I gaed up by†*
Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie.
S. Ay waking, O†
Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.
S. Ay waukin, O.
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie. *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie; [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie! *S. By Allan Stream†*
My bonie dearie, ... *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
An' he ca'd me his dearie. . . . . *Ib.*
And ye sall be my dearie [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [*re.*] *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Nae mair my Dearie smiles; . . . . *Fragment.*
My arms about my Dearie, O; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
My bonie dearie. [*re.*] . . . *S. Hark! the Mavis†*
How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie; [*re.*] *S. How lang and dreary†*
Wilt thou be my dearie O? . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†*
And say thou'lt be my dearie O? . . . . . *Ib.*
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At sultry noon, my dearie O. . . . . *Ib.*
And talk of love my dearie O. . . . . *Ib.*
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. . . . . *Ib.*
He [the cottar] woos his simple dearie: *S. O poortith cauld,† 1.*
How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. . . . *S. Scroggam.*
Sae sad was I, In absence o' my dearie. *S. The tither morn†*
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, *S. Wandering Willie.*
O gin I were her dearie! . . *S. When first I saw†*
When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie; . . *When I think on†*
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie. . . . . *Ib.*
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O. [*re.*]. . *S. When o'er the hill†*
Wilt thou be my dearie? . . *S. Wilt thou be my†*
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie: [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†

Dear-lov'd.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination . . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire: . . *The Election Ballads, VI.*

Dearly.
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. . *S. By Allan Stream†*
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
But still, but still, I like them dearly, ... *Ib. 9.*
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; . . *S. I gaed a waefu'†*
Swear how I love thee dearly: . *S. Now westlin winds†*
O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly?
S. O ken ye what Meg†
I dearly like the west, ... *S. Of a' the airts†*
Wha dearly like a random-splore; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility†*
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, *Tam Samson's El..*
This chap will dearly like our kin', *S. There was a lad†*
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly! . *S. When wild War's†*
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†

Dear-remember'd.
O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Dears.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O: *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears: *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Dear sirs!
Heeh man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
They waste sae mony a braw estate! . *The Twa Dogs, 25.*

Dearthfu'. It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Scotch Drink. 10.

Death.
Till Death did on him ca', man; . . *A Fragment. 6.*
Or close them [my weary eyes] fast in death!
A Prayer under Anguish.
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.

But gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death! *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink, . . *Ib.*
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie. . . . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
It spak right howe—'My name is Death.'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
'Folk maun do something for their bread,
'An' sae maun Death. . . . *Ib. 12.*
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death, . . . *Ib. 25*
I took the way that pleas'd mysel. And sae did Death, *Ib. 31.*
Duncan cou'dna be her death, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! *El. on Capt. M. H. 1.*
Nor envious death so triumphed in a blow.
El. on Miss Burnet.
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Or die a cadger pownie's death, *Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. . *Epit. for R. A.*
Here Souter [Hood] in Death does sleep;
Epit. on ruling Elder.
For had he said, "the soul alone
"From death I will deliver" . *Epit. on Country Laird.*
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch. *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*
O Death, how horrid is thy taste . . . . . *Ib.*
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? . *Ep. on Miss J. Lewars.*
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way.
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas, . . . *Ib.*
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part: . . . . *Ib.*
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters, . . . *Ib.*
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death. *Epit. on W— —.*
Death has murder'd Johnie; . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
O what is death but parting breath? *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, *S. Fate gave the word,* †
And by fell death was nearly nicket: *Friend of the poet,* † *P. S.*
While Death stands victor by, . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
I gat my death frae twa sweet een, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
There's death in the cup—sae beware! . *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
Whom death had all untimely taen. *Lament for Glencairn.*
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Haste. gie her name up i' the chappel,
Nigh unto death; . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. . . . . *Ib.*
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! . . *Liberty.*
Death, that grusome carl, . . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
Man was made to Mourn.
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
On Death of fav. Child.
The Tyrant Death, with grim control. . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death. . . . . *Ib.*
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap. . . . *Scotch Drink, 10.*
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, *Tam Samson's El..*
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, ... *Ib.*
But now he lags on Death's hog-score, ... *Ib. 5.*
dark in Death's fish-creel . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Till coward Death behind him jumpit. . . . *Ib. 10.*
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie. . . . *Ib. Per C..*
Death comes. wi' fearless eye he sees him;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The Brigs of Ayr.
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death, . . *Ib. 13.*

Thro' fields of death to gather fame. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
from the shades of death's deep night,
The Election Ballads, VI.
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes, ... *Ib.*
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear: *S. The gloomy night* †
In gasping death to wallow. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death.
The Kirk's Alarm.
We thought ay death wad bring relief, *The Twa Herds, 13.*
Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever: . . . *S. Thou hast left me* †
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin, . . *To a Medical Gent..*
But why, o' Death, begin a tale? . . . *To J. S., 11.*
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
To R. G. of F., 9.
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? *Why am I loth* †
But oh! fell death's untimely frost.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Deathful. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Deathless.
after many a bloody, deathless doing. . *Scots Prologue.*
dearer than my deathless soul, . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name.
To W. Simpson. 3.

Deave [deafen, stupefy with noise or clamour].
And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
S. Last May a braw wooer †
My minny does constantly deave me, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
If mair they deave us wi' their din, . *The Ordination. 14.*
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Debar. Debar a' side-pretences; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

Debauch.
Then sowther a' in deep debauches. . *The Twa Dogs. 32.*

Debauchery.
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking: . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*

Deborah.
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Debt. That he intends to pay your debt, . *A Dream. 7.*
Till he forgets his loves or debts, . *Scotch Drink, Mott.*
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Debtor. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor: . . *A Dream. 3.*
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor.
Second Ep. to Davie.
It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages; . . . *To J. S., 8.*
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,
Made Homer deep their debtor; . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Decay.
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Our sad decay in church and state.
Surpasses my describing: . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Ruins yet beauteous in decay, . *On Lincluden Castle.*

Decay, *to.*
Who but knows they all decay! . . *S. My Mary's face* †

Decayed.
And all the splendid scene's decayed; *On Lincluden Castle.*
The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, *S. The Catrine woods* †
But long ere night down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd. . . *The 1st o V..s of 90th Ps..*

Deceased.
When ——, deceased, to the Devil went down, *Epig. on —.*
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased.
To R. G. of F., 6.

Deceit. Beauty is at best deceit: . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Deceitful.
Such was my life's deceitful morning, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †

Deceive.
And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him. . *A Farewell.*
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee. . . *S. Deluded swain* †
Cruel, cruel to deceive me! . . *S. Stay, my charmer* †
They flatter, she says, to deceive me, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Deceived, -'d.
Tho fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend; . . . *The Hermit.*
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
S. Though fickle Fortune †

Deceiver.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver, . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*

December.
the mirk night o' December, . . *S. O May thy morn* †
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, . . *To a Mouse.*
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! [*re.*]
S. Gloomy December.

Decency.
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Decent. She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel: . *S. Handsome Nell.*
decent, honest, fawsont folk, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Decide. Till slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it: *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Decided. An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided: . *Halloween. 7.*

Decidedly.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*

Deck. But clear your decks an' here's the Sex
The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.

Deck, *to.*
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine; . . *S. Behold, my love,* †
In days when Daisies deck the ground, . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; *S. Now rosy May* †
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
And in paste gems and frippery deck her; . *Poem on Life.*
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem; . . . . *To Miss C..*

Deck'd, Deckt, Deckit.
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes,
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree,
El. on Miss Burnet.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Be thou deckt in silken stole, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Declamation-mist.
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it: . *Extem. in Court of Session.*

Declaration.
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration; . . . . *S. The Union.*

Declare. My passion I will ne'er declare. *S. Ah, Chloris,* †
Could aught of song declare my pains,
S. Could aught of song †
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost. *El. on Capt. M. H. 13.*
Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †
And sage Experience bids me this declare
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 9.
The bursting tears my heart declare, *S. The gloomy night* †
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; . . *The Inventory.*
And they declare Terreagle's fair, . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

Declar'd.
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had ingine, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.*
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Declaring. Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring; *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

Declining.
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

Decorous.
Prudence, with decorous sneer, . *In vain would Prudence* †

Decorum.
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
The Rights of Woman.

Decoy.
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter: . *The Ordination. 13.*

Decoy, *to.*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: *Add. to the Deil. 13.*

Decoying.
Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Decree.
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree *S. Here's a health to ane* †

Decreed. But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest. . . *The 1st Psalm.*

Decyphering.
My periods that decyphering defy, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Dedicate.
To dedicate them, Sir, to You: . *A Ded. to G. H., 12.*
To you I dedicate the hour In idle rhyme.
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Dedicating. With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
The Brigs of Ayr.

Dedication.
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
I maist forgat my Dedication; . . . . *Ib. 11.*

Dee. Buy braw troggin,
Frae the hanks o' Dee; *The Election Ballads. IV.*
'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee, ... *Ib. V.*

Deed. The Gentleman in word and deed, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason:
A Dream.
famed for martial deed and sacred song, . *Liberty.*
The deed too daring brave is; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Monody, on a Lady.
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
Remorse. A Frag..
And execrates man's savage ruthless deeds!)
The Brigs of Ayr.
A chief o' doughty deed; . *The Election Ballads. V.*
The butcher deeds of bloody fate, ... *Ib. VI.*
The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
S. The small birds †
The gentleman in word an' deed, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Deep. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
A Guid New-year † *13.*
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I; . . . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
But deep this truth impress'd my mind *A Winter Night. 10.*
And deep as soughs the boding wind,
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. . *As on the banks* †
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
Law, physics, politics and deep divines:
Ep. to R. Graham, 2.
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny first assume the plough again; . . . *Ib. 5.*
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
Fragment of Ode.
The battle closes deep and bloody: . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, [*re.*]
S. One fond kiss, †
deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; . *Poem on Life.*
There let him bowse an' deep carouse, *Scotch Drink, Mott..*
And plung'd me deep in woe. . *S. Talk not of Love* †

She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
Tam o' Shanter, 3.

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd : . . *Ib. S.*

How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
The Brigs of Ayr, 9.

from the shades of death's deep night,
The Election Ballads, VI.

It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion, By night or day. *The Holy Fair. 19.*

And mourn, in lamentation deep, . . *The Lament, 1. —*

Then sowther a' in deep debauches. . *The Twa Dogs, 32.*

There's D[unca]n deep, and P[eeble]s shaul,
The Twa Herds, 10

Deep lights and shades, hold-mingling, *The Vision, D. I. 12.*

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, . . *Ib. D. II. 1.*

He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, *The Whistle.*

Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . . *To J. S., S.*

O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,
S. Wae is my heart †

As deep recoiling surges foam below, *Wv. by Fall of Fyers.*

Deep, *the.* where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

from the eddying deep below, . . *As on the banks* †

And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Deep-bending.

And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed : *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Deep-dy'd.

And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows ; [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*

Deepening, -'ning.

And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, . *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; *The Brigs of Ayr, 7.*

Deeper. Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Deepest.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . *S. Sensibility,* †

The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . *S. To dauntou me.*

Deep-green-mantl'd.

Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth,
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, *The Vision, D. II. 14.*

Deep-lairing.

And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar. . . *A Winter Night. 3.*

Deeply-ranklin'.

I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow. . . . *V.s under Grief.*

Deep-read.

deep-read in hell's black grammar, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.
The Whistle. 6.

Deep-struck.

With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*

Deep-sunk. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Deep-ton'd.

Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Deer. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, [&c.]
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ; *S. When o'er the hill* †

Deevil *v.* **Devil.**

Defac'd. Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
The Rights of Woman.

Defame. To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Defence.

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*

Defend.

Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, *Scots Prologue.*

Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, *To R. G. of F. —*

Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her ; . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Defender.

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Defiance.

And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig, defiance. . *The Election Ballads, VI.*

Defile. Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee, . . . *S. Eppie Adair.*

Defil'd. But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin. *Holy Willie's Prayer, 6.*

Define. The moral man he does define, *The Holy Fair. 15.*

Definition. Mankind is a science defies definitions.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Deform.

Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages. . . *To J. S., S.*

Deform'd.

But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . *The Vowels.*

Defy. My periods that decyphering defy. . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Mankind is a science defies definitions.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art : . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Defying.

He was a care-defying blade. *The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.*

Degenerate. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes ;
Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;
On Death of R. Dundas.

That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. . . . *Ib.*

Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
The Brigs of Ayr, 9.

Degree. A country lad is my degree, *S. Behind yon hills* †

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, *The Holy Fair. 11.*

But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he, . . *The Twa Dogs.*

O had she but been of a lower degree,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Deign.

Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse :
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Deil, De'il, Diel [devil].

And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him. . . *A Farewell.*

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil, . . . *Add. to the Deil, 2.*

Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
S. Contented wi' little †

Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city : *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*

Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan ! . . *Ib. 14.*

But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't : . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Here lies in earth a root of Hell,
Set by the Deil's ain dibble ; . . . *Epit. on D. C.*

But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*

But I'll he wi' ye ly an' bye ;
Or else the Deil's be in it. . . *Extem., to an Intimate.*

For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . . . *For W. Nicol.*

Alake, alake the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin jig and reel, In my poor pouches.
Friend of the poet †

Deil tak Kate An' she be na noddin too!
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †

But whether 'twas the Deil himsel, . . *Halloween. 12.*

But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in : . . . . . *Ib. 21.*

The Deil, or else an outler Quey, . . . *Ib. 26.*

And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. *Jenny M'Craw* †

As for the deil, he daurna steer him.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †

The deil tak' his taste to gae near her!
S. Last May a braw wooer †

The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †

The deil a ane would spier your price, . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

For clever deils he'll mak 'em! . . *On a Schoolmaster.*

He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, *On Sc. Bard gne to W. I.*
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
On Grose's Peregrinations.
For de'il a hair I roose him. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! *Scotch Drink, 20.*
The Deil bad business on his hand. . *Tam o' Shanter. S.*
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. . . . . *Ib.*
Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? . *Tam Samson's El..*
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Till when ye speak, ye niblins blether,
Yet deil mak' matter! [v. A. 2] . *Ib., P..*
O bow deil Tam can that he true?
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And ev'n the vera deils they [Bards] brawly ken them).
The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! . . *Ib. 7.*
He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him! *S. The cooper o' cuddy* †
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman'; *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
The de'ils awa' the de'il's awa'
The de'ils awa' wi' th' Exciseman, ... *Ib.*
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman. . . . . *Ib.*
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land,
Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. . . . . *Ib.*
An he get na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets na justice ava. *The Election Ballads. III.*
The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil ane will give them his vote. . . . . *Ib.*
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise; . . *The Inventory.*
The deil would ne'er abide her. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
She's dour and din, a deil within, . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd *S. The tither morn* †
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, *The Tree of Liberty.*
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither. . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
To tell the truth an' shame the Deil . . . *To ——.*
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, . . *To a Haggis.*
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il,
The flinty heart that canna feel . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Farewel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: . *To Terraughty.*

Deil-haet, Devil-haet [devil a thing],
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; . *The Twa Dogs, 30.*
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think. *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Deil-ma-care [devil may care, no matter!]
'But deil-ma-care!
'It just play'd dirl on the bane, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*
But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*
Now deil-ma-care about their jaw, . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Deity.
From some of your northern deities sprung: *S. Caledonia.*
An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty, *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Even Avarice would deny
His worship'd deity, . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

Dejected. But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind; . . *To Clarinda.*
Dull, listless, tensed, dejected, and deprest, *To. R. G. of F..*

Delay. Till, thence returned, they [tones] softly stray
O er Clouden's wave, with fond delay;
On Lincluden Castle.

Delay, *to.*
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . *S. Here's to thy health,* †

Deleeret [delirous].
'For mouie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, ... *Halloween. 14.*

Delia. But fairer still my Delia dawns, [*re.*] *Delia. An Ode.*

Delicious.
The witching cursed delicious blinkers *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Delight. While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow. . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Never mair to taste delight. . . . *S. Frae the friends* †
Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delight: . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
The Sun took delight to shine for its sake;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor . . . *S. O Phely,* †
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
And still his precious self his dear delight: . . *Sketch.*
Return, ye moments of delight, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
While day and night can bring delight, *S. The day returns* †
And still my delight is in proper young men:
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Delight, *to.*
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . . *S. Behind yon hill* †
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight, . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa'.
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer; . *S. Now westlin winds* †
To my wife and children in whom I delight.
S. The Poor Thresher.
While bees delight in opening flowers; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Delighted.
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing, . . *A Winter Night. 4.*
Yet [Summer] oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival other's lays: *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Delighted with the dashing roar; . *The Vision. D. II. 13.*

Delighteth. Goodness still Delighteth to forgive.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

Delightful.
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear. . . *Delia. An Ode.*
In love's delightful fetters, sbe chains the willing soul!
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

Delightless. But to me its delightless,—my Nanie's awa'.
S. My Nanie's Awa.
My soul, delightless, a' surveys, . *S. O Logan, sweetly* †

Deliver.
For had he said, "the soul alone
"From death I will deliver," . *Epit. on Country Laird.*
We saw none to deliver. . . . . *New Psalmody.*
First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever." . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Enthron'd in her eyes he [Love] delivers his law:
S. True hearted was he †

Dell. I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells; *S. Now westlin winds* †
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, *To W. Simpson.*
While chearful pence, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Delude.
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes, . *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Deluded. Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, . . *S. Deluded swain* †

Deluding.
dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . *To J. S., 14.*

Deluge.
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Delusion. Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
S. Ey yon castle wa' †
fortune's vain delusion, O, . *S. My father was a farmer* †

Delver.
1.—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ; *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

Delvin.
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Dem.
A buck, a beau, or *Dem my eyes!* . *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
And his last words were *Dem my blood!* . . . . *Ib.*

Demeanor. Her modest demennor's the jewel of a'. *S. True hearted was he†*

Democrat.
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the a— of a peer. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Demosthenes.
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Dempster. Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.
Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue ; [v.A.23]
The Vision. D. II. 6.
A Title, Dempster merits it ; . . . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Demure.
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter : . *The Ordination. 13.*

Den. I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake! *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
S. Afton Water.
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens ; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
S. There liv'd ance a carle†
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, *To W. Simpson.*

Denied, Deny'd.
But whether granted or denied,
Lord bless us with content ! . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd, *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Altho' even hope is denied ; . *S. Here's a health to ane†*
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied. . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk†*
And syne deny'd she did it at a'. . *S. O when she cam ben†*
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
But the Heavens deny'd success. . . *S. Thickest night†*
This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ; . *To W. Simpson, P.S..*
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e†

Denmark.
If Denmark, any body spak o't ; . *Kind Sir, I've read†*

Denomination.
Black gowns of each denomination, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ; . . . . *The Ordination. 1.*

Deny. If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee? . . *S. Jamie, come try me†*
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity, ... *S. Mark yonder Pomp†*
Why urge the only, one request,
You know I will deny! . . *S. Talk not of Love†*
That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny : . . *That there is falsehood†*
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny : . . . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence *S. Turn again, thou fair†*
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign! . . . . . *Winter.*

Deny'st.
Since thou then deny'st the pleasure.
Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn. *S. Blue Bonnets.*

Depart.
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be. . . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons†*
Ae thought frae her shall ne er depart ; *S. O wat ye wha's in†*

Departed.
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Fragment of Ode.
De'il tak the war! I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed ; . *S. The tither morn†*
Lo, from the shades of death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
O Mary! dear, departed shade! . *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return . . *S. Ye banks and braes†*

Departing.
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods *Lament for Glencairn.*
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? . *Why am I loth†*

Depend. The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining? . *S. O poortith cauld†*
All on Nature you depend, . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
On this poor being all depends, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Dependent.
Still self-dependent in her native shore, *Prologue sp. by Woods.*

Depending.
Depending on some higher chance, *S. Here's to thy health,†*

Deplore.
Tell thae far worlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 9.*
In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore ; . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Who but deplores that hapless friend? *Scnt to a Gent. offended.*

Deploring. By a river hoarsely roaring
Isabella stray'd deploring. *S. Raving winds†*

Deposite.
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.*

Deprest.
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, *To R. G. of F..*

Deprived, -'d.
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, *S. Farewell, dear mistress†*
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . *S. When first I saw†*

Depth. An' in the depth of science mir'd, *Auld comrade dear†*
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan, . . *Ib.*

Depute. Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Prologue, at Th., D..

Dern'd [hidden, secreted],
And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows,
Adam A—'s Prayer.

Desart *v.* **Desert.**

Descant. Nor pour your descant grating on my ear :
Sonnet, on Death of R..

Descend.
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! *A Winter Night. 7.*
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
S. The Contented Cottager.
The robin in the hedge descends,
And saber chirps securely. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Descending.
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
From prone-descending showers. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Describe. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Could I describe her shape and mien ; *S. On Cessnock banks*

Describ'd. I've scarce heard aught describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.

Descrive [describe].
Let me fair Nature's face descrive, . *To W. Simpson.*

Describing [describing].
Our sad decay in church and state,
Surpasses my describing : . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my describing : . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
S. There's auld Rob M.†

Descry.
A lang half-mile she could descry him ; . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Descry'd. Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Desert, Desart. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
On Death of fav. Child.
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear ; . . . *The Hermit*
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood. . *Ib.*
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between; . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
Desart ilka blooming shore ; . . *S. Frae the friends* †
The desart were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there. *S. O wert thou in the* †
Swift from this desart let me part, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †

Desert [merit, what one deserves].
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 5.
L—d mind G[avi]n H[amilto]n's deserts.
Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
How true is love to pure desert, . . *S. Sae far awa.*
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Desert, *to.*
I'll desert my sov'reign lord, . . *S. Husband, husband* †
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
O never, never Scotia's realm desert, . . . *Ib. 21.*
Wad ne'er desert his friend. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Why desert ye your auld native shire ? . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ; *Why am I loth* †

Deserted.
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted, *S O wat ye wha that loes* †
Or kirk, deserted by its riggin, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Deserve.
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Fragment of Ode.
I wha deserve sic just damnation, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
And fortune favor worth and merit,
As they deserve : . . . *Poem on Life.*
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
The best deserves to fa' that ? *The Election Ballads. II.*
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Deservin. An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan'
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
A Guid New-Year † *17.*
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't ; *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*

Design. But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design; *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hail design. . . *Friend of the poet* †
Blew up each Tory's dark designs, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design,
The Farewell. To St. J's L..

Design, *to.*
Take a heart which he designs thee ; . *S. Sweetest May* †

Designed, -'d.
I'm no design'd to try its mettle; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*
When nature her great master-piece designed,
Ep. to R. Graham. 1.
If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Desire.
The caput mortuum of gross desires *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, *Innocence* †
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
The liquid fire of strong desire . . . *Nature's Law.*
And wan his heart's desire ; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Remorse's throb, or loose desire ; . . . *The Hermit.*

Desire, *to.*
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire.
That's a' the learning I desire; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
Whac'er desires to ken, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
The Friend we trust ; the Fair we love ;
And we desire no more. . . . . *Grace after Dinner.*
Auld uncle John, who wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Hallowcen. 27.*

Desiring.
Desiring Glenriddell to yield up the spoil ; . *The Whistle.*

Desolating.
Waving on high the desolating brand, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Desolation.
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation ; . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, . . *To Terraughty.*

Despair.
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unvail Despair. . *S. Frae the friends* †
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair. . . *Fragment.*
The voice of woe and wild despair ! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell. . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Of speechless grief, and dark despair :
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Dark despair around benights me. . *S. One fond kiss,* †
Fell Despair my fancy seizes. . . *S. Raving winds* †
Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ; . . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile. *Ib. 6.*
I know my doom must be despair, . . *S. The last time I* †
soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. *S. The small birds* †
Tho' despair had wrung its core, . . *S. Thine am I* †
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Despair, *to.* But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair! *S. Anna, thy charms* †
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heaven. . . . . *Ib.*
I know thou doom'st me to despair, *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

Despair'd.
And but for you I might despair'd of. *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Despairing. Sighing, dumb, despairing! *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ; . . *Despondency, an Ode, 1.*
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside. *S. Here's a health to ane* †
Till of escape despairing, ... *S. How cruel* †
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover : . *S. The last time I* †
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ; . *The Vowels.*
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, . . . *To Ruin.*
Rue on thy despairing lover, . *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

Desperate.
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Desperation. In dreadfu' desperation! . *Hallowcen. 20.*

Despise. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature. . . . *S. Deluded swain* †
The Solitary can despise [pleasure, Loves, Joys],
Can want, and yet be blest! . *Despondency, an Ode, 4.*
I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
In vain would Prudence †
Who know them best despise them most.
On Windaw at Stirling.
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises ! . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
The devil the prey will despise. *The Election Ballads. III.*
There I'll despise imperial charms, *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . . *To J. S., 28.*
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, *S. When wild War's* †

Despised, -'d.
But now 'tis despised and neglected : *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, . *Tragic Frag.*

Despising.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
The Petition of Br. Water.

Despite.
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer [Fortune],
I, Roh, am here. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 10.*

Despot.
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; *Add. to Dumourier.*
Crushing the despot's proudest hearing, . . *Liberty.*
Till slave and despot be but things which were.
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
And banged the despot weel, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Destin'd.
tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Destiny, -ie.
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie! . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Destroy. But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
O why that bliss destroy! . . *S. Talk not of Love* †

Destroy'd.
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, . . . *The Lament.*

Destruction. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction. *Add. to the Deil. 12.*
For Britain's guid! for her destruction! *The Twa Dogs. 24.*
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . *Tragic Frag..*

Destruction-breathing.
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall! . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Detach.
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, . . *The Ordination. 10.*

Detail.
If I should detail the pick and the wale *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Determine.
Let time and chance determine; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 1.*
Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O;
S. My father was a farmer †

Detest. And flatt'ry I detest) . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*

Detested.
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, *The Whistle. 11.*
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . . *To a Louse.*
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
Tragic Frag.

Detesting. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.

Detraction. If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him! *A Farewell.*
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Deuce. O why the deuce should I repine, *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Deuck, Deuk [duck].
Frightin awa your deucks and geese *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Devel [a stunning blow].
Death's giea the Lodge an uoco devel, . *Tam Samson's El..*

Develope. Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks:
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Deviating.
Yet deviating own I must,
For so approving me. . . . *Wr. on Leaf of H. More.*

Devil, Deevil [*v. also* **Deil**].
Some devils seize them in a hurry, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! . *Auld comrade* †
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, *El. on Capt. M. H. 1.*
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, . . *El. on Year 1788.*
When ——, deceased, to the Devil went down. *Epig. on ——.*
The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 10.
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, ... *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman. *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*
Cheat him, Devil, if you can. . . *Epit. on J. B., Writer.*
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
S. Here's a health to them †
Whar damned devils roar and yell, *Holy Willie's Prayer, 4.*
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. . *S. Killiecrankie.*
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen! . . . *Poem on Life.*
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, . . *Scotch Drink, 16.*
As able—and as wicked as the devil! . . *Scots Prologue.*
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! . *Tam o' Shanter, 11.*
The muckle devil blaw you sonth,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
She's [Scotland's] just a devil wi' a rung; . . *Ib. 22.*
The death n' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The Brigs of Ayr.
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p–s in the fire. . *The Dean of Fac..*
The devil the prey will despise. *The Election Ballads, III.*
Like furious devils driving. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
His talk o' H–ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright
The Holy Fair. 21.
I ken the devils dare na touch me. . . *The Inventory.*
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . *The Twa Dogs, 33.*
Poor devil! see him owre his trash, . . *To a Haggis.*
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil. . . *To a Painter.*
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
All devil as I am, a damned wretch, . . *Tragic Frag..*
I've little to spend, and naething to lend.
But deevil a shilling I awe, man. . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
A reekit wee deevil looks owre the wa',
S. There liv'd once a carle †

Devil-haet *v.* **Deil-haet.**

Devilish.
Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed,
Lns while on Deathbed.
by some devilish cantraip slight . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Devilship.
Your brunstane devilship I see
Has got him there before ye; . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*

Devious.
Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, *The Vision, D. II. 17.*

Devon.
Fairest maid on Devon banks!
Crystal Devon, winding Devon, [*re.*] . *S. Fairest maid* †
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
S. How pleasant the banks †
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows. . . *Ib.*

Devoted. Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head. . . . *To Ruin.*

Devotion. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
S. Musing on the roaring †
Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion! . . *To a Louse.*

Devour.
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, *To R. G. of F..*
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.

Devout. And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent. . . . . *Nature's Law.*
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaisters . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Dew. The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,
S. A Rosebud by †
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
S. How pleasant the banks †
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, . . *S. I do confess* †
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Then through the dews I will repair, . *S. Now rosy May* †
Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping: *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews . . *S. O were my love* †
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'! . . . . . *Ib.*
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
S. The heather was bloom. †
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
S. The Posie.
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
S. The small birds †
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead. . . . *To a Haggis.*
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . . *To Miss C.*
Dropping dews, and breathing balm. . . . . *Ib.*
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, *S. When o'er the hill* †
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own; *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C..*

Dew-drop.
It's [the woodbine's] dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
S. Adown winding Nith †
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
S. On Cessnock banks †
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa'. . *The night was still* †

Dewy. All on a dewy morning. . . *S. A Rosebud by* †
drooping rich the dewy head, ... *Ib.*
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, . . *A Vision.*
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
I meet him [the Sheep-herd] on the dewy hill.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green. . *S. Blythe was she* †
O'er the dewy bending flowers . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
The dewy star of eve to hail. . . *S. Here is the glen.* †
Aloft on dewy wing; . . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye; . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The woodbine in the dewy weet, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
I see her in the dewy flowers, . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
When purest in the dewy morn; . *S. On Cessnock banks* †
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon: . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; *S. There was a lass* †
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
S. True hearted was he †
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Diamond.
Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man: . . . *A Fragment. 7.*
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
My Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
S. The Posie.
But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
S. You wild mossy mountains †

Diamond-dew.
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Diana. An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, . *A Dream. 10.*
Awa, thou pale Diana! . . . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*

Dibble. Here lies in earth a root of Hell,
Set by the Deil's ain dibble: . *Epit. on D. C.*

Dice. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day. . . . . *A Dream. 10.*

Dicing.
An' send him [Charlie Fox] to his dicing box,
An' sportin lady. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.*

Dictionar [Dictionary].
He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a';
To W. Creech.

Did. It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*
A coof like him wou'd stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? . *S. O wat ye what my* †
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo? . . . . . *Ib.*
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
The Whistle. 14.

Diddle [to shake, jog].
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Didna [did not.]
She did na wait on talkin To spier . . . *Halloween, 12.*
I wat they didna weary; . . . . . *Ib. 28.*
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
The sweetest and best o' them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
I wonder didna turn thy stomach. . . *Tam o' Shanter, 14.*
For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin; . . . *The Election Ballads, I.*
I didna trow, I'd see my jo . . *S. The tither morn* †
And did na joy blink in her e'e; . *S. There was a lass* †

Die. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
The Jolly Beggars, S. I.

Die, *to.* Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie. *S. Come boat me o'er* †
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie. . . . . *Ib.*
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die? . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
E'en let them [Lords or Kings] die—for that they're born!
El. on Year 1788.
Or die a cadger pownie's death, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
O, who would not die with the brave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
I die by treacherie; . . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die! . . . . . *Ib.*
How can I see him die! . . . . . *Fragment.*
I can die,—but canna part, . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die. . . *John Barleycorn.*
I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
And I'll keep it until the hour I die. . *S. My Sandy gied* †
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
S. No Churchman am I †
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. O Mary, at thy window †

And now in fainting murmurs die ; *On Lincluden Castle.*
Forward,—let us do or die! . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
That something in us never dies : *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die. . . . . *Ib.*
Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
In your heretic sins may you live, and die. *The Dean of Fac..*
The stubborn Tories dare to die : *The Election Ballads. VI.*
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire,—" To God I fly." *The Hermit.*
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.
S. The Lass that made the bed.
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
The Rights of Woman.
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. *The Whistle. 9.*
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure. . . . *S. Thine am I* †
An angel could not die. . . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wou'd gladly die ! *S. Turn again, thou* †
What will I do gin my Hoggie die ? *S. What will I do gin* †
If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die. *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me : . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Died, Di'd, Dy'd.

The daring invaders they fled or they died. . *S. Caledonia.*
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died. . *Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.*
'For monie a ane has gotten a frighț,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, ... *Halloween. 14.*
Till fey men died awa, man. *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dy'd! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Diedst. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.
Monody, on a Lady.

Diel *v.* **Deil.**

Differ [difference].

What maks the mighty differ ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*

Different.

But Queen N[etherplace], of a diffrent complexion,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
Nor even two different shades of the same [virtue],
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Dig.

No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ; *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Dight [to wipe, dry by rubbing ; prepare for use].

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, . . *El. on Year 1788.*
I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty wizen'd hide. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, . . . *To a Haggis.*
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Dight [cleaned from chaff].

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ; *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*

Dighted [wiped].

I dighted ay her een sae blue, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Dignity. For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that, *S. The Honest Man.*
" Preserve the dignity of Man,
With Soul erect ; . *The Vision. D. II. 22.*

Digression.

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
An' there began a lang digression . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Diligent.

So hold thy industry with diligent cares. *The Poor Thresher.*

Dim. The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age! . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Dim-backward.

Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear ! . *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*

Dim-dark'ning.

Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, . *A Winter Night. 1.*

Dim-seen.

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Dimension,

And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.

Dimpled, -'t.

Whyles in a wiel it [the burnie] dimpl't ; . *Halloween. 25.*
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Dimpling.

Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Din [dun in colour].

She's dour and din, a deil within. . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
He had a wife was dour and din, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Din. The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ; . . *A Vision.*
There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Wi' hideous din, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din, . *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Half-wanken'd wi' the din, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Now half your din of tuneless sound,
With echo silent lies. . . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on?
Scots Prologue.
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
If mair they deave us wi' their din, . *The Ordination. 14.*
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din ; . . . *To J. S., 5.*
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din ; . *S. Wha is that at* †
We's mak nae din about your tocher ;
S. Will ye go and marry †

Dine [dinner-time].

Frae morning sun 'till dine : . *S. Shld auld acquaintce* †

Dine, *to.*

What tho' on hamely fare we dine, *S. The Honest Man.*
Invited him home to dine with him next day ;
S. The Poor Thresher.
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall. . . *Ib.*
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
On sic a place. . . . *To a Louse.*

Dined. And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
On an empty Fellow.

Ding [to drive, knock, beat ; overcome, surpass ; be pushed or upset].

But Facts are cheels that winna ding, . . *A Dream. 4.*
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
S. There grows a bonie †
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Dink [neat, trim].

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Dinna [do not].

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake . . *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
For Lords or kings I dinna mourn, . *El. on Year 1788.*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.*
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right. . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 4.*
That holy robe, O dinna tear it ! . . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
O dinna think my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee :
I vow and swear, I dinna care. . *S. Here's to thy health* †
L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare. . . . . *Ib. 15.*
For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ; . . *S. In simmer when* †
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see ; *S. O whare did ye get* †

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my Master a' my tale; . *The Death of Mailie.*
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! *The Holy Fair. 25.*
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils dare na touch me. . . *The Inventory.*
Sae dinna put me in your buke, ... *Ib.*
And dinna sae uncivil be; *S. The lass that made the bed.*
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry. . . . . *Ib.*
O Jenny dinna toss your head, . . . *To a Louse.*
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace. . . . *To J. S., 24.*
And if we dinna haud a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye . . *To Terraughty.*

Dinner. The dinner being ended, he then let them know,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony Tenant-man . . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
The dinner being over, the claret they ply, *The Whistle. 12.*
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner? . . . *To a Haggis.*
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body. . . *To a Louse.*

Dinner'd.
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I' dinner'd wi' a Lord. *On dining with Daer.*

Dinsome (noisy).
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;
S. The Contented Cottager.

Dint.
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
Prologue, at Th. D..

Dinted.
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*

Dip. He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
To dip her left sark-sleeve in, . . . *Halloween. 24.*

Diphthong.
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; *The Vowels.*

Dipt. Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
S. The lass that made the bed.

Dire. What dire events ha'e taken place! *El. on Year 1788.*
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, *S. Gloomy December.*
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow.
On Death of fav. Child.
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
And dire the discord Langside saw, ... *Ib.*
No pause the dire extremes between, . *The Tears I shed.*

Direct.
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Direct, *to.* This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best. . . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . *The Vowels.*

Directed.
Till God knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed: *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Directing,
impell'd by all-directing Fate, . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*

Direction.
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction, . *Add. to the Deil. 12.*
Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Direful. Keen Recollection's direful train, *The Lament, 7.*

Direr.
Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain; *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*

Direst. Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
In vain wild Prudence†
To glut that direst foe,—a vengeful woman: *Scots Prologue.*

Dirgeful. Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round, . *To Miss C.*

Dirk. And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The Dirk of Defamation: . *The Holy Fair.*

Dirl [a vibrating blow].
It just play'd dirl on the bane, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*

Dirl, *to* **(to vibrate).**
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Dirl'd [played with vibrating energy].
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O *S. Amang the trees†*

Dirt. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak it guid in law, man. . *A Fragment. 9.*
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
'Vet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d–mn'd dirt! *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.*
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head another airt, . . . *S. O Tibbie!†*
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, . *The Inventory.*
An' set the bairns to daud her [Common-sense]
Wi' dirt this day. . . *The Ordination. 2.*
On my ain legs through dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay. . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Dirty. the wives and dirty brats . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind! . *On seeing Seat of Lord G..*
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke, . . *The Twa Dogs, 10.*
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, . *S. The weary pund.*

Disagreet.
Sic famous twa should disagreet, . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*

Disappear.
Tho' stars in skies may disappear. *S. The noble Maxwells†*

Disappointment.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, *To R. G. of F., 7.*
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Disarm.
The gentle look that rage disarms; . *S. My Mary's face†*

Disaster.
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters, . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
Pity my sad disaster; . . . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Disastrous.
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Discarded.
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story! . *On Duke of Queensberry.*

Discern. But first hang out that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal Charter, . . *A Dream, 13.*
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
I could discern: [v.A.4] . . *The Vision.*
Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern; . . *V.s below Picture.*

Discharge. We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.

Disclaim.
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Disclose.
Nor dare disclose my anguish. *S. Farewell, thou stream†*
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume. . *On Poet's Daughter.*

Disclos'd. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Discord.
O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel, *Add. to Toothache. 6.*
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts! . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
And dire the discord Langside saw, . *The Dean of Fac..*

Discordant.
Scream your discordant joys; . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*

Discount.
Discount what scant occasion gave, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*

Discourse. And still his discourse was concerning his charge.
S. The Poor Thresher.

Discover.
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; . *S. Could aught of song* †
Thine am I my faithful fair,
Well thou may'st discover; . . . *S. Thine am I* †

Discover'd. At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.
S. The heather was bloom. †

Discreet. Mally's modest and discreet, *S. O Mally's meek.*

Discreetly. I rule them as I ought, discreetly, *The Inventory.*

Disdain.
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain, . . *Scotch Drink. 17.*
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
S. Their groves of †
And hap'ly, eye the harren hut, With high disdain.
To J. S., 17.

Disdain, *to.*
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising: . *S. Could aught of song* †
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die! *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
The English steel we could disdain, . . *S. The Union.*
My faithful love disdains, ... *To Clarinda.*
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Disdaining.
Wha kills me wi' disdaining. . *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †

Disease. thou hell o' a' diseases, . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells't. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.*
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!) . . *To W. Simpson.*
As life itself becomes disease, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Disgrace.
For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace, . . . *The Farewell.*

Disgrace, *to.*
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . *To R. Graham.*
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Disguise.
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise. *S. Turn again, thou* †

Disguising.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising; . *S. Could aught of song* †
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Disgusted. And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end. *The Hermit.*

Dish. Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire, . . *Halloween. 27.*
While she held up her greedy gah,
Just like an aumous dish: . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Dish, *to.* And dish them out their hill o' fare, *To a Haggis.*

Dish'd.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet; . *S. First when Maggy* †

Dishonest.
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . *The Vowels.*

Dishonour. Dishonour defile me, . . *S. Eppie Adair.*
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague
To my dishonour, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*

Dishonour, -or, *to.*
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.*
And dishonour not thy kind. . *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Dishonor'd. In dust dishonor'd laid: *S. Fate gave the word,* †

Disloyal.
And who won'd to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son he a hangman, and he his first trial.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Let no one misdeem me disloyal; *Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.*

Dismal. My dismal months no joys are crowning,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Dismist. An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist: *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Disobey. Fain promise never more to disobey; *Why am I loth* †

Disown. As ye disown yon paughty dog,
That bears the Keys of Peter, . *A Dream. 12.*
Whom friends and fortune quite disown! *A Winter Night. 9.*
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Reif randies I disown ye! . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

Disown'd.
My friends they hae disown'd me a', *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †

Dispense.
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
should my Author health again dispense, *Why am I loth* †

Dispensing.
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good. [v, A. 4] *The Vision.*

Display.
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose:
S. How pleasant the banks †
How strongly still your view displays
The piety of ancient days! . . *On Lincluden Castle.*
Each Gothic ornament display. . . . . *Ib.*
When men display to congregations wide.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Disporting.
And little lambkins wanton wild.
In playful bands disporting. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Dispute.
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure? . *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*

Disputed. But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed: . . *A Dream. 4.*

Disquiet.
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; *S. Caledonia.*

Disrespeket [disrespected].
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, and disrespeket! *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

Dissector.
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.
To R. G. of F., 4.

Dissection. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection! . *A Dream. 8.*
Conceal yourself as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*

Dissemble.
The muckle devil blaw you south,
If ye dissemble! *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.*

Dissembling. Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Dissipation.
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! . . *The Twa Dogs. 24.*

Dissolve. Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears
Add. spkn by Fontenelle.
When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Distain'd. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Distant. Whase distant roaring swells and fa's. . *A Vision.*
Yon distant isle will often hail; . . *S. Behold the hour* †
The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
The ways of men are distant brought, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, *S. Had I a cave* †
While in distant climes I wander, [re.] *S. Highland Mary.*
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
S. How pleasant the banks †
For whare'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear :
Monody on a Lady.
And gild the distant mountain's brow ; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
On Death of R. Dundas.
That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Once fondly lov'd †
For her I'll trace a distant shore ; *S. The Highland Lassie.*
The faintly-marked, distant hill : . . *The Lament. 2.*
ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. *Ib. 7.*
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
Your hurdies like a distant hill, . . . *To a Haggis.*
That fate is thine—no distant date ; *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Distant-echoing.
And the distant-echoing glens reply. . . . *A Vision.*

Distil. While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead. . *To a Haggis.*

Distillation.
Dearest of Distillation ! last and best !
How art thou lost ! . *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Distill'd.
'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se* ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Distinguished, -'d.
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Distracted.
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind. . . *S. Thickest night* †

Distraction.
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild !
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
As now my distraction no words can express !
S. There's auld Rob M.†

Distress.
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ; *A Winter Night. 9.*
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress ! *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
distress, with horrors arming, ... *S. Sensibility,*†
Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy, . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Her [Life's] way may lie thro' rough distress ! *The Lament.*
I view the helpless children of distress. . . *Tragic Frag..*

Distressing.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing, . . *S. Raving winds* †

Distrest, Distress'd.
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ; . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
I once could relieve the distrest ; *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, . . *To W. Creech.*

District.
And this district as mine I claim, . *The Vision. D. II. 11.*

District-space.
Some, bounded to a district-space, *The Vision. D. II. 10.*

Disturb. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
S. Afton Water.
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. . . *Ib.*
And when the howling, wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, . . *Liberty.*
Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast : *Man was made to Mourn.*
Why disturb your social joys, . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Disturb'd.
The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, . *S. Caledonia.*

Ditch.
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch : . *The Death of Mailie.*
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch ; . . . *To a Haggis.*

Ditcher.
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ; . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

Ditching. And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go ;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Ditty. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Then staggering, an' swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Grunts out some Latin ditty ; . . *The Ordination. 11.*

Diurnal. While Terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns, . *To W. Simpson. 18.*

Diversion. An' worry'd ither in diversion ; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Divide. They [boundless oceans] never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee. *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me : *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow ; . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Divided.
O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided, . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits
Are round an' round divided, . . . *Halloween. 7.*

Divine.
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine ! *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Hear me, Powers divine !
Oh, in pity hear me ! . . . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?) *S. Caledonia.*
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine ; *Ep. Jr. Esopus.*
O Mandate, glorious and divine ! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.*
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine. . . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
Thou art divine, fair Lesley, . *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
The Belles of Mauchline.
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.
The glorious Architect Divine ! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
There's some are fou o' love divine ; . *The Holy Fair. 27.*
An' pour divine libations For joy this day. *The Ordination. 1.*
Call a toast—a toast divine ; . . . . *The Toast.*
He left the foul business to folks less divine. *The Whistle. 15.*
All hail, Religion ! maid divine ! . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine !
Why am I loth †

Divine, *s.*
Law, physics, politics and deep divines :
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Divinely.
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Diviner. Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner ! *S. Her flowing locks* †

Divinity.
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers then are sure to lose me. . *A Ded. to G. H. 11.*

Divulge.
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it : *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Dizzen, Diz'n [dozen].
Till H[amilton]'s, at least a diz'n,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen : . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel ; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Dizzy, -ie.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . *The Jolly Beggars, R. III.*

Do. This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou ;
A Ded. to G. H., 2.
He may do weel for a' he's done yet, ... *Ib. 3.*

Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
I canna say but they do gailies; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
How does Dampiere do? . . *Add. to Dumourier.*
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! . *Add. to Unco Guid. 1.*
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
How do ye this blae eastlin win', . *Auld comrade dear†*
Ye'll do nae gude at a'. . . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: *S. Caledonia.*
Folk maun do something for their bread,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.
The swap we yet will do't; . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
And how do ye do? . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†*
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win. . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Now a' is done that men can do, . . *S. It was a' for†*
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. *Jenny M'Craw.*
And that's the way I like to do. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
Sweet lass, may I do that? . *S. Lass, when yr mither†*
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo. . . . *S. O steer her up†*
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D..*
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man. . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . . *S. Sae flaxen†*
Forward,—let us do or die! . . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e†*
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here? *Sketch. New-Y'r's Day.*
I would do—what would I not?
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
(Deil na they never mair do guid.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Not only bring them tidings hame.
But do their errands there, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And he wad do their errands weel, ... *Ib.*
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can; . . . . *Ib. VI.*
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man? . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; . *The Holy Fair, 6.*
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
The Kirk's Alarm.
What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?
S. There grows a bonie†
Now what could artless Jeanie do? *S. There was a lass†*
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, *There's naethin like†*
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, Do what ye can,
S. There's news, lasses†
fye! How daur ye do't? . . . . . *To a Louse.*
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Wha does the utmost that he can, Will whyles do mair. *Ib.*
Do what I dought to set her free, . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
S. What can a yng lassie†
I never can please him, do a' that I can; . . . . *Ib.*
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan; . . . . *Ib.*
What will I do gin my Hoggie die? *S. What will I do gin†*
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry†*

Doat.

And maun I still on Menie doat, *S. Again rejoicing Nature†*
O! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature? . . . *S. Deluded swain†*

Dochter [daughter].

A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
S. Her Daddie forbad†
In leaving the dochter of a lord, . *S. O when she cam ben†*
And me the Eller's dochter? . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, . . *S. Scroggam.*
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, *To Miss Ferrier.*

Doctor. Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art And cursed skill,
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 15.
a' doctor's saws and whittles, ... *Ib. 20.*
How it comes, let Doctors tell, . . *S. Duncan Gray†*
But the Doctor's your mark, . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volley, . . *Ib.*
To confound the poor Doctor at ance. . . . . *Ib.*
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
To R. G. of F..

Doctrine.

The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gives you honor) *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Your doctrines I maun blame, *S. Ye Jacobites by name†*

Dog. Make you as poor a dog as I am, *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
yon paughty dog, That bears the keys of Peter, *A Dream. 12.*
The young dogs—swinge them to the labour
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
ye auld, snick-drawing dog! . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it! . . . *S. Does haughty Gaul†*
Cats like milk. And dogs like broo;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail. . . . *New Psalmody.*
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. *S. O wha my babie-clouts†*
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
The Death of Maillie.
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, *The Twa Dogs.*
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, ... *Ib.*
After some dog in Highland sang, ... *Ib.*
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; . . . *Ib. 7.*
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; . . . . *Ib. 35.*
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
To R. G. of F., 7.

Doggie [*dim. of* **dog**].

Me and my faithfu' doggie; . . *S. What will I do gin†*

Dog-skin.

But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Doing, -in.

Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; *Kind Sir, I've read†*
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D..*
after many a bloody, deathless doing, . . *Scots Prologue.*

Doings.

But a' your doings to rehearse, . . .
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
Abjuring their democrat doings *The Election Ballads, III.*

Doited [stupefied; hebetated].

The doited beastie stammers; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Fit only for a doited Monkish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
But the body he was sae doited an blin, *S. The Cooper o' Cuddy†*
A creeping cauld prosaic fog
My very senses doited. . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Doleful, -fu'.

as he tuned his doleful sang, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.
S. As I was a-wand'ring†

Domain.

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, *S. Caledonia.*
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, . . *The Farewell.*
'Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
Thy fame extends; *The Vision. D. II. 18.*

Dome.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome, *Add. to Edinburgh, 6.*
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, *On Lincluden Castle.*
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome. . *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . *The Vowels.*

Domestic.

Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hail design. . . *Friend of the poet* †
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
To R. G. of F., 9.

Domicile.

The noisy domicile of pedant pride; . . *The Vowels.*

Dominion.

Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
Into thy dark dominion! . . *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
Tyrannic man's dominion; . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
in lone poverty's dominion drear, . *Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.*
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day. . *The Ordination, 12.*
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,
In a' King George' Dominion; . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union, . . . *To a Mouse.*

Donald.

Donald wi' his Highland hand, [*re.*] . *S. Donald Brodie* †
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . . . *S. Hee balou* †
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine. *S. The High. Widow's Lament.*
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me. . . . . *Ib.*
Ochon, O, Donald Oh! . . . . . *Ib.*
My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden's field. . . . . *Ib.*
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, . *The Inventory.*

Done. He may do weel for a' he's done yet, *A Ded. to G. H., 3.*
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . *A Dream. 15.*
As Something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
And we hae done wi' thriving. . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And sing't when we hae done. . . *Ep. to Davie, 4.*
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee! . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.*
What have I [winter] done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
Inprom., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, . . . *Ib.*
Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain; . . . *S. It was a' for* †
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me! *Lament for Glencairn.*
But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
When a' thir days are done, man, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
Stand i' the stool when I hae done, *S. O gude ale comes* †
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done.
S. O merry hae I been †
As ye have generous done, ... *Scots Prologue.*
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best." . *Ib.*
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Look'd on till a' was done; . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . *The Twa Dogs, 30.*
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing, . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
And ev'ry ither pair [o' shoon] that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you. . . *To J. S., 2.*
An' wad hae done't aff han': . . *To Gavin Hamilton.*
Nine Ferriers wad done better! . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Is grown right eerie now she's done it, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane. *To W. Simpson, P.S..*
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun:
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.

Donor.

Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor: *Wr. on Leaf of H. More.*

Donsie [over-nice; restive, unmanageable; unlucky].

Ye ne'er was donsie; . . . *A Guid New-Year.* † *5.*
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O. . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Dool [sorrow].

And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, . . *A Bard's Epit.*
O' a' the num'rous human dools, . . .
Thou hear'st the gree. . *Add. to Toothache.*
And a' the day to sit in dool, . . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
May dool and sorrow be his lot, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
My coggie is a baly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; *S. Gane is the day* †
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
S. O merry hae I been †
O! dool to tell, ... *The Twa Herds. 2.*
Yet, for a' my dool and care,
It's wantonness for ever! . . *S. Wantonness for ever* †
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.
S. What can a yng lassie †

Doolfu' [sorrowful].

And echo cons the doolfu' tale; *S. The Contented Cottager.*
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . *To W. Creech.*

Doom. Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom; *Despondency, an Ode. 1.*
To bear this hated doom severe?
Inprom., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
S. Now Spring has clad †
Though wandering now must be my doom,
S. The Banks of Nith.
Retrieve its doom and take its place. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command. . . . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.*
I know my doom must be despair, . . *S. The last time I* †
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Doom'd. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
S. My father was a farmer †
And suffering I am doom'd to bear, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Doomed to share thy fiery fate, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Doom'st.

I know thou doom'st me to despair, *Farewell, thou stream* †

Doon. Amang the bonie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . *Halloween.*
O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . . . *Ib.*
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; .
Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Before him Doon pours all his floods; . . . *Ib. 10.*
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, ... *Ib.*
Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
The Vision. D. I. 14.
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
Naebody sings. . . *To W. Simpson.*
Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, [*re.*]
S. Ye banks and braes †

Door. Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the door; *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*
List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, *A Winter Night. 3.*
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man; *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
Whom Prose has turned out of doors, *Epig. on E.'s Martial.*
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, . *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them . . *Halloween. 5.*
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door. *S. Here's to thy health.* †

Lord Gregory ope thy door. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Sair I fecht them [Want, Hunger] at the door.
S. O that I had ne'er †
My father put me frae his door, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, [*re.*]
S. Oh, open the door, †
She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh ; . . . *Ib.*
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Frae door tae door. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t—n. [v. A. 22] *The Holy Fair. 12.*
We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.
S. The Poor Thresher.
They bar the door on frosty win's; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ; . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
My pen I here fling to the door, And kneel, . *To J. S., 21.*
Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour, . . . *To W. Creech.*
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door. . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*
But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ; *V.s, on Window, Carron.*
Wha is that at my bower door? . . *S. Wha is that at* †

Dorty [huffy ; supercilious, saucy].
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 23.

Dose. I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum! *To a Louse.*

Dote. I dote on ev'ry feature . *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Dotard.
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Double. In double pride were gay. . *S. But lately seen* †
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine ; . . *Friend of the poet* †
And lo! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion ! . . . . *Nature's Law.*
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang and some for right,
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.
O' double verse come gie us four, . . *The Ordination. 3.*

Doublet.
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Doubling.
With doubling speed and gathering force, *Fragment of Ode.*
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore ; . *S. How can my poor heart* †
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods: *Tam o' Shanter, 10.*

Doubly. And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again ! *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, . *Monody, on a Lady.*
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,
Second Ep. to Davie.
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me ; . *S. Scenes of woe* †
By thee inspir'd, When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd. . . *Scotch Drink, 8.*
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.
To R. G. of F., 1.

Doubt.
Then we'll be d-mned no doubt . *Add. to Dumourier.*
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,
And has a doubt of a' that ? *The Election Ballads. II.*
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . *The Twa Dogs, 6.*
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ; . *To J. S., 28.*
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan ;
To W. Simpson, P.S.

Doubt, *to.*
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, . . *A Dream. 5.*
I doubt na they wad hide me better . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt : *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes ; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
I doubt na Fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, ... *Ib.*
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
The Brigs of Ayr, 5.
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt ye'll never see ; . . *Ib.*
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk. . . . . *The Calf.*
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . . *Ib.*
If ye should doubt the truth o' this
It's Bessy's ain opinion! . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it. *The Twa Dogs, 22.*
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, . *The Twa Herds. 14,*
Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ; . *The Vision. D. I. 8.*
I doubt it's hardly worth the while, *S. There was a lad* †
I doubt you gar, The bonie lasses lie aspar. . . . *Ib.*
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ; . *To a Mouse.*
As faith I muckle doubt him. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Doubted. My skill may weel be doubted; . *A Dream. 4.*

Doubtful. Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod ;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Doubtings. Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 1.

Doubtless. Is, doubtless, great distress ! *Ep. to Davie, 3.*

Douce *cr.* **Douse.**

Doudl'd [dandled].
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee; *S. O whare did ye get* †

Dough. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Ep. to R. Graham, 2.

Dought [*prct. of* dow; was or were able, could, might].
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought, . *A Fragment. 4.*
Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire ; . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Your porter dought na hear us ; . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*

Doughty. And there will be Douglasses doughty,
The Election Ballads, III.

Douglas.
The very name of Douglas blasted. *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ; . . . . *Ib.*
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age : [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, . . . *Ib.*
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! . . . *Ib.*
And there will be Douglasses doughty,
The Election Ballads. III.
The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score : . . . . *Ib. V.*
But Douglasses o' weight had we, ... *Ib.*

Douked [ducked].
An' had in mony a well been douked ;
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.

Doup [the posteriors, the breech].
May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their [the giglets'] doup. *Add. to Toothache.*

Doup-skelper [one who strikes the breech].
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph. *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Dour, Doure [intrepid, hardy, stubborn, severe].
And S-ckv-lle donre, wha stood the stoure, *A Fragment. 5.*
biting Boreas, fell and doure, . . *A Winter Night. 1.*
The tither's dour, bas nae sic breedin', . *El. on Year 1788.*
Yet, teughly donre, he bade an unco bang.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
She's dour and din, a deil within, . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
He had a wife was dour and din, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Douse, Douce [sedate, sober, grave, decorous].

To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,
I pray an' ponder butt the house, . *Auld comrade dear* †
An' either douse or merry tale, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 6.*
For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
Douse hingin o'er my curple, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, . . . *Ib.*
thrifty Citizens, an' douce, ... *Ib. 9.*
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, . . *To J. S., 26.*
On gown, an' ban', an douse black bonnet,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Dously [soberly, prudently].

So, ye may dously fill a Throne, . . . *A Dream. 11.*
An' dously manage our affairs
In Parliament, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Douser [more decorous].

Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Dove.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
S. Afton Water.
The trembling dove thus flies, . . . *S. How cruel* †
Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were;
S. Phillis the Fair.

Dove-like.

Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, . . *To a Kiss.*

Dow [dove]. They fled like frighted dows, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Dow. But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
To Mr. J. Kennedy.

Dow, Dowe [to be able, can].

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, *A Gude New-Year* †7.
Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, *S. Blythe ha'e I been.*
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 9.*
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*
E'en let him come out as he dowe. *The Black-headed Eagle.*
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, *The Holy Fair. 26.*
He birples twa-fauld as he dow, . . *S. To daunton me.*

Dowf, Dowff [dull, flat, pithless, silly].

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 4.*
Return sae dowf and weary O: . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Dowie [worn-out, spiritless, low-spirited].

Tho' now thon's dowie, stiff an' crazy, *A Guid New-Year.* † *2.*
Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
When a' the lave gae to their bed
I wander dowie up the glen; *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Or make our Bardie, dowie, . . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
There's some that are dowie, . . . *S. The Taylor fell,* †
The birdies dowie moaning, . *S. The young High. Rover.*
Bow now, alas! ye're dowie grown, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
His sad complaining dowie raves. . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Down [*adv., prep.*].

As I gaed down the water-side, . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
I set me down and sigh: . *Despondency, an Ode.*
The girdin brak, the beast cam down, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
But now she's floating down the Nith, *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
I set me down, to pass the time, . *Ep. to Davie, 1.*
I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, ... *Ib.*
Down the zodiac urge the race, ... *Ib.*
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
awa' we canter Upbill, down brae, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird;
S. Eppie M'Nab.
The auld guidman raught down the pock, . *Halloween. 17.*
We'll gae down by Clouden-side, . *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
S. John Anderson †
The primrose down the brae; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber, O. . *S. My father was a farmer* †
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, . . . *Ib.*
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
S. My Sandy gied †
Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
S. O Mally's meek.
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were; . . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; *Poor Mailie's El.*
And down the briny pearls rowe . . . . . *Ib.*
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
S. Saw ye my Phely.
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid! . *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! . . *Ib. 7.*
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter; . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
The hares were hirplan down the furrs, *The Holy Fair. 1.*
An' guid Claymore down by his side,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
S. The Posie.
Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.
The Whistle. 16.
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse,
To Mrs. J. Kennedy.
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle green;
S. Wae is my heart †
Down by the burn, ... *S. When o'er the hill* †

Down. Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
A Winter Night. 9.

Down, Downs.

Frae the downs o' Tinwald— *The Election Ballads. IV.*
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down, *S. There was a lass* †

Downa [cannot].

when I downa yoke a naig, . . . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
He downa see a poor man want; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
An' downa be disputed: . . . . . *A Dream. 4.*
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.

Downa do [impotence, inability].

But downa do's come o'er me now, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Downans *v.* **Cassilis-Downans.**

Down-hill.

The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee. . . *Scotch Drink, 5.*

Downright.

That's little short o' downright wastrie. *The Twa Dogs, 9.*

Downward.

Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
S. The lazy mist †
Or downward seek the Indian mine; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Downy.

Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Doxy. His doxy lay within his arm; *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hng our doxies on the hay. . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Doylt [stupified, crazed].

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Doytan [moving in a doltish manner].
When Hughoc he cam doytan by. . *The Death of Mailie.*

Dozen'd [benumbed, torpid].
My dearest member nearly dozen'd: *Auld comrade dear* †

Dozin [torpid, impotent].
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen.
S. What can a yng lassie †

Dr. Mac [Rev. Dr. MacGill, of Ayr].
Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Drab. An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpan kiss, . *The Jolly Beggars. R.I.*

Drag. Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Dragg'd. heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin:
Scotch Drink. 5.

Dragoon. Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 11.

Draigl't [draggled].
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †

Drain. We will drain our dearest veins, *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart. *To R.G. of F., 3.*

Drake. Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings. *Add. to the Deil. S.*
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake; *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*

Dram.
A dram was *memento mori*; *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
My mither she hade me gie him a dram, *S. The auld man* †
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, . . . *Ib.*
Freedom and whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram! [v.A.2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; *The Election Ballads, III.*

Drama.
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? . *Scots Prologue.*

Drank.
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . *As on the banks* †
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
And drank it [his heart's blood] round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound. . . *John Barleycorn.*
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; . . *Ib. 5.*
I never drank the Muses' Stank. *The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.*
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O' sic a feast! . . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, *The Whistle. 4.*
We drank a health to bonie Mary. *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Drants [sour humours].
Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Drap [drop].
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap and pill. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.*
But twa-three draps about the wame . . *Ep. to J. R. 12.*
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [*re.*] *S. My love she's but* †
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'! . . *S. O were my love* †
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine. [v. A. 21] *Scotch Drink. 7.*
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! *Ib. 9.*

Drap, *to* [to drop].
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Drapping [dropping].
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 11.*
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.

Drappy, -ie [*dim. of* drap].
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e; . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn. . *There's naethin like* †

Draught.
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.*
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Why am I loth †
That to my latest draught o' life the hand shall ne'er remove,
S. The Poste.

Draunting [whining, drawling].
To plague you with this draunting drivel, . *Poem on Life.*

Drave *v.* **Drove.**

Draw. Let him draw near; . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, . . *A Fragment. 3.*
An' did her whittle draw, man; . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; *A Guid New-Year* † *15.*
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Epit. for Author's Father.
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an' draw thee . . . *Halloween. 18.*
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down. *S. Highland Mary.*
When trystin time draws near again; . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [*re.*]
S. My love she's but †
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; *S. Musing on the roaring* †
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, *S. Now rosy May* †
That could sae bitter draw the tear, . *Poor Mailie's El.*
The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 10.
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
An' we maun draw our tippence. . . *The Holy Fair. S.*
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; . . . *Ib. 24.*
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least. . *The Inventory.*
An' draws a roosty rapier. . *The JollyBeggars, R. VI.*
But Homer like the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that. . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations; . . . . *The Ordination. 1.*
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke, *The Poor Thresher.*
Alas! that e'er a bonie face,
Should draw a sauty tear! *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
He draws a bonie, silken purse, As lang's my tail,
The Twa Dogs. S.
When click! the string the snick did draw; *The Vision, D. I. 7.*
This, all its [Nature's law] source and end to draw,
That [Nature's God], to adore. [v. A. 4] *Ib.*
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, . . . *To a Painter.*
I ken he weel a Snick can draw. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, *To J. S., 14.*
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw; . . *To W. Creech.*
'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!' . *What ails ye now* †
A consequence I draw that. . . . *S. Women's Minds.*
A weak arm, and a strang For to draw. *S. Ye Jacobites* †
As lang's he has a breath to draw. . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Drawing.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

Drawn.
Thou was a nohle Fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Dread, *adj.*
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear! *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
O Thou dread Pow'r who reign'st above!
O Thou dread Pow'r †
O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand,
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Prologue, sp. ly Woods.
Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr, S.
How your dread howling a lover alarms! *S. Wandering Willie.*

Dread, *s.* An' p—d wi' dread, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread; . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withoutten dread; *Tam Samson's El., 7.*

Dread, *to.* Slumber ev'n I dread. . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
The Henpecked Husband.
I meikle dread him. . . . *The Twa Herds. 13.*
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin! . . . *To a Louse.*
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread; . . . . *To Ruin.*
I dread ye'll learn the gate again; . *S. Wha is that at* †

Dreaded.
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D-mnation of expences! . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, *S. The Taylor fell* †
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
To R. G. of F., 2.

Dreadfu'.
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw, . . *Add. to Toothache.*
In dreadfu' desperation! . . . . . *Halloween. 20.*

Dreadin'.
Not dreadin' onie body,
My heart was caught before I thought, *S. When first I came* †

Dream.
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. *A Dream.*
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
S Afton Water.
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Tho' a' my daily care thon art,
And a' my nightly dream, . . . *S. Ah, Chloris,* †
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . *As on the banks* †
Ev'ry dream is horror. . . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Your dreams an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, . . *Ep. to J. R. 1.*
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
S. Here's a health to ane †
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away. *S. How can my poor heart* †
And oft, her dreams are eerie; *S. How lang and dreary* †
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
S. My father was a farmer †
That breaks the magic of my dream; *On Lincluden Castle.*
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
S. Out over the Forth †
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, *Prologue, sp. ly Woods.*
Forms like some bedlam Statmary's dream, *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*
How life and love are all a dream! . . *The Lament.*
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream? *S. Why, why tell thy* †
Fame a restless, airy dream; . *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.
S. You wild mossy mountns †

Dream, *to.*
When I sleep I dream, O! when I wake I'm eerie.
S. Ay waking, O †
My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Dream'd. I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
S. I dream'd I lay †

Drear.
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; *Ep. from Esopus.*
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
in lone poverty's dominion drear, . *Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.*
[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear; . . . *The Hermit.*
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear! . . *To a Mouse.*

Dreary. Dark-muff'd [Phœbe], view'd the dreary plain;
A Winter Night. 6.
Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Life to me how dreary! . . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
And dawin it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Ynle. . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost. . . . . *Ib.*
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour *El. on Capt. M.H., 10.*
that unknown river, Life's dreary bound! . . *Ib. 15.*
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
El. on Miss Burnet.
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
But dreary tho' the moments fleet, *S. Forlorn, my Love,*†
How lang and dreary is the night, *S. How lang and dreary* †
The joyless day, how dreary; . . . . . *Ib.*
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
Improm. on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
And ushers the long dreary night; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
That breast, how dreary now, and void, . *The Lament.*
Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . *Why am I loth* †

Dree [to suffer, endure].
And dree the kintra clatter: . *S. Here's his health in water.*
And ye will dree the scorn, lassie; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . . *S. Young Jamie,*†

Dreeping [dripping.]
Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, . . *To J. S., 22.*

Dress.
thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day. . *A Dream. 1.*
a ribban at your lug Wad been a dress compleater: *Ib. 12.*
Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, ... *Ib.*
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses
Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':
The Belles of Mauchline.
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations; . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion! . . *To a Louse.*

Dress, *to.*
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . *S. Handsome Nell.*
And I will dress bis o'erlay; . . *S. The Ploughman* †

Dressed, -'d, Drest.
My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
For summer lightly dress'd, . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And she in simple beauty drest, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And infant Frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*
And dressed them all in the best of their clothes,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Drew. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, *A Fragment.* 7.
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst. . . *A Guid New-Year* † *15.*
Auld Caledon drew out her drone. . *S. Amang the trees* †
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
S. By yon castle wa' †
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
As Willie drew his latest breath ; . . *Epit. on W. —.*
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke, . . *Halloween. 23.*
They [sax owsen] drew a' weel enough : *S. O gude ale comes* †
For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen. . *S. Tam Glen.*
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ; *Tam Samson's El., 11.*
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death,
S. The battle of Sherra-Moor.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle. . . . . *The Inventory.*
Soon drew the avenging steel, man ; *The Tree of Liberty.*
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*

Dribble [drizzle].
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, . . *To a Mouse.*

Driddle [to move slowly, to be constantly in action but making little progress].
Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray hair'd carl. *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.

Driegh [slow, lingering; tedious, wearisome].
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, *A Gude New-Year* † *S.*
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
S. Duncan Davison.

Drift [a drove; "fell aff the drift," fell away or wandered from the company].
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, . . . *Halloween.*

Drift.
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift. . . *A Winter Night. 1.*
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar. . . . . *Ib. 3.*
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost. *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
While frosty winds blaw in the drift, . *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day ! . *To W. Simpson.*
The drift is driving sairly ; . . *S. Up in the morning.*

Drifted.
Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill, . . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. The lass that made the bed.

Drifting.
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

Drifty. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap !
A Winter Night. 9.

Drink. And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,
Red, reeking, het. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Mony a laugh and mony a drink, . . *Auld Comrade* †
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
S. Last May a braw Wooer †
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
O thou, my Muse ! guid, auld Scotch drink, . . . *Ib. 2.*
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi drink,
Second Ep. to Davie.
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
S. The Deil cam fiddlin' †
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,
The Election Ballads, I.
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing, Supplying drink,
The Hermit.
Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge : *The Holy Fair. 19.*
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, . . *Ib. 23.*
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune For crack. *The Holy Fair. 26.*
wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . *The Jolly Beggars, R. III.*
For drink I would venture my neck ; . . . *Ib. S. III.*
And there was routh o' drink and fun, *S. The last braw bridal* †
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
The Twa Dogs. 32.
Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink : *The Whistle, 17.*
And never drink be near his drouth ! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
'Twere drink for first of human kind, . . *To Mr. Syme.*
Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, *To W. Creech.*

Drink, *to.*
A man may drink and no be drunk ; *S. Duncan Davison.*
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more ; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
He's blest—if as he brewed he drink *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him [pleasure] out.
S. Gane is the day †
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. *S. In simmer when* †
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie. . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;
S. On Cessnock Banks † *Sett. II.*
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that, *The Election Ballads. II.*
And drink my crystal tide. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
To drink their orra duddes : . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
"And drink them to hell, Sir ! or ne'er see me more ! "
The Whistle.
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ; . . . *To J. S., 17.*

Drinker.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
O L—d thou kens wha zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11]
Holy Willie's Prayer.
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd Drinkers. *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Drinking, -in. A curtain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Add. to the Deil. 20.
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking: . *Add. to Unco Guid, 5.*
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin ! . . *Ep. to J. R. 1.*
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, [re.] *S. My love she's but* †
Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion, By night or day. *The Holy Fair. 19.*
I hae been merry drinking ; . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Drive.
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry. *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare ;
The Brigs on Ayr. 4.
When bailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, . . *To a Haggis.*
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*

Drivel.
To plague you with this draunting drivel, . *Poem on Life.*

Driven, -'n.
Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . *S. Frae the friends* †
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
While down the wretched vital part is driven !
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
And your life like the new driven snaw, *The Kirk's Alarm. 4.*
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
S. The lass that made the bed.
By Passion driven ; . . . . *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw ;
S. There's a youth †
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, . . *S. Thickest night* †

By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n, *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . *Tragic Frag..*

Driving. Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; . *A Dream, 10.*
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, . *Ep. to Davie, 1.*
Was driving to the tither warl',
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
S. My Nanie's awa'.
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
It's no the driving drift and snaw; *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Protect thee frae the driving shower, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Like furious devils driving. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
I see it driving o'er the plain; . *S. The gloomy night* †
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack; *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! *To Clarinda.*
The drift is driving sairly. . . *S. Up in the morning.*
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw: . . . . *Winter.*

Droddum [the breech].
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum! . *To a Louse.*

Droll.
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Drone. An' Caledon threw hy the drone, *A Fragment. 9.*
Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Grannie's] heard you bumman,
Wi' eerie drone; . . *Add. to the Deil.*
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, . *S. Amang the trees* †
We never had sic twa drones; . *The Ordination. 10.*
The hum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Droop.
At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
Sae droops our heart when we maun part *S. Lovely Davies.*
Down droops her ance weel-hurnish't crest, *To W. Creech.*

Droop'd. Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Drooping. drooping rich the dewy head, *S. A Rose-bud by* †
His bending joints and drooping head . *John Barleycorn.*
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
The drooping arts surround their patron's hier,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; *Scotch Drink. 6.*

Droot-rumpl't [that droops at the crupper].
The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, *A Guid New-Year 10.*

Drop.
We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
S. The Posie.
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Why am I loth †

Drop, *to.*
By cruel hands the sapling drops, . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet. . . . *S. How cruel* †
Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Dropping.
Dropping dews, and breathing balm. . . *To Miss C.*

Dropt. I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
S. My father was a farmer †
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Drouk [to drench, soak].
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Droukit [soaked, drenched].
The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Drouth [drought; thirst].
Their hydra drouth did sloken, . *On dining with Daer.*
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, Quenching holy drouth.
The Election Ballads. IV.
To quench their lowan drouth. *The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.*
And never drink be near his drouth! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Drouthy [thirsty].
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . . . . *Ib. 5.*

Drove. Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Wi' monie a wearie body, In droves that day.
The Holy Fair. 6.

Drove, Drave.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; . . *The Ordination. 4.*
Or when the North his fleecy store,
Drove thro' the sky, *The Vision. D. II. 13.*

Drowned, -'d. Or drownèd in the river Forth?
S. K'en ye ought of Capt. G. †
Is drowned amid the mournful scream, *On Lincluden Castle.*
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: . . . *Ib. 6.*

Drowning. But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; *The Whistle. 10.*

Drowsy.
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
On Scot. Bard gone to W. I.
The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Drub.
And new-light herds could nicely drub, *The Twa Herds. S.*

Drudge. sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Ep. to Davie. 6.
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, *S. There was a lass* †
The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jandie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*

Drug. Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
To R. G. of F.

Druken, Drucken [drunken].
And in your wicked, druken rants. . . *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
Druken or sober here s to thee, Katie!
S. O merry hae I been †
I've been at druken writers' feasts, *On dining with Daer.*
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, *Scotch Drink, 1.*
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . . . *Ib. 15.*
My wicked rhymes, an' druken rants, . *What ails ye now* †

Drum. The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle, . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum. . *Ib.*
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. . . *Ib.*
when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum. . . . *Ib.*
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum. . *Ib.*
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; . *Ib. S. II.*
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belye
Are bent like drums; . . *To a Haggis.*

Drumlanrig. How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?
On Duke of Queensberry.
I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners; . . . . . *Ib.*

Drumlie [dark, troubled; muddy; of gloomy aspect; confused, muddy-brained].
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Then bowses drumlie German-water, . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Your waters never drumlie!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Drummock [meal and water mixed raw].
On scarce a hellyfu' o' drummock, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Drumossie [the moor on which Prince Charles fought and lost the battle of Culloden, 1746].
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me; . *S. The lovely lass of In.*†

Drunk.
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
A man may drink and no be drunk; *S. Duncan Davison.*
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. . . *S. Gane is the day*†
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, . . *S. Landlady, count*†
The maister drunk—the horse committed:
On B.'s Horse Impound.
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
The Rights of Woman.

Drunken. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
Fragment, incer. to Fox.
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; . . *Ib. 10.*

Drunker.
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. *The Whistle. 4.*

Drunt [pet, sulks].
An' Mary, nae douht, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie: . . . . . *Halloween. 9.*

Drury Lane.
Let them [the hizzies] in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.

Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [*pr.*] . *S. A red, red Rose.*
on my dry and wholesome banks, . . *As on the banks*†
Embro' wells are grutten dry. . . *Et. on Year 1788.*
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, . . *S. My love she's but*†
But love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry. *S. Now Spring has clad*†
And answer him fu' dry. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!*†
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! *Prologue, at Th., D..*
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry: *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . . *S. The Ploughman*†
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . . *To W. Simpson. 4.*

Dry, *to.* Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae bis Phillis's e'e.
S. Wae is my heart†

Dry-withering. Dry-withering. waste my foamy streams,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Dryburgh.
While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Drymple *v.* **Dalrymple.**

Dub [a pond or small pool, a puddle, a gutter].
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! *A Ded. to G. H. 10.*
Then tho' I drudge through dub an' mire,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.
Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, . *The Inventory.*
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in. . . . *The Twa Herds. S.*

Dublin. Is just as true's the Deil's in hell,
Or Dublin city: *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

Ducal.
"The worm that gnaws my honie trees,
"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" *As on the banks*†

Ducat-stream. There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-
stream, . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*

Duck. Ye duck and drake wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake: *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*

Duckling. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry.
S. Again rejoicing Nature†

Duddie [ragged].
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, ... *Ib. 10.*
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wylecoat; *To a Louse.*

Duds, Duddies, Dudies [rags; clothes].
Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas', . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Wi' reeket duds, and reestet gizz, . . *Add. to the Deil, 17.*
And coost her duddies to the wark, *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
To drink their orra dudies. . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds, *Ib. R. VIII.*
The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds, *S. The Taylor he cam*†
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Due, *adj.* To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection . . *A Dream, 8*
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due: . . . . *Nature's Law.*
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 5.
And served me with due respect;
S. The lass that made the bed.

Due, *s.*
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . *On W. Chalmers.*

Duely, Duly. And ev'ry time great care is taen,
To see them duely changed: *Halloween. 27.*
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 6.
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn, *The Death of Mailie.*
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the questions targe them tightly; . . *The Inventory.*
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun;
Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.

Duke.
The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; *Kind Sir, I've read*†
And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
On an empty Fellow.
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix *The Election Ballads. II.*
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that; . *S. The Honest Man.*
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. . *S. The Laddies by*†

Dull.
A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.*
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
S. Farewell, thou fair day†
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened,
Monody, on a Lady.
To wheel the equal, dull routine. . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Symon Gray You're dull to day. . . . *Symon Gray.*
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
The Brigs of Ayr, 10.
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, *To R. G. of F..*
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Dulness. Dulness, with redoubled sway . *Symon Gray.*
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. . *To R. G. of F., 3.*
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . . . . *Ib. 7.*

Dumb. Sighing, dumb, despairing! *S. Blythe ha'e I been*†
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air. . *S. The Catrine woods*†
Speaking silence, dumb confession, . . . *To a Kiss.*

Dumeller.
There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Dumourier. You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; [*pr.*]
Add. to Dumourier.

Dun. No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
To R. G. of F., 3.

Dun, *to.* They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Dunaskin.
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Dunblane. And at Dunblane, in my ain sight
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Duncan. There's D——n deep, and P[eeble]s, shaul,
The Twa Herds. 10.

Duncan.
Her favour Duncan couldna win; . *S. Duncan Davison.*
But Duncan swoor a haly aith, ... *Ib.*

Weary fa' you Duncan Gray, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; . . . . . *Ib.*
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, ... *Ib.*
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, ... *Ib.*
Duncan was a lad o' grace, ... *Ib.*
Duncan cou'dna be her death, ... *Ib.*

Dundas [The Right Hon. H. Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy, and M.P. for Edinburgh].

While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man: . . *A Fragment. S.*
And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Had I Dundas's whole estate, . *S. When first I saw* †

Dundee [name of Psalm-tune].

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

Dundee [Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee].

From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. . *S. Killiecrankie.*

Dundee. Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.
S. O whare did ye get †
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man: *The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*

Dung *v.* **Dang.**

Dungeon.

Think on the dungeon's grim confine, *A Winter Night. 9.*
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Dweller in yon dungeon dark, Hangman of creation,
Ode, Sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, *On seeing seat of Lord G.*
And bound him in a dungeon fast, *The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.*

Dungeon-clock.

The drowsy Dungeon-clock had numbered two,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Dunghill.

Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*

Dunse. I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden; *S. Robin shure in hairst*

Dunt [a blow, a stroke producing a dull sound].

I'll tak dunts frae naebody. . . . . *S. Naebody.*

Dunted [beat, thumped, palpitated].

And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind. . . *Friend of the Poet* †

Durance.

In durance vile here must I wake and weep, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Durk [dirk].

Wi durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.

Durst. They durst nae mair than he allow'd, *To W. Creech.*

Dusht [pushed as by a ram or ox].

I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen; . *The Vision. D. I. S.*

Dusky. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Dust.

Their royal Name low in the dust! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur: *S. Come, let me take thee,* †
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid: . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
But thou remembers we are dust, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it. *S. Husband, husband* †
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share. *Lament for Glencairn.*
To crush the villain in the dust: *Lns on Back of Bank Note.*
Repose us in the silent dust. . . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
To see her sittan on her arse
Low i' the dust, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
mouldering now in silent dust.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Dusty. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty coat; [*re.*]
S. Hey, the dusty miller †

Dutch.

Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Duty. To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty;
S. Eppie Adair.
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. *Once fondly lov'd* †
'And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To warn you
To Gavin Hamilton.

Dwalling [dwelling].

As fast as ony in the dwalling. . . . *The Inventory.*

Dwalt [dwelt]. And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed. . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Dwell.

"Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. *As on the banks* †
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell. . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*
In his breast no pity dwells, . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The Belles of Mauchline.
Reflected beams dwell in the streams, *The Fête Champetre.*
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell, . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; *S. There was a lass* †
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell, . . *To a Mouse.*
In equanimity they [the Muses] never dwell,
To R. G. of F., S.
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Dweller. Dweller in yon dungeon dark, Hangman of creation,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. ——

Dwelling.

May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! *A Ded. to G. H. 14.*
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon mann be my dwelling. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling; . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
The last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling, . . . *S. The last time I* †
Thickest night surround my dwelling! . *S. Thickest night* †
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling! *S. When wild War's* †

Dwelling-place.

Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place! . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th P's.*

Dwelt.

And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt on Solwayside. . . *The Election Ballads, I.*

Dwindled.

I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Dy'd *v.* **Died.**

Dy'd. Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose. *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*

Dye, Brig o'.

In coming by the brig o' Dye, *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Dye. The lily's hue, the rose's dye, *S. My Mary's face* †
How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?
Sonnet on Death of R..
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †
A richer dye has graced them; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Dye, *to.*
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black? *The Election Ballads. V.*

Dye-varying. A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon; *The Holy Fair.*

Dying. Mixt with some warbler's dying fall. *S. Here is the glen* †
And vow'd for my love he was dying:
S. Last May a braw Wooer †
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
On seeing wounded Hare.
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
There, groaning, dying, she did ly. *The Death of Mailie.*
My dying words attentive hear, ... *Ib.*
An' now my dying charge I gie him, ... *Ib.*
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna! . *The gowd. locks of A..*
Shed thy dying honours round, . . . *To Miss C—.*
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.
S. Wandering Willie.

Dyke [a wall or fence of turf or stone].
Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard yon humman,
Add. to the Deil. 6.
An' sun ourseils about the dyke: *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a shengh or dyke. . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke, ... *Ib. 10.*
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes. . . *The Twa Herds.*
Your lives, a dyke! . . . . . *To J. S., 26.*
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . *S. What will I do gin* †

Dyke-back.
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*

Dyke-side.
A lee dyke-side, a syhow-tail,
And harley-scone shall cheer me. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Dysart. Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Dyvor [a bankrupt, a disreputable fellow].
And rot the dyvor's i' the jails! . . *Add of Beelzebub.*
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . . *S. Louis what reck I* †

E. Reluctant, E stalked in; . . . . *The Vowels.*

Each. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Eager.
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*

Eagle.
Learning, with his eagle eyes, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; *S. Caledonia.*
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor: . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
The black-headed eagle, As keen as a beagle,
The black-headed Eagle.

Eagle-pinioned.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold, *Wr. in Friar's Carse H..*

Ear. But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear! . . . *A Vision.*
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow—solemn, stole *A Winter's Night. 6.*
The parasite [Flatt'ry] empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear, *Ib. S.*
But Delia, more delightful still [than lark or rill]
Steal thine accents on mine ear. . . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! . *S. Fairest Maid* †
A boding voice is in mine ear, . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
"Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; *Lament for Glencairn.*
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.
Monody, on a Lady.
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, *On Lincluden Castle.*
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
Sonnet on Death of R.
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse. . . . . *To Chloris.*
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.
S. Wae is my heart †
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished rends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, [re.] *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Ear' [early]. I lo'ed ye ear' and late: *S. John Anderson* †

Earl.
The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, hawds and opera-girls; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . *On Dining with Daer.*
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,
The Election Ballads. IV.

Early. A Rose-bud by my early walk, . . *S. A Rosebud* †
It scents the early morning. . . . . *Ib.*
Sae early in the morning. . . . . *Ib.*
Awake the early morning. . . . . *Ib.*
the tender care That tents thy early morning. . . *Ib.*
parent's evening ray That watch'd thy early morning. . *Ib.*
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring? . *As on the banks* †
And sun that shines so early, . . *S. Come boat me o'er* †
Oh, enviable, early days, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
And late or early never grumbled? . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time! . *Man was made to Mourn.*
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare. . . . *S. Now rosy May* †
The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky, . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, . . . *S. O Phely* †
Sweet early object of my youthful vows, *Once fondly lov'd* †
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
I mind it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young and blate,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days! *S. The Banks of Nith.*
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
An' he paidles late an' early, O! . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
And cuddled me late and early, O; . . . . *Ib.*
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn; . *S. The gloomy night* †
Three hizzies, early at the road, . . *The Holy Fair, 2.*
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early. . *S. The Ploughman* †
This poor man was seen to go early to work,
The Poor Thresher.
Early next morning the goodwife arose, . . . *Ib.*
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little, early ways, . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
That lov'st to greet the early morn, *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
Blooming on thy early May, ... *To Miss C.*
Up in the morning early, . . . *S. Up in the morning.*
the honny glen, Where early life I sported:
S. When wild War's †
That danc'd to the lark's early song? *S. Where are the joys* †
That nipt my flower sae early!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
With early gems adorning. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Earn.
Blythe [was she] by the banks of Earn, *S. Blythe was she.* †
She tripped by the banks of Earn. . . . . *Ib.*

Earn, *to.*
When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O, . . *S. My father was a farmer* †

Earn'd.
Go hid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow: *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Earnest.
L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, *Holy Willie's Prayer.13.*
With earnest tears I pray, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Earth. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 16.*
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast. *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. . . . *Ib. 5.*
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, . . . *Ep. on D. C.*
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? *Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.*
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
And my last hald of earth is gane: *Lament for Glencairn.*
" On earth I am a stranger grown; . . . . . *Ib.*
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil; . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly; *S. My Collier Laddie.*
My pains o' hell on earth are past, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
By heaven and earth I love thee. *S. O were I on Parnass.*†
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
On seeing wounded Hare.
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna. . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
the earth bestowing My simple food; . . *The Hermit.*
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that! *S. The Honest Man.*
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
The Rights of Woman.
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*
Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth,
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, *The Vision. D. II. 14.*
The trembling earth resounds his tread, . *To a Haggis.*
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
And resign to Parent Earth
The loviest form she e'er gave birth. . . *To Miss C.*

Earth-born. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal! *To a Mouse.*

Earthly.
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, . . *A Bard's Epit.*
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? *S. Why am I loth* †

Ease.
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
S. Contented wi' little †
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . *S. Frae the friends* †
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, *S. Gane is the day* †
Her lovely form, her native ease, . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
S. Out over the Forth †
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
With sober selfish ease they sip it up: . *To R. G. of F., 7.*
I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. *To W. Simpson.*
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease. *Wr. in Friar's Carse. H..*
Make content and ease thy aim. *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C..*

Ease, *to.*
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, *Add. to Toothache.*
If she winna ease the throes,
In my bosom swelling; . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
'We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
My Harry was a gallant †
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.
S. No Churchman am I †

Eas'd.
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, *S. Duncan Davison.*

East. There was three kings into the east, *John Barleycorn.*
The paly moon rose in the livid east,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
S. Out over the Forth †
A winnock-bunker in the east
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; *Tam o' Shanter, 11.*
I hae been east, I hae been west, . *S. The Ploughman* †
When [the Lark] upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah! . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, *S. Up in the morning.*
But gang she east, or gang she west, *S. When first I saw* †

Eastern.
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring? *As on the banks* †
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise: *S. It was the charming* †
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.) . . . . *To Chloris.*
When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; *S. When o'er the hill* †

Eastlin [easterly].
How do ye this blae eastlin wind', . . *Auld Comrade* †

Easy. a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: *A Dream, 2.*
The stibble rig is easy plough'd, . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
How easy can the barley-brie
Cement the quarrel! . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life; *The Poor Thresher.*
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, . . . *To a Painter.*
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, *To R. G. of F. 7.*
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse h—ll upon me. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Eat. Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.
Epig. on henpecked Squire. Another.
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours: . . . . . *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*
I'll eat the apple at the glass, ... *Halloween. 13.*
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!
S. Here's a health to them †
Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat, . . *The Selkirk Grace.*
Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain; . . . *To J. S., 17.*

Eaten.
And eaten like a wether haggis? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt.G.* †

Eating. Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delight: . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Ebb. Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; *S. Let not woman* †

Ebbing.
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, . *A Ded. to G.H. 14.*
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter. *Add. to Unco Guid. 1.*
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

Echo [name of a lap-dog].
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more. . . *On death of Lap-dog.*
Now half your din of tuneless sound,
With Echo silent lies. . . . . *Ib.*

Echo. Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
S. Afton Water.
And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. . *S. By Allan Stream* †

The wild birds sang, the echoes rang, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
Where Echo slumbers. . . . *El. on Capt. M. H. 3.*
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore their notes alang. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Makes woodland echoes ring; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
Monody, on a Lady.
Till Echo answer frae her cave, . *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. *S. The Catrine Woods* †
And echo cons the doolfu' tale; *S. The Contented Cottager.*
An' echoes back return the shouts; . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
Till echoes a' resound again,
Her weel-sung praise. . *To W. Simpson.*
Except where green-wood echoes rang
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Echo, *to.* Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 12.

Echoed, -'d.
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes. . . *One night as I* †
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Echoing. And the distant-echoing glens reply. . *A Vision.*
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; . *On Lincluden.*
The echoing wood, the winding flood, *S. The Fête Champetre.*

Eclips'd.
like the sun eclips'd at morning tide. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Ecliptic. Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Ecstasy. Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. . *On Lincluden.*

Eddying. Wild-eddying swirl, . . *A Winter Night. 2.*
When, from the eddying deep below,
Up rose the Genius of the stream. . *As on the banks* †

Eden.
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Edge. This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 1.*
But see him on the edge of life, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Edifice.
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*

Edina, Edinburgh, Embro', Enbrugh.
Edina! Scotia's darling seat! . *Add. to Edinburgh. 1.*
Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, ... *Ib. 3.*
Embro' wells are grutten dry. . . *El. on Year 1788.*
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
S. There grows a bonie †
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . *To W. Simpson.*

Education.
My talents they were not the worst.
Nor yet my education, O; . *S. My father was a farmer* †
O' nice education but sma' is her share:
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Edward. See approach proud Edward's power,
Edward, chains, and slavery! *S. Scots, wha hae* †

Edwin. I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale. *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An Edwin still to you. . . . . *Ib.*

Ee, E'e, Een (eye, eyes).
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e? . . *A Winter Night. 4.*
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
And by thy een sae bonie blue, . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
To cast my een up like a Pyet [just shot], *Auld comrade* †
I bleer my een wi' greetin. . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. . *S. Blythe was she,* †
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;
S. Braw lads of G. Water †
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', . *S. Duncan Gray* †
And oh! her een they spak sic things! . . . . *Ib.*
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 11.*
Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, . . *El. on Year 1788.*
An' by her een wha was a dear ane! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
I dighted ay her een sae blue, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . *Hallowe'en, 4.*
Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e; . . . . *Ib. 8.*
A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e, ... *S. Handsome Nell.*
The lass wi' the bonie black e'e. . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
I guess by the dear rolling ee; *S. Here's a health to ane* †
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een of bonie blue. [*re.*] . *S. I gaed a waefu* †
Bare her leg and bright her een, . . *S. I met a lass* †
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, *S. In simmer when* †
Let love sparkle in her e'e: . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
the day's fair, gladsome e'e, . *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; *Lament for Glencairn.*
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
S. My Lord a-hunting †
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [*re.*] *S. Now bank and brae* †
Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Kind love is in her e'e. [*re.*] . . *S. O this is no my ain* †
But gleg as light are lovers' een, ... *Ib.*
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e!
S. O wat ye wha's in †
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een,
S. O were I on Parnass, †
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . *S. O whistle,* †
Wa are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e; . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa. *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him.
Wi' tearfu' e'e: *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. *S. On Cessnock banks* †
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een. . . . . *Ib.*
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [*re.*]. *Ib. Sett. II.*
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een. . . . . *Ib.*
And sic twa love-inspiring een, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
The saut tear blin't his e'e; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
And thought his very een enrich'd; . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Her pauky smile, her kittle een, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Sages their solemn een may steek,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e, . . . *Ib. 4.*
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e. . *S. The Catrine Woods* †
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, . . *Ib. 7.*
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . *The Death of Maillie.*
An' clos'd her een amang the dead! . . . . . *Ib.*
Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e;
The Election Ballads. IV.
O that my een were flowing burns! . . . . *Ib. VI.*
She is the sunshine o' my e'e. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, *The Jolly Beggars, R. V.*
Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
Upon his hunkers bended, ... *Ib. R. VI.*
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
S. The Lass that made the bed.

And aye the salt tear blinds her ee : . *S. The lovely lass* †
And by them lies the dearest lad,
That ever blest a woman's ee ! . . . . . *Ib.*
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear ;
S. The Posie.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. *The ruined Maid's Lament.*
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,
S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
And did na joy blink in her e'e ; . *S. There was a lass* †
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear ! *To a Mouse.*
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
S. To daunton me.
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ; . . . *To J. S., 25.*
gi'en the body half an e'e, . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e . . . . . *Ib.*
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e, . *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin ;
S. 'Twas na her bonie †
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . *V.s under Grief.*
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ; *S. Wae is my heart* †
Wha would soon dry the tears frae his Phillis's e'e. . *Ib.*
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
S. Wandering Willie.
My een they almost failed me. . *S. When first I saw* †
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling. . . *When wild War's* †
She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa, the very colour ; . *S. Willie Wastle* †
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, . *Ib.*
He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

E'e, *to* [to eye, watch].
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

E'e brie [eye-brow].
My blessins upon thy bonie e'e brie ! *S. O whare did ye get* †

Eel. Ye fisher herons, watching eels; *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*
Eels weel kend for souple tail, . *Tam Samson's El., 6.*

Een *v.* **E'e.**

E'en [even].
And I may e'en gae bang. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
E'en let him come out as he dowe. *The black-headed Eagle* †
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let this subject alane. *The Election Ballads, III.*
The body, e'en let him escape ; . . . . . *Ib.*

E'enin, E'en [evening].
O could blaws the e'enin blast
When bitter bites the frost, . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en. *S. Duncan Davison.*
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, . . *Ep. to Davie, 3.*
Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en, . *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st.*
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor, . . . *Ib. Ap. 21st.*
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O ; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
Beset thy servant e'en and morn, *Holy Willie's Prayer, 9.*
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, *S. How long and dreary* †
As blythe lay down at e'en : . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, *S. On Cessnock bank* †
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
S. The Contented Cottager.
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
For e'en and morn she cries, alas ! . *S. The lovely lass* †
Frae e'enin till the cock did craw ; *The night was still* †
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . *S. The tither morn* †
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ; . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ; *S. There was a lass* †
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm ; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn. *S. Up in the morning.*
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
S. What can a yng lassie †
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang* †

E'er *v.* **Ever.**

Eerie [scared; affected with superstitious fear; inspiring fear of the supernatural].
wi' hissing eerie din ; . . . . . *A Vision.*
bumman, Wi' eerie drone ; . . . *Add. to the Deil, 6.*
Their capon craws and queer ha ha's
They made our lugs grow eerie, O. *S. Amang the trees* †
O! when I wake I'm eerie. . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
When I wauk I'm eerie ; . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Nae nightly bogle make it [the bower] eerie ;
S. By Allan stream †
I there wi' Something does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
He was sae fley'd an' eerie : . . . . *Halloween. 19.*
And oh, her dreams are eerie ; *S. How lang and dreary* †
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie. . . . . *Ib.*
To leave her [my mammy] I am eerie, Sir. *S. I'm o'er young* †
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
Can never make them eerie. . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
Sair I fecht them [Hunger and Want] at the door,
But ay I'm eerie they come ben. *S. O that I had ne'er* †
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht, *The Vision. D. I. 8.*
Is grown right eerie now she's done it, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
How can I be but eerie ! . . . . *When I think on* †
At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, *S. When o'er the hills* †

Efface.
Eternity cannot effece
Those records dear of transports past, *To Mary in Heaven.*
If aught that giver from my mind efface : *To R. Graham.*

Effected.
God knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed : *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Effectual Calling [a 'Question' in the Catechism].
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwalling. . . *The Inventory.*

Effort. Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair,
S. Lovely Davies.

Effusion. I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion ; *A Ded to G. H., 15.*

Egg.
There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, *S. O gin ye were dead.*

Egyptian. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick. *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Eight and thirty.
In your heretic sins may you live and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty ! . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Eighty-eight.
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place ! . *El. on Year 1788.*
Eighty-eight he wish'd you [ministers] weel. . . . *Ib.*

Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. . . . . *Ib.*

Eighty-nine.
O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn, . . *El. on Year 1788.*

Eild [old age].
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, *S. But lately seen,* †
a dame in wrinkled eild, . . . *S. In simmer when* †
wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn. . *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrink'd face,
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi creeping pace.
To J. S., 13.

Eke [also].
And eke a braw new brechan, . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife. *The Election Ballads, V.*
And eke the same to honest Lucky, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Eked. But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, *Extem. in Court of Session.*

Elate. Rousing elate in these degenerate times:
On Death of R. Dundas.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
The Rights of Woman.
In all his pedagogic powers elate, . . . *The Vowels.*
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate.
Full on thy bloom. *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Check thy climbing step, elate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Elbow. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
S. Contented wi' little, †
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, . . *Poem on Life.*
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Elbuck [elbow].
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, *Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3.*
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . *The Ordination, 7.*

Elder. Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4.
When with an elder Sister's air She did me greet.
The Vision. D. II. 1.
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Elder [a Church office-bearer whose office is "to rule," and so, called "ruling elder" in distinction from the "teaching elder" or minister].
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . *The Whistle. 15.*

Eldest.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4.
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his [the king's] eldest son.
The Election Ballads. 1.

Eldritch [weird, unearthly, ghastly, hideous, horrid, wild, frightful].
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon. . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, ... *Ib. 8.*
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, *El. on Capt. M. H. 10.*
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
His eldritch squeel an' gestures, . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Elect.
On this hand sits an Elect swatch.
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; [v. A. 18]
The Holy Fair. 10.
And like a godly, elect bairn, . . . *The Ordination. 8.*

Election. Wha will buy my troggin,
Gude election ware; *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Elegance.
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
Here History paints, with elegance and force,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
S. True hearted was he †

Elekit [elected].
But by the brutes themselves elekit,
To be their guide. . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*

Element.
Last, she [Nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls. *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Who marked each element's border; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Elf. though I am an elf o' mettle, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Wouldst thou be cur'd thou silly moping elf,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony Tenant-man . . . *The Twa Dogs, 9.*
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, . . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Elgin [name of a minor Psalm-tune].
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

Eliza.
Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling; [*re.*] *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
From thee, Eliza, I must go, . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, *Monody, on a Lady.*
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold hier. . . . *Ib.*
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [*re.*] *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

Ell [a Scotch ell is thirty-seven inches].
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, *On dining with Daer.*
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; . . *Sketch.*
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Eller [an elder of the Church, *v.* Elder].
And me the Eller's dochter? . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*

Elliot [the defender of Gibraltar].
Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Elm. spreading heach and tapering Elm, *As on the banks* †

Eloquence.
Nae, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence, *The Twa Herds. 17.*

Emblem. Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
S. Adown winding Nith †
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear: *S. The Posie.*

Embolden'd.
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Embowering.
The close embowering thorn. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Embrace.
frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
Or clasp me in a close embrace; . *S. The capt. Ribband.*
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
I lock'd her in my fond embrace; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Thy image at our last embrace; . *To Mary in Heaven.*
Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace? *To Ruin.*
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Embrace, *to.*
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie. *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace, . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Embracing.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman. *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Morality, himsel, Embracing all opinions; *The Ordination. 12.*

Embro' *v.* **Edina.**

Embryo-tuneful.
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, *The Vision. D. II. 11.*

Embryotic.
To mark the embryotic trace,
Of rustic Bard; . *The Vision. D. II. 10.*

Emperor. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
Kind Sir, I've read †

Empire. The Spanish empire's tint a head, *El. on Year 1788.*
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The fate of empires and the fall of kings. *The Rights of Woman.*
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall! . . . . *To Ruin.*

Empire-giving.
O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Employ. L—d visit them wha did employ him,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Let us th' important now employ, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Employ'd.
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. . *The Lament.*

Employment.
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment, . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*

Empoisoning.
The parasite empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear,
A Winter Night. 7.

Empress.
Mourn, Empress of the silent night: *El. on Capt. M. H. 14.*
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana, . . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, ... *To a Lady.*

Empty. And empty all his barrels: *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Their titles a' are empty show; . *S. The High. Lassie.*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care: . . . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor. *The Vision, D. I, 10.*

Empurpled.
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands: *S. Streams that glide* †

Emulate. To emulate his sire; . . . *Nature's Law.*

En' [end]. Or whether 'twas a bauk-en', *Hallowcen. 12.*
Glowrin by the hallan en'; . . *S. O that I had ne'er* †

Enamour. His honest heart enamours, *On W. Chalmers.*

Enamour'd.
The flower-enamour'd busy bee . . . *Delia. An Ode.*
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
The Election Ballads. VI.
enamour'd and fond of my anguish, *S. Where are the joys* †

Enbrugh *v.* **Edina.**

Enchant. 'Tis this enchants my soul, *S. Handsome Nell.*

Enchanted. This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land, . *To J. S., 12.*

Enchanting.
The Queen of love could never move
With motion more enchanting *S. As I gaed up by* †
To harmony's enchanting notes, *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, . . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Encircled. Encircled in her clasping arms, *The Lament.*

Enclasped.
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lint white* †
Enclasped and grasped, Within thy cold embrace? *To Ruin.*

Enclose.
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure? *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*

Enclosed. But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Ken ye ought of Capt. G. †

Encore. A sweeping, kindling, hauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
He skirl'd out, *encore.* . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Encounter.
Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue.
S. Caledonia.

End. As I gaed up by yon gate end, . *S. As I gaed up by* †
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
S. Contented wi' little †
Some hooks are lies frae end to end,
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward: . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
nae other end Than just a kind memento;
Ep. to Young Friend. 1.
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained; . . . . . *Ib. 2.*
For still th' important end of life,
They [wha fa'] equally may answer: . . . . *Ib. 4.*
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
This night his weekly moil is at an end, . . . *Ib. 2.*
This, all its source and end to draw,
That to adore. [v.A.4] . . *The Vision.*
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
The Whistle. 10.
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . *The Holy Fair, 18.*

End, *to.*
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man? *A Bottle and Friend.*
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
A Guid New-year † *17.*
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends . . . *Ib. 5.*
And bid wild war his ravage end, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. . . . . *Ib.*
So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell: . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end. . . . *The Hermit.*
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.
The Holy Fair. 27.
To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, . *S. The Laddies by* †
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*
gin ye like to end the bother, . . *What ails ye now* †

Endear. While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
To Miss Graham.

Endearing.
And oft a more endearing band, . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
by sweet endearing stealth. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Endeavour,
But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
A Ded. to G. H., 15.
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O:
S. My father was a farmer †
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
Prologue, at Th., D..
And do our endeavour to keep us from want.
S. The Poor Thresher.
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
S. What can a yng lassie †

Ended. With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
S. No Churchman am I †
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire. . . . . *On same Lord G.*
He saw her days were near hand ended, *The Death of Mailie.*
He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
An' so the quarrel ended; . . . . . *Ib. R. VI.*
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Endless.
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
On Death of fav. Child.

Endor. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Endow'd.
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers, . *Tragic Frag.*

Endurance.
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Endure.
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, Jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
To mourn the woes my country must endure.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure;
S. The Winter it is past †

Enduring.
Niest day their life is past enduring. . *The Twa Dogs. 32.*

Enemy. Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man. . *A Fragment. 2.*
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
Or in his en'mies hands, man: *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*

Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage
In energy, [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D. II.*
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
To R. G. of F., 9.

Enerv'd. sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Eneugh (enough).
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink. . *Auld comrade dear* †
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. S.*
That would be lear eneugh for me, . . . *Ib. 14.*
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
I've wife eneugh for a' that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh ; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Enfauld (infold). The darksome night did me enfauld,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Engage. The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage ; *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Common motives lang sinsyne,
Never can engage my love ; . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Engaged. And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray ;)
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
In the cause of right engaged, . . *S. Thickest night* †

Engine. Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines! . *Add. to Toothache.*

England. And England, triumphant, display her proud rose ;
S. How pleasant the banks †
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, *Scots Prologue.*
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ; *The Tree of Liberty.*
To mark where England's province stands *S. The Union.*

English. But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton
Out frae the English border, . *Katharine Jaffray.*
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward. . . . *On Miss J. Scott.*
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them. *On W. Cruickshanks.*
His English style, and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season. . . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
The English steel we could disdain, . . *S. The Union.*
But English gold has been our bane . . . . *Ib.*
We're bought and sold for English gold . . . . *Ib.*

Engulph.
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Enhusked. The red peat gleams a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal : *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Enjoy.
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
S. Green grow the Rashes.
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it : . . . *S. Here's to thy health,*†
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
And so I would enjoy it, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs . . *Poem on Life.*
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it. . . . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood. . . . . *The Hermit.*
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy, . . *To W. Simpson.*
Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy? . . *S. Why, why tell thy* †
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign! *Winter.*

Enjoy'd. so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ; . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, . . *The Lament.*

Enjoying.
There the saftest sweets enjoying, . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Enjoyment.
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us ! . *El. on Year 1788.*
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . *S. One fond kiss,*†
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide. . . . *To J. S., 11.*
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. . *S. Where are the joys* †
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Enlarge. When taxes he enlarges, . . *A Dream, 7.*

Enlarg'd. Their views enlarg'd, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*

Enlighten'd.
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, . *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*

Enlisted.
That night enlisted in the core, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Enough. That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
The Brigs of Ayr, 10.
Enough of ought ye like but grace ; . . *The Inventory.*
I've paid enough for her already, ... *Ib.*
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
The Kirk's Alarm, 17.
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae? . . *What ails ye now* †

Enow [enough].
Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 15.*
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, . *Scots Prologue.*
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them ; *The Twa Dogs, 29.*

Enquire. With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Enraptur'd.
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, . . *The Lament.*

Enrich.
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Enrich'd.
And thought his very een enrich'd ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*

Enroll. And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Enroll'd.
I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Ensanguin'd.
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;
S. Caledonia. 5.

Enslave. But powerful Love enslaves the man ;
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

Enslav'd.
The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

Ensnaring.
with studied, sly, ensnaring art, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.*
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
S. True hearted was he †

Ensure.
This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure ; *To R. G. of F., 2.*

Ensur'd. Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages ; . *To J. S., 8.*

Entails.
He rives his father's auld entails ; . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Enter. Syne hauldly in she enters : . . *Halloween. 22.*
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention,
Or withered envy ne'er enter ; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Enter'd. The sober Autumn enter'd mild, *John Barleycorn.*
In rueful apprehension enter'd O, . . . *The Vowels.*

Enterprise. John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,. . *John Barleycorn.*

Enthral.
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
S. The Slave's Lament.

Enthrall'd,
Bowers adieu ! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Enthrone.
And in her breast enthrone me : . *S. Louis what reck I* †

Enthron'd. Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law :
S. True hearted was he †

Enthusiasm.
Enthusiasm's past redemption, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Entice. If that wad entice her awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Entralls. Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch; . *To a Haggis.*

Entrance.
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man: *The Fête Champetre.*

Entrench'd. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Entry. There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,
Are blinkan at the entry. . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Entwine.
And round that neck entwine her! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine. . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †

Entwining. Or bumbler bays entwining. *S. When first I saw* †

Envenomed. Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
To R. G. of F., 2.

Enviable. Oh, enviable, early days, *Despondency, an Ode, 5.*
O, happy! happy! enviable man! . . *Remorse. A Frag..*

Envious. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
Blest be M'Murdo †
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow, *El.on Miss Burnet.*
Cease ye prudes your envious railing,
Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, *To Terraughty.*

Envy, A name not Envy spairges). . . *A Dream. 7.*
And never envy blot their name! *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore; *On Duke of Queensberry.*
A sight pale envy to convulse) . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise:
The Answ. to the Guidwife.
Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*
May envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend infernal! *To W. Simpson. 17.*
Nor wi' envy troubled be; . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt:
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Envy, *to.* I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Do ye envy the city gent, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*
The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow:
S. No Churchman am I †
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine! . . . *The Hermit.*
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy them! *The Twa Dogs. 28.*
Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; *To Clarinda.*

Eolian.
Or tunes Eolian strains between. *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*

Epilogue. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
Add. by Fontenelle.

Epistle. Tak this excuse for nae epistle. *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But to conclude my lang epistle, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 22.*

Epocha. But why of that epocha make such a fuss, [v.A.9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Eppie. An' O, my Eppie,
My Jewel, my Eppie! [*re.*] . *S. Eppie Adair.*
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.
His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, . . . *Halloween, 16.*

Equal.
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her? *S. Come, let me take* †
equal to the hustling strife, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
rehearse, in equal verse, . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Libra's equal sway, ... *Nature's Law.*
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
On Death of R. Dundas.
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
To wheel the equal, dull routine. . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Equal, *to.* To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:
S. True-hearted was †

Equally.
For still th' important end of life,
They equally may answer: . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*

Equanimity.
In equanimity they [the Muses] never dwell, *To R.G. of F., 8.*

Erect. Preserve the dignity of Man,
With Soul erect; *The Vision. D. II. 22.*

Erect, *to.* By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
An' not a mnse erect her head
To cowe the blellums? *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Erected.
Courts for Cowards were erected, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Ere lang [ere long].
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide;. . . *S. I do confess* †

Ere while.
Ere while thy breast sae warming, *S. O wat ye wha that lo'est* †

Ergo. Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.
S. Caledonia.

Ermine. 4than ony ermine ever lap, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Errand.
Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . *A Winter Night. 5.*
A cannie errand to a neebor town: *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.*
To do some errands, and convoy her hame. . . . *Ib. 7.*
Not only hring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
That errand fain would gae. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
And he wad do their errands weel, ... *Ib.*
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man? . *The Fête Champetre.*

Err'd. Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have, But, Thou art good;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

Erring.
Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! . *A Winter Night. 9.*
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Error.
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error. . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Erse.
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*

Erskine. Erskine, a spunkie norland billie;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14.

Erst. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The choral hymn that erst so clear,
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, . . *On Lincluden.*
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Erudition.
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Escape. Till of escape despairing, . . . *S. How cruel* †

Escape, *to.*
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks; *S. O this is no my ain* †
The body, e'en let him escape; *The Election Ballads. III.*

Eschylus. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives:
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Esopus. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Espy. If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee? *S. Jamie, come try me* †

Esquire.
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, *The Election Ballads. III.*

Essay.
In many a way, and vain essay, *S. My father was a farmer* †

Essay, *to.* I wad in vain essay the strain, *S. Lovely Davies.*

Estate.
I ken they scorn my low estate, *S. Here's to thy health* †
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate.
They waste sae mony a braw estate! *The Twa Dogs. 25.*
Had I Dundas's whole estate, . *S. When first I saw* †

Esteem. I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem. . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem. . . . *To John M'Murdo.*

Esteem'd.
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Esteeming.
Esteeming, and deeming,
It [Heaven and Hell] a' an idle tale ! . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*

Estimate.
man's true, genuine estimate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Etch'd.
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy ! *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Eternal.
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop : . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight : . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, . *Ib. 16.*
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. *Ib.*
To right or left eternal swervin, . . *To J. S., 19.*
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest ! . *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Eternity.
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Ether.
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ; *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Ether-stane [adder-stone].
When Politics came there to mix
And make his ether-stane, man ! . *The Fête Champetre.*

Ettle [aim, attempt, endeavour].
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

Ettrick. But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
Ettrick banks now roaring red
While tempests blaw ; . . *To W. Creech.*

Eu.
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight. *The Vowels.*

Euclid.
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun : *S. Caledonia.*

Europe. While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The Rights of Woman.
Weel Europe kens the fame o't. . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Eurus. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . *To Miss C.*

Evan. To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
Ye lofty banks that Evan bound ! . . . . . *Ib.*
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs? . . . . . *Ib.*

Evanishing.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. . . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Eve. Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa' ; *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Eve, Even.
The dewy star of eve to hail. . . . *S. Here is the glen* †
The bird of eve flits sullen by . . . *On Lincluden.*
musing, wait The sober eve, . *On seeing wounded Hare.*
Gi'e me the lonely valley.
The dewy eve, and rising moon ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
At even, when beans their fragrance shed, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, *S. 'Twas even* †

Evening, Ev'ning.
May Health and Peace with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ; . . *A Ded. to G. H. 14.*
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning. . *S. A Rosebud by* †
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, *S. Afton Water.*
As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
No envious clouds o'ercast his evening ray ;
Blest be M'Murdo †
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e ! . *S. Blythe was she* †
The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's swell ; . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Hark the mavis' ev'ning sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ; *S. Hark the mavis'* †
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.
S. How pleasant the banks †
When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
One ev'ning as I wand'red forth, *Man was made to Mourn.*
To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, *S. Now bank and brae* †
But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, *S. Now westlin winds* †
And bonie she, and ah how dear!
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy : *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
When evening shades in silence meet, . . *S. O Phely,* †
The fairest maid's in yon town
That ev'ning sun is shining on [*re.*] *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush *S. On Cessnock banks* †
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene, . . *Ib. Sett. II.*
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
One evening this nobleman, taking his walk,
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk :
The Poor Thresher.
The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
S. The Posie.
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys.
And lonely stalk, . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? *S. There was a lass, and* †
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews and breathing balm. . . *To Miss C.*
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny *To Terraughty.*
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
S. True hearted was he †
At evening the wild-woods among? *S. Where are the joys* †
As thy shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ; *Wr. in Friar's-Carse. H..*
Her smile is as the evening mild. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Event. What dire events ha'e taken place! *El. on Year 1788.*

Ever, E'er.
And your Petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, ever pray, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
For ever to release ye Frae Care . . . *A Dream. 9.*
She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever! "
S. By Allan stream †
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run : *S. Caledonia.*
He's gane for ever : . . . *El. on Capt. M.H. 7.*
Alas, alas ! O C[ardoness],
Then thou hadst slept for ever! . . *Epit. on a Laird.*
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
S. Eppie M'Nab.
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] . . . *Ib.*
the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, *S. Gloomy December.*
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you. . *S. Husband, husband* †
My dear little angel, for ever,
For ever,—Oh no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever. *On Death of fav. Child.*
As cauld a wind as ever blew ; . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
As cauld a minister's ever spak ; . . . . . *Ib.*

For misery ever tholed a pang. . *On Window of Inn. F..*
One farewell, alas, for ever! . . . *S. One fond kiss* †
But to see her, was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever. . . . . *Ib.*
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
That the first blow is ever half the battle:
Prologue, sp. at Th., D..
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Though fluttering ever so braw, man. . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy. *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her price. . . *Scotch Drink.*
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: *Scots Prologue.*
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir, ... *Ib.*
First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever." . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Oh! banks to me for ever dear! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Is in his 'narrow bouse' for ever darkly low. [v. A. 10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. *Sp. Extem. to Yng Lady.*
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise: . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here? . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land
Was, the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. *S. The Deil cam fiddlin* †
Wha's honour was ever his law; *The Election Ballads. III.*
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever. . . . *Ib. VI.*
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place! *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same. . . . . *Ib.*
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
S. Turn again, thou fair †
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue †
In wildest fury hae [grief, care] made hare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *V.s under Grief.*

Ever-deep'ning.

While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Everlasting.

Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber, O. . *S. My father was a farmer* †
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep: . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Evermair, Evermore.

With adieu for evermore, My dear, . *S. It was a' for* †
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair! *Lament for Glencairn.*
An' they cry crowdie ever mair. . *S. O that I had ne'er* †

Every, Ev'ry.

And every year come in mair dear . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Life, thou soul of every blessing, . . *S. Raving winds* †
Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap . . . *Scotch Drink, 10.*
A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: . *Scots Prologue.*
But Douglases were heroes every age: . . . . *Ib.*
From ev'ry danger keep him free, . . . *S. Somebody.*
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; *S. Tam o' Shanter, 3.*
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v. A. 16] . . . . *Ib.*
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
'Tam Samson's dead!' *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The Brigs of Ayr.
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, . . *Ib. 2.*
Harmonious concert rung in every part, . . *Ib. 12.*
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Evil. With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!
S. Here's a health to them †
Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil; *Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: . *Poem on Life.*
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Remorse. A Frag..
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Unconscious what evils await; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Evils lurk in felon wait: . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Evil doer. To strike evil doers wi' terror; *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Ev'n down [downright).

Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Ewe. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †

Exalt.

Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; *Lament for Glencairn.*
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
S. Their groves of †
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; *Why am I loth* †

Exaltation.

That I should get such exaltation, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*

Exalted.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*

Example.

A guide, a buckler, an' example *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*
An' get sic fair example straught, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust—and thy example too. *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C..*

Excel.

Our lassies a' she far excels, *S. On Cessnock Banks* † *Sett. II.*
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. . *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Excell'd. That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.*

Excellence.

And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
M'[Gi]ll's close nervous excellence, *The Twa Herds. 17.*

Excellent. Hail, Majesty most Excellent! . *A Dream. 9.*

Exception.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman; *The Twa Dogs. 34.*

Excess. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*

Exchange.

An atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*

Exchang'd.

How ill exchang'd for riper times, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

Excise.

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, . *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Exciseman. why all this sneering 'Gainst poor Excisemen?
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
What are they [Priests] pray? but spiritual Excisemen. *Ib.*
An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
Seizan a Stell, *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 7.*
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman; [re.] . . . *Ib.*
"But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the Land
"Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. . . . *Ib.*

Excursion.

Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion, . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Excuse. Tak this excuse for nae epistle. *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Her dowf excuses pat me mad ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 4.*
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
The good excuse will find. . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Excuse, *to.*
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse. . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 1.*
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
The Sons of old Killie.
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Excus'd.
When sic a husband was frae hame.
What wife but wad excus'd her? . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Execrate. And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.

Exempt.
From aught that's good exempt. . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt ;
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Exert. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Exhausted. This day, time winds th' exhausted chain,
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Exile. An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ; . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

Exile, *to.* A' pleasure exile me, . . *S. Eppie Adair.*
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . *S. Highland Mary.*

Exiled, -'d.
Lone, from your savage homes exil'd, *A Winter Night. 5.*
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Or hast been exiled from thy nation, . . *The Hermit.*

Existence.
I'm dwindled down to mere existence, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Our race of existence is run. . *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †
For ever—Oh no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever. *On death of fav. Child.*
Through an endless existence shall charm thee. . . *Ib.*
Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ; . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Exit. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
If sorrow and anguish their exit await, *Monody, on a Lady.*

Expanse.
O ! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway ! *The Lament.*

Expect. Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, *A Ded. to G. H.*
I will expect Yon Sang ye'll sen't, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 5.*
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft? *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
When I, what reck, did least expect, *S. The tither morn* †
But Foordsday, Sir, my promise leal.
Expect me o' your party, ... *To —.*

Expectant.
The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Expectation. Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ; *The Holy Fair. 12.*

Expected. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. *To J. S., 15.*

Expedient. But pennyworths again is fair,
When time's expedient : *Ep. to J. R. 13.*

Expekit [expected].
O, Sirs ! whae'er wad ha'e expekit,
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, . . *The Twa Herds, 4.*

Expel. And He whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land. [v. A. 4] *The Vision.*

Expell'd.
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me ; *What ails ye now* †

Expence. Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D–mnation of expences! *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.

Experience. But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And sage Experience bids me this declare
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Saws of experience, sage and sound. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Expert. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art ;
The Vowels.

Expire. Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
But ah how hope is born but to expire!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And when I die, 'Let me in this belief expire,—
'To God I fly." . . . *The Hermit.*
Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire ; *To Clarinda.*

Expiring.
When day, expiring in the west.
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . *S. Now rosy May* †

Explain.
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Explore.
Now [wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men :
On Death of R. Dundas.
Explore at large Man's infant race, *The Vision. D. II. 10.*

Expose.
He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.
To R. G. of F., 4.

Express.
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . *On W. Stewart.*

Expression.
Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ; . *S. O were my love* †
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me. . *What ails ye now* †

Exquisite. A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
A Winter Night. 9.

Extatic.
Or love extatic wake his seraph song. . *To Miss Graham.*

Extend.
Peace, thy olive wand extend, *S. How can my poor heart* †
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
'Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
'Thy fame extends ; *The Vision. D. II. 18.*
The Wintry West extends his blast, . . . *Winter.*

Extended.
Looks o'er prond property extended wide ; *A Winter Night. 7.*
In lines extended lang and large,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Squadrons extended long and large, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Extinct.
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, *Epit. on G. Richardson.*

Extremes.
No pause the dire extremes between, . *The Tears I shed.*
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Exult. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
S. How pleasant the banks †

Exulted.
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, *El. on Miss Burnet.*

Exulting. While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
My secret heart's exulting boast ? . . *The Lament. 4.*

Eydent [busy, diligent].
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Eye [*v. also* E'e].
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise ! *A Fragment. S.*
O free my weary eyes from tears, *A Prayer under Anguish.*
By heedless chance I turned mine eyes, . . *A Vision.*
Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes ;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye ; . . . . *Ib.*
Learning, with his eagle eyes, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
Fair B[urnet] strikes th' adoring eye, ... *Ib. 4.*

The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes, . . *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
Its [the woodbine's] dew-drop o' diamond, her eye,
S. Adown winding Nith †
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
S. Afton Water.
I'll westward turn my wistful eye : *S. Behold the hour* †
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan,
Ep. to R. Graham. 1.
Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye! . . *Ib. 5.*
With grateful lifted eyes, . . *Epit. on Country Laird.*
A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes ! *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Extem. in Court of Session.
We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me :
S. Farewell, thou stream †
'Till grief my eyes should close, . . *S. Had I a cave* †
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe. . *S. It was the charming* †
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye. . . *John Barleycorn.*
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found : *Lament for Glencairn.*
To thee I turn with swimming eyes ; . . . *Liberty.*
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . . . *Ib.*
Each eye it chears when she appears, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
More sweet than the light to my eye.
S. My Love's a winsome †
The kindling lustre of an eye ; . *S. My Mary's face* †
Look down with gracious eyes ; . . *Nature's Law.*
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye ; . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,
As is a sight o' Phely. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose. . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes, ... *Ib.*
Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
S. On a bank of flowers †
Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, . . *On Lincluden.*
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes, ... *Ib.*
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. . . . . *Ib.*
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye ;
On seeing wounded Hare.
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
On Death of R. Dundas.
And throw on poverty bis [Oppression's] cruel eyes ; . *Ib.*
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued. . . . *Ib.*
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wond'ring eyes. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure. . . *Poem on Life.*
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, . *Ib.*
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave. . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Rosy morn now lifts bis eye, . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
And long pursued me with her eye. *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye : *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. S.
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, *The Election Ballads. III.*
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L...
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above, ... *Ib.*

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth bis eyes abroad, . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer . . *The Hermit.*
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . *The Lament.*
To mark the mutual-kindling eye. . . . . *Ib.*
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me. . *S. The last time I* †
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The Rights of Woman.
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor. *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
Brydons brave Ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ; [v. A. 4] . . *Ib. D. I.*
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye. . . *Ib. D. II. 13.*
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye. [v. A. 4] . . . *Ib. D. II.*
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure. . . . *S. Thine am I* †
Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
S. Thou hast left me †
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye ; . *To Clarinda.*
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road . . . *To J. S., 25.*
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
To R. G. of F..
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, . . . *To Ruin.*
Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law :
S. True hearted was he †
Her look was like the morning's eye,
S. Twas even—the dewy †
And whose that eye of fire? . . . *V.s, below Picture.*
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . . . *Ib.*
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been blear'd with mourning; *S. When wild War's* †
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, . *S. Why am I loth* †
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . *S. Young Peggy* †
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Eye-brow.

Her eye-brows of a darker hue, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Eye, *to.*

And eyes the simple, rustic Hind. . *A Winter Night. 7.*
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
The Parents partial eye their hopeful years ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love. *The Vision. D. II. 14.*
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . . *To J. S., 16.*
And hap'ly, eye the barren hut, With high disdain. *Ib. 17.*
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves. . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Eyed.

His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod ;
On Death of R. Dundas.
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Eyeing, askance the creature eyeing, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Fa' (fall, lot). Then M-nt-gue, an' Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man ; *A Fragment. 5.*
(Black be your fa' !) . . . . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
S. Contented wi' little †
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa' ; *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause
May never guid luck be their fa' ! *S. Here's a health to them* †
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
S. My Nanie's awa.

Farewell then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa' : . . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'. . . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
My mither, she has ta'en the bed,
Wi' thinking on my fa'. . . . . *Ib.*

Fa', *to* [to fall].

But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man, . . *A Fragment. 2.*
Till Fraser brave did fa', man ; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's. . . . *A Vision.*
misbanter fa' me, ... *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure, *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther we can fa'. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
And fair fa' my Collier laddie. . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Shame fa' me gin I tell ; . . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Shame fa' the fun ; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber ! . . *Nature's Law.*
To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, *S. Now bank and brae* †
The chrystal waters round us fa', . . *Now rosy May* †
The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ; . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
And I mysel' a drap of dew
Into her bonie breast to fa' ! . . *S. O were my love* †
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The flower it blaws, it fade's and fa's, *S. Polly Stewart.*
Freeman stand, or freeman fa', . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
And mony a houk did fa', man: *S. The Battle o' Sherra-Moor.*
But wearie fa' the waefu' woodie ! *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
S. The Posie.
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again. . *S. There's news, lasses* †
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, . . . *To a Haggis.*
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye . . *To Terraughty.*
Some people tell me gin I fa', Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither.
V.s to J. Ranken.
I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, . . *What ails ye now* †

Fa' that [have that fall to one, have that as one's lot or fortune].

Or whom in a' the country roun',
The best deserves to fa' that ? *The Election Ballads. II.*
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that ? . . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that. . . . . *Ib.*
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that ! *S. The Honest Man.*

Fable. Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables : *The Holy Fair. 17.*
With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day ; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Fabled.

Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen ; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. . . *The Lament.*
A fabled Muse may suit a hard that feigns ; *To R. Graham.*

Fabric, Fabrick.

But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.
To Capt. Riddel.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

Face. Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt. . *A Ded. to G.H., 1.*
Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ; . . . *Ib. 9.*
For me ! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter ; . . . *A Dream. 3.*
For which we daurna show our face *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch ! . . *Ib.*
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Her face is fair, her heart is true, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee ! . . . *S. Blythe was she,* †
In that bonie face of thine ; . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
Fair the face of orient day, . . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes. . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face. . . . . *Ib.*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his [death's] face, . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Now health forsakes that angel face, . . *Fragment.*
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, . . *Halloween. 3.*
Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face ! . . . . *Ib. 14.*
G–d confound their stubborn face, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*
My face was but the keekin' glass
And there ye saw your picture. . *In Defence of a Lady.*
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
Man was made to Mourn.
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn, ... *Ib. 7.*
My Mary's face, my Mary's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm ; *S. My Mary's face* †
Her face so truly heaveely fair, ... *Ib.*
He'd [the Deil] look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee." *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place : *S. O this is no my ain* †
View the wither'd beldam's face . *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
The graces of her weel-far'd face, . *S. On Cessnock banks* †
But it's not her air, her form, her face, ... *Ib.*
Your honie face sae mild and sweet . *On W. Chalmers.*
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first her bonie face I saw ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
They've wranged the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face : *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case ! *The Death of Mailie.*
Alas ! misfortune stares my face, . . . *The Farewell.*
Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair, . . *The Holy Fair. 1.*
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
"But yet I canna name ye." . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ; . . . *Ib. 10.*
The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright . . *Ib. 12.*
She stares the daddy in her face. . . . *The Inventory.*
He stoiter'd up an' made a face ; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the Mob ; . . . . *Ib. S. III.*
For a lalland face he feared none, . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, . . *Ib. R. VI.*
I look'd her in her bonny face, *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
Learning with his Greekish face, . . *The Ordination. 11.*
That e'er your face I knew. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Alas ! that e'er a bonie face
Should draw a sauty tear ! . . . . . *Ib.*
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place ; . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

A "hare-brain'd sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face; *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
The justling tears ran down his honest face! *The Vowels.*
Fair fa' your honest, sonsy face, . . . *To a Haggis.*
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, . . . *To a Painter.*
Before I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blythe and gay, . . . *To Clarinda.*
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face, . . . *To J. S., 13.*
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, Wi' chearfu' face, *Ib. 24.*
In your unletter'd nameless faces! . . . . *Ib. 27.*
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face, ... *To Ruin.*
Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, *To Rev. J. M Math.*
worthy G[regorly's latin face, ... *To W. Creech.*
Let me fair Nature's face descrive, *To W. Simpson. 10.*
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on. . *What ails ye now†*
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ailed me, . *S. When first I saw†*
And wi' her loof her face a washin; . *S. Willie Wastle†*
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; . . . . *Ib.*

Face, *to.*

I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
While my dear lad maun face his foes, *S. O Logan! sweetly†*
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Fac'd, -'t.

The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; *A Guid New-Year† 14.*
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

Fact. But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed: . . . . *A Dream. 4.*
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Faction. Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! *The Twa Dogs. 24.*

Factor.

Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gailies; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Poor tenant bodies, scant o cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash; *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Faculty [of Advocates].

Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir. . *The Dean of Fac..*
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, ... *Ib.*

Faculty.

For me my faculties are frozen, . *Auld Comrade dear†*

Faddom't [fathomed].

the Stack he faddom't thrice, . . . *Halloween. 23.*

Fade. The altar sinks, the tapers fade, . . *On Lincluden.*
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's. . *S. Polly Stewart.*
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. *S. Sweet fa's the eve†*

Faded. He faded into age; . . . . *S. John Barleycorn.*
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, *S. The Catrine woods†*

Fading.

By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods *Lament for Glencairn.*
Beauty's of a fading nature, . *S. Will ye go and marry†*

Fading-green.

The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow: . *S. Now westlin winds†*

Fae [foe]. Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! *Add. to Toothache.*
O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! . *S. Come, boat me o'er.*
thou false woman, My sister and my fae,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes, ... *Ib.*
And that their faes shall ken. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa†*
But now he [love] is my deadly fae,
Unless thou'lt be my ain. . . . . *S. O lay thy loof†*
While my dear lad maun face his faes, . . *S. O Logan!†*
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes. . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . *Tam Samson's El. 7.*
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
The Kirk's Alarm.

Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; . *S. The Laddies by†*
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingeio thro' the city! . *The Ordination. 10.*
Dalrymple has been lang our fae, . *The Twa Herds. 12.*
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, *To Terraughty.*

Faem [foam].

Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem, . . *Scotch Drink. 2.*

Faikit [abated, let off, spared].

Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Fail. He does na fail his part in either. *A Ded. to G. H.. 5.*
And never may their [thy Sons'] sources fail!
Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
The kettle o' the kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . *S. Does haughty Gaul†*
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland! . . . . . *Ib.*
In other worlds can Mammon fail, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
But as I gaze the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales; . *On Lincluden.*
Now, honest Hughoe, dinna fail,
To tell my Master a' my tale; . *The Death of Mailie.*
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion, By night or day.
The Holy Fair. 19.
As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. *To J. S., 24.*

Faile.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Failed. My een they almost failed me. *S. When first I saw†*

Failing.

For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing,
S. Tam Glen.

Failing, -in, *s.*

An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Their failings and mischances. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'. . . . *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'
Epit. for Author's Father.
True it is, she had one failing, *Lus under Pict. of Miss B.*

Fain.

It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.*
I fain my griefs would cover; *S. Farewell, thou stream†*
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, . . *Friend of the poet†*
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen, . . . *Halloween. 21.*
And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.
S. I'm o'er young to marry†
Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, ... *S. Jockey fou†*
And I would fain be in, jo. . . *S. O Lassie, art thou†*
Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, *S. Sweet fa's the eve†*
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
O mony a knight and mony a laird,
That errand fain wad gae; [*pr.*] . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And fools o' change are fain; . . . . . *Ib.*
Fain, fain my crime would cover: *S. The last time I came†*
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.
S. The Taylor fell†
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them. . . . *Ib. 20.*
Wha fain would openly rebel, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*
There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
S. There's a youth†
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . *To W. Simpson.*
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger; . *S. When wild War's†*
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
S. Where are the joys†
Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey; *Why am I loth†*
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain . . *S. Young Jockey†*

Fainness [fondness].

And I, I wat, Wi fainness grat, . *S. The tither morn†*

Faint.
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat ;
The Poor Thresher.
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair : . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Faint-collected.
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream : . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

Faint-hearted.
Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
S. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Faint, *to.* Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail ; *New Psalmody.*

Fainting.
And now in fainting murmurs die ; . . *On Lincluden.*

Faintly.
Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing *Lament for Glencairn.*

Faintly-marked.
The faintly-marked, distant hill : . . . *The Lament.*

Fair. As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I ; . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
dear bird, young Jeany fair, . . . *S. A Rosebud by* †
Fair B[urnet] strikes th' adoring eye, *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
But cast a moment's fair regard . *add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail, ... *Ib. 4.*
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan ;
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair. *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Her face is fair, her heart is true. . *S. Behind yon hills* †
The primrose banks how fair ; . *S. Behold, my love* †
Lesley is sae fair and coy, . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
S. Caledonia.
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose : . . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
But pennyworths again is fair, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 13.*
The ordered system fair before her stood, *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
She, the fair sun of all her sex, *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle ;
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
And fair without a flaw. . . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Fair and lovely as thou art, . . *S. Hark the Mavis* †
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, *S. Here's to thy health* †
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, ... *Ib.*
Let her form so fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own. . . *S. Highland Mary.*
I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve ; . *S. I do confess* †
She [Fortune] promised fair, and performed but ill ;
S. I dream'd I lay †
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair.
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. *S. In simmer when* †
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We left fair Scotland's strand ; . . *S. It was a' for* †
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
The meanest hind in fair Scotland,
May rove their sweets amang ; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
My stem was fair, my bud was green, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids, - -
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, *S. My heart was ance* †
Her face so truly heavenly fair, . *S. My Mary's face* †
My fair, my lovely charmer ! . *S. Now westlin winds* †
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
S. No Churchman am I †
That crimson rose how sweet and fair ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Mally's rare, Mally's fair, . . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
But O the road was very hard,
For that fair maiden's tender feet. *S. O Mally's meek.*
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
S. O Mary, at the window †
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley [*re.*] *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
Fair tho' the lassie be : . . . *S. O is this no my ain* †
O were my love yon lilac fair, . . *S. O were my love* †
I see her sweet and fair ; . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
The high-arch'd windows, painted fair, *On Lincluden.*
In window fair, the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain, ... *Ib.*
What dost thou in that mansion fair ?
On seeing Seat of Lord G.
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Fair on the summer morn : . . . . . *Ib.*
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow :
On death of Sir J. Blair.
Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, *On W. Chalmers.*
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair. [*re.*] . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Ah ! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, . . . *Poem on L . .*
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art [*re.*] . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;
Prologue sp. by Woods.
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Fair beaming and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang ; . . . . *Ib.*
Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ; . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Tho' I mann say't, I dounbt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair ; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
S. She's fair and fause †
O woman, lovely woman fair, ... *Ib.*
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
A sprig her fair breast to adorn : *Sp. Extem. to Yng Lady.*
For G—d-sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
How can ye blume sae fair ! . . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair, . . . *The Holy Fair.*
And kindly she did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair. *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
I bow'd fu' low to this fair maid, ... *Ib.*
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, ... *Ib.*
And they declare Terreagle's fair, *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ; *S. The Catrine woods* †
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
in fair virtue's heavenly road, ... *Ib. 19.*
For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, *The Election Ballads. 1.*
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care ; *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
The Kirk's Alarm. 6.
The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, . *S. The Posie.*
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care ?
S. The small birds rejoice †
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] . . *The Vision.*
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Return him safe to fair Strathspey, *S. The yng High. Rover.*
There was a lass, and she was fair, *S. There was a lass, and* †
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ; . . . . . *Ib.*
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, . . . *To a Lady.*
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, . . *To a yng Lady.*
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, *To Chloris.*
faint heart ne'er wan A lady fair : . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
You save fair Jessie from the grave ! . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
An' get sic fair example straught, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, . *To J. S., 18.*

Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . *To Miss Ainslie.*
Let me fair Nature's face descrive, . *To W. Simpson. 10.*
An' some, their New-light fair avow,
Just quite harefac'd. . . . *Ib. P.S.*
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
S. True hearted was he†
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. . . . *Ib.*
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. . . . *Ib.*
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [*re.*] *S. Turn again, thou fair†*
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; *S. Twas even—the dewy†*
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, ... *Ib.*
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e†
My morning raise sae clear and fair, . *V.s under Grief.*
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; *S. Wantonness for ever†*
I made an open fair confession, . . *What ails ye now†*
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, *S. When first I saw†*
And for fair Scotia, hame again, . *S. When wild War's†*
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; *S. Where are the joys†*
Jenny, fair Jenny alone. . . . . *Ib.*
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; *Why am I loth†*
To balance fair in ilka quarter; . . *S. Willie Wastle†*
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; *S. Ye banks and braes†*
She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
S. Yon wild mossy mountns†

Fair, the Fair, Fair one.

Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair. *S. Adown winding Nith†*
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.
S. Afton Water.
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven; . . *S. Anna, thy charms†*
While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish?
S. Ay waking, O†
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, . . . *S. Deluded swain†*
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; *Grace after Dinner.*
Powers celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
If thou hast met this fair one, *S. O wat ye wha that loes†*
If every other fair one, But her, thou hast deserted, . *Ib.*
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Prologue, at Th., D..
That form'd this Fair sae far awa, . . *S. Sae far awa.*
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk;
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Great love I bear to all the Fair, . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; *The Vision. D. II. 1.*
Thine am I my faithful fair, . . . *S. Thine am I†*
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found; . . . *To Clarinda.*
Had at the time some dainty fair one, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . . *S. Young Jamie,†*

Fair [market). An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
A Gude New-Year† S.
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair: *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 17.*
Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair, . . . *Ib. 18.*
O he held to the fair, . . . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
But thee, what were our fairs and rants? *Scotch Drink. S.*
I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair, . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, . . . *Ib. R. V.*
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there. . *S. The tither morn†*

Fair fa' [good luck befall or betide].

And fair fa' my Collier laddie. . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Fairplay.

I hope to gie the jad's a clearin'
In fair play yet. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Fair-won. Thy fair-won, rightful spoil
Extem. on Comment.s of Thomson.

Fairer. But fairer still my Delia dawns, *Delia, an Ode.*
Where man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
S. How pleasant the banks†
I never saw a fairer, . . . *S. My love's a winsome†*
Still richer breathes and fairer blows, . . *S. O Phely†*
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon. *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa. . *S. Sae far awa.*
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.) . . . . *To Chloris.*

Fairest. Fairest maid on Devon banks! *S. Fairest maid†*
Then come, thou fairest of the fair! . . . . *Ib.*
But she my fairest faithfu' lass, . . *S. I'll ay ca' in†*
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: *S. O this is no my ain†*
The fairest maid's in yon town
That ev'ning sun is shining on. . *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart. . . . . *Ib.*
Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest! . *S. One fond kiss†*
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray; . . . *S. Sensibility†*
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets. . . *Sketch.*
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
S. Sleep'st thou†
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
S. The heather was blooming†
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. *S. There was a lass†*
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, ... *Ib.*
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
S. There's auld Rob†
That fate may in her fairest page, - - enroll thy name;
To a yng Lady.
She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
S. Yon wild mossy mountns†

Fairin [a present at a fair, a present, a reward].

Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin! *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
Tam o' Shanter. 18.

Fairlee.

She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
A famous breed: [v. A. 19] *Poor Mailie's El..*

Fairly. I'm tauld he offers very fairly, . . *Auld comrade†*
To grant a heart is fairly civil, ... *Ib.*
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O.
S. My father was a farmer†
I tell your Highness fairly, ... *A Dream. 10.*
My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het; . . . *Ep. to Davie, 11.*
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
I'm sure it's winter fairly. [*re.*] . *S. Up in the morning.*
A mailin plenish'd fairly; . . . *S. When wild War's†*

Fairy. the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, . . *S. Deluded swain†*
Upon that night, when Fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans dance, . . . *Halloween.*
Fairies dance sae cheery. . . *S. Hark! the mavis†*
Girvan's fairy haunted stream . *S. Now bank and brae†*
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: *The Brigs of Ayr. 11.*
A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out, *encore.* . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon: . *S. Turn again, thou†*

Fairy-land. This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land, . *To J. S., 12.*

Faites.

Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.

Faith. To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith;
Extem. on Comment.s of Thomson.
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in: . . . . *Halloween. 21.*
A mutual faith to plight. . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
By the faith you fondly plighted; . *S. Stay, my charmer†*

For its faith and truth reward it. . . *S. Sweetest May* †
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right . . *Ib. 15.*
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune For crack . . . *Ib. 26.*
And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, dammable error. . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . . *The Lament.*
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
S. The small birds †
I wat they pledged their faith, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Faith! But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, *A Dream. 5.*
Faith, yon and A[pplecros]s were right *Add. of Beelzebub.*
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame. *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan, . . . *Ib. 20.*
For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them fashious:
Auld comrade dear †
And faith, he'll waur me. . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 10.
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
And faith, to me, 'twas really new! *Kind Sir, I've read* †
"There's just the man I want, in faith." *Lns to J. Ranken.*
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair:
S. No Churchman am I †
And, faith, he'll prent it. . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough, *Ib. 10.*
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse. . . . *Ib. 17.*
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . *S. The Honest Man.*
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . *The Inventory.*
For faith I'm confoundedly dry: *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
And faith I'm gay and hearty! . . . . *To —.*
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely, . . *To a Louse.*
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it, ... *Ib.*
As faith I muckle doubt him, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him. . . . . *Ib.*
down the gate, in faith, they're worse *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Faithful, -fu'.

It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,
An aching broken heart, *S. Canst thou leave me thus* †
Nor use a faithful lover so? . . . *S. Fairest Maid* †
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to chear, . *S. Here is the glen* †
But she my fairest faithfu' lass, . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
To meet my faithful Davie. . . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, *Poor Mailie's El.*
'Twas all my faithful love could gain; *S. The capt. Ribband.*
A faithful brother I have left, ... *The Farewell.*
My faithful Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
But he still was faithfu' to his clan, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives: . . . *Ib. 17.*
Thine am I my faithful fair, ... *S. Thine am I* †
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. . . *To Chloris.*
My faithful love disdains, ... *To Clarinda.*
Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair.
S. True hearted was he †
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
Me and my faithfu' doggie; . . . *S. What will I do gin* †
And come, my faithful sodger lad, *S. When wild War's* †

Faithless. Amang them I spied my faithless, false lover,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him. . . . *Ib.*
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow. . *The Lament. 10.*
While faithless snaws ilk step betray *The Vision. D. I. 1.*
Our sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charged, perhaps too true; *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
S. Wandering Willie.
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. *W'r. in Friars-Carse H.*

Falconer.

She trusts the ruthless falconer
And drops beneath his feet. . . . *S. How cruel* †

Fald [fold].

Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, *S. O were my love* †

Fall. Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, *S. Here is the glen* †
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
Or like the snow falls in the river, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
The Rights of Woman.

Fall, *to.*

Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
He falls in the blaze of his fame. *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
In vain wld Prudence †
And show'rs began to fall; . . . *John Barleycorn.*
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Lament for Glencairn.
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Tyrants fall in every foe: . . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
While Tories fall, while Tories fly, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; . . . *Ib.*
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
The Rights of Woman.
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall! . . . . *To Ruin.*

Fallen. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
My fathers have fallen to right it; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
The Henpecked Husband.

Falling.

Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling chrystal stream; . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Fallow. The fallow land is free; . *S. O can ye labour lea* †

Fallow [fellow].

Will's a true guid fallow's get, . . . *A Dream. 7.*
Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
A clever, sturdy fallow; . . . . *Halloween. 16.*
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty cunt; . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

False. False flatterer, Hope, away! . *Fragment of Ode.*
thou false woman, My sister and my fae,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
But spare and pardon my false Love, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Tho' thou has been false, I'll ever prove true,
S. Oh, open the door, †
False friends, false love, farewell! . . . . *Ib.*
If thou hast known false love's vexation. . *The Hermit.*

'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Alas the day, and wo the day,
A false usurper wan the gree, *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*

To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

And should the false one hither stray,
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Falsest.

Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †

Falsehood.

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny: . . *That there is falsehood* †

Falter. Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Fame.

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; *Add. to the Deil. 3.*

For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name! *Epit. for R. A.*

He falls in the blaze of his fame. *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †

Nae ray of fame was to be found: *Lament for Glencairn.*

I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number. . . . *Nature's Law.*

And B[urn]'s spring, her fame to sing, ... *Ib.*

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †

And future ages hear his growing fame.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

I am nae stranger to your fame, . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Prologue sp. by Woods.

Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;
Reproof by himself.

Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame,
Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? *Scots Prologue.*

Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, . . *Ib.*

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tam Samson's El., Per. C..

And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
The Brigs of Ayr.

And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, . . . *Ib.*

Thro' fields of death to gather fame, *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,
The Election Ballads. IV.

Verl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame, ... *Ib. V.*

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; . . . . *Ib. VI.*

Weel Europe kens the fame o't. . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame, . . . *S. The Union.*

Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Where once the Campbell's, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r: . . . . *Ib. D. II. 11.*

Till now o'er all my wide domains, Thy fame extends; *Ib. 18.*

But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
The Whistle. 10.

With native worth, and spotless fame, . *To a yng Lady.*

Those [Critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
To R. G. of F., 4.

An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame; . . *To W. Simpson.*

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Fame, a restless, airy dream; . *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C..*

Famed, -'d. Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.

famed for martial deed and sacred song, . . *Liberty.*

And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place? . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

But here an ancient nation fam'd afar. *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*

Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return? *The Election Ballads. III.*

For building cot-houses sae fam'd, ... *Ib. V.*

Fareweel even to the Scotish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story. . . . . *S. The Union.*

Sir, in that circle you are fam'd; . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, [*re.*] *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Family, -'ly.

His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. . *Auld comrade* †

May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven! . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Famine. In his flesh there's a famine, *Epit. on Walter S—.*

Famish'd. When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Famous. As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen. *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.

She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
A famous breed: . . *Poor Maillie's El..*

While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
Gies famous sport. . . *Scotch Drink. 12.*

'Here lies a famous Bullock!' . . . . *The Calf.*

Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous joh
The Dean of Fac..

We will get famous laughin At them this day.
The Holy Fair. 5.

They're a' in famous tune For crack that day. . *Ib. 26.*

Sic famous twa should disagreet, . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*

Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;
The Whistle. 6.

Ramsay an' famous Ferguson . . *To W. Simpson. 8.*

Fa'n, Fann (fallen).

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; *S. Awa. whigs, awa.*

And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

An angel form's faun to thy share! *S. She's fair and fause* †

Fan. Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest: . *S. Highland Mary.*

I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, . . *S. O were my love* †

Thy tuneful flame still careful fan; *The Vision. D. II. 22.*

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom, . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Fancy. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, *A Bard's Epit.*

Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, *S. Adown winding Nith* †

I flatter my fancy I may get another,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †

And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . *As on the banks* †

Since she is fitted to her fancy: . . *Auld comrade* †

Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of Nature prizing. . *S. Could aught of song* †

For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*

With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Let my fancy first approve. . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Fancy only kens nae cheat. . . . . *Ib.*

And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight, . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

The flower and fancy o' the west; . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

They make your youthful fancies reel, . . *O leave novels* †

To thee my fancy took its wing, *S. O Mary at the window* †

For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [*re.*] *S. O whistle* †

But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †

Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, . . *On Lincluden.*

Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, ... *Ib.*

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, . . *S. One fond kiss,* †

Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure. *Poem on Life.*

Fell Despair my Fancy seizes. . . *S. Raving winds* †

Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
The Brigs of Ayr. S

But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but tway. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . *S. The gloomy night* †

Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright :
The Lament.
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
S. There's a youth †
My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon : *To J. S., 1.*
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning ! . . . *Ib. 15.*
L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee', . . *S. Turn again, thou* †
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy : *S. When wild War's* †
O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, *S. Why, why tell thy* †
The leafless trees my fancy please.
Their fate resembles mine ! . . . . . *Winter.*

Fancy, *to.*

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
O can't thou think to fancy me ! . *S. There was a lass* †
And see an onie lad will fancy me.
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,
S. There grows a bonie brier †

Fancy'd.

Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*

Fand, Fan' [found].

He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,
He fand it was awa, man ; . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea. . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter. *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ; . . *Ib. 10.*
The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, . *To W. Simpson.*

Fane.

That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. . *On Lincluden.*
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Fann'd. While larks with little wing.
Fann'd the pure air, . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Fantastic.

Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves : *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Far. Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation, . . *A Dream. 5.*
till they a' did wanble, Far, far behin'! *A Guid New-year* † *7.*
a short-liv'd glow'r, Far south the lift, *A Winter Night. 1.*
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below ! . *Ib. 7.*
Far kend an' noted is thy name ; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
Thou travels far ; . . . . . *Ib.*
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it. . *Add. to Unco Guid 7.*
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills ;
S. Afton Water.
His worthy fam'ly far and near, . *Auld comrade dear* †
More lovely far her beauty blows. . . . *Delia, an Ode.*
Tho' I maun owa, as monie still,
As far abuse me. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 16.*
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, *El. on Capt. M. H. 9.*
Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, Love. . *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away. [*re.*]
S. How can my poor heart †
On stormy seas and far away, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
My dear lad that's far away, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
And far be thou distant, thou reptile
S. How pleasant the banks †
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, . . *S. It was a' for* †
yon moors, Out-spreading far and wide,
Man was made to Mourn. 3.
But far better days I trust will come again ;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
But now he's banish'd far away, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
But I gied him a far better thing, . . *S. My Sandy gied* †

Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa. [*re.*] *S. Musing on the roaring* †
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
But love is far a sweeter flow'r . . . . . *Ib.*
Here's him that's far awa, Willie !
S. O Kennure's on and awa †
Far, far frae me and Logan braes. *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
Is o'er the hills and far awa ? *S. Oh how can I be blythe* †
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
The bonie lad that's far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
When he comes hame that's far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
Our lassies a' she far excels, *S. On Cessnock banks* † *Sett. II.*
Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . *On dining with Daer.*
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
S. Out over the Forth †
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, ... *Ib.*
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ; *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; *Remorse. A Frag.*
But for her sake sae far awa : [*re.*] . . *S. Sae far awa.*
My native land sae far awa. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart.
While, Oh, she is sae far awa. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, *Scots Prologue.*
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, ... *Ib. 18.*
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r: *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Which sweetly winds so far below; *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween !
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim : . *Ib. 12.*
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays : . . . . *Ib.*
But haply, in some cottage far apart, . . *Ib. 17.*
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind : . . *Ib. 19.*
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
To him, the Bard, that's far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. . *S. The gloomy night* †
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free ; . . *The High. Widow's Lament.*
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
But whalpet some place far abroad, . *The Twa Dogs. 2.*
when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West,
The Vision. D. I. 2.
Far wanders nations over. . *S. The yng High. Rover.*
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line ; . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . . *To J. S., 8.*
An' far unworthy of thy train, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
When I forget thee! Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa ! . . . . *To W. Creech.*
As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. *Tragic Frag.*
And winna say owre far for thrice, *V.s to J. Ranken.*
My purse is light, I've far to gang, *S. When wild War's* †
By far my elder brother in the muses.
Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.

Far-aff [far-off].

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, *The Election Ballads. I.*

Far-fam'd.

Thro' many a far-fam'd sire !
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, . . *On same Lord G.*
And with the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place ? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-fam'd tree, man ; *The Tree of Liberty.*

Far-fetch'd. Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
The Vision. D. I. 14.

Far-honor'd.
K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Farce. Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse. [v.A.1]
The Twa Dogs. 6.

Fare. When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare, . *S. Now rosy May* †
What tho' on bamely fare we dine, *S. The Honest Man.*
And dish them out their bill o' fare, . . *To a Haggis.*
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it, . . *S. When wild War's* †

Fare, *to.* And how do ye fare? *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
Tasting the breathing spring, Forth I did fare;
S. Phillis the Fair.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare! . *The Jolly Beggars, S. V.*
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
A' day they fare but sparely; . *S. Up in the morning.*

Fare thee weel, Fare-you-weel.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel, a while! . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben! *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
Fare thee weel before I gang, . . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Fare-thee-well, Fare ye well.
Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! . *S. One fond kiss* †
Now fare ye well, an' joy be wi' you, *Auld comrade dear* †

Farewel [farewell).
My Love and Native Land fareweel, . *S. It was a' for* †
Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. *S. The Catrine woods* †
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle! . . . . *Ib.*
Fareweel our night o' sorrow. . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scotish name, . . *S. The Union.*
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfn' tankards foamin. An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys!
To J. S., 9.
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, *To Terraughty.*
Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! *To W. Simpson.*

Farewell.
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! *A Farewell.*
E'en *here*, I took the last farewell; . *S. Behold the hour* †
Farewell! and ne'er snch sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, . . *S. Canst thou leave me* †
Farewell, dear mistress of my soul, *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Farewell, thou fair day, thon green earth, and ye skies,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! . *Ib.*
Farewell, thon stream that winding flows
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Now farewell, light, thon sunshine bright, ... *Ib.*
Then farewell folly, bide and bair o't
For ance and ay. . *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear, . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. *S. Gloomy December.*
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
False friends, false love, farewell! . *S. Oh, open the door,* †
One farewell, alas, for ever! . . . . *S. One fond kiss,* †
Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds* †
Farewell then, lang hale then, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, . . *The Farewell.*
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! . . . . . *Ib.*
Farewell, my Bess! tho' thon'rt hereft
Of my parental care; . . . . . *Ib.*
And You, Farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
The Farewell. To St. J's L...
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, *S. The gloomy night* †
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! . . . . *Ib.*
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr! . . . . . *Ib.*
Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O! *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs, . . . *To J. S. 9.*
Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken; . . *V.s, under Grief.*
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Farina.
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21,*

Farl [the fourth or third part of a thin cake made of oat, flour, or other meal].
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day. . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Farm. O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
A farm of full forty good acres of land *S. The Poor Thresher.*
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? *S. There was a lass* †

Farmer.
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer; . *S. Now westlin winds* †
At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor; . *S. When wild War's* †

Farther. 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther we can fa'. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Besides, I farther mann allow, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
To work him farther woe, . . . *John Barleycorn.*
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
S. My father was a farmer †
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O: . . . . . *Ib.*
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther. *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

Farthest.
thro' Albion's farthest kin, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Farthing. He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
S. My father was a farmer †

Fash [trouble, annoyance].
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, *Add. to the Toothache. 4.*

Fash, *to* **[to trouble, bother, care for, take pains].**
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; . . *Ep. to J. R. 8.*
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
And fash nae mair. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Speak out an' never fash your thumb.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun. *To J. S., 5.*

Fash'd, -'t [troubled].
To tell the truth, they [poverty, &c.] seldom fash't him,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enongh;
The Twa Dogs. 10.

Fashion.
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Ronnd the wealthy, titled bride *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
She talks of rank and fashion. . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
Who knows how the fashion's may alter, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
A man of fashion too, he made his tour, . . *Sketch.*
Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. *The Holy Fair. 2.*
He takes [stipend] but for the fashion; . *The Ordination. 5.*
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
The Rights of Woman.
As praying's the ton of your fashion; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Fashious [troublesome].

For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them [chiels] fashious:
Auld comrade †

Fast. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, *A Bard's Epit.*
Or close them fast in death! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night. . . *Halloween. 3.*
'An' her that is to be my lass,
'Come after me an' draw thee As fast. . . *Ib. 18.*
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour. Fu' fast. . . *Ib. 22.*
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, . . *John Barleycorn.*
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
But late she flourished, rooted fast, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; . . . *Ib. 9.*
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: . . *Ib. 12.*
And hameward fast did flee, man. *The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
And bound him in a dungeon fast, *The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.*
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, *S. The gloomy night* †
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast that day.
The Holy Fair, 16.
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwalling. . . . *The Inventory.*
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast this day!
The Ordination. 7.
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, Fast, fast this day. *Ib. 10.*
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, *The Vowels.*
An' weary Winter comin fast, . . . *To a Mouse.*

Fasten. Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, . *S. O Tibbie!* †
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poisoned tooth to fasten. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Fasteneen [fasterns' or fastens' even, the evening before the first day of the fast of Lent].

On Fasteneen we had a rockin, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2.*

Faster.

my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, *A Dream. 6.*
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Fat. a fine, fat, fodgel wight, . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
They drink the sweet and eat the fat, But care or pain:
To J. S., 17.
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;
To W. Simpson. 18.

Fatal.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, *S. Fate gave the word* †
It only lags the fatal hour; . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers. . . *On W. Chalmers.*
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; . *S. The gloomy night* †
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; *To Clarinda.*

Fate, the Fates.

In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye Frae Care . . *A Dream. 9.*
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
A Winter Night. 9.
But fate has will'd, and we must part! . *S. Behold the hour* †
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 16.*
sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em [poverty, &c.]
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Though there, his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: . . . *Ib.*
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure. *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
Fate still has blest me with a friend, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Damnation then would be our fate,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.
That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood. *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, *S. Fate gave the word* †
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, Love. . *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends* †
Not unrevenged your fate shall be, . *Fragment of Ode.*
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar; . . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
An monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided: . . . *Halloween. 7.*
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; . *S. I do confess* †
nerved with thundering fate, ... *Liberty.*
A few seem favourites of Fate, *Man was made to Mourn.*
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, . *Monody, on a Lady.*
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone, . . *Now Spring has clad* †
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, Jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest hands untwining? *S. O poortith cauld* †
How blest the humble cotter's fate, ... *Ib.*
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, . . *S. O steer her up* †
If angry fate is sworn my foe, . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Doomed to share thy fiery fate, . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare.
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Our Bardie's fate is at a close, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung: . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
impell'd by all-directing Fate, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
The butcher deeds of bloody fate, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
But fate the word has spoken: . . . . . *Ib.*
Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
S. The High. Widow's Lament.
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
S. The lazy mist †
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. . . . *Ib.*
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
The Rights of Woman.
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate, . . . *Ib.*
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow: *S. The sun he is sunk* †
And He whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land. [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low! . . . *Ib. D. II. 2.*
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
The Whistle. 16.
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
Such is the fate of artless maid, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Such is the fate of simple Bard, ... *Ib.*
Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, ... *Ib.*
Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date; . . . . . *Ib.*
That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name:
To a yng Lady.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; . . *To J. S., 7.*
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread; . . . *Ib. 10.*
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn, . . *To Terraughty.*
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine! . . . . . *Winter.*
The grand criterion of his fate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.
And leave a man undone To his fate. . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Fate, *to.* tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
S. T'was na her bonie blue e'e †

Fated. But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair! . *S. Anna, thy charms* †
Has fated me the russet coat, . . . *To J. S., 6.*

Father.

As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
A lovin' father I'll be to thee, . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
O, may no son the father's honour stain, *Blest be M'Murdo* †
Our father's blude the kettle bought! *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
The tender Father and the gen'rous Friend.
Epit. for Author's Father.
As father Adam first was fool'd, *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*
O tread ye [hairns] lightly on his grass
Perhaps he was your father. . . . *Epit. on Wag.*
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, *Frag. insc. to Fox.*
To shun a tyrant father's hate, . . . *S. How cruel,* †
He's tell'd her father and mother baith, *Katharine Jaffray.*
O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O; . . . . . *Ib.*
An exile frae her father's ha', . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, *S. O whistle,* †
My father put me frae his door, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye.
Prologue, at Th., D..
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Ronalds of Bennals.
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Tam Samson's El. 12.
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
The Father cracks of horses, plenghs and kye, . *Ib. 8.*
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: . . *Ib. 12.*
The priest-like Father reads the sacred page, . *Ib. 14.*
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays: . *Ib. 16.*
The promis'd Father's tender name; . . *The Lament.*
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three. *S. The lovely lass of In.* †
Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa'; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain; . . . . . *Ib.*
A king and a father to place on his throne?
S. The small birds †
She kens her father is a laird, . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, Do what ye can,
S. There's news, lasses †
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Fathers.

Bold following where your Fathers led! *Add. to Edinburgh.*
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Fatherly.

I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Fatigue.

Whare ye may nobly rax your leather
Wi' sma' fatigue. . *A Guid New-Year* † *18.*

Fatigu'd.

An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Fatter.

Then howses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Fatt'rels [ribbon-ends, trimmings, folds, puckerings and similar mysteries of female dress].

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, . . *To a Louse.*

Faught [*s.*] *v.* **Fecht.**

Faught [fought].

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O; . *S. Killicrankie.*

Fauld [fold].

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
The Kirk's Alarm.
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, . *The Twa Herds. 10.*
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
S. What will I do gin †

Fauld ["firth and fauld," frith and fell, wold and wild, wood and common].

Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd [v. A. 20] *A Vision.*

Faulding [folding; "faulding slap," the gate of the fold].

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Then a faulding let us gang, . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Fault. We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
Ep. to Maj. Logan, 9.
Whose only fault is loving thee? *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
His faults they a' in Latin lay, . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give *Symon Gray* †
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care: . . . *The Hermit.*

Faultless. Let her form so fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own, . *S. Highland Mary.*
faultless symmetry and grace, . *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*

Faun *v.* **Fa'n.**

Fause [false]. Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
S. She's fair and fause †
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true. . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
O meikle do I rue, fause love, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, *S. To daunton me.*
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And my fause lover staw my rose, *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Fause-house [an empty space in a corn-stack].

When kintlan in the Fause-house
Wi' him that night. . . *Halloween. 6.*
Nell had the Fause-house in her min', . . . *Ib. 10.*

Fausont, Fawsont [seemly, orderly].

The hizzies, if they're oughtlins fawsont, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Faut, Faute [fault].

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! *Add. to Unco Guid. 1.*
As ill I like my fauts to tell; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.*
There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, . . *Ib. 17.*
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, *S. Gane is the day* †
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him.
He couldna labour lea. . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
O wha will own he did the faut? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what renead? *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, *S. There was a lad* †
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; *What ails ye now* †
'I'd rather suffer for my faut, A hearty flewit. . . *Ib.*
Your fautes I will proclaim. . . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Faultless [faultless].

Her faultless form and graceful air: . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Fautor [a transgressor].
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne, say, I was a fautor. . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And tho' he be the fautor, *S. Here's his health in water.*

Faux pas.
Led him [Fox] a sair faux pas, man: . . *A Fragment.* 7.

Favor, Favour.
Then patronize them wi' your favor, . *A Ded. to G. H.*, *13.*
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, . . *Ib. 15.*
Like fortune's favors, tint as win. . . . . *A Vision.*
Still anxious to secure your partial favor, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Her favour Duncan couldna win; . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets. . . *S. I do confess* †
I courted fortune's favour, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
Who for her favour oft had su'd, . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird,
May warsle for your favour; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors! *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
And in token of favour he gave him a ring.
S. The Poor Thresher.
With grateful pride we owe your many favors:
Prologue, at Th., D..
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: *Tam o' Shanter.* 5.
But, under favor o' your langer beard, *The Brigs of Ayr.* 10.
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master, . . *The Twa Dogs.* 21.
I hae won their wanton favour. . *S. Wantonness for ever* †
But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: *S. When first I saw* †

Favor, *to.* And fortune favor worth and merit, *Poem on Life.*

Favored, Favour'd.
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L..*
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Favourite, Fav'rite.
A few seem favourites of Fate, *Man was made to Mourn.*
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion. *S. The sons of old Killie.*
"To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. *As on the banks* †
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, *S. Caledonia.*
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you!
And mang her favourites admit you! . . . *A Farewell.*

Fawsont *v.* **Faussont.**

Fay. Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Feal. From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Fealty. My fealty an' subjection . . . *A Dream.* 8.

Fear. For fear your modesty be hurt. . *A Ded. to G. H.*, 1.
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear! . *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
A Winter Night. 8.
"Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . *S. Ay waking, O* †
'Kirk-yards will soon be till'd enengh,
'Tak ye nae fear: *Death and Dr. Hornbook.* 24.
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age! . . *Despondency, an Ode.* 5.
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, *Ep. to Young Friend.* 8.
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
S. Farewell, thou stream †
For I am keepit by thy fear
Free frae them a' [v. A. 11] *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
"Then all hell will fly for fear. . *S. Husband, husband* †
And next my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine. . . . . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Hope and Fear's alternate billow *S. Musing on the roaring* †
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [*re.*] *S. O whistle,* †
On fear inspired wings; . , . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace: *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And kept the country-side in fear.) . *Tam o' Shanter.* 15.
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
For fear amaist did swarf, man. . . . . *Ib.*
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, ... *Ib.*
The half asleep start up wi' fear, . . *The Holy Fair.* 22.
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
No anxious fear their little heart alarms;
S. The sun he is sunk †
He still was a stranger to fear: *S. There was a bonie lass* †
An' get [wi' you] sic fair example straught,
I hae na ony fear. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! *To R. G. of F.*, 9.
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face, ... *To Ruin.*
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
S. Wandering Willie

Fear, *to.*
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! . *A Ded. to G. H.*, 3.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly hoost to pasture I' the craft . . *A Dream*, 6.
Began to fear a fa', man; . . . *A Fragment.* 5.
Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear; *Add. of Beelzebub.* 4.
He learned to fear in his own native wood. . *S. Caledonia.*
What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear! . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
And ne'er gude wine did fear. . *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him; *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
'Mair spier na, nor fear na,' . . . *Ep. to Davie.* 2.
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
'Great cause ye hae to fear it'; . . . *Halloween.* 14.
Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
In vain wid Prudence †
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
Man was made to Mourn.
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel! . . *S. My heart was ance* †
The man that fears thy name. . . *New Psalmody.*
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
Thy own reproach alone dost fear. . *Poet. Inscription.*
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no witheriog blast; . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; . . *Tam o' Shanter.* 11.
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition. *The Author's Cry and Prayer*, 21.
I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear: *S. The gloomy night* †
I fear I my talent misteuk, . *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
S. The Slave's Lament.
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! . *The Twa Dogs.* 13.
The vera thought o't need na fear them. . . *Ib.* 27.
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely, . . *To a Louse.*
An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! *To a Mouse.*
By all the conscious villain fears below! . *To Clarinda.*
Parnassiao queens, I fear, I fear.
Ye'll now disdain me, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, *To Terraughty.*
No vengeful spirit bid him fear ; . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer. . *To W. Creech.*
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day ; . . *S. Wha is that at* †
Quo' I, 'I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better'. . *What ails ye now* †
But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: *S. When first I saw* †
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover.
S. Where are the joys †
The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, . . *Winter.*
Fear not clouds will always lour. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Feared, -'d, -'t.

'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!' . *A Fragment. S.*
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride ;
Epit. for Author's Father.
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me: *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, *S. Fate gave the word* †
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night. . . *Halloween. 11.*
There's naue ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.
S. Here's a health to them †
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.
S. I'm o'er young to marry †
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
S. On a bank of flowers †
For a lalland face he feared none, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Fearfu' [fearful].

She gat a fearfu' settlin ! . . . . *Halloween. 24.*
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds, *S. The Taylor* †

Fearless. Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them ;
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Hell ; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side, . . *To W. Simpson. 11.*

Fear'st.

Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whitefoord.

Feast. For Solway fish a feast. . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
For few sic feasts you've gotten ; . . . *For W. Nicol.*
O, what a feast her bonie mou ! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
I've been at druken writers' feasts, *On dining with Daer.*
I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O' sic a feast ! . . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast ; *To R.G. of F.,6.*

Feast, *to.* Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ; . . *S. O were my love* †

Feasted. O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit, . . *At Globe Tav.*

Feat [spruce]. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, *Halloween.*

Feat.

Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And tell future ages the feats of the day ; *The Whistle. 11.*

Feather. But now he has gotten a hat and a feather
S. Cock up your beaver.
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Fient haet he had hut three
Goos feathers and a whittle. *S. Robin skure in hairst.*
For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, *The Election Ballads. I.*
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
S. There grows a bonie †
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Feather'd.

The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree, *S. It was the charming* †
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
Free as the wind or feather'd race . . . *To Clarinda.*
When feather'd tribes are courting, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Feath'ry.

Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. . *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †

Featly [sprucely].

Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

Feature.

It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
O ! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature ? . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature ! *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
Ithers seek they kenna what,
Features, carriage, and a' that ; . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
I dote on ev'ry feature
Of this dear artless creature. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she con'd do nae mair ! . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form and claes ; . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern. [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*
And in her [Nature's] freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, the Man. . . . *To J. S., 3.*
Sweet naiveté of feature, . . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Fecht, Faught [a fight].

But man is a soldier, and life is a faught :
S. Contented wi' little †
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ; *S. In simmer when* †

Fecht, *to* **[fight].**

And semple-folk maun fecht and fen ; *S. Gane is the day* †
Sair I fecht them [Want, Hunger] at the door,
S. O that I had ne'er †
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt ; *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Inform him [death], and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him. . . *To a Medical Gent..*

Fechtan, -in [fighting].

Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck, . . . *Halloween. 17.*
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . *S. In simmer when* †

Feck [the greater part, the most ; value].

E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye [ministers] ken yourscls, for little feck ! *El. on Year 1788.*
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
"Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
The Holy Fair. 4.
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Fecket [a garment with sleeves, worn by working people, in lieu of vest and shirt ; an undershirt is also, now-a-days, sometimes called a "fecket"].

Grim loon ! he [Death] gat me by the fecket,
Friend of the poet † *P.S.*
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw ;
S. There's a youth †

Feckless [weak, silly, pithless].

An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
As feckless as a wither'd rash, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Feckly [mostly].

Three carts, an' twa are feckly new ; . . *The Inventory.*

Fed. And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Or I had fed an Athole Gled . . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
Well fed on pastures orthodox, . . *The Twa Herds.*

Fee. My riches a's my penny-fee, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee. . . . *Ep. to J. R. 9.*
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel. . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
An' name the airles an' the fee, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Fee, *to.* But me he shall not buy nor fee, *S. To daunton me.*

Fee'd. I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three; . *S. O can ye labour lea* †

Feeble. Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. *Letter to J. Goudie.*

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her [life] still. . *Poem on Life.*

Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
The Brigs of Ayr, 7.

In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . *To Clarinda.*

Feebly. Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
On Birth of Posth. Child.

Feebly-bursting. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Feed. To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:
S. Caledonia.

Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten; . . *For W. Nicol.*

Busy feed, or wanton lave; . *S. On scaring Water-fowl.*

And gie him o'er the flock, to feed, . *The Ordination. 5.*

We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, ... *S. Yon wild mossy mountains* †

Feeding.

Feeding on yon hill sae high,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.

Feel. Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
A Winter Night. 9.

To common sense they [philosophers] now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; *Auld comrade dear* †

To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

Alas! I feel I am no actor here! . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

But where ye feel your Honor grip,
Let that ay be your border: . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.*

Who feel hy reason and who give by rule, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? . *Ib. 5.*

To feel a fire in every vein. . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
Lns on Fergusson.

To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.

And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

A heart that warmly seems to feel; . . *O leave novels* †

My honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal; . . . *Poem on Life.*

And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, *Remorse. A Frag..*

sore I feel All others' scorn . . . *Reply to a Reproof.*

Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, *S. Sae far awa.*

But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel? *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Again I feel, again I burn! . . . . *The Lament.*

To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish. . . *S. The last time I* †

My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] *The Vision.*

He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!
To R. G. of F., 5.

Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me. *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

In solitude—then, then I feel. . . *Verses under Grief.*

I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.
S. Wae is my heart †

For all unfit I feel my powers be, . . *Why am I loth* †

Feeling. In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul, *S. Streams that glide* †

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! *To W. Simpson. 14.*

That feeling heart but acts a part, . . *O leave novels* †

The feeling heart's the royal blue, . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Feeling, *s.* with a frater-feeling strong, . *A Bard's Epit.*

Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, *Auld comrade dear* †

But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

All hail! ye tender feelings dear! . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*

But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*

But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. *S. Gloomy December.*

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility,* †

E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
The Brigs of Ayr, 6.

Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! . . *Ib. 9.*

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*

In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from every side;
To R. G. of F., 3.

Feet *v.* **Foot.**

Feg [a fig]. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

Fegs [an exclamation equivalent to 'faith!'].

But fegs, the Session says I maun . . *What ails ye now* †

Feide [feud, enmity].

Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide; . *Tam Samson's El., 10.*

Feign.

They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish; *S. Could aught of song* †

A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; *To R. Graham.*

Feign'd.

He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, . . . *The Lament. 3.*

Feint *v.* **Flent,**

Feire, Fier [a companion, a brother].

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
S. Shld auld acquaintance †

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Feirrie [fresh, vigorous, active].

The fient-ma-care, quo the feirrie auld wife,
S. The deuks dang o'er.

O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, . . . *Ib.*

Fell [cruel, savage, fierce, dreadful; keen, biting; nippy, tasty].

biting Boreas, fell and doure, . . . *A Winter Night. 1.*

Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . *As on the banks* †

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north, *S. Caledonia.*

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! *El. on Capt. M. H., 1.*

Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

And by fell death was nearly nicket: *Friend of the Poet,* † *P.S.*

'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree—Jessy!
S. Here's a health to ane †

But wha can avoid the fell snare? . . *Inscript. on Goblet.*

Fell source of a' my woe and grief;
Lns on Back of Bank Note.

Fell Despair my fancy seizes. . . *S. Raving winds* †

Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . *Scotch Drink. 15.*

fell remorse, a conscience bleeding . . *The Hermit.*

And that fell cur ca'd common sense. *The Twa Herds, 16.*

Or fell, red smeddum, ... *To a Louse.*

tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue †

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Fell [the flesh or cuticle immediately under the outer skin].

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions! . . *The Ordination. 12.*

Fell [high rocky land, a field pretty level on the side of a hill].

The partridge loves the fruitful fells; *S. Now westlin winds* †

Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
S. The heather was blooming †

By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, *The Twa Herds. 15.*

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, . *To W. Simpson.*

Fell. 1 to the cramho-jingle fell, *Ep. to J. L—k, April 1st. 8.*
So fell the pride of all my hopes, *S. Fate gave the word,* †
And fell a martyr in her [victory's] arms, *Fragment of Ode.*
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, . . . *Halloween. 4.*
An' just on Halloween It fell that night. . . *Ib. 15.*
When frae my mother's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me in hell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
But heavens! how he fell a-swearing, *S. Last May a braw wooer* †
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild. *S. Luckless Fortune.*
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it, *S. O ken ye what Meg* †
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell! *Scots Prologue.*
She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, . . . *Ib.*
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scroggam;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither. . . *S. Scroggam.*
Some fell for wrang and some for right, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off . . . *Ib.*
But fell in a trap On the braes o' Gemappe, *The Black-headed Eagle.*
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town *The Election Ballads. I.*
At strife thir carlines fell: . . . . . *Ib.*
My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden's field. *S. The High. Widow's Lament.*
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', *S. The Taylor fell* †
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command; [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*
What champions ventured, what champions fell; *The Whistle.*
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. *Ib. 16.*
Obliging Vulcan fell to work. . . . *To J. Taylor.*
Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me. . . *What ails ye now* †

Feller.
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Fellow.
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, *A Ded. to G. H. 14.*
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed; *A Guid New Year* † *9.*
Go, find an honest fellow; . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
The ae best fellow e'er was born! [*re.*] *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*
As by one drunken fellow his comrades yon'll find, *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn? . *Man was made to mourn.*
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape,
Wi' chokin dread; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
I see the old, bald-pated fellow. . *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*
I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
A country fellow at the plengh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enengh; . . . . *Ib. 30.*
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, *S. What can a yng lassie* †

Fellow-creature.
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin. . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly? *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Fellow-mortal.
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal! . . . . *To a Mouse.*

Fellow-worm.
And see his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn. . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';
S. Contented wi' little †

Felly [relentless, biting].
Driv'n hy Fortunes felly spite, . . *S. Frae the friends* †

Felon. Our sinfu' saul to get a clante on
Wi' felon ire; . . . *Poem on Life.*
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . *The Vowels.*
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; . . *To Chloris.*
Evils lurk in felon wait: . . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Felt. And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame; . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
Epit. for Author's Father.
He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; . . . *Nature's Law.*
Where first I felt their power. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, *Tam Samson's El., 11.*
Had felt our weight before. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . *The Hermit.*

Female.
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls. *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, *S. Lovely Davies.*
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
A female form, came [Benevolence] from the tow'rs of Stair: *Ib.*
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest.
The Rights of Woman.
Though sweetly female every part, *Wr. on leaf of "H. More."*

Fen. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Fen' [a fairly successful struggle, a shift].
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Fen, Fend, *to* **[keep off; provide for; make shift; fare].**
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; . *S. Gane is the day* †
Till they be fit to fend themsel; . *The Death of Mailie.*
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry; . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Fence. I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed. *Poor Mailie's El..*

Fenceless. To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
To R. G. of F., 3.

Fender. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Fenwick. As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin: . *The Ordination. 8.*

Ferguson, Fergusson [the Scottish Poet].
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.*
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! *Lns on Fergusson.*
Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. *To W. Simpson.*
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . . . . . *Ib.*
Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . . . . . *Ib.*

Ferintosh [whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; *v.* Forbes].
Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt].
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, *S. She's fair and fause* †
Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . *To a Louse.*
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . . *To J. S., 28.*

Ferlie, *to* **[to wonder].**
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e,
Nine Ferriers wad done better! *To Miss Ferrier.*

Ferry.
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. *S. My bonie Mary.*

Ferry, *to.* When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.

Fervent.
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted humble servant. *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*
Thou being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r! . . . *Ep. to Davie, 9.*
Who am most fervent,
While I can either sing or whissle,
Your friend and servant. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*

Fervently. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
Fervid-beaming. *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
Summer with his fervid-beaming eye : *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
Fervour. An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night. . . *Halloween. 22.*
Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm Fervour may o'erlook ; . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
Festive. And spent the chearful, festive night ;
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre. . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Fetch. Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, . *S. My bonie Mary.*
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
Fetch [to breathe intermittently].
See how she fetches at the thrapple, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Fetch't [pulled by fits and starts].
Thou never brainge't, an' fetch't, an flisket,
A Gude New-Year † *12.*
Fête Champetre.
Anbank, wha gnesse'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champetre. [*re.*] *The Fête Champetre.*
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champetre. . . . . *Ib.*
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
To view this Fête Champetre. . . . . *Ib.*
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champetre. . . . . *Ib.*
Fetter.
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters ; *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
A vow, they [Love, Beauty] seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter. . . . *The Fête Champetre.*
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
S. There's a youth †
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
Fetters. *S. True hearted was he* †
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.
S. Their groves of †
Feud. Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! *The Twa Dogs. 24.*
Feudal. Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Fever. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, . *Add. to Toothache.*
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, . . *S. Scroggam.*
Few. Few better were or braver : . . . *A Dream. 11.*
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches. . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, ... *Ib. 15.*
The real, harden'd wicked,
Are to a few restricked : . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd : *Epit. on a Friend.*
I care na by how few may see, . *S. First when Maggy* †
For few sic feasts you've gotten ; . . . *For W. Nicol.*
A few short months [ye woods], and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
A few seem favourites of Fate, *Man was made to Mourn.*
A cauld kirk, and in't but few : . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Ronalds of Bennals.
A few days may—a few years must
Repose us in the silent dust. . . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . *The Calf.*
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
That few for aught but folly lusted ; . . *The Hermit.*
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood. . *Ib.*
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, . . . *The Inventory.*
For puppies like you there's but few. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
But such Noblemen there's but few to be found
The Poor Thresher.
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Is wrought now by a coward few, . . . *S. The Union.*
To join the friendly few. . . . . *To Chloris.*

Fewer. Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Fey [predestined ; marked for death].
Till fey men died awa, man. *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Fickle.
Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, . . *S. Canst thou leave me* †
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee.
Is but a fairy treasure, . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, *S. I dream'd I lay* †
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Fickle man is apt to rove : . . . *S. Let not woman* †
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove. *S. She's fair and fause* †
But fickle Fortune frowns on me, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O ! . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me, *S. Tho. fickle Fortune* †
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ? . . . *To J. S., 20.*
wi' coy and fickle nature. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Fiction. genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
Dame life, tho' Fiction out may trick her, . *Poem on Life.*
Fiddle. Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
O he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle [*re.*] *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
But parting wi' his fiddle, The saut tear blin't his e'e ; . *Ib.*
O Willie, come sell your fiddle. And buy a pint o' wine ; *Ib.*
For mony a rantin day My fiddle and I hae had. . . *Ib.*
Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryio : . . . *The Ordination. 7.*
Fiddler. He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, *S. Among the trees* †
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,
S. My love she's but a lassie †
A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirled out, *encore.* . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
I am a Fiddler to my trade, ... *Ib. S. V.*
He taks the Fiddler by the beard. . . . *Ib. R. VI.*
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the Chicken cavie : . . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
Fiddling, -in'.
Though Fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, *S. The Deil cam fiddlin'* †
Fidge [to fidget].
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
K[ilmarnock] Wabster's, fidge an' claw, *The Ordination. 1.*
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . *To W. Simpson.*
Fidg'd [fidgeted].
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Fidgean-fain, Fidgin fain [fidgeting with eagerness or pleasure.]
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.*
Wha will mak me fidgin fain ? *S. O wha my baby-clouts* †
Fie *v.* **Fy.**
Fiel [Fell, very ; "fiel and warm," very warm].
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
S. The Contented Cottager.
Field.
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay ; *El. on Capt. M. H. 9.*
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, *S. In simmer when* †
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
I murder hate by field or flood, *Lns on Windows Gl. Tav..*
When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare, *Man was made to Mourn.*
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow : . *S. Now westlin winds* †
poor wanderer of the wood and field,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; . . *Ib.*
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, *S. The capt. Ribband.*
Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Still o'er the field the combat burns, ... *Ib.*
My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden's field. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
ripen'd fields, and azure skies, . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
"The field thou has won, by yon bright god of day!"
The Whistle. 18.
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash, O how unfit!
To a Haggis.
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, . . *To a Mouse.*
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! . . *To Clarinda.*
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace. . . . . *To J. S.. 13.*
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary O: . *S. When o'er the hill* †
I left the lines, and tented field, . *S. When wild War's* †

Field-mates.

The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Fiend. (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, . . . *Sketch.*
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal! . *To W. Simpson, 17.*

Fient, Feint [Fiend! a petty oath: "fient haet," a petty oath of negation, nothing].

For fient a wame it had avn, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
'Of a kail-runt. . . . . *Ib. 17.*
But fient a hair care I. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
The feint a pride, nae pride had he, *On dining with Daer.*
Fient a heuk had I. . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and a whittle. . . . . *Ib.*
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
The fient a pride na pride had he, . . *The Twa Dogs.*
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; . . *Ib. 26.*
When fient a body bade him. . . . *There cam a piper* †

Fient-ma-care [fiend! if I care].

The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
S. The deuks dang o'er.

Fier [sound, healthy].

We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier: . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

Fier *v.* **Feire.**

Fierce.

Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . *As on the banks* †
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
To R. G. of F., 7.

Fiercest.

The langest thong, the fiercest growler *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Fiercely. Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! *To Miss C.*

Fiery. Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Doomed to share thy fiery fate, . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame. . . *The Twa Herds, 11.*

Fife. From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Fife, County of.

There came a piper out o' Fife, . *There came a piper* †

Fifty. And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Fig.

A fig for those by law protected! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Fight. O cam ye here the fight to shun,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Heroes in Cesarean fight . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring: . . . . . *Ib.*
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, *The Whistle. 14.*

Fight, *to.*

I will fight France with you, [*re.*] . . *Add. to Dumourier.*
Then let us fight about, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
A man may fight and no be slain; . . *S. Duncan Davison.*
For freedom and my King to fight, *S. The Highland Laddie.*
And fight thy chosen's battle; . . *New Psalmody.*
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
S. No Churchman am I †
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Figure.

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, *S. Caledonia.*
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
S. O when she cam ben †
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair,
The Kirk's Alarm.

File.

The words come skelpan, rank and file, *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
The great Argyle led on his files,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Filial.

To bless his little filial flock, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Parent, filial, kindred ties? . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Witness that filial circle round, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
To R. G. of F., 9.
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Filings.

Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Fill. And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, *As on the banks* †
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' dane'd my fill! . . . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*
I sit me down and greet my fill, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. . . . *S. O steer her up* †
Or had o' Helicon my fill, . . *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, *The Death of Mailie.*

Fill, *to.* So, ye may dously fill a Throne, . *A Dream. 11.*
And fill her up wi' brimstone drink, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou; . . . *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck,
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, *S. How can my poor heart* †
And fill it in a silver tassie; . . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
S. No Churchman am I †
"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
A race outlandish fills their throne; *On Window at Stirling.*
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; *Scotch Drink. 5.*
Wha can fill a coward's grave? . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
The Holy Fair. 18.
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . . *The Ordination. 6.*
Fill me with the rosy wine, ... *The Toast.*
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . . . *Ib. 29.*
The groaning trencher there ye fill, . . *To a Haggis.*

And fill them high with generous juice, . *To a Lady.*
"To those who love us!"—second fill; . . . . *Ib.*
If mantling high she fills the golden cup, *To R. G. of F.*, 7.
The eye with wonder and amazement fills; *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Fill'd, -'d. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station *A Dream.* 5.
They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim, . . . *John Barleycorn.*
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane. . . *The Holy Fair.* 22.
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin': . *The Vision. D. I.* 3.
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants, . . *What ails ye now* †

Fillest.
That fillest an untimely tomb, . *Lament for Glencairn.*

Filly, -ie.
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, . *A Guid New-Year* † 3.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
Ep. to Maj. Logan.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tam Samson's El., Per C..
My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, . . . *The Inventory.*
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, ... *Ib.*

Fin' [to find]. For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them fashious:
Auld comrade dear †
Ye'll fin' him just an' honest man: . . . . . *Ib.*
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo. . . . *S. O steer her up* †
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'. . *The Twa Herds, 14.*

Find.
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear
But not a love like mine, . *S. Canst thou leave me thus* †
Go, find an honest fellow; . . . . *S. Deluded swain* †
I, listless, yet restless, Find ev'ry prospect vain.
Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Like thee, where shall I find another, *El. on Capt. M. H.* 15.
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, *Ep. to Young Friend.* 2.
There's wit there, ye'll get there [in losses, crosses],
Ye'll find nae other where. . . . *Ep. to Davie.* 7.
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
She [Nature] cast about a standard tree to find; . . *Ib.* 4.
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . *S. Frae the friends* †
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him [pleasure] out.
S. Gane is the day †
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . *S. I do confess* †
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, *S. Now westlin winds* †
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel, . *On Sc. Bard gne to W.I.*
Flit G[alloway] and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, *On seeing Seat of Lord G.*
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The good excuse will find. . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: *Scots Prologue.*
And find at night a sheltering cave, *S. Streams that glide* †
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before. . . . . *Symon Gray* †
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk. . . . . *The Calf.*
And, Oh, I find it sairly, O! . . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter: . *The Ordination.* 13.
I find that contentment's an absolute feast.
The Poor Thresher.
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
S. The small birds †
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
From prone-descending showers.
The Petition of Br. Water.
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find. . . . . *To Clarinda.*
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat; . *To J. S.*, 17.
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted; *S. When wild War's* †
As thou thyself must shortly find, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Findlay. O wha is it but Findlay: . *S. Wha is that at* †
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay [*re.*]. . . . . *Ib.*

Fine. thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day. *A Dream.* 1.
The bloom of a fine summer's day! *S. Adown winding Nith* †
The ready measure rins as fine, . . *Ep. to Davie.* 11.
That nane excell'd it [his ingine], few cam near't,
It was sae fine. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.* 5.
For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine: . . *Halloween.* 3.
They hecht him some fine braw ane; . . . *Ib.* 23.
Colours mingl'd unco fine. . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon. . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, . *O leave novels* †
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
S. O whare did ye get †
a fine, fat, fodgel wight. . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
O sell your fiddle sae fine; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine. [v. A. 21] *Scotch Drink.* 7.
And pu'd the gowans fine; . *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
The Belles of Mauchline.
Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The Brigs of Ayr, 8.
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let this subject alane. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Fine [head] for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead. . . . . *Ib. IV.*
Yon palace and yon gardens fine! *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! . . *The Holy Fair.* 6.
His English style, and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season. . . . . *Ib.* 15.
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine! . . *The Twa Herds.* 3.
He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, ... *Ib 8.*
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady! . . . . *To a Louse.*
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye! . . . . . *Ib.*
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, . . *To J. S.*, 22.
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Finer. The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true? . . *S. Behold my love* †
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Finest.
As the finest dame in castle or ha'. *S. O when she cam ben* †
Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung: . . . *S. Sad thy tale,* †

Finely. Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, *Tam o' Shanter.* 5.

Finesse.
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rub Mossgiel. . . . *O leave novels* †

Fingal. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, *The Whistle.*

Finger.
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
And pouk my hips. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.* 14.
You'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face. *The Author's Cry and Prayer,* 23.

Finger-end. Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin! *To a Louse.*

Fintry.

Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! *To R. G. of F. 9.*

Fir. Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Fire. And in the fire throws the sheath; *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation; . . . *A Dream, 5.*
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup; . . *Add. to Toothache.*
If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
Epit to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
To feel a fire in evry vein, . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
Fragment of Ode.
Because he got the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire, . . . *Halloween. 27.*
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. . *S. In simmer when* †
'The liquid fire of strong desire . . *Nature's Law.*
With more poetic fire. . . . . *Ib.*
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
S. O gin ye were dead.
I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast sant on,
He's off like fire. . . . *Poem on Life.*
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Laird o' Blackhyre wad gang through the fire,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. *Ib. 20.*
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire. . *The Dean of Fac..*
I pray with holy fire; . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Unknown each guilty worldly fire, . . . *The Hermit.*
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire, . . . *The Holy Fair. 24.*
First, niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire. . . . . *Ib. R. V.*
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish. . . *S. The last time I* †
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; *To Clarinda.*
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She [my saul] took the wing like fire! *To Miss Ferrier.*
And whose that eye of fire? . . *V.s, below a Picture.*
And mark that eye of fire, ... *Ib.*
And look through nature with creative fire;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Fire, *to.* Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
S. Anna thy charms †
They heat your brains, and fire your veins, *S. O leave novels* †
Might fire even holy Palmers; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
When lightnings fire the stormy lift, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
O how they fire the heart devout, . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*
'Some fire the Sodger on to dare; *The Vision. D. II. 4.*

Fired, Fir'd.

He fir'd a fiddler in the north . . *S. Amang the trees* †
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
Monody, on a Lady.
When gaping they [the Saunts] besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd. . . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times. . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*

Fire-shool [fire-shovel].

Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Fire-side.

I tent less, and want less
Their [the Great-folk's] roomy fire-side: . *Ep. to Davie*
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts! . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire side. . . *The Twa Dogs. 17.*
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Firm. Then, man my soul with firm resolves
A Prayer under Anguish.
Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
His royal heart was firm and true, *S. Highland Laddie.*
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Lives there a man so firm, who, . . .
Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs;
Remorse. A Frag..
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below. . . . . *The 1st Ps..*
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will! . . . . *Winter.*

Firm, *s.* He lent them his name to the firm.
The Election Ballads. III.

Firmly. Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Remorse. A Frag..

First. But first hang out that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal Charter, . . . *A Dream. 13.*
When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, *A Guid New-year* †*5.*
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story, . *Auld comrade dear* †
Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
S. Cock up yr beaver.
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers. . *El. on Capt. M.H., 5.*
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
But first an' foremost, I should tell, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 8.*
When first the human race began, . . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 15.*
Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;
Ep. to R. Graham.
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
And cook'ry the first in the nation: . *Extem. To Mr. S.*
Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; *S. First when Maggy* †
Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . *Halloween. 4.*
But first on Sawnie gies a ca', ... *Ib. 22.*
Let my fancy first approve. . . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
S. John Anderson †
when we were first acquaint. . . . . *Ib.*
ye were my first conceit, ... *Ib.*
Might charm the first of human kind. *S. My Mary's face* †
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied. . . . *S. O Mirk, mirk* †
O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely* †
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, . . *S. O steer her up* †
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three. . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
When rising Phœbus first is seen, . *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest! . *S. One fond kiss,* †
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wond'ring eyes. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
Where first I felt their power. . . . . *Ib.*
First shewing us the tempting ware, . . *Poem on Life.*
Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*

That the first blow is ever half the battle; *Prologue, at Th., D..*
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first her bonie face I saw; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
where love decoying, First enthrall'd . . . . *Ib.*
How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword *Scots Prologue.*
my honor'd, first of friends, . . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Till first ae caper, syne anither, . . *Tam o' Shanter, 16.*
An' first con'd thrash the barn, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was; . . . . . *Ib.*
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
How His first followers and servants sped;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd; . . *The Dean of Fac..*
The first ane was a belted knight, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; . . . *Ib. III.*
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race! . *The 1st ô V.s of 90th Ps..*
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!
S. The Rights of Woman.
the gentry first are steghan, . . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
And saw gin they were sick or hale
At the first sight. . . *The Twa Herds. 7.*
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. . . *To a Kiss.*
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her first plan, . . . *To J. S., 3.*
'Twere drink for first of human kind. . . *To Mr. Syne.*
And bear him curse the light he first surveyed,
To R. G. of F., 1.
When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady, . . *S. When first I came* †
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ailed me, . *S. When first I saw* †
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Firstling.
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, *S. The Posie.*

Firth [an estuary].
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Firth [wood-sheltered land; *v.* "fauld".]
Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] *A Vision.*

Fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides! *El. on Capt. M. H.*
For Solway fish a feast. . . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
And little fishes' caller rest: . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
That griens for the fishes and loaves. *The Election Ballads. 3.*

Fish, *to.* Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. *The Twa Dogs.*

Fish-creel [fish-basket].
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead! *Tam Samson's El., 6.*

Fisher. Ye fisher herons, watching eels; *El. on Capt. M. H.*
At noon the fisher seeks the glen. *S. When o'er the hill* †

Fissle [to make a slight continued rustling noise, to fidget].
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 22.

Fist.
My horny fist assume the plough again; *Ep. to R. Graham.*
He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
Extem. in Court of Session.

Fit [foot].
And then [my Pegasus] he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit: . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it; . . . . *Hallowcen. 9.*
But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, ... *Ib. 20.*
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady! . . . *To a Louse.*
But Willie set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest. . *To W. Simpson.*

Fit. Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn, *Blue Bonnets.*
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve, . *Despondency, an Ode.*
We're fit to win our daily bread, . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
And twere more fit that she should sit,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Fit only for a doited Monkish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*
Till they be fit to fend themsel; . *The Death of Mailie.*
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
The Kirk's Alarm.
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood) [v. A. 4] . *The Vision.*
A gift that e'en for S—e were fit. . . . *To Mr. Syne.*
And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; . . *To W. Creech.*

Fit. *s.*
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods *Lament for Glencairn.*
Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme, . . *To J. S., 4.*

Fit, *to,* And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Fitted. Since she is fitted to her fancy; *Auld comrade dear* †
If sae be, ye may be Not fitted otherwhere.
To Gav. Hamilton.

Fittie-lan' [the near horse of the hinder pair in the plough, which 'foots' the unploughed 'land' while its neighbour walks in the furrow].
Thou was a noble Fittie-lan'
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! . *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*

Five. My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Ronald's of Bennals.
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
'I—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's El., 11.
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
There was five carlines in the south, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Five wighter carlines werna found . . . . *Ib.*

Five and Forty.
ye chosen Five and Forty. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.*
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, . . . *To J. S., 13.*

Fix. And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray. . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . . *For W. Nicol.*
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
S. True hearted was he †

Fixed, -'d. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign. *S. Caledonia.*
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n. *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The Rights of Woman.

Fizz [to make a slight hissing noise].
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup! . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*

Flae [a flea].
The flaes they flew awa in cluds, . *S. The Taylor he cam* †
ye prick the louse, An' jag the flae. . *What ails ye now* †

Flaffan [flapping, fluttering].
Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas', . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Flag. at all mankind the flag unfurls, . *Ep. from Esopus.*
The magna charta flag unfurls, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Flagrant.
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai! The Vowels.*

Flail. This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, *The Ordination. 2.*
With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Flainen *v.* **Flannen.**

Flaky.
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, . *A Winter Night. 1.*

Flame. And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame; . . *A Bard's Epit.*
Lang beet his hymeneal flame, . . *A Ded. to G. H. 14.*
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Fragment of Ode.
They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones; . . . *John Barleycorn.*
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame, . *Ib. 13.*
As flames amang a hundred woods, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . . *The Lament.*
Give the poet's darling flame, . . . *The Toast.*
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame. . . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame. *The Vision. D. II. 11*
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame. . . . *Ib. 16.*
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan; . . . *Ib. 22.*
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!"
To Clarinda.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom. . . . *S. Young Peggy*†

Flaming.
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current; . . . *Nature's Law.*
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Once fondly lov'd†
In flaming summer-pride, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Life's meridian flaming nigh. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Flang [did fling, did caper].
And flang them a' [her spinnin-graith] out o'er the burn.
S. Duncan Davison.
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, . *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
I flang my arms about her neck. *S. The lass that made the bed.*

Flannen, Flainen [flannel].
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Tam o' Shanter. 13.
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; . . *To a Louse.*

Flaring.
Amid their flaring, idle toys, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Flash.
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Flashest.
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, *S. O mirk, mirk*†

Flashing.
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls. *Ep. to R. Graham. 2*

Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter; . . *A Dream. 3.*
I flatter my fancy I may get another,
S. As I was a-wand'ring†
Sae brawly's he could flatter; *S. Here's his health in water.*
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
They flatter, she says, to deceive me, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
I speak and do not flatter, . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Flatterer. False flatterer, Hope, away! *Fragment of Ode.*

Flattering, -'ring, Flatterin, -'rin.
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O. *S. Behind yon hills*†
A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; *S. On a bank of flowers*†
O sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, *S. To daunton me.*
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain. . *To W. Simpson.*
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind.
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."

Flattery, -'ry.
pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, *A Winter Night. 7.*
And flatt'ry I detest) . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.
Monody, on a Lady.
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither,
Him it's only justice to praise. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Flaunt. In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
El. on Miss Burnet.

Flaunting.
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

Flavour. O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit; . *To Mr. Syme.*

Flaw. And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'. . . . *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
The Whistle. 6.

Flaxen. The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair. . *S. Behold, my love*†
Sae flaxen were her ringlets, ... *S. Sae flaxen*†

Fleck. Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck. . *Hallowcen. 17.*

Fled. Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
S. A Rosebud by my†
Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . *S. Ay waking, O*†
But now our joys are fled, . . . *S. But lately seen,*†
The daring invaders they fled or they died. . *S. Caledonia.*
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart. . . *S. Fate gave the word,*†
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled. . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Where is that soul of freedom fled? . . . *Liberty.*
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Where are the Muses fled, that should produce
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? *Scots Prologue.*
They fled like frighted dows, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; . . *The Hermit.*
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
The Rights of Woman.
And like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away. . . *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
To R. G. of F., 5.
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, . . . *Ib. 9.*

Flee *v.* **Flie.**

Flee, *to, v.* **Fly.**

Fleece.
Half-a-crown a-piece Will pay for their fleece, *Johnny Peep.*
With fleeces newly washen clean, . *S. On Cessnock banks*†

Fleece, *to.*
Your sair taxation does her fleece, . . *A Dream. 6.*

Fleechan [cajoling, wheedling].
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*

Fleech'd [cajoled, flattered, tried to gain his end by wheedling methods].
Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, . *S. Duncan Gray*†

Fleecy. Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky, *The Vision. D. II. 13.*

Fleesh [fleece].
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips [v. A. 19]
Poor Mailie's El..

Fleet. Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa! . . . *To W. Creech.*

Fleet, *to.*
But dreary tho' the moments fleet, *S. Forlorn, my Love,*†
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Fleeting. But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
S. Adown winding Nith†
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave*†
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath; . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Fleg [a kick, a chance blow; a sudden motion].
She's (Fortune's) gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 9.
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Flesh. Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit! . *At Globe Tav., D.*
"In his flesh there's a famine," . *Epit. on Walter S—.*
The flesh to him the broo to me, . *S. O gin ye were dead.*
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is. . . . *The Holy Fair. 27.*

Fleshly.
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn, ... *Ib. 9.*

Fleth'ran [flattering].
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication. . . *A Ded. to G. H.*

Flew. Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me. *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
But souple Donald quicker flew, . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The dancers quick and quicker flew; *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; . . . . *Ib. 18.*
Whigs to h-ll Flew off in frighted bands,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man; *The Fête Champetre.*
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Few o'er me and my dearie;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Flewit [a smart blow].
"I'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit, . . *What ails ye now* †

Fley [to frighten, terrify, scare].
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, *S. O that I had ne'er* †

Fley'd [scared, frighted; put to flight].
My name is Death, but he na' fley'd!
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
He was sae fley'd an' eerie: . . . . *Halloween. 19.*
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light. . . *S. O were my love* †

Flichterin [fluttering].
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.

Flickering. Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her [life] still, *Poem on Life.*

Flie, Flee [a fly].
I dinna care a single flie; . . *S. In simmer when* †
"I care na wealth a single flie; . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie: . *S. O whistle* †
Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by, . . . *Poem on Life.*
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let Inclination law that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Flie, *to, v.* **Fly.**

Flight. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, *A Bard's Epit.*
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; *S. Caledonia.*
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Elegy on Capt. M. H. 14.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Which save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
Sic flights are far beyond her [my muse's] pow'r;
Tam o' Shanter. 16.
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Now wad ye sing this double flight, ... *Ib.*
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.
S. The heather was blooming †
Are mind't, in things they ca' halloons,
To tak a flight, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Flinch'd.
Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Flinders [splinters, shreds].
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Fling. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, *Halloween. 9.*

Fling, *to.*
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Or nobly fling the gospel club. . . *The Twa Herds. 8.*
My pen I here fling to the door. . . . *To J. S., 21.*

Flinging [capering].
Lowping and flinging on a crummock, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Flingin-tree [a flail].
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*

Flinty.
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And flinty is thy breast: . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.
The flinty heart that canna feel . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Flirtation. Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.

Flisket [fretted at the yoke].
Thou never brainy't, an' fetch't, an flisket,
A Gude New-Year † *12.*

Flit. Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
A Guid New-Year † *18.*
Or lightly flit on wanton wing *S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go* †
The birdies flit on wanton wing. . *S. Now bank and brae* †
The bird of eve flits sullen by . . . . *On Lincluden.*
Flit G[alloway] and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave. *On seeing Seat of Lord G.*
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Flitting.
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, . *S. Behold the hour* †

Flittering [fluttering, vibrating].
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †

Float. When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglan icy boord, . *Add. to the Deil, 12.*
How many a robe sae gaily floats! *The Fête Champetre.*

Floated.
Wild floated in my brain; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Floating.
But now she's floating down the Nith. *El. on Peg Nicholson.*

Flock. My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.
S. Afton Water.
We'll tent our flocks hy Galla water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The simmer joys the flocks to follow; *S. By Allan stream* †
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
S. Caledonia.
A guide, a buckler, an' example
To a' thy flock. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
To bless his little filial flock, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
On Death of R. Dundas.
So, may his flock increase an' grow *The Death of Mailie.*
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed, . *The Ordination. 5.*
O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Well fed on pastures orthodox, . . *The Twa Herds.*
What flock wi' M[ood]y's flock could rank, . . . *Ib. 5.*
O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills, ... *Ib. 15.*
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;
To W. Simpson. P.S.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
S. Von wild mossy mountains †

Flock, *to.*
When to the loughs the Curlers flock, . *Tam Samson's El.*

Flood.
virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
S. Caledonia.
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
I murder hate by field or flood, *Lns. on Window, Gl. Tav..*
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Pity's flood there never rose. . . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
And parritch-pats, and auld saut backets,
Before the Flood. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef; . . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
She [Nature] plants the forest, pours the flood;
S. Streams that glide †
Before him Doon pours all his floods; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
As headlong foam a hundred floods; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The echoing wood, the winding flood. *The Fête Champetre.*

As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep. *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*
Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
The Vision. D. I. 14.
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, . . *Ib. D. II. 5.*
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit! . . . . *To a Haggis.*
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . *To W. Simpson.*
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling. . *S. When wild War's* †
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Floor. They laid him out upon the floor, *John Barleycorn.*

Flounder.

The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. *To R. G. of F., 5,*

Flourish.

While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie! . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; *S. The Catrine woods* †
That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow; . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
They flourish like the morning flow'r, *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*
It ne'er should flourish to its prime, *The Tree of Liberty.*
if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, *The Whistle. 17.*

Flourished, -'d.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
But late she flourished, rooted fast, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

Flow. Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; *S. Let not woman* †
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
Warm on the heart. *The Vision. D. II. 19.*

Flow, *to.*

When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
And frae his harp sic strains did flow, ... *A Vision.*
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I sing thee a song in thy praise; [*re.*]
S. Afton Water.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. [*re.*] *Ib.*
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; . . *Ib.*
Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows, [v. A. 26]
S. Behind yon hills †
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 11.*
But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay
Harmonious flow . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows, . . *Ib. 5.*
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling; . . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows,
S. How pleasant the banks †
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
On Cessnock banks. † *Sett. II.*
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
S. Streams that glide †
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
But sweeter flows the Nith to me, ... *Ib.*
But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
S. The Slave's Lament.
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
S. Wandering Willie.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers*

Flow'd.

At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Flower, Flow'r.

Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, . . *A Vision.*
From marking wildly-scatt'red flowers, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
S. Adown winding Nith †
Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie: *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Amang the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, *S. Amang the trees* †
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And wither's the faster, the faster it grows;
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; . . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
The balmy gales awake the flowers, *S. Behold, my love.* †
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine; . . . . . *Ib.*
Her looks were like a flow'r in May, . *S. Blythe was she,* †
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go †
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . . . *S. But lately seen,* †
I see the spreading leaves and flowers, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Slides by a bower where monie a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, . *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
The flower-enamour'd busy bee . . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers. . . . *El. on Capt. M. H. 5.*
O'er the dewy bending flowers . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
S. How pleasant the banks †
bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon, . . . *Ib.*
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower. . . *Ib.*
I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam; . . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
May When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
S. It was the charming †
The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: . . . *Ib.*
The flower amang our harons hold, *Lament for Glencairn.*
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
When past the show'r, and every flow'r
The garden is adorning: . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold hier.
Monody, on a Lady.
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, . *Ib.*
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
The flower and fancy o' the west; . . . . . *Ib.*
In Roslin's fairest bower
I'll shelter this sweet flower, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, *Nature's Law.*
The flow'r of ancient nations; . . . . . *Ib.*
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; *S. Now rosy May* †
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
S. Now westlin winds †
But love is far a sweeter flow'r
Amid life's thorny path o' care. . *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
S. O Logan! sweetly †
'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining? . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
S. O wat ye wha's in †
And she, a lovely little flower . . . . . *Ib.*
I see her in the dewy flowers, . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green; . . . . . *Ib.*
On a bank of flowers one summer's day,
S. On a bank of flowers †
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
S. On Cessnock banks †
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; . . . . . *Ib.*

The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,
On Death of fav. Child.
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume. . *On Poet's Daughter.*
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art. . *On W. Stewart.*
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And Art can ne'er renew it, ... *Ib.*
She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, [v.A.19]
Poor Mailie's El..
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily, . . . *S. Sensibility,*†
How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?
Sonnet, on Death of R..
I see the flowers and spreading trees, *S. Sweet fa's the eve*†
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; . . *Ib. 2.*
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, *S. The Catrine woods*†
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; . . . . . *Ib.*
gathering flowers and husking bowers, *The Fête Champetre.*
They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd; . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The bour of heaven to grace, ... *Ib.*
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
The Rights of Woman.
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
S. The Slave's Lament.
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
S. The small birds†
And every flower be springing. *S. The young High. Rover.*
lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, *S. Their groves of*†
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, *S. There was a lass*†
The flower and pride of a' the glen; . . . . *Ib.*
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield, . . . *Ib.*
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.) . . . *To Chloris.*
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, *To Mary in Heaven.*
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! . . . *To Miss C.*
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
S. Wee Willie Gray†
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, *S. Where Cart rins*†
While bees delight in opening flowers; . . . . *Ib.*
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C..
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower. . . . . *Ib.*
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early! . . . . . *Ib.*
And cheer each fresh'ning flower. . . *S. Young Peggy*†

Floweret, Flow'ret.
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.
S. Afton Water.
The little floweret's peaceful lot *S. Now Spring has clad*†
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; *S. The Catrine woods*†
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, *The Vision. D. II. 14.*
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; *S. Where are the joys*†

Flowering, -'ring.
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; *El. on Capt. M. H. 9.*
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn *S. On Cessnock banks*†

Flowery, Flow'ry.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
And thro' the flowery dale; . . *S. As down the burn*†

The shepherd in the flowery glen. . . *S. Behold, my love*†
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go†
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, *El. on Capt. M. H. 12.*
Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Along the flowery banks of Cree. . *S. Here is the glen,*†
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . *S. I dream'd I lay*†
while rosy pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, *Innocence*†
And o'er the flowery mead she goes, *S. It was the charming*†
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†
the flowery snare Of witching love. *S. Now Spring has clad*†
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, *S. O Logan! sweetly*†
The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, . . *S. O Phely,* †
When flow'ry May adorns the scene, *S. On Cessnock banks*†
The pride of all the flowery scene, . . . *Ib. Sett. II.*
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat; . . *To J. S., 17.*
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry summers! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy*†
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn:
S. Ye banks and braes†

Flowing.
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, *S. Her flowing locks*†
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er, . . *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
O that my een were flowing burns! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, . . . *The Hermit.*
To social-flowing glasses . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . *S. Thickest night*†

Flown.
An' could hae flown out owre a stank, *A Guid New-Year*† *3.*
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, *S. Gloomy December.*
How have the raptur'd moments flown! . *The Lament.*
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown; *S. The lazy mist*†

Fluctuating.
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Flunky. His flunkies answer at the bell; *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Flush. Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Prologue, at Th., D.

Flush, *to.* The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Flutter.
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

Flutter'd. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Fluttering, -'ring.
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore; . *Auld Comrade*†
The flutt'ring gory pinion! . . *S. Now westlin winds*†
Though fluttering ever so braw, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! . *The Lament. 2.*
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
The Rights of Woman.
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, *S. When first I saw*†

Fly, Flie, Flee.
Then catch the moments as they fly, *A Bottle and Friend.*
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
A Ded. to G. H., 16.
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear. . . *S. Ah, Chloris, since*†
And surly winter grimly flies; . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go*†

To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.
El. on Miss Burnet.

An' riches still may fly them, O; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
The trembling dove thus flies, . . . *S. How cruel* †
Then all hell will fly for fear, . . *S. Husband, husband* †
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
S. No Churchman am I †
There with my Mary let me flee, *S. Now bank and brae* †
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Thick flies the skimming Swallow; *S. Now westlin winds* †
As flies the partridge from the brake. *S. On a bank of flowers* †
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
The past returns, the present flies: . . *On Lincluden.*
Tell me, fellow creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly? *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; *On death of R. Dundas.*
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, . . . *Ib.*
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
And fly to meet a kinder heart! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
And hameward fast did flee, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
As soon the rooted oaks would fly *The Election Ballads, VI.*
While Tories fall, while Tories fly, ... *Ib.*
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly: *S. The gloomy night* †
And when I die, Let me in this belief expire,
"To God I fly." . . . *The Hermit.*
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee.
Dark'ning the day! . *To W. Simpson, 13.*
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: . . *To Clarinda.*
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts. . . *Ib.*

Flying. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Add. to the Deil. 4.
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
S. The lazy mist †
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast . *The Ordination. 7.*
Apollo weary flying, ... *To J. Taylor.*

Flyte [to scold].
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. . . . *S. O steer her up* †

Foal. Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Foam. Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam; *The Vision. D. I. 13.*

Foam, *to.* As headlong foam a hundred floods;
The Election Ballads. VI.
As deep recoiling surges foam below, *Wv. by Fall of Fyers.*

Foam-crested. Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

Foaming. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin. . *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An' chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; *To J. S., 14.*
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow stratb;
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †

Foamy. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Fock [folk].
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; . . *To W. Creech.*

Fodge! [fat, squat and plump].
a fine, fat, fodgel wight, . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Foe. Ere we permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.*
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
Epit. for Author's Father
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
He's on the seas to meet the foe? *S. How can my poor heart* †
If he's amang his friends or foes? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;
S. My father was a farmer †
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, *S. Now Spring has clad* †
If angry fate is sworn my foe, . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Man, your proud usurping foe, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave. . . . . *Ib.*
May foes be strang, and friends be slack. *On W. Stewart.*
To glut that direst foe,—a vengeful woman: *Scots Prologue*
Tyrants fall in every foe; . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
For Love has been my foe: . . *S. Talk not of Love* †
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose; *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
When the vanquish'd foe
Snes for peace and quiet, . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to bid us part; *S. The day returns* †
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! *S. The gloomy night* †
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow bent gloomy melancholy, . . *The Hermit.*
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
S. The Slave's Lament.
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, *The Tree of Liberty.*
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
The Whistle. 9.
Chain'd at his feet they groan,
Loves vanquish'd foes: . . . . *To Clarinda.*
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away. . . . *To J. S., 25.*
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes: . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And whose that generous princely mien
Even rooted foes admire? . . *V.s, below a Picture.*
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, *What ails you now* †
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Fog. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal: . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air, *Lament for Glencairn.*
A creeping cauld prosaic fog . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Foggie. The morning it was foggie; *S. What will I do gin* †

Foggage. An' naetbing, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green! . *To a Mouse.*

Foiled. Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
To R. G. of F., 5.

Folk. Ve did present your smontie phiz,
'Mang better folk, *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
How's a' the folk about Gl-nc-r; . . *Auld comrade* †
'Gnid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
'When ither folk are busy sawin?' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.*
'Folk maun do something for their bread, . . *Ib. 12.*
There's monie godly folks are thinkin, . . *Ep. to J. R. 1.*
Some merry, friendly, countra folks, . . *Halloween. 2.*
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, . . . *Ib. 17.*
When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep, . . . *S. It was a' for* †
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best,"
Scots Prologue.
An' folk begin to tak the gate; . . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, . . . *Ib. 9.*
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
For some had gentle folks to please, *The Election Ballads. I.*
There's some great folks set light by me, . . . *Ib.*
And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
The Election Ballads. III.
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, . . . *Ib.*

They gang as saucy by poor folk, . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*
I see how folk live that hae riches:
But surely poor-folk maun he wretches! . . *Ib. 14.*
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. . . . . *Ib. 18.*
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . . . *Ib. 21.*
The ne'er-a-hit they're ill to poor folk. . . . *Ib. 26.*
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? . . *Ib. 27.*
He left the foul hnsiness to folks less divine. *The Whistle. 15.*
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, . . *To J. S.. 26.*
ane o' warl's folk, Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
To W. Simpson. P.S.
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, . . . *Ib.*

Follow.

Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
"And ay shall follow you." . *S. As down the burn* †
I'll kilt my coats ahoon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
S. Brave lads of G. Water.
The simmer joys the flocks to follow; *S. By Allan stream* †
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man! . *El. on Year 1788.*
And I follow the Collier laddie. . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
All you who follow wealth and power
S. My father was a farmer †
Wha follows ony saucy queau . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
The Election Ballads. VI.
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation; *S. The sons of old Killie.*
An' gar him follow to the kirk . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
S. What can a yng lassie †

Followed, -'d.

There was a lad that follow'd her, *S. Duncan Davison.*
But Willie follow'd as he should, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still. *The Election Ballads. V.*

Follower.

The followers o' the ragged Nine, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 16.*
How his first followers and servants sped;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Following.

Bold following where your Fathers led! *Add. to Edinburgh 7.*
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
And next the title following close behind, . *The Vowels.*

Folly. But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name! *A Bard's Epit.*
But some day ye may gnaw your nails.
An' curse your folly sairly, ... *A Dream. 10.*
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! *Add. to Unco Guid. 1.*
For glaikit Folly's portals; . . . . . *Ib. 2.*
To feel the follies or the crimes,
Of others, or my own! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit. . . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and ay. . *Friend of the Poet* † *P.S.*
Give me with gay folly to live; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
But folly has raptures to give. . . . . *Ib.*
Alternate Follies take the sway; *Man was made to Mourn.*
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
Monody, on a Lady.
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, . . . *Ib.*

Or my good-natur'd folly, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
In vain I've roam'd for pleasure,
Through follies without measure: *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name
On Duke of Queensberry.
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. . *Remorse. A Frag..*
That few for aught but folly lusted; . . *The Hermit.*
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow bent gloomy melancholy, ... *Ib*
"I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly. . . *To J. S., 7.*
Again in folly's path might go astray; . *Why am I loth* †

Fond.

Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose: *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Is this thy plighted, fond regard *S. Canst thou leave me thus* †
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast, *S. Fate gave the word,* †
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
S. Here's a health to ane †
As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,
S. O Logan! sweetly †
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Thy soothing fond complaining. *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . *On Lincluden.*
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
On Death of fav. Child
Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
One fond kiss, and then we sever; . . *S. One fond kiss* †
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
I lock'd her in my fond embrace; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
I oft would gaze, Fond, on thy little, early ways,
The Vision. D. II. 12.
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . . *V.s below Picture.*
enamour'd and fond of my anguish, *S. Where are the joys* †

Fond-plighted.

All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †

Fond-sparkling.

Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
S. Von wild mossy mountains †

Fondest. So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the fondest lover part. *The Lament. 5.*

Fondling. Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Fondly. Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Fondly he'll repeat her name; *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly: . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Once fondly lov'd †
O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . *S. Raving winds* †
The young, the innocent, who fondly lived us,
Remorse, A Frag..
By the faith you fondly plighted: . *S. Stay, my charmer* †
His cheek to her's he fondly laid, . *S. There was a lass* †
And fondly broods with miser care; *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And fondly sae did I [sing] o' mine. *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Fondly-fluttering.

My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! . *The Lament. 2.*

Fondly-treasur'd.

Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. *The Lament. 6.*

Fondly-wand'ring.

Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . . *The Lament.*

Fondness.

No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, . . . *To a Kiss.*

Food. To thee shall home, or food or pastime yield.
On seeing wounded Hare.
In souple scones, the wale o' food! . . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; . . . *Ib. 5.*
The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
the earth bestowing My simple food; . . *The Hermit.*

Fool. a whim-inspir'd fool, . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
Which fools may scoff at; . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, . *Add. to Toothache.*
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither: . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
I was bred up at nae sic school,
My Shepherd lad to play the fool, . *S. Ca' the Ewes* †
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die? . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,
Epig. on —.
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit. . . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due, . . . *Ib.*
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars? *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 11.*
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again? . . . *Epit. on W.*
And fool I was I marry'd; . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . *S. O Phely,* †
Besides the Stewarts were but fools, . . *On Lord G.*
A Knave an' Fool are plants ef ev'ry soil: *Scots Prologue.*
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool.
S. The auld man †
And fools o' change are fain; *The Election Ballads. I.*
For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn; . . . . *Ib.*
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
S. The Honest Man.
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;
Sir Knave is a fool in a Session.
He's there but a prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool? . . . . . *Ib.*
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Gnid L—d, he's far dafter than I. . . . . *Ib.*
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools, . *S. The Twa Dogs. 29.*
But stringing blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing. . . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool! How much unlike!
To J. S., 26.
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
To R. G. of F. 7.
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, . . *To W. Creech.*
O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Fool'd.

As father Adam first was fool'd, *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*

Foolish. Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Remorse. A Frag..
How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
S. The lazy mist †
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion: . . . *To a Louse.*
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile and base. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Foor [fared, went].

As o'er the moor they lightly foor, *S. Duncan Davison.*

Foord [ford].

Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction, . *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Foorsday [Thursday].

But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party, ... *To —.*

Foot, Feet.

Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! *Add. to Edinburgh. 1.*
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, *S. Afton Water.*
The music of her pretty foot
On my heart it did play so, . . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
She trusts the ruthless falconer
And drops beneath his feet. . . . *S. How cruel* †
And sleep thegither at the foot. . . *S. John Anderson* †
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Take pity on my weary feet, . . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
But O the road was very hard,
For that fair maiden's tender feet. . *S. O Mally's meek.*
It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, ... *Ib.*
With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. . . *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The infant ice scarce hent beneath their feet:
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it. . . . *The Inventory.*
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . *S. The weary Pund.*
On foot the way was plying. . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Manchline Corss,
To Mr. J. Kennedy.
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . *S. When first I saw* †
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Footed. They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

Foot-path.

your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*

Footstep.

Where never human footstep trac'd, *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
My footsteps followed still. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
S. Where are the joys †

Foppery. And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown;
S. The lazy mist †

For. But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in: . . . *Halloween. 21.*
He never was known for to idle or lurk;
The Poor Thresher.

For (in spite of, notwithstanding; in prevention of; near, by; against, in competition with).

I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer. *A Guid New-year* † *13.*
For my last fow, A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Was timmer-propt for thrawin: . . . *Halloween. 23.*
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.
Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . *To a Haggis.*

Forbad, Forbade.

Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad,
S. Her Daddie forbad †
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him. . *There came a piper* †
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks. . *To W. Simpson. P.S..*

Forbear. Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
S. Afton Water.
But still the preaching cant forbear, *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear! . *S. Fairest maid* †
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Each worldly thought a while forbear, . . *On Lincluden.*

Forbearing.

That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Forbears [forefathers].
His forbears' virtues all contrasted, *On Duke of Queensberry.*
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed : [v.A.19] *Poor Mailie's El..*
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers : *The Death of Mailie.*

Forbes [of Culloden, to whom was granted the privilege—withdrawn in 1785—of producing, free of duty, the famous Ferintosh whisky].
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa! . . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Forbid. Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a Stot! . . . *The Calf.*
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . . *S. Young Jamie,†*

Forbidden.
Forbidden she wadna be: . . *S. Her Daddie forbad†*
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! . . *To Clarinda.*

Forby, Forbye [besides].
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . *A Guid New-Year† 15.*
Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
A' forbye my bonie sel', ... *S. Gat ye me,†*
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, . . *S. Willie Wastle†*

Force. Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
With doubling speed and gathering force, *Fragment of Ode.*
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
Man was made to Mourn.
Here History paints, with elegance and force,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
What force or guile could not subdue, . . *S. The Union.*
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . *To Clarinda.*

Force, *to.* Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Remorse. A Frag..
L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Forced, -'d.
then the scathe an' hanter
We're forced to thole. . . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe! . . *S. Scenes of woe†*

Ford. By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd ;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Fore and aft.
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the Chicken cavie : . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Foreboder.
O why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder; . . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*

Forego.
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe? *S. How can my poor heart†*
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego, . *S. Now Spring has clad†*

Forehammer [the sledge-hammer wielded with both hands, by an assistant, before the anvil].
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, . *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Forehead.
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, *S. On Cessnock banks†*

Foreign.
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O . *S. Amang the trees†*
Ere we permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. . *S. Does haughty Gaul†*
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't: . . . . *Ib.*
Yet here I lie in foreign bands, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea,
S. Out over the Forth†
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill. . . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change, *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie. *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
S. Their groves of†

Forelock. Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
Prologue, at Th., D..

Foremost.
Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, *A Guid New-Year† 3.*
But first an' foremost, I should tell, *Ep. to J. L—k, April 1st. 8.*
Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance ; . *Halloween. 4.*
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, *Scots Prologue.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe: . . *S. The weary pund.*

Forest.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains : *El. on Capt. M. H. 11.*
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17.*
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, *S. Gloomy December.*
As the storms the forest tear, *S. How can my poor heart†*
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare, *Man was made to mourn.*
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed ;
Monody, on a Lady.
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,
My heart's in the Highlands†
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan ;
On death of R. Dundas.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, . . . *Ib.*
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . *S. Sensibility,†*
Spicy forests, ever gay, . . . *S. Streams that glide†*
She [Nature] plants the forest, pours the flood ; . . *Ib.*
So when the storm the forest rends, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
S. The lazy mist†
But seek the forests round and round, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade. . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
S. Their groves of†
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground :
To R. G. of F.

Forfairn [distressed, worn-out and jaded].
wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
As lately F—w—ck, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin : . . . *The Ordination. 8.*

Forgat *v.* **Forgot.**

Forgather [to meet, encounter].
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
S. Contented wi' little†
I there wi' Something does forgather,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 18.*
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop ; . *The Death of Mailie.*
When next wi' yon lass I forgather, . *What ails ye now†*

Forgather'd. Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Forgather'd ance upon a time. . . *The Twa Dogs.*

Forgerie.
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie. . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Forget.
Oh that happy hour, and shady how'r,
Can I forget it? Never. *S. As I gaed up by†*
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ; . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People. . *S. Does haughty Gaul†*
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
'Twill make a man forget his woe; . . *John Barleycorn.*
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
My heart forgets, . . *A Winter Night. 5.*
An' by her een wha was a dear ane!
I'll ne'er forget ; . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ; [*re.*]
Lament for Glencairn.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; . *S. Sae flaxen†*
Wou'd make a saint forget the sky ; . . . . *Ib.*

Till he forgets his loves or debts. . *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.

And can we forget the auld Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
The Election Ballads. III.

Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn! . . . . *The Lament.*

I'll ne'er forget that happy night.
Amang the rigs wi' Annie. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow! . . . . *To Mary.*

That sacred hour can I forget.
Can I forget the hallow'd grove, . *To Mary in Heaven.*

When I forget thee! Willie Creech, Tho' far awa!
To W. Creech.

Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never: . . *S. When wild War's †*

And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Forgetting.

An' no forgetting wahster Charlie, . *Auld comrade dear †*
all-forgetting, all-forgot, . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

Forgie [forgive].

- - (Sir, ye mann forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me) . . *A Ded. to G. H., 4.*

I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 17.*

The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Forgive. Goodness still Delighteth to forgive.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me! *S. Farewell, thou stream †*

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. . *S. O poortith cauld †*

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard . *On W. Chalmers.*

Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

'Tis thine to pity and forgive. . *Sent to a Gent. Offended.*

Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
The Election Ballads. VI.

For pity's sake, forgive me! . . . *S. The last time I †*

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Why am I loth †

Forgiven.

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven; . . *S. Anna, thy charms †*

Forgiving.

He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good. . . *S. On a bank of flowers †*

Forgot, Forgat.

I maist forgat my Dedication; . *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*

She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
S. Eppie M'Nab.

Nor even the man in private life forgot;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, [*re.*]
S. Shld auld acquaintance †

At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

And can we forget the auld Major.
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
The Election Ballads, III.

I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone!
To J. S., 10.

Forgotten.

A ne'er to be forgotten day. . . *On dining with Daer.*

I had amaist forgotten clean. . . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Forjesket [jaded with fatigue].

Forjesket sair, with weary legs, *Epit. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.*

Fork. But at New-York, wi' knife an fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man. *A Fragment. 3.*

Forlorn. Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn.
Frae man exil'd. *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*

Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, *S. Forlorn, my Love †*

But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Unsheltered and forlorn, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
S. The small birds rejoice †

All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . *S. The sun he is sunk †*

When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning,
S. The tither morn †

And [Phœbus] vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
The Whistle. 13.

I had been driven forth like you forlorn. . *Tragic Frag..*

Form.

When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd. [v. A. 20] *A Vision.*

Know thy form was once a treasure; . . *Blue Bonnets.*

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget;
El. on Miss Burnet.

Her form so fair and faultless, . . *S. Highland Mary.*

And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again! *S. I'll ay ca' in †*

But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind. . . . *S. It is na Jean.†*

My Mary's face, my Mary's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm: *S. My Mary's face †*

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place; *S. O this is no my ain †*

For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart. *S. O wat ye wha's in †*

Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace. . . *S. On a bank of flowers †*

The forms of ages long gone hy . . . *On Lincluden.*

As on their slender forms I gaze, ... *Ib.*

What are yon forms that meet my sight? . . . . *Ib.*

But it's not her air, her form, her face, *S. On Cessnock banks †*

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form; . *On birth of Posth. Child.*

The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,
On Death of fav. Child.

And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe, ... *Ib.*

Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
Prologue, at Th., D.

Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind; *S. Rusticity's ungainly †*

Her fautless form and graceful air; . *S. Sae flaxen †*

An angel form's faun to thy share! *S. She's fair and fause †*

Or like the rainbow's lovely form . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, . . . *Ib. S.*

Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free, . . *Ib.*

A female form, came [Benevolence] from the tow'rs of Stair:
Ib. 13.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna. . . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes; . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*

And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form.
The Rights of Woman.

Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form. *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

In legal mode an' form: . . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

And resign to Parent Earth
The lovliest form she e'er gave birth. . . *To Miss C.*

Form, *to.*

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing and christens it a poet.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

Formed. Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,
With Passions wild and strong;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

She [Nature] form'd of various parts the various man.
Ep. to R. Graham.

A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends, . . . *Ib. 3.*

well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*

That form'd this Fair sae far awa. . . *S. Sae far awa.*

So Isabella's heart was form'd, . . . *Sad thy tale †*

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove: . . *S. Talk not of love* †
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
S. The Sons of old Killie.

Former. He sang wi' joy his former day. . . *A Vision.*
Scenes that former thoughts renew; [*re.*] *S. Scenes of woe* †
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring: *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Forming.
She rous'd the forming strain. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand, . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
An' forming assignations To meet some day.
The Holy Fair. 20.

Formless. In formless jumble, right and wrang,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Vonr ruin'd, formless hulk o' stane and lime,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Fornicator, Furnicator.
What tho' they ca' me fornicator, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
A furnicator loun he call'd me. . . *What ails ye now* †

Forrit [forward]. There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Forsake. Now health forsakes that angel face, *Fragment.*
For me your watry haunt forsake? . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten; . *S. Tam Glen.*
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.
S. The lass that made the bed.
Never after to forsake me, . . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Forsaken. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken,
S. Thou hast left me †
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . *V.s, under Grief.*
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
S. Wae is my heart †

Forsook. The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Forsooth. And she forsooth's a leddy. *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Forswore.
He [Politics] blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter, . . *The Fête Champetre.*

Forsworn.
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.

For't [for it].
An's weel pay'd for't; . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.*
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For't, in Virginia! . . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
He gaped for't, he graped for't, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't: . . *Halloween. 10.*
prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the nenk for't, . . *Ib.*
Wae worth them for't! [v A.25] . . *Scotch Drink. 12.*

Forth, *adv.* Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Or bounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Forth. Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
S. Here's a health to them †
Or drownèd in the river Forth? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.*†
Ont over the Forth I look to the north,
S. Out over the Forth †
I saw mysel, they did pursne
The horse-men back to Forth, man
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Ramsay an' famous Ferguson,
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon: . . *To W. Simpson.*
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over, . *S. When first I saw* †
Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
S. You wild mossy mountains †

Fortify'd.
And had sae fortify'd the part. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.*

Fortitude.
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*

Fortnight. But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Fortress. There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.

Fortune. Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
A Ded. to G. H., 15.
The victim sad of Fortune's strife, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Athort the lift they [Northern lights] start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win. . . . *A Vision.*
Whom friends and fortune quite disown! *A Winter Night. 9.*
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . . . . *Ib.*
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go †
If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door. *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure, *Ep. to Young Friend, 4*
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
[The honest heart] However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile: . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. S.
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp; . . . *Ib. S.*
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . *S. Frae the friends* †
'As seek the foul Thief onie place,
'For him to spae your fortune: . . . *Halloween. 14.*
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree *S. Here's a health to ane* †
But fortune may betray thee. : *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Accept this tribnte from the Bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
Lament for Glencairn.
My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! *Lns on Fergusson.*
In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes he; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, [*re.*] . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favour, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
With fortune's vain delusion, O, ... *Ib.*
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, . . . *Ib.*
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
S. My Harry was a gallant †
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! *S. Now bank and brae* †
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
'And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . *S. O Phely,* †
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining? . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, ... *Ib.*
I doubt na Fortune may yon shore
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him? *S. One fond kiss,* †
So kind may fortune be, ... *S. Phillis the Fair.*
And fortune favor worth and merit, . . *Poem on Life.*
Fortune, if thou'll hut gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme. . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
wayward fortune's adverse hand . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
The Belles of Mauchline.
And at its fortune if yon grieve
Retrieve its doom and take its place. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
But as to his fine Naboh fortune,
We'll e'en let this subject alane. *The Election Ballads. III.*
And there will be wealthy young Richard,
Dame fortune should hing by the neck; . . . *Ib.*

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
But fickle Fortune frowns on me, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake. and her's alone! . . *The Lament.*
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O! [*re.*] *S. The sun he is sunk* †
I once was by Fortune carest, ... *Ib.*
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune: . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Then chance and fortune are sae guided, *The Twa Dogs. 16.*
For beauty and fortune the laddie's heen courtin;
S. There's a youth †
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; . . *To J. S., 6.*
With steady aim, Some Fortune chase; . . *Ib. 18.*
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? E'en let her gang! *Ib. 20.*
Thy sons [Dulness!] ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care." . *Ib.*
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, . . *To Terraughty.*
May never wicked fortune touzle him! . . *To W. Creech.*
tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Did thy fortune ehb or flow? . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Forward.

And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled. . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Forward,—let us do or die! . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
She ventured forward on the light; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Anticipation forward points the view;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
An' forward tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! *To a Mouse.*

Fossils. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.

Fostering.

The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care. *Lament for Glencairn.*
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers. *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Fother [fodder].

Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. . . *The Inventory.*

Fou *v.* **Fu'.**

Fought.

C–rnw–ll–s fought as langs he dought, . *A Fragment. 4.*
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . *A Guid New-Year* † *16.*
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled, *Auld comrade dear* †
In either wing two champions fought,
The Election Ballads. VI.
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
The Whistle. 16.

Foughten [old *pp.* **for "fought"; troubled, oppressed].**

An' tho' fu' foughten sair enengh,
Yet unco proud to learn. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Are we so foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last! *The Twa Dogs. 25.*

Foul.

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
'I daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul thief onie place, . . . *Halloween. 14.*
He needna fear their foul reproach
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, *S. The gloomy night* †
For the foul thief is just at your gate. *The Kirk's Alarm. 7.*
He left the foul business to folks less divine. *The Whistle. 15.*
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, . *To J. S., 15.*
Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me. . . *What ails ye now* †
Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Why am I loth †

Foulest.

There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled hands: *S. Streams that glide* †

Found. That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
Were not made for aye to last? . . . *Blue Bonnets.*
Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve. *S. I do confess* †
Nae ray of fame was to be found: *Lament for Glencairn.*
But now I've found a treasure *S. My Love's a winsome* †
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
S. No Churchman am I †
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie. *S. O Willie brew'd* †
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her [life] still, . *Poem on Life.*
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
as grateful nations oft have found . *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
O happy love! where love like this is found!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Five wighter carlines werna found *The Election Ballads. I.*
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man: *The Fête Champetre.*
Looks round him an' found them
Impatient for the Chorus. . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
The lion and the bull thy care have found. *To R. G. of F., 2.*
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? *Why am I loth* †

Found'st.

Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air. *Lament for Glencairn.*

Founder'd. He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord.
The Election Ballads. III.

Foundling.

motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Fountain.

But love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry. . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The soaring Hern [haunts] the fountains:
S. Now westlin winds †
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green; . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
Now, to the streaming fountain, *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
S. Their groves of †

Four-gill. The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.

Fourscore.

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore; . . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*

Foursome [four together; "foursome reel," a dance of four persons].

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †

Fouth [abundance, fullness].

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets;
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Fow *v.* **Fu'.**

Fow [a bushel].

For my last fow, A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. . *A Guid New-Year* † *17.*

Fowl. But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And ay until ye try them: *S. Here's thy health,* †
For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain; *The Election Ballads. I.*

Fowler.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey; . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Fox. The fox was howling on the hill, . . . *A Vision.*
Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . *The Twa Herds.*
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure, . *To R. G. of F.*

Fox [the Statesman ; *v. also* Charlie].

An' Charlie F–x threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. . . *A Fragment. 5.*
North and F–x united stocks, ... *Ib. 6.*
N–rth, F–x, and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', . . *Ib. 9.*
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, *El. on Year 1788.*
Von ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Foxglove.

Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 5.*

Fracas.

Let other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus. *Scotch Drink.*

Frae [from].

Are frae their nuptial labours risen : *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
And frae his harp sic strains did flow, . . . *A Vision.*
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
To shelter frae the stormy weather. . *S. As I cam e'er* †
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious ;
Auld comrade dear †
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae,
S. Contented wi' little †
Some books are lies frae end to end.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn, *El. on Capt. M. H. 2.*
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin. . *Ib.*
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, ... *Ib.*
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, *Ep. to Davie. 1.*
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, ... *Ib. 3.*
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, . . . *Ib. 22.*
Still persecuted by the limmer [Fortune]
Frae year to year ; . . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 10.*
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
Ease frae toil, relief frae care : . *S. Frae the friends* †
When sic a husband was frae hame, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
The lasses staw frae 'mang them a', . . *Halloween. 6.*
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, . . . *Ib. 17.*
May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil !
S. Here's a health to them †
When frae my mither's womb I fell, *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
For I am keepit by thy fear
Free frae them a'. [v. A. 11] . . . . *Ib.*
When I am frae my dearie ;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, *S. How lang and dreary* †
I gat my death frae twa sweet een, [*re.*] *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet ; . *S. I'm o'er young* †
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen, . *S. In simmer when* †
The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, My dear, . . *S. It was a' for* †
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And creep in frae the cauld ? . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
When onr gudewife's frae hame, ... *Ib.*
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, *S. My Bonie Mary.*
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
S. My Nanie's awa'.
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, [*re.*] , . . *S. Naebody.*
And bonie she, and ah how dear !
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Far, far frae me and Logan braes. [*re.*] *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
S. O wat ye wha's in †
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray ;
S. O were my love †
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
My father put me frae his door, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Should shield thee frae the storm. *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats ! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The Lord preserve us frae the devil ! . . *Poem on Life.*
They carry the gree frae them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. [v. A. 25] *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Scotland lament frae coast to coast ! . . . *Ib. 19.*
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Frae door tae door. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun 'till dine : *S. Shld auld acquaintnce* †
When frae my Jeany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Frae aff its thorny tree ; . . . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed : . *Poor Maillie's El..*
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith *The Brigs of Ayr. 2.*
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
S. The Contented Cottager.
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, . . . *Ib.*
Frae dogs an' tods, an' hutchers' knives !
The Death of Maillie.
Gude keep thee frae a tether string ! . . . . *Ib.*
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang ourscls,
The Election Ballads. II.
For roads were clad, frae side to side, . *The Holy Fair, 6.*
Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun . . . *Ib. 9.*
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps, . . *Ib. 23.*
Frae side to side they hother, ... *Ib. 24.*
A Fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd ont, encore. . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
Or frae puir man a hlessin wan, . . *S. The Laddies by* †
Frae e'enin till the cock did craw ; *The night was still* †
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
Frae yont the western waves, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . . . . *Ib.*
O would they stay aback frae courts, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . *The Twa Herds. 1.*
I hope frae Heav'n to see them yet In fiery flame. . *Ib.*
Tore her laddie frae her arms, *S. There was a bonie lass* †
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
It wad frae monie a blunder free us . . *To a Louse.*
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
S. To daunton me.
Till icicles hing frae their heards ; . . . *To J. S., 22.*
Nae heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus ; . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin . . *To W. Creech.*
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ; *To W. Simpson. 10.*
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, *S. Up in the morning.*
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, ... *Ib.*
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
V.s to Landlady of Inn.
Wha won'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.
S. Wae is my heart †
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld. . . *What ails ye now* †
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me ; . . . *Ib.*
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
The blitter frae the hoggie, . . *S. What will I do gin* †
owsen frae the furrowed field . . *S. When o'er the hill* †
And roars frae bank to brae ; . . . . . *Winter.*

Fragment.

Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands ;
The Election Ballads. IV.

Fragrance.

Slides hy a bower where monie a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, . *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms !
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Fragrant.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt, . . . *Halloween. 28.*
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose. . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
S. To Mary in Heaven.
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Frail. But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
S. Adown winding Nith †
We're frail backsliding mortals merely, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight; . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Frailty. Or frailty stept aside. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases; . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*

Frame. Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame! *Man was made to Mourn.*
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame, . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
S. The Sons of old Killie.

Fram'd. And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,
Ep. to R. Graham.

France.
I will fight France with you, [*re.*] *Add. to Dumourier.*
The Anglian lion, the terror of France, . *S. Caledonia.*
She may gae to—France for me! . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
I was the Queen o' bonie France, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
When Superstitions hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man. . . . *Ib*
Be [Common sense] banish'd o'er the sea to France,
The Twa Herds. 16.

Francis. But when he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis
lay moaning. . . *Epig. on Capt. Grose.*

Frank. The frank address, the soft caress, *O leave novels* †
The frank address, and politesse, Are all finesse . . *Ib.*
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Franklin.
Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin; *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Frankly.
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, . . *What ails ye now* †

Frantic. In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Fraser. Till Fraser brave did fa', man; *A Fragment. 4.*

Frater-feeling. But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh. *A Bard's Epit.*

Fraternal. Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal: *To W. Simpson. 17.*

Fraud. The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Fray.
A bard was selected to witness the fray, *The Whistle. 11.*

Freak. And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, *The Twa Dogs.*
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, the Man, . . *To J. S. 3.*

Freath [to froth]. O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup! *Scotch Drink. 10.*

Frederick. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.

Free. And here's the grand fabric, our free constitution,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Careless ilka thought and free, . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free, *S. Caledonia.*
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
But, like himsel', a full free agent. . *El. on Year 1788.*
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Thou'rt ae sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry. . . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
For I'm as free as any he, ... *Ib.*
For I am keepit by thy fear
Free frae them a'. [v. A. 11] *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
And so Johnny Peep gets free. . . . *Johnny Peep.*
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Lns, extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance* †
I'll be merry and free, ... *S. Naebody.*
The fallow land is free; . . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
He dealt it [coin] free: . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. 1.*
Nature's gifts to all are free: . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
But they shall be, shall be free! . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
From ev'ry danger keep him free, . . . *S. Somebody.*
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free; *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
S. Their groves of †
Free as the wind, or feather'd race . . . *To Clarinda.*
Do what I dought to set her free,
My sanl lay in the mire; . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
V.s to Landlady of Inn.
Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken; . . *Verses under Grief.*

Free, *to.*
O, free my weary eyes from tears, *A Prayer under Anguish.*
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion: . . . *To a Louse.*

Freeborn. She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Freed. While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed; *Tam Samson's El. 8.*

Freedom. Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection; *A Dream. 8.*
Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Then let us fight about,
'Till Freedom's spark is ont, . . *Add. to Dumourier.*
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
S. Contented wi' little †
This freedom in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse. . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
S. Here's a health to them †
For freedom and my king to fight, *S. Highland Laddie.*
In love and freedom they rejoice, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Where is that soul of freedom fled? . . . *Liberty.*
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . . . . . *Ib.*
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside. . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram! [v. A. 2.]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The Ribband shall it's freedom lose, *S. The capt. Ribband,*

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love
Unite you in the grand Design, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause
The League and Covenant.
For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
The Whistle. 18.
Pardon this freedom I have ta'en, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Freely. I readily and freely grant, . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
S. Steep'st thou, or wak'st †
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
The Poor Thresher.
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast. . . . *The Toast.*
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it, . . *S. When wild War's* †

Freeman.
Freeman stand, or freeman fa', . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †

Free-will'd.
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; . . *The Hermit.*

Freeze.
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost! . *A Winter Night. 7.*
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, . *Add. to Toothache.*
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
S. Oh, open the door, †
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, . . *S. Raving winds* †
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . *S. To daunton me.*

Fremit [strange, foreign; estranged; unrelated].
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight: . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*

French. To ken what French mischief was brewin;
Kind Sir, I've read †
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S.1.
French ragout, Or olla that wad staw a sow, *To a Haggis.*

Frenzied.
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, *Sent to Gent. offended.*

Frequent.
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.

Fresh.
Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
S. Bonie Bell.
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
S. It was the charming †
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
S. There's auld Rob M.†
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
S. True hearted was he †
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; *S. The Catrine woods* †
For a' his fresh beef and his sant, . . *S. To daunton me.*
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; *S. Ye banks and brae*†

Fresher.
She's fresher than the morning dawn *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Freshest.
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews . . *S. O were my love* †

Freshly. All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
S. Again rejoic. Nature †

Fresh'ning.
And cheer each fresh'ning flower. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Fret. Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
A Ded. to G. H., 10.
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Fretful. And fretful envy grins in vain *S. Young Peggy* †

Fricassee. Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner, . *To a Haggis.*

Friday.
But, L—d, that Friday I was fow, *Holy Willie's Prayer. S.*
Friday first's the day appointed, . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Frien'. For some o' you ha'e tint a frien'; *El. on Year 1788.*
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
The Lover and the Frien'; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 1.*
If ye he for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
Ronalds of Bennals.
I never had frien's, weel stockit in means, ... *Ib.*
I dauht na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
The Brigs of Ayr. 5
Adieu too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien';
The Farewell.

Friend.
Here's a bottle and an honest friend! *A Bottle and Friend.*
the poor man's friend in need, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. . *Ib. 16.*
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! *A Farewell.*
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
A Winter Night. 9.
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see! . . *Add. to Toothache.*
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear. . . . *S. Ah, Chloris,*†
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Auld comrade dear †
'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend hae ye been mawin,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.
'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?' . . . . *Ib.*
I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you, . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Fate still has blest me with a friend, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Or bright L[apraik]'s, my friend to be.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, . . . *Ib. 15.*
But gif ye want ae friend that's true, ... *Ib.*
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me; . . *Ib. 16.*
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers! . . *Ib. 21.*
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant. . . *Ib. 22.*
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; . . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 8.*
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!" . *Ib. 5.*
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! . . *Ib.*
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend,
Epit. for Author's Father.
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe; . . . *Ib.*
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth: *Epit. on a Friend.*
Frae the friends and Land I love, . . *S. Frae the friends* †
Mankind are his show box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Friend of the poet tried and leal. . . *Friend of the poet* †
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love;
And we desire no more. *Grace after Dinner.*
Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
And friends on both sides of the Tweed;
S. Here's a health to them †
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
If he's amang his friends or foes? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
And thou, my last, best, only friend, *Lament for Glencairn.*
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd;
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
Man was made to Mourn.
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O;
S. My father was a farmer †
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
False friends, false love, farewel! . *S. Oh, open the door,* †
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free: . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
May He, the friend of woe and want,
On Birth of Posth. Child.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack, *Ou W. Stewart.*
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . *Poor Maillie's El..*
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, . . . *Ib.*
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear; . . *S. Scenes of woe†*
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me; . . . . . *Ib.*
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; . . . *S. Sensibility.†*
The friend whom wild from wisdom's ways,
The fumes of wine infuriate send; *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
Who but deplores that hapless friend? . . . . *Ib.*
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, *Sketch. New Yr's Day.*
my honor'd, first of friends, ... *Ib.*
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
S. Sonnet, on Death of R..
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought. . . *S. Talk not of Love†*
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days! *S. The Banks of Nith.*
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: . . *Ib.*
How Abram was the Friend of God on high; . *Ib. 14.*
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!) . *Ib. 21.*
Wad ne'er desert his friend. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, . . . *Ib.*
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight: . . . . . *Ib.*
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life, . . . *Ib. VI.*
Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! . . . . . *Ib.*
Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes, . . . *Ib.*
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race! . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
S. The gloomy night†
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
The Henpecked Husband.
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend; . . . *The Hermit.*
The nearest friend ye hae; . . . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
The Kirk's Alarm.
The day he stude his country's friend, . *S. The Laddies by†*
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
S. The Slave's Lament.
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
S. The small birds†
Maks high and low gude friends, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, *The Twa Dogs.*
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends. *The Vision. D. II. 18.*
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew! *The Vowels.*
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
The Whistle. 9.
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend! . . *S. Thickest night†*
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune†
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. . *To a yng Lady.*
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, *To Chloris.*
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend. . . *To John M'Murdo.*
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, *To R. Graham.*
But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . *To Terraughty.*
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, . . . *Ib.*
See him, the poor man's friend in need, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee. . . . . *Ib.*
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns. . . *To W. Simpson.*
O, but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . *Tragic Frag..*
Accept the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . . *V.s, under Grief.*
I'll bless her and wiss her
A Friend above the Lift. . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Friendless.
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother.
A Ded. to G. H., 10.
The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care. *Lament for Glencairn.*
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . *S. The sun he is sunk†*
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear, *S. Wae is my heart†*

Friendly. And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame: . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
In terms sae friendly, . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 5.*
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
"Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. *Ib. 15.*
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? . . . *Ib. 5.*
His social, friendly, honest heart *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
Some merry, friendly, countra folks, . . *Halloween. 2.*
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, . . . *Ib. 28.*
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more, *Once fondly lov'd†*
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
To join the friendly few, ... *To Chloris.*
I court, I beg thy friendly aid, ... *To Ruin.*

Friendship.
If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man; . *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year! . *Ib. Ap. 21st. 18.*
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties!
S. Farewell, thou fair day†
Till the Fates nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends†*
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
Monody, on a Lady.
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. *Once fondly lov'd†*
But friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove: . *S. Talk not of Love†*
Your friendship much can make me blest, . . . *Ib.*
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood) [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
The Whistle. 12.
Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, *To Chloris.*
Thine friendship's truest heart. . . . . *Ib.*
Yet love to friendship shall give way, . . *To Clarinda.*
Wi' you no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise. *S. Turn again, thou†*
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."

Fright. Wi' you, mysel, I got a fright,
Ayont the lough; *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Aff she started in a fright, . . . *S. Donald Brodie†*
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17.*
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, ... *Halloween. 14.*
To put a young thing in a fright, *S. O wat ye what my†*
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright *The Holy Fair. 12.*
His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell.
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright . . *Ib. 21.*
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright, *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
But now they'll busk her like a fright, Willie's awa!
To W. Creech.

Fright, *to.* Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way,
Wi' eldritch croon. *Add. to the Deil. 5.*

Frighted.
He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. *Halloween. 16.*
They fled like frighted dows, man. *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Whigs to h—ll Flew off in frighted bands, . . . *Ib.*

Frighten. Go frighten [king of Terrors !] the coward and slave ! *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †

Frightin.
Frightin awa your deuks and geese *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Fringed. The lawns wood-fringed in Natures native taste ; *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Frippery.
And in paste gems and frippery deck her. *Poem on Life.*

Frisk. We frisk away, Like school-boys, . *To J. S. 15.*

Frisky. blythe an' frisky, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Frog.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, *To R. G. of F. 7.*

Frolic. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*

Or maybe in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Front. They dun benevolence with shameless front ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
See the front of battle lour ; . . . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
The Genius of the Stream in front appears *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
In the front rank he wad shine ; *The Election Ballads. V.*

Frost. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, *A Gude New-Year* † *13.*
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost ! *A Winter Night. 7.*
But whigs cam like a frost in June, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
When bitter bites the frost, *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
The frost of hermit age might warm ; *S. My Mary's face* †
The frost that freezes the life at my breast, *S. Oh, open the door,* †
The bitter frost and snaw. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
And infant Frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest ; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, *S. The Slave's Lament.*
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, *S. There was a lass* †
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . *S. To daunton me.*
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray ; *To W. Simpson.*
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost, *S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams* †
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ; *S. Young Jockey* †

Frost-work.
Like frost-work touched by southern gales ; . *On Lincluden.*

Frosty.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind *S. I'm o'er young to marry* †
Old winter with his frosty beard, *Improm. on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.*
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, . . *S. John Anderson,* †
It's no the frosty winter wind, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 2.*
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, . . . *Ib.*
They bar the door on frosty win's ; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, *S. The yng High. Rover.*
Through frosty hills the journey lay, ' . *To J. Taylor.*
To Vulcan then Apollo goes, To get a frosty calker. . *Ib.*

Frown. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Wilt thou lay that frown aside, [*re.*] . *S. Fairest maid* †
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave, *Poet. Inscription.*
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Frown, *to.*
But fickle Fortune frowns on me, *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Frowning.
Dark as the frowning rock his brow, . *As on the banks* †

Frowzy.
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep ; . . . *Ib.*

Frozen. For me my faculties are frozen, *Auld comrade dear* †
To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas ! shall thy poor wand'rer hie ; *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen, *S. What can a yng lassie* †

Fructify. May powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours, . *On W. Chalmers.*

Frugal. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive. waxen piles, *The Brigs of Ayr. 2.*
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.*
For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n *The Ordination. Mott.*
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]? *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Fruit.
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
Beside his crystal well ! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Alas ! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear ! *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, *The Tree of Liberty.*
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, ... *Ib.*
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . . . . *Ib.*

Fruited.
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, *S. Now westlin winds* †

Fruitful. 'Be fruitful and increase. . . *Nature's Law.*
The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ; *S. Now westlin winds* †
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below. . . . *The 1st Ps..*

Frustrate. Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O : *S. My father was a farmer* †

Fry. And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons ; . *The Ordination. 10.*

Frying.
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ; . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Fu', Fou, Few [full ; tipsy ; very, considerably].
The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . . *A Dream. 15.*
An' swoor fu' rude, ... *A Fragment. 9.*
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . *S. Amang the trees* †
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
The moon it shines fu' clearly. . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
I'se he fou and thou'se be toom, *S. Carl, an the King come.*
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, *S. Cock up yr beaver.*
I was na fou, but just had plenty ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
On new-year's night, when we were fou, *S. Duncan Gray* †
Maggie coost her heid fu' heigh, ... *Ib.*
Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be few,
I'se no insist ; . *Ep. to J. L——k, Ap. 1st. 15.*
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou ; . . . *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
An' here his body lies fu' low . . *Epit. on Wee Johnie.*
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, . . *Friend of the Poet* †
The better that I'm fou. . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night. . . *Halloween. 2.*
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, ... *Ib. 3.*
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . . . *Ib. 28.*
An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high . . . *Ib. 7.*
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, ... *Ib. 10.*
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast . . *Ib. 22.*
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
But, L—d, that Friday I was fow, *Holy Willie's Prayer. S.*
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind . *S. I'm o'er young* †
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ; . *S. In simmer when* †
Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, ... *S. Jockey fou* †
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And I'm but jolly fou. . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
Wha's fou now ? . . . . . *Ib.*
Cog an ye were ay fou [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, *S. My bonie Mary.*
And spen't at night fu' brawlie : . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,
S. My Harry was a gallant †
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
And answer him fu' dry. . . . *S. O Tibbie! I hae* †
she bobbed fu' law, ... *S. O when she cam ben* †
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e ; . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
a dainty chiel, An' fou o' glee : *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
Nay been hitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
On dining with Daer.
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And getting fou and unco happy, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 1.*
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ; . . . . *Ib. 3.*
They had been fou for weeks thegither. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, . . *Ib. 15.*
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, *Tam Samson's El., 7.*
An' tho' fu' foughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And I sae fu' o' care! . . . . *S. The banks of Doon.*
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped ; *The Election Ballads. III.*
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet *The Holy Fair.*
Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay . . . . *Ib. 2.*
And wi a curchie low did stoop, - - Fu' kind . *Ib. 3.*
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump . . . . *Ib. 7.*
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge. . . . . *Ib. 19.*
A vast unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, ... *Ib. 22.*
There's some are fou o' love divine ;
There's some are fou o' brandy ; . . . . *Ib. 27.*
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou ; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin ; . . *Ib. R. IV.*
I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid,
S. The lass that made the bed.
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; . . . *The Ordination. 6.*
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast this day ! . . *Ib. 7.*
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman. . *S. The Ploughman* †
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen. . *S. The tither morn* †
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
I am as fu' as Bartie : . . . . . *To ——.*
Dance hy fu' light. . . . . *To J. S., 12.*
I lap and cry'd fu' loud. . . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
ye ken fu' well, ... *Ib.*
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . *To W. Simpson.*
Our parting was fu' tender ;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And I sae weary fu' of care! . . *S. Ye banks and braes* †
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gand,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'. . *S. Young Jockey* †
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain . . . . . *Ib.*

Fu-han't [full-handed, having plenty, rich].
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . *S. In simmer when* †

Fud [the posteriors ; the scut of a rabbit or hare].
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, *Tam Samson's El., 7.*
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Fuel. By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it ! . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Fuff ! [puff !]
Till fuff! he started up the lum, . . . *Halloween. 8.*

Fuff't [did puff].
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt, . . . *Halloween. 13.*

Fulfil. The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 15.
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil ; . . . . . *Winter.*

Full. An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day.
A Dream, 13.
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man. . *A Fragment. 1.*
But, like himsel', a full free agent. . *El. on Year 1788.*
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; *S. Fairest maid* †
And cudgell'd him full sore ; . . . *John Barleycorn.*
A day to me so full of woe? . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O ! . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
if full of youth and riot, ... *The Hermit.*
We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
At night I do bring my full wages away : *The Poor Thresher.*
A farm of full forty acres of land . . . . . *Ib.*
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
The Rights of Woman.
A tight, outlandlish Hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight. . . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her ; *Ib. 10.*
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye. [v. A. 4] . . *Ib. D. II.*
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? *Why am I loth* †
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Fullarton.
Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young ; *The Vision. D. II. 6.*

Fully. He'll prove you fully, . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Fulsome. Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, *A Dcd. to G. H.*

Fumble. Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
On Scot. Bard. gne to W.I.

Fumbling.
How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, *Scotch Drink. 12.*

Fume.
The fumes of wine infuriate send ; *Sent to a Gent. offended.*

Fun. If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gnde wine did fear, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2.
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! . . *Ep. to J. R. 1.*
'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, ... *Ib. 7.*
Shame fa' the fun ; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber! . . *Nature's Law.*
For meikle glee and fun has he, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious : *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
" My name is Fun—your cronie dear, . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Wabster lads, Blackguarding frae K[ilmarnock For fun *Ib. 9.*
And there was routh o' drink and fun, *S. The last braw bridal* †
For me, an aim I never fash ; I rhyme for fun. *To J. S. 5.*

Funny, -ie.
And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John,
He was an unco shaver For monie a day. . *A Dream. 11.*
Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ; *A Guid New-Year* † *5.*
My funny toil is now a' tint, . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, . . . *Halloween. 28.*
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny . *To Terraughty.*

Fun'ral. When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.

Fur. Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. *To R. G. of F. 3.*

Furder [further, success].
Weel, my babie, may thou furder : . *S. Hee balou,* †
Guid speed an' furder to you, Johny, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Furious.
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious : *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ; . . . *Ib. 18.*
Like furious devils driving. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing! . . . . . *Ib.*
Those headlong, furious passions to confine ; *Why am I loth* †

Furm [a wooden form or bench].
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches; . . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Furnicator *v.* **Fornicator.**

Furr [a furrow].
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, . . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
The hares were hirplan down the furrs, . *The Holy Fair.*

Furr ahin [the hinder right-hand horse which walks in the furr, when ploughing].
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, . . . *The Inventory.*

Furrow.
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Furrowed, -'d.
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, *Blest be M'Murdo* †
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
Man was made to Mourn.
The furrow'd waving corn . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.
Sonnet wr. on Birthday.
And owsen frae the furrowed field . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Fury. O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
S. Caledonia.
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
And in thy fury burn the book
Even of that man M'Gill. . . . *New Psalmody.*
Or were more in fury seen, Sir, . . *The Dean of Fac.,*
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury. . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
In wildest fury hae made hare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *V.s, under Grief.*

Fusion. We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll riu them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.
The Ordination. 14.

Fusionless [pithless, sapless].
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O. *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

Fuss. But why of that epocha make such a fuss, [v. A. 9]
Poet. add. to Tytler.
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman.

Future.
May in some future carcase howl, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17.*
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
They persecute you all your future days! . . . *Ib. 5.*
My age's future shade. . . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
The past was bad, and the future hid;
S. My father was a farmer †
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire; . . . *Nature's Law.*
And future ages hear his growing fame.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Thro' future times to make his virtues last . . . *Ib.*
On the hopeless Future pondering, . *S. Raving winds* †
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D. II.*
With future hope, I oft would gaze, . . . *Ib. 12.*
And tell future ages the feats of the day; *The Whistle. 11.*
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, . . . *To a Kiss.*
With every kindliest, best presage, Of future bliss, *To Chloris.*
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages; . . . *To J. S., S.*
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
For the future he prepar'd, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Future-life.
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Fy, Fye, Fie!
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her w-t-r; . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't. . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, *The Election Ballads. III.*
fye! How daur ye do't? . . . . . *To a Louse.*

Fyers. The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Fyfteen. I was na past fyfteen: . . . *Halloween. 15.*

Fyke [agitation about trifles; restlessness].
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, . *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*

Fyke [to act in a restless, useless, uncertain kind of way; to fidget, make a fuss about anything].
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
ye sud be licket Until ye fyke; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Fyle [to defile, to soil].
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Fyl'd [soiled, dirtied].
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . *The Holy Fair. 10.*

Ga' [gall]. An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v.A.13]
The Twa Dogs. 23.

Gab [the mouth; tongue].
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs, . . *Halloween. 3.*
Set a' their gabs a steerin; . . . . . *Ib. 28.*
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish: . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
But steek your gab for ever; . . . *The Ordination. 9.*
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
S. To daunton me.

Gab, *to* **[to talk fluently, to prate].**
Or gab like Boswell, . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.*

Gabble. He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

Gabriel.
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct. *Epit. on G. Richardson.*

Gade *v.* **Gaed.**

Gae [gave].
Wha gae the whigs the power o't! *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
We gae the hoot and better horse; *S. Carl, an the King come.*
He by his showther gae a keek, . . . *Halloween. 19.*
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon; . . . . . *Ib. 20.*
And gae his bridle reins a shake, . . *S. It was a' for* †
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a bliuk,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
My heart it gae a stoun. . . *S. My heart was ance* †
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! *S. O whare did ye get* †
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, *S. The auld man* †
I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, . . *Ib.*
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae straug, . . . *Ib.*
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Gae [to go]. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae,
S. Contented wi' little †
When a' the lave gae to their play, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray, ... *Ib.*
She may gae to—France for me! . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
We'll gae down by Clouden-side, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
O wae gae by his wanton sides, *S. Here's his health in water.*
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her! . . . *Ib.*
When a' the lave gae to their bed
S. My Harry was a gallant †
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, *S. My love she's but* †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, { *S. O can ye labour lea* † / *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, *S. O whistle* †
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . . *On W. Stewart.*
But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
S. Out over the Forth †
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee. . . *Scotch Drink. 5.*
While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
Gies famous sport. [v. A. 25] . . *Ib. 12.*

Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
An' fash nae mair. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And I may e'en gae hang. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
That errand fain would gae. [*r.*] *The Election Ballads. I.*
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand. . . . . *Ib.*
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna. . . . . *Ib.*
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,
S. The noble Maxwells †
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie. . *S. The Ploughman* †
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, ... *Ib.*
As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
Speer in for bonie Bessy; . . . . . *Ib.*
Gae spin your tap o' tow! . . . *S. The weary pund.*
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, . *To a Louse.*
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! *S. Wha is that at* †
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, *What ails ye now* †
Gae fa' upo' anither plan, ... *Ib.*
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Gaed, Gade [went].

B–rg—ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, . *A Fragment. 4.*
When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, *A Guid New-Year* †*5.*
thou pay't them hollow, Whare'er thou gaed. . . *Ib. 9.*
As I gaed up by yon gate end, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
As I gaed down the water-side, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.
in my fun I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, . . *Ep. to J. R. 7.*
Sae dauntingly gaed he; . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin, . . *Halloween. 24.*
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
S. O Mary, at thy window †
As she gaed o'er the border? . *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
I gaed up to Dunse, To warp a wab o' plaiden;
S. Robin shure in hairst.
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! *Tam Samson's El. S.*
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
S. The heather was blooming †
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, ... *Ib. 6.*
Gaed hoddan by their cotters; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, . . *Ib. 23.*
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou,
As he gaed but and ben, O! . . *S. The Taylor* †
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
right pensivelie, I gaed to rest. . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
And jee! the door gaed to the wa', ... *Ib. 7.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . *S. The weary Pund.*
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear, . . *Ib.*
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, . *S. There was a lass* †
till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; . . . . . *Ib.*
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye: . . *S. When first I came* †
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee, . *S. When ee'r the hill* †

Gaen *v.* **Gane.**

Gaet *v.* **Gate.**

Gage. Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man; *A Fragment. 3.*

Gaiger *v.* **Gauger.**

Gallies [pretty well].

I canna say but they do gallies; . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Gaily, Gayly.

Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, . *S. I do confess* †
Gaily in the sunny beam; . . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; . . . *Innocence.*
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
S. The Banks of Nith.
How many a robe sae gaily floats! *The Fête Champetre.*
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
S. The small birds rejoice †

Gain *v.* **Gin.**

Gain. I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains, . *The Vision. D. II. 9.*

Gain, *to.* Jenny was nae ill to gain, . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
To him he given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart! . *S. Polly Stewart.*
'Twas all my faithful love could gain; *S. The capt. Ribband.*
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Gained, -'d.

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
S. The lazy mist †
Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
The Whistle. 5.
But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: *S. When first I saw* †

Gainer. Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
The Rights of Woman.

Gairs [gores].

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Gaist *v.* **Ghaist.**

Gait. And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel. . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us, . *To a Louse.*

Gale.

The balmy gales awake the flowers, . *S. Behold, my love,* †
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale, . *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale, . *S. Here is the glen,* †
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, *S. How can my poor heart* †
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, . . . *S. O were my love* †
Now on the rising gale swell high, . . *On Lincluden.*
Like frost-work touched by southern gales; . . . *Ib.*
But through the broken space, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . . . . *Ib.*
Beneath the milkwhite thorn that scents the ev'ning gale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore! . . . *The Farewell.*
'Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! *To a Mountain Daisy.*
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide. . . . *To J. S. 11.*

Gall. He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Gall, *to.* While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,
Wi' bitter claw, *Add. to the Deil. 18.*

Galling.

O Life! thou art a galling load, . *Despondency, an Ode.*

Galla water. Can match the lads o' Galla water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The bonnie lad o' Galla water. . . . . *Ib.*
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water. . . . . *Ib.*
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*

Gallant, *adj.*

Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; *A Guid New-Year* †*15.*
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
There moulders here a gallant heart; *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
The Election Ballads. VI.

I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . *The Inventory.*
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
My gallant, braw John Highlandman [*re.*] . . *Ib. S. IV.*
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
S. The small birds rejoice †
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.
The Whistle. 6.
gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight, . . . *Ib. 14.*
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ; . *Ib. 16.*
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, *S. When wild War's* †
He is a gallant sailor. [*re.*] . . *S. Where Cart rins* †
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Gallant, *s.*

My Harry was a gallant gay, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, *S. A Mast.'s bonie Anne.*
Ye gallants braw I rede ye a', ... *Ib.*

Galley. A glorious Galley, stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus barter ; . *A Dream. 13.*

Gallia.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Gallop.

What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop : . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*

Galloping.

Gane in a galloping consumption, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Their galloping thro' public places, . *The Twa Dogs. 31.*

Galloway, Gallowa'.

Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
Flit G— and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, *On seeing Seat of Lord G..*
And brandy Jean, that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Through Galloway and a' that ; . . . . *Ib. II.*
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. . . . . *Ib. III.*
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, . . . *Ib. V.*
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke, . . . *Ib.*
Spare me thy vengeance, G— . . . . *To Lord G.*

Gallows, Gallows-tree.

But gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death ! *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree. . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
He played a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree. . . . . *Ib.*
An' plunder'd o' her bindmost groat,
By gallows knaves ? *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Galston. The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan ; *The Holy Fair.*

Gambling.

Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading : . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Game.

Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game ; . *A Fragment. 6.*
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, . . *El. on Year 1788.*
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
For this, niest year. . . . *Ep. to J. R. 10.*
Or how our merry lads at bame,
In Britain's court kept up the game : *Kind Sir, I've read* †
By Colin's cottage lies his game. . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Like beagles hunting game, man, . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Sic game is now owre often play'd ; . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
This game was play'd in monie lands, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Gamesome.

My gamesome Billy Will, . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Gamut. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.

Gane, Gaen [gone].

Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie *A Guid New-year* † *1.*
The branchy shelter lost and gane . *As on the banks* †

'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
He's gane! he's gane ! he's frae us torn, [*re.*]
El. on Capt. M. H. 2.
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck ! . *El. on Year 1788.*
I'd better gaen an sair't the king, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, *Epit. on Ruling Elder.*
And mercy's day is gane. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But now its gane, and something mair, . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . *S. Gane is the day* †
Gane in a galloping consumption, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Von sinking sun's gane down upon ; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen, . . . *Halloween. 21.*
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane, *Jenny M'Craw* †
O'er the mountains be is gane ; *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane ? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
And my last hald of earth is gane : *Lament for Glencairn.*
My Lord a-hunting he is gane, . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray. *The Election Ballads. V.*
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, *The Holy Fair. 27.*
Beauty's of a fading nature,
Has a season. and is gane. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Gang. The Poets too, a venal gang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Gang, *to* **[to go, walk].**

And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it . . . . *A Dream. 4.*
Till a' the seas gang dry. [*re.*] . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human : . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
Will ye gang down the water-side . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad, ... *Ib.*
They gang in [to Colledge] Stirks, and come out Asses,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ; *Ep. to Young Friend.*
So may the auld year gang out moaning *Friend of the poet* †
Gar lasses hearts gang startin . . . . *Halloween. 3.*
Then a faulding let us gang, . . *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
Ye shall gang in gay attire, . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, *S. My heart was ance* †
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie : *S. O Whistle* †
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he ! . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Or how can I gang brisk and braw ; *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, . . *Poem on Life.*
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Fare thee weel before I gang, . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang. *S. She's fair and fause* †
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither. [v. A. 2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
And he wad gang to London town,
If sae their pleasure was. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Where sailors gang to fish for cod . . *The Twa Dogs. 2.*
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock. . . . . *Ib. 12.*
For gear to gang that gate at last! . . . . *Ib. 25.*
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha',
S. There grows a bonie †
What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa? . *Ib.*
An' I'll no gang to my bed Until I get a nod.
S. There's news, lasses †
I'll no gang to my bed Till I get a man. . . . *Ib.*

The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, . . . *To a Mouse.*
An' gar him follow to the kirk
Ay when ye gang yoursel. *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang! . . . *To J. S. 20.*
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where . . . *Ib. 20.*
Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. . *Ib.*
I'll ne'er gang by your door. . . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*
But gang she east, or gang she west, *S. When first I saw* †
My purse is light, I've far to gang, *S. When wild War's* †

Gangrel [vagrant].
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Gap. Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Gape.
It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, *Poor Mailie's El.*
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Gaped. He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,
Extem. in Court of Session.
He gaped wide, but naething spak, *The Death of Mailie.*

Gaping, -in'.
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . *On W. Chalmers.*
When gaping they [the saunts] besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd. . . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
She won each gaping burgess' heart, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Gar [to cause, make; force, compel].
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
That gars the notes of discord squeel, *Add. to Toothache.*
And gar me look like bluntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, . . . *Ib. 22.*
Gar lasses hearts gang startin . . . . *Halloween. 3.*
Gars ony dress look weel. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, [*re.*] *S. O Gude Ale comes* †
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, ... *Ib.*
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack, *Scots Prologue.*
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The honie lasses lie aspar, . . *S. There was a lad* †
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
S. There's a youth †
An' gar him follow to the kirk . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Garden. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn,
S. How pleasant the banks †
And by yon garden green again; . . *S. I'll ay ca in* †
When past the show'r, and every flow'r
The garden is adorning: . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
Monody, on a Lady.
That roars between her gardens green
And the bonie lass of Albany. *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
Yon palace and yon gardens fine! *S. The Highland Lassie.*
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
When roving through the garden gay,
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Garland. And claught th' unfading garland there,
Extem. on Comment.s of Thomson.

Garland, *to.* Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs
To garland my poetic brows! *To J. S., 9.*

Garlies.
But Garlies was to London gane, *The Election Ballads. V.*

Garment. In this lone cave, in garments lowly, *The Hermit.*

Garpal. Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Garren [making, forcing].
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body, *What ails ye now* †

Garrulous. The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Gart [made, forced].
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
An' gart them whaizle: *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan, 10.*
Has gart me change my sang. . *S. My heart was ance* †
Has gart me sigh and sab. . . . . *Ib.*
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
That gart my heart-strings tingle *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Garten [garter].
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten, . . . *Halloween. 3*

Garter.
after viewing knives and garters, *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter
To him that wintles in a halter: . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
His manly leg with garter tangle bound. *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
His garters knit below the knee, . *S. The Ploughman* †
A Garter gie to Willie Pitt; . . . . *To J. S., 25.*

Gash [sagacious; having the appearance of sagacity joined with that of self-importance].
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . . . *Ib. 24.*
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Gashan [talking freely and fluently].
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, . . *Halloween. 11.*

Gasp.
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Gasp, *to.*
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath. *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Gasping.
Flatt'ring an' gasping in her gore: *Auld comrade dear* †
In gasping death to wallow. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Gat [got]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat, *A Fragment.*
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright, . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
An how ye gat him i' your thrall, ... *Ib. 18.*
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
Gat grist to her mill. . . *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
Sae I gat paper in a blink, ... *Ib. Ap. 21st. 6.*
So gat the whissle o' my groat, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 9.*
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
Grim loon, he gat me by the fecket, *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*
Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething? . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat, ... *Halloween. 15.*
His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, ... *Ib. 16.*
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel, ... *Ib.*
Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck, ... *Ib. 17.*
She gat a fearfu' settlin! . . . . . *Ib. 24.*
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon: . . . . . *Ib. 26.*
Because he gat the toom dish thrice
He heav'd them on the fire, ... *Ib. 27.*
I gat my death frae twa sweet een, . *S. I gaed a waefu* †
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman. . *S. The Ploughman* †
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds, *S. The Taylor* †
Ay gat him friends in ilka place; . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
When up they gat an' shook their lugs, . . . *Ib. 35.*
gat the spring to pay For kissin' *S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
I gat your letter, winsome Willie ; . . *To W. Simpson.*
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane. . . . *Ib. P.S.*
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it, ... *Ib.*
An' monie a fallow gat his licks, ... *Ib.*
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe. . . . . *Ib.*

Gate. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
For the foul thief is just at your gate. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Gate, Gaet [way, manner, road].
As I gaed up by yon gate end, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
This while ye hae been mony a gate, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.*
But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed. *Ep. to J—k, Ap. 21st. 14.*
I held the gate till you I met, . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me. . . . . *Ib.*
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ; . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again. *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin simmer, . *S. I'm o'er young to marry* †
life's a fecht, The cannniest gate, the strife is sair ;
S. In simmer when †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
An' folk begin to tak the gate ; . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
" My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ; *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! . *Ib. 8.*
Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate,
They waste sae mony a braw estate ! . *The Twa Dogs. 25.*
For gear to gang that gate at last ! . . . . *Ib.*
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse
And mair unchancy. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, . . . *To Mr. Renton.*
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! *S. Wha is that at* †
I dread ye'll learn the gate again ; . . . . . *Ib.*
An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets ! . *The Death of Mailie.*

Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, *S. Come boat me o'er to Charlie.*
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, *Scotch Drink. 10.*
To gather matter for a serious piece ; . . *Scots Prologue.*
Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather, . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Gather'd.
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well ! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
When roving through the gather'd hay, *S. O Phely, happy* †
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Gathering, -'rin, -'ran.
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.
S. Afton Water.
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
With doubling speed and gathering force, *Fragment of Ode.*
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, *Tam o' Shanter.*
In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.
gathering flowers and busking bowers, *The Fête Champetre.*
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, *S. The gloomy night* †
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran ; . . *The Holy Fair. S.*
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Gaud [a goad, a long whip].
Fu' blythe he wistled at the gaud, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Gaudsman [the boy who drove the plough-horses].
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, . . *The Inventory.*

Gaudy, Gawdy.
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,
S. Here's a health to ane †
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Weel buskit up sae gaudy ; . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear. . *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at sunny noon ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Gauger, Gaiger.
What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers :
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
I'm turn'd a ganger—Peace be here! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Gaul.
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Gaun [Gavin].
L—d mind G—n H——n's deserts, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast,
To Rev. J. M'Math

Gaun [going]. in aught hours gaun, *A Guid New-year* † *11.*
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! . *S. Come boat me o'er* †
this that I am gaun to tell, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook, 2.*
'Friend, whare ye gaun, ... *Ib. S.*
O steer her up and haud her gaun,
Her mither's at the mill, jo ; . . *S. O steer her up* †
He wist na whare he was gaun, O. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
" I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair, . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, . . . *The Inventory.*
When a' to rest are gaun, O . . . *S. The Taylor* †
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Till kye be gaun without the herd, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie ! . *To a Louse.*
And when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them.
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Gaunt.
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-allurring edifices, *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*

Gaunted [yawned].
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
Kind Sir, I've read †

Gausy *v.* **Gawsie.**

Gave.
Discount what scant occasion gave, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
And deep, as soughs the boding wind,
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. . *As on the banks* †
ere she gave creating labour o'er, . *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, *S. Fate gave the word* †
Even they [tunefu' powers] mann dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us, . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another B[urns] . . . *Nature's Law.*
Hands that took—but never gave. *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem ; [v. A. 9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave ; . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. *S. The day returns* †
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.
S. The Poor Thresher.
To Nature's God, and Nature's law
They gave their lore, . *The Vision. D. I.*

Gavin. The poor man weeps—here G[avi]N sleeps, *For G. H.*

Gawdy *v.* **Gaudy.**

Gawky [a staring, awkward, dull-witted person].
The senseless, gawky million ; . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, . . *To W. Creech.*

Gawsie, Gausy [plump, jolly, big and lusty, large].
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . *The Holy Fair. 24.*
Her strappan limh an' gausy middle, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Gawze. I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gawze and lace ; *To a Louse.*

Gay.
There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man. *A Bottle and Friend.*
sweet rose-bud, young and gay, . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Gay as the gilded summer sky, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
S. Adown winding Nith †
The lavrock shuns the palace gay, . . *S. Behold, my love* †
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . . . . *S. But lately seen* †
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ; *S. Could aught of song* †
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay, *Elegy on Capt. M. H., 9.*
Thy gay, green flowery tresses shear, ... *Ib. 12.*
But [your life] "allegretto forte " gay
Harmonious flow *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
Now gay with the broad setting sun!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,
S. Here's a health to ane †
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies, ... *Ib.*
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
S. It was the charming †
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise ; . . . . . *Ib.*
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
Give me with gay folly to live ; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam :
Monody on a Lady, Epit..
Ye shall gang in gay attire, . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
My Harry was a gallant gay, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ; *S. Now rosy May* †
May Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
S. O Logan! sweetly †
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree ; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men :
On Death of R. Dundas.
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Spicy forests, ever gay, ... *S. Streams that glide* †
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
The Election Ballads, III.
The gay-green woods, amang, man ; *The Fête Champetre.*
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.
S. The heather was blooming †
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay, . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. . . *Ib.*
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay ; *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown ; *S. The lazy mist* †
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ; *The Whistle. 13.*
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
S. Their groves of †
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning. . . . . *S. Thine am I* †
thy gay morn of life o'ercast. . . . . *To Chloris.*
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, . . . *Ib.*
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, . . *To Miss C.*
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
S. True hearted was he †
ance gay like thee—Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!
V.s, under Grief.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, *S. When first I saw* †
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, ... *Ib.*
the bees, humming round the gay roses, *S. Where are the joys* †
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Gayest. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Gayly *v.* **Gaily.**

Gaze. The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor : . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the woud'ring gaze, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Shrinking from the gaze of day. . . . . *Ib.*

Gaze, *to.*
And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, . . *On Lincluden.*
As on their slender forms I gaze, ... *Ib.*
But as I gaze the vision fails, ... *Ib.*
' With future hope, I oft would gaze,
' Fond, on thy little, early ways, . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*

Gaz'd. He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he hlush'd,
S. On a bank of flowers †
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, . *S. When wild War's* †
She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily, ... *Ib.*

Gazer.
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, *S. Young Peggy* †

Gazing.
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*

Gear [goods, effects, money, riches].
Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel-won gear, *A Guid New-Year* † *4.*
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. . *Auld comrade* †
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal ;
Et. on Year 1788.
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justify'd by Honor : . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither. . *Epit. on Ruling Elder.*
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. . *S. In simmer when* †
O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ; . . . . *Ib.*
For lack o' gear ye lightly me, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, ... *Ib.*
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ; . . . . *Ib.*
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, ... *Ib.*
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . *S. She's fair and fause* †
But woman is but warld's gear, ... *Ib.*
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
And spend the gear they win. . *S. The Carls of Dysart.*
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . *The Death of Maillie.*
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' o' my graith, . . *The Inventory.*
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear : . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ; *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
For gear to gang that gate at last! . . . *Ib. 25.*
His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes, *S. To daunton me.*
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, *S. When wild War's* †

Geck [to sport, be playful like happy children ; to mock, deride, toss the head with disdain].
Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection ; . . . *A Dream. 8.*
Ye geck at me because I'm poor, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

Ged [a pike, a jack].
And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
And Geds for greed, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*

Geddes.
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes. . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Ged's-Hole. Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.

Geese. Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture . . *A Dream. 6.*
Frightin awa your deucks and geese . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Geld. 'I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better.'
What ails ye now †
"Geld you!" quo he, "and whatfore no, ... *Ib.*

Gelding.
'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, *What ails ye now* †

Gem.
Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite? [v. A. 27] *Ask why God made* †
The courtier's gems may wituess love
But 'tis na love like mine. . . *S. Behold, my love,* †
Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem.
The pride of all the flowery scene,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Scott. II.*
Blest he thy bloom, thou lovely gem, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
And in paste gems and frippery deck her [dame life];
Poem on Life.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem; . . . . *To Miss C.*
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Gemappe.
But fell in a trap
On the braes of Gemappe, . *The Black-Headed Eagle.*

Gender. That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

General. Their left-hand General had nae skill,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Generally.
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †

Generation.
To cowe the rebel generation, . *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*
What was I or my generation, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
And B[urn]'s spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations! . . . . *Nature's Law.*

Generous, Gen'rous.
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . *A Ded. to G. H. 14.*
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
Epit. for Author's Father.
thou, the noble, generous, great, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
The generous purpose, nobly dear, . *S. My Mary's face* †
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Firm may she rise with generous disdain . . . *Ib.*
As ye have generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, *Scots Prologue.*
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, . . *Ib.*
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
The Brigs of Ayr.
And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous!
The Election Ballads. III.
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; . . *Ib. VI.*
And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!" . . . . *To a Lady.*
Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail?
To R. G. of F. 1.
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased, . *Ib. 6.*
And whose that generous princely mien *V. s below Picture.*

Genius.
When, from the eddying deep below,
Up rose the Genius of the stream. . *As on the banks* †
"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, . . . *Ib.*
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
Lns on Fergusson.
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, . . . *Ib.*
O' stature short, but genius bright,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd; . . *The Dean of Fac..*
'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Has many a light, aerial band, . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*

Gen'ral. I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love. *The Vision. D. II. 14.*

Gent. Do ye envy the city-gent, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11.*

Genteel. Both decent and genteel: . *S. Handsome Nell.*

Gentle. Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . *S. But lately seen* †
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising; . *S. Could aught of song* †
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
The gentle look that rage disarms; . *S. My Mary's face* †
Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
S. Musing on the roaring †
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, . . *On Lincluden.*
The gentle pride, the lordly state, . *On dining with Daer.*
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
For some had gentle folks to please, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care; . *S. The Highland Lassie.*
I am a Bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, *To Miss Graham.*
And gentle Peace returning, . . *S. When wild War's* †
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Gentleman.
The Gentleman in word and deed, . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; . *S. Gane is the day* †
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen . . *S. Scroggam.*
They've lost some gallant gentlemen
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar; . *The Twa Dogs.*
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . . . *Ib. 30.*
The gentleman in word an' deed, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Gentler.
Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*

Gentles [great folks, gentry, aristocrats].
An' German-Gentles are but sma', . . . *A Dream, 14.*
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
The gentles ye wad neer envy them! . *The Twa Dogs. 28.*

Gently. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
Flow gently, sweet Afton, [re.] . . *S. Afton Water.*
We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, *S. Now westlin winds* †
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . *S. Thickest night* †
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
S. Wandering Willie.

Gently-crusting,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Gentoo [a native of India].
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

Gentry.
The Q—, and the rest of the gentry, *Poet. add. to Tytler.*
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herrygment and ruin of the country; *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry! . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava. . . *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
the gentry first are steghan, . . . *Ib. 9.*
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . . . *Ib. 12.*

But this is gentry's life in common. . *The Twa Dogs. 34.*
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . *To W. Simpson.*

Genty [neat, slender and elegantly formed].

Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . *S. Young Jockey* †

Genuine.

man's true, genuine estimate, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Genus. And merchandise' whole genus take their birth.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Geordie [*dim. of* **George**].

For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, . . . *Ib.*
the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Louis what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean? . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
The Election Ballads. III.

George.

How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Say, such is royal George's will,
An there's the foe, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

George, Geordie, a [a guinea].

An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers; *Ep. to J. R. 12.*
- - - whare thro' the steeks
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

George's Street.

Down George's Street I stoited; . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

German.

An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want ay On onie day. *A Dream. 14.*
And Sackville doure, wha stood the storre,
The German Chief to thraw, man: . *A Fragment. 5.*
Then bowses drumlie German-water, *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Gesture. His eldritch squeel an' gestures, *The Holy Fair. 13.*
His English style, and gesture fine, . . . *Ib. 15.*

Get [a child, a young one, offspring].

(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get, . . *A Dream. 7.*
She was nae get o' moorlan tips, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
She was nae get o' runted rams, [v.A.19] . . . *Ib.*

Get, *to.*

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, . . *A Dream. 12.*
And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him. . . *A Farewell.*
And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Get out a horsewhip, or a jowler . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
As a' the priests had seen me get thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
I flatter my fancy I may get another, *S. As I a-wand'ring* †
I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting, . . *Ib.*
" Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. *As on the banks* †
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh and mony a drink, . *Auld comrade dear* †
Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie.
S. Ay waking, O †
Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.
S. Ay waukin, O.
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal. *S. Behind yon hills* †
Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
' Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
' He gets his fairin!' . . . *Ib. 30.*
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
That would be lear enough for me,
If I could get it. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.*
' Nae doubt but ye may get a sight! . . *Halloween. 14.*
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
That I should get such exaltation, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in: . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. *Impromptu.*
So may ye get in glad possession, - -
The coins o' Satan's coronation! *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, *S. My love she's but* †
We seek but little, L—, from thee;
Thou kens we get as little. . . . *New Psalmody.*
O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
S. O whare did ye get †
Then up he gets, and off he sets, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on . . . *Poem on Life.*
His heart will never get aboon! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man. . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
That merry night we get the corn in, . *Scotch Drink. 9.*
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] . . *Ib. 12.*
God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
Scots Prologue.
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen? . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
Tam o' Shanter. 18.
An' no get warmly to your feet,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle! . . . *Ib. 15.*
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. *Ib. 18.*
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
The Belles of Mauchline.
'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
The Brigs of Ayr.
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather.
The Death of Mailie.
An he get na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets na justice ava. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. . *Ib. IV.*
" We will get famous laughin At them this day."
The Holy Fair. 5.
" I'll get my Sunday's sark on, ... *Ib. 6.*
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass, . . . *Ib. 25.*
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. . *The Inventory.*
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
The Rights of Woman.
Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, . . . *Ib. 19.*
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, *The Twa Herds. 11.*
And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds. . . . *Ib. 15.*
" This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
The Whistle.
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod. [*re.*] . . *S. There's news, lasses* †
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . *To a Medical Gent.*
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't! . . . *To a Mouse.*
An' get sic fair example straught, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him. . . . . *Ib.*
To try to get the twa to gree, ... *Ib.*
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker. . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
I get it no ae day in ten. . . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
I could wish nae man to get ye,
Save it were my very sel. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
If ye wad a man should get ye,
Then I can that want supply: . . . . . *Ib.*
Then nae ither man can get ye, ... *Ib.*

Getting.

And getting fou and unco happy, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Ghaist, Gaist [ghost].

And, hy the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, . . . *A Vision.*

Wheo, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd [v.A.20] *A Vision.*
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
But a royal ghaist whn ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa. . *S. Amang the trees* †
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Gaist nor hogle shalt thou fear, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist.
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Ghaist-alluring.

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Ghastly.

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist alluring edifices, *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
Upon his hunkers bended, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. *The Vowels.*

Ghost.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
The Whistle. 8.

Gibbet. As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel. . *Poem on Life.*
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Giddy. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . . *To J. Taylor.*

Gie, Gi'e, Gi' (to give).

Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ; *A Ded. to G.H., 10.*
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection! . . . . *A Dream. 8.*
Will Ye accept a Compliment,
A simple hardie gies Ye? . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
An' [Heav'n] gie you lads a plenty : . . . *Ib. 14.*
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, *A Winter Night.*
May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
And gie their hides a ooble currie, ... *Ib.*
But what your Lordships please to gie them !
Add. of Beelzebub.
a feckless matter To gie ane fash. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, ... *Ib.*
sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil, *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, *Add. to Toothache.*
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! . . . . *Ib.*
Gies now and then a wallop, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases ; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Come, gies your news ! . . . . . *Ib.*
We'll over the border and gie them a brush ;
S. Cock up your beaver.
I'll gie John Ross another hawhee,
To hoat me o'er to Charlie. . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. . *El. on Year 1788.*
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
It may be little minded ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth ;
Ep. to Davie. 7.
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare. . . . *Ib. 17.*
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care. . . . *Ib. 18.*
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift !
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, . . . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 13.*
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither. . *Epit. on Ruling Elder.*
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
She gies the Herd a pickle nits, . . . *Hallowcen. 21.*
But first on Sawnie gies a ca', ... *Ib. 22.*
I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller.
S. Hey the dusty miller †
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. *S. In simmer when* †
Gi'e me love at ony price ; . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
Gi'e me love in her I court ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. . . . *Ib.*
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
I wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For loyal Harry back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
I'll gie Cuckold to naebody. . . . . *S. Naebody.*
Ah, Fortune canoa gie me mair ! . *S. Now bank and brae* †
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
S. O ay my wife she dang.
O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter; . *S. O gie my love brose* †
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together. . . . . *Ib.*
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown ; *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave : *S. O merry hae I been* †
What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? . . *S. O Phely,* †
I would na gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ; . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
Gie him the schulin of your weans ; . *On a Schoolmaster.*
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, . *S. Sae far awa.*
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, . . . *Ib. 10.*
While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] . . *Ib. 12.*
Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme
Ib. 21.
Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? *Scots Prologue.*
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin' : *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And gi'es a hand o' thine ; . *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . *Symon Gray* †
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten ; . *S. Tam Glen.*
I'll gie you my bonie black hen, ... *Ib.*
To gie them music was his charge : *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
My mither she hade me gie him a stool, [re.] *S. The auld man* †
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ; . . . *Ib. P.*
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
An' now my dyiog charge I gie him, *The Death of Mailie.*
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, ... *Ib.*
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, ... *Ib.*
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Aoither gies them clatter ; . . *The Fête Champetre.*
He gies a Fête Champetre, ... *Ib.*
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Gie me my Highland lassie O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge ; . . . *Ib. 19.*
An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang . . . *Ib. 24.*
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
S. The Honest Man.
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith. . . *The Inventory.*
An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpan kiss, . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, *The Kirk's Alarm. 11.*

O' double verse come gie us four, . . *The Ordination. 3.*
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Gie them sufficient threshin, ... *Ib.*
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions! . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, ... *Ib. 13.*
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Gie me the groat again, cany young man, *S. The Taylor fell* †
To gie the sweetest hlush o' health, *The Tree of Liberty.*
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . . . . *Ib*
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright. . *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis! . . . *To a Haggis.*
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum! . . . . *To a Louse.*
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us! . . . . . *Ib.*
Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice, . . . *To a Painter.*
We auld wives minions gie our opinions,
Solicited or no; . . . . . *To a Poetaster.*
Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, . . *To J. S., 22.*
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, ... *Ib.*
yill an' whisky gie to Cairds, ... *Ib.*
A Garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, . . . *Ib. 23.*
But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
To gie the rascals their deserts, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight, . . *Ib.*
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, . . *To W. Simpson. 5.*
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease. . . . . *Ib.*
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie, ... *Ib. P.S.*
Guid observation they will gie them; . . . . *Ib.*
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me. *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
To murder men, and gie God thanks!
For shame! gie o'er—proceed no further *V. on Nat. Thanks..*
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . *What ails ye now* †
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, . *Ib.*
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, An' let her guide it. *Ib.*
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, . *S. When o'er the hill* †
My daddie signed my tocher hand,
To gie the lad that has the land, . *S. Where Cart rins* †
And gie it [my hand] to the sailor. . . . . *Ib.*
I wad na gie a button for her. . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Gied [gave].

He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, . *A Guid New-year* † *4*
I gied thy cog a wee-hit heap Aboon the timmer; *Ib. 13.*
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
An' gied you [ministers] a' haith gear an' meal;
El. on Year 1788.
An' out a handfu' gied him; . . . . *Halloween. 17.*
My Sandy gied to me a ring, . . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. . . . . *Ib.*
He took a hauf and gied it to me, ... *Ib.*
My heart to my mou' gied a sten; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord.
The Election Ballads. III.
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; . . *S. The Laddies by* †
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . . *To W. Simpson. 8.*
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; *S. Where Cart rins* †
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,
And I gied it to the sailor. . . . . *Ib.*

Gien. Gi'en [given].

And now Ve've gien auld Britain peace, . *A Dream. 6.*
She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 9.
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind. . . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
I wad hae gi'en them [thir breeks] off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie hurdies! . . . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, *Tam Samson's El..*
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
The Holy Fair. 4.
No gi'en by way o' dainty But ilka day. *The Ordination. 6*
And names, like villain, hypocrite
Ilk ither gi'en, . . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
My word of honor I hae gien, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
gi'en the body half an e'e, . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Griefs gien his heart an unco kickin', . . *To W. Creech.*
You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife, *V. s to a Landlady.*

Gif [if]. But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 15.*
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour, . . *Halloween. 5.*
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And gif ye canna bite, ye may hark. *The Kirk's Alarm. 8.*
Gif ye hae ony luve for me, *S. The lass that made the bed.*
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Gif I rise and let you in, . . *S. Wha is that at my* †

Gift. L—d, we thank an' thee adore
For temp'ral gifts we little merit; . . *A Grace.*
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, *S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go* †
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13.
I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift:
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
For gifts an' grace,
A hurnin' an' a shinin' light, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.*
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Impromt., on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Nature's gifts to all are free: . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; *Scotch Drink. 5.*
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, *The Election Ballads. I.*
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. [v.A.13] *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Nor thou the gift refuse, ... *To Chloris.*
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart. . . . . *Ib.*
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives, *To Miss Graham.*
No gifts have I from Indian coasts
To Miss L., with "Beattie."
A gift that e'en for S—e were fit. . . . *To Mr. Syme.*
The gift still dearer, as the giver you. . *To R. Graham.*
Accept the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth he pressin'; . . *V.s, under Grief.*
But kind still, I'll mind still
The giver in the gift; . . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Gifted. Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands.
The Election Ballads. IV.

Giftie [*dim. of* gift].

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us! . . . *To a Louse.*

Giga. Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga Solo. *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Giglet [a playful, laughing, thoughtless girl].

As round the fire the giglets keckle
To see me loup; . . *Add. to Toothache.*

Gilbertfield. Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame; *To W. Simpson.*

Gild.

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And [Sunbeams] gild the distant mountain's brow;
S. On Cessnock banks †
like the star that athwart gilds the sky, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
And not a Wish to gild the gloom! . . *The Lament.*
Did many talents gild thy span? . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Gilded, Gilt.
Gay as the gilded summer sky, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
S. How pleasant the banks †
And twere more fit that she should sit,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Gilding. Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †

Gill. A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack. *Ep. to J. L—k; Ap. 1st. 7.*
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, . . *Ib. 19.*
And ca' anither gill, jo: . . . *S. O Steer her up* †
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill. . . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . . . *Ib. 21.*
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
And brandy Jean, that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills, . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, ... *Ib. 19.*
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Gillie [*dim. of* **gill**]. I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
On Scot. Bard gane to W.I.

Gilpey [a young frolicsome person].
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,
'I was na past fyfteen: . . . . . *Halloween. 15.*

Gimmer [a ewe from one to two years old].
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was laird himsel. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*

Gin, Gain [if, suppose; against or by].
Gin I saw ane and twenty. [*re.*] *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry. [*re.*] . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell; [*re.*]
S. Comin thro' the rye. Sett II.
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, [*re.*] *S. Duncan Gray.*
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir. *S. I'm o'er young to marry* †
But gin the Lord's nin focks gat leave. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
gin I fa', Ae way or ither, . . . *Lns to J. Rankine.*
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
S. Lass, when yr mither †
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. *S. My Collier Laddie.*
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, *S. My heart was ance* †
Shame fa' me gin I tell; . . . . . *Ib.*
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo. [*re.*] . *S. O steer her up* †
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
O gin my love were yon red rose, . . *S. O were my love* †
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! *S. O whare did ye get* †
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. . . . . *Ib.*
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, *The Brigs of Ayr. 5.*
Gin ye'll go there, ... *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, . . *Ib. 27.*
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. . *The Inventory.*
gin the truth were a' but kent, . *The Ruined Maid's L..*
I'd see my jo Beside me gain the gloaming,
S. The tither morn †
And saw gin they were sick or hale, . *The Twa Herds. 7.*
O gin I were her dearie! . . . *S. When first I saw* †
'Or gin ye like to end the bother, . . *What ails ye now* †
What will I do gin my Hoggie die? *S. What will I do gin* †

Gin-shop.
Pawn'd in a gin-shop
Quenching holy drouth. *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Gipsy, Gipsey, Gipsie.
thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore. . . . *Ib.*
And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel,
Of gipsy kith and kin, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . . *The Twa Dogs. 3.*

Gipsy-gang. Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Girdin. Ha, ha the girdin o't, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
And a' for the girdin o't. . . . . *Ib.*
The girdin brak, the beast cam down, ... *Ib.*
Wae on the bad girdin o't. . . . . *Ib.*
And clout the bad girdin o't. . . . . *Ib.*

Girdle [a thin circular plate of iron for baking cakes or scones on the fire].
Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang. . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Girl.
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel: . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Girn [to grin].
It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, *Poor Maillie's El..*

Girning, -in', -an [grinning, snarling].
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Thy girning langh enjoys his pangs . . *Poem on Life.*
ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, . . . *To W. Creech.*
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Wi' girnan spite, . *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Girr [a hoop].
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

Girt.
Girt on her mantle and her hose, *S. It was the charming* †

Girvan. Girvan's fairy haunted stream *S. Now bank and brae* †

Give. Let William Hislop give the spirit. . . *A Grace.*
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King, . . *Ib.*
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. *Elest be M'Murdo* †
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough; . . *Ib. 5.*
Who feel hy reason and who give hy rule, . . . *Ib.*
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day! *Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
Content am I if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee; . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
Nor give [ye winds] the coward secret breath. . *Liberty.*
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
give the cause a hearing: *Lns on Window, K.'s A., D..*
Give me with gay folly to live; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
But folly has raptures to give. . . . . *Ib.*
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
Man was made to Mourn.
To give him leave to toil; . . . . . *Ib.*
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'. *S. My Nanie's awa.*
To give obedience due; . . . . . *Nature's Law.*
The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
S. No Churchman am I †
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest! . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
May He who gives the rain to pour, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
S. Out over the Forth †
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart. . . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
And offers, bliss to give and to receive. *Prologue, at Th., D..*
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Sonnet wr. on Birthday.
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon. [*re.*] *S. Streams that glide* †
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I'll give—and here they go. . . . *Symon Gray* †
Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, *S. Talk not of Love* †
The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels. *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Or nature aught of pleasure give; *S. The day returns* †

The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil ane will give them his vote.
The Election Ballads. III.

The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; . . . *Ib. VI.*

While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna! *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs, *S. The Poor Thresher.*

Give the poet's darling flame, ... *The Toast.*

'I come to give thee such reward,
As we bestow. . *The Vision. D. II. 2.*

'Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard. *Ib. 21.*

'To give my counsels all in one, ... *Ib. 22.*

Yet love to friendship shall give way, . . *To Clarinda.*

O could I give thee India's wealth, . *To J. M'Murdo.*

An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gives you honor) *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

But give me real, sterling Wit. . . . *To J. S., 23.*

I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give. . . . *To Lord G.*

Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy†*

And give a love-lorn maiden rest! *S. To thee, lov'd Nith†*

And give all his hopes the lie? . *S. Why, why tell thy†*

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites by name†

Given, Giv'n.

While recollection's pow'r is giv'n, . *. A Ded. to G. H., 16.*

To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith;
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

"Strength to bear it will be given, *S. Husband, husband†*

Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current: . . . *Nature's Law.*

This consolation's given
She's from a world of woe relieved, *On the Poet's Daughter.*

—Man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, *On scaring Water-fowl.*

To him be given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart! . . *S. Polly Stewart.*

Thou hast given a peerless toast. . . . *The Toast.*

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, . . *The 1st Psalm.*

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet) . . . *To Terraughty.*

As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. *Tragic Frag.*

The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
To Virtue or to Vice is given. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Giver.

The gift still dearer, as the giver you. . *To R. Graham.*

If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . . . . *Ib.*

But kind still, I'll mind still
The giver in the gift; . . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Giving. I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

And giving milk to me. . *The Highl. Widow's Lament.*

Giv'st. Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought; . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Thou giv'st the ass his bide, the snail his shell, *To R. G. of F.*

Gizz [a periwig; the face].

Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . *Add. to the Deil. 17.*

Glad.

How can my poor heart be glad, *S. How can my poor heart†*

So may ye get in glad possession, - -
The coins o' Satan's coronation! *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†*

A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; *Lament for Glencairn.*

Oh, how can I be blythe and glad,
S. Oh, how can I be blythe†

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

He had no wish but—to be glad, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken-hearted. . *S. The tither morn†*

But be wad stan't, as glad to see him, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad.
S. The Winter it is past†

So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
S. There liv'd ance a carle†

Wad a' be glad to see you; . . . *To a Medical Gent..*

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow, . . . *V.s, under Grief.*

Glad, *to.* Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
Lament of Mary of Scots.

Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
On seeing wounded Hare.

Gladden.

And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Gladdening. Nature gladdening and adorning;
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st†

Glade.

Ye mankins whiddin thro' the glade, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*

Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade. . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*

When musing in a lonely glade, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy†*

Gladly. Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. O Mary, at thy window†

Gladly how would I resign thee [Life], . *S. Raving winds†*

Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! *S. Turn again, thou fair†*

Gladness.

"But nocht in all-revolving time
"Can gladness bring again to me. *Lament for Glencairn.*

Gladsome. But lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day, *S. But lately seen†*

O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting†*

Come, let us stray our gladsome way, *S. Now westlin' winds†*

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith†

Glaikit, Glaiket [light, giddy, foolish, thoughtless, inattentive].

For glaikit Folly's portals; . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*

Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; *Kind Sir, I've read†*

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Glaive [a sword].

But Cl–nt–n's glaive frae rust to save
He bung it to the wa', man. . . *A Fragment. 4.*

Glaizie [glittering, smooth as glass, glossy].

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, *A Guid New-Year† 2.*

Glamor [magical delusion].

Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Glance.

By Adamhill a glance he threw, . *Lns add. to J.Ranken.*

A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances: . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

There catch her ilka glance of love, [*re.*]
S. Now bank and brae†

Those smiles and glances let me see,
S. O Mary, at thy window†

Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! *S. O wat ye wha's in†*

Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . *The Lament.*

Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.

'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e†

And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†

In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains†

Glance, *to.*

Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir: *S. Damon and Sylvia.*

Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 9.

What sparkling jewels glance, man! *The Fête Champetre.*

Wi' S[mi]th wha thro' the heart can glance,
The Twa Herds. 17.

Glanc'd.

I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

Glancing, -in.
Wi' rufflˈd sark an' glancin cane, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.*
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. *S. On Cessnock banks* †
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
And siller buckles glancin; . . *S. The Ploughman* †

Glare.
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art: *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.

Glass. Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin . . . *Halloween. 28.*
My face was but the keekin' glass
And there ye saw your picture. . *In Defence of a Lady.*
Each man a glass in hand; . . . *John Barleycorn.*
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses. . . . *Poem on Life.*
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass or jug. . . . *Scotch Drink.*
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . . . . *Ib. 17.*
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The Brigs of Ayr, 11.
To social-flowing glasses . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn. . *There's nacthing like* †
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses. . . . *To a Lady.*
An honest man may like a glass, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Glaum'd [grasped at].
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Gleam.
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; *Tam o' Shanter. S.*
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Why am I loth †
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Gleam, *to.*
Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar; *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Gleam'd. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Gleaming.
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; *S. Streams that glide* †
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, . . *The Lament, 9.*

Glebe [a piece or portion of anything].
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †

Gled [a hawk, a kite].
Or I had fed an Athole Gled, ... *S. Killiecrankie.*
Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled,
The Election Ballads. IV.

Glee. See Social life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking. *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.*
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee; . . . *Nature's Law.*
a dainty chiel, An' fou o' glee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Except good-sense and social glee, *On dining with Daer.*
But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee. . . *Scotch Drink. 5.*
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Set aff wi' *allegretto* glee His *giga Solo.*
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee,
To Terraughty.

Gleede [a live-coal; a blaze].
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †

Gleesome.
Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
Wi' gleesome touch! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 8.*
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome spied, . *Tam Samson's El..*
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, *The Fête Champetre*
Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Gleg [sharp, keen, quick, acute, clever, adroit].
But gleg as light are lovers' een, . *S. O this is no my ain* †
But he was gleg as onie wumble, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, *Tam Samson's El., Per C..*
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.
The Election Ballads. III.
Till faith, wee Davnck's turn'd sae gleg, . *The Inventory*
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle! *There's naethin like* †
Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Glen.
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, *Auld Comrade dear* †
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? [*re.*] . *S. Tam Glen.*

Glen. And the distant-echoing glens reply. . . *A Vision.*
And now we're dern'd in glens and hallows,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
In lanely glens ye like to stray; . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
S. Afton Water.
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the linthwhite sing.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The shepherd in the flowery glen, . . *S. Behold, my love,* †
And blythe in Glenturit glen. . . *S. Blythe was she,* †
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost. *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
Gin a body meet a body
Comin thru' the glen; . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
A burn was clear, a glen was green, . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, *El. on Capt. M. H. 4.*
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
As thro' the glen it wimpl't; . . . . *Halloween. 25.*
Here is the glen, and here the bower, . *S. Here is the glen* †
And down in yonder glen, O; . . *Katherine Jafray.*
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I wander dowie up the glen; . *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Convoy'd me through the glen. . *S. My heart was ance* †
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man:
The Fête Champetre.
O'er moor's and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
S. The heather was blooming †
Within the glen sae bushy, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen; *The Vision. D. I. S.*
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
S. Their groves of †
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
The flower and pride of a' the glen; *S. There was a lass* †
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
His gear may buy him glens and knowes, *S. To daunton me.*
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw; . . . *To W. Creech.*
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, *S. When o'er the hill* †
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee, ... *Ib.*
At noon the fisher seeks the glen, ... *Ib.*
At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported; . *S. When wild War's* †
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
Wr. in Kennore Inn.
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves. . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Glenbuck.
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Glencaird.
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's man? *The Fête Champetre.*

Glencairn.
Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], *The Ordination. 8.*
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . *V.s. below Picture.*

Glenconnor.
How's a' the folks about Gl-nc—r; *Auld comrade dear†*

Glengarry.
But hear, my Lord! G— hear! . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Glenken.
Frae the Glenken came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed; . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Glenriddel.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; *The Whistle. 6.*
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; . . . *Ib. 7.*
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies, . *Ib. 8.*
To the hoard of Glenriddel our heroes repair, . *Ib. 10.*
worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, . . *Ib. 15.*

Glenturit.
And blythe in Glenturit glen. . . . *S. Blythe was she,†*

Glib-gabbet [having a glib tongue].
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' Graham; *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 13.*

Glib-tongu'd. O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A[ike]n, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*

Glide. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, *S. Afton Water.*
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide. *S. Again rejoic. Nature†*
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. . . *S. Hark! the mavis†*
That glides, a silver dart, . *S. Now Spring has clad†*
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my Willie's bride; . *S. O Logan! sweetly†*
Streams that glide in orient plains, *S. Streams that glide†*
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.*
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . *To W. Simpson.*

Glimmer. Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Glimmering. When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink, *Adam A—s Prayer.*
When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,
Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . *As on the banks†*
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray. . . *S. Farewell, dear mistress†*
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Glimpse.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! *Auld comrade dear†*

Glintan [glancing, gleaming],
The rising sun, owr Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan; . . *The Holy Fair.*

Glinted [glanced, flashed; peeped out].
It was na sae ye [hours] glinted by { *S. How lang and dreary†*
When I was wi' my dearie. { . . *When I think on†*
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Glisten. . . . Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens on the pale moonbeam, . . *On Lincluden.*

Glistened.
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened; *Monody, on a Lady.*

Glitter. The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter, *The Fête Champetre.*
In silks an' scarlets glitter; . . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
And glitter o'er the crystal streams, . *S. Young Peggy†*

Glitter'd. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; *Halloween. 25.*

Glittering, -'ring.
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, *A Winter Night. 7.*
The glittering spears are ranked ready, *S. My bonie Mary.*
And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; . *Ib. 11.*
The village glittering in the noontide beam *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Gloaming, -in [the evening twilight].
Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . *S. Scenes of woe†*
For now it was the gloamin -. *S. The Taylor he cam†*
I'd see my jo Beside me gain the gloaming. *S. The tither morn†*
An' darker gloamin brought the night: *The Twa Dogs. 35.*
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, *To J. S., 14.*
Gi'e me the hour of gloamin grey, *S. When o'er the hill†*

Gloamin-shote [a twilight interval which workmen within doors take before using lights].
At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
I lighted on the Monday; . . . *S. Had I the wyte†*

Globe. Or were I monarch o' the globe, *S. O wert thou in the†*
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, *S. The day returns†*
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command: . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*

Gloom. Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul, *S. Again rejoicing Nature†*
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, *S. Slow spreads the gloom†*
Or Cnifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
And not a Wish to gild the gloom! . . *The Lament.*

Gloom, *to* [look sullen and displeased, to frown].
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom; *S. Comin thro' the rye.*
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.*

Gloom-inspiring. O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Gloomy. And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet! *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, *S. Farewell, thou fair day†*
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! [*re.*] *S. Gloomy December.*
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave. *Lament on leaving Nat. Land.*
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . *S. Raving winds†*
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile. . . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st†*
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, *S. The gloomy night†*
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow bent gloomy melancholy, . . *The Hermit.*

Glorious. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, *A Dream. 13.*
His soul was like the glorious sun, . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
But for the glorious priviledge
Of being independent. . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
O Mandate, glorious and divine! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 16.*
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light. . . . . *Ib. 16.*
She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my happy, glorious day: *S. Farewell, dear mistress†*
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! *S. Farewell, thou fair day†*
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, *Fragment of Ode.*
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise; . *S. It is the charming†*
Thy glorious, youthful prime! *Man was made to Mourn.*
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares. *S. No Churchman am I†*
O glorious magnanimity of soul! . . *Remorse. A Frag..*
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem, . . *Scotch Drink. 2.*
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell! *Scots Prologue.*
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory. . . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e†*
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*

Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
The glorious Architect Divine ! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
The rising sun, owre Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan ; . . *The Holy Fair.*
Liberty's a glorious feast ! . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command ; [v.A.4] . *The Vision*
" Before I surrender so glorious a prize, . *The Whistle.*
And then, O what a glorious sight, . . *To a Haggis.*
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
To R. G. of F., 5.
(O Ferguson ! thy glorious parts,
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts ! . . *To W. Simpson. 4.*
Where glorious Wallace Aft bure the gree, . . *Ib. 10.*
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dy'd ! . . . . *Ib. 11.*

Gloriously.

And gloriously she'll whang her [Heresy]
Wi' pith this day. . . *The Ordination. 3*

Glory. In all its crimson glory spread, *S. A Rose-bud by* †
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story, . *Auld comrade dear* †
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run : *S. Caledonia. 6.*
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory. . . . *S. Deluded swain* †
And Port was celestial glory. *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
Glory, Honour, now invite, . . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory, . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
An' a' the glory shall be thine, Amen, Amen. . *Ib. 10.*
And winter once rejoic'd in glory.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Tho' glory's name may screen us ; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.*
That thou might'st greater glory give
Unto thine own anointed. . . . *New Psalmody.*
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.
S. No Churchman am I †
His that ioverted glory. . . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, *On Window at Stirling.*
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. *Scots Prologue.*
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart ; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
But, had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Fareweel our ancient glory ; . . . . *S. The Union.*
But glory is the sodger's prize, . *S. When wild War's* †

Glory, *to.*

Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain. *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Glossy.

Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Glow. the friendly glow, And softer flame ; *A Bard's Epit.*
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
For her bosom burns with hooour's glow,
S. The Highland Lassie.
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow ;
The Vision. D. II. 19.
Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part ; . . . *To Chloris.*

Glow, *to.* No longer glows with holy stain, . *On Lincluden.*
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Glowing.

But can they melt the glowing heart, *S. By Allan stream* †
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.
Prologue, at Th., D..
Glowing here on golden sands, . *S. Streams that glide* †
My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] *The Vision.*
Glowing dawn of brighter day, . . . *To a Kiss.*
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Glowr [a broad stare].

When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glowr,
Far south the lift, . . *A Winter Night. 1.*
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, *On dining with Daer.*
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Glowr, *to* **[look intensely or watchfully, stare].**

Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, *S. Blythe hae I been* †
The rising moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †

Glowr'd [looked, looked earnestly, stared].

I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, . . *Ib. 16.*
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht, *The Vision. D. I. 8.*

Glowring, -in, -an [looking earnestly, staring].

Glowrin a' the hills aboon, . . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen. . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Ye ugly glow'rin spectre ? . . *In Defence of a Lady.*
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition.. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
He mutters, glowring at the bitches, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en' ; . . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . *The Death of Mailie.*
The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
The Petition of Br. Water.
But Homer like the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Glum. our ramgunshoch, glum goodman *S. Had I the wyte* †

Glunch [a look of displeasure or prohibition].

Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain, . . *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Glunch, *to* **[to look sour, to pout].**

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Glut.

To glut that direst foe—a vengeful woman : *Scots Prologue.*

Gnash.

To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin lake, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*

Gnaw.

But some day ye may gnaw your nails, . . *A Dream. 10.*
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ; *Add. to Toothache.*
" The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, *As on the banks* †
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Gnawing. And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance ; *Add. to Toothache.*
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt
Remorse. A Frag..

Go. Go on, my Lord ! I lang to meet you, *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy? [*re.*] *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go [*re.*]
S. Come, boat me o'er.
Go, find an honest fellow ; . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
Thus goes he on from day to day, ... *Ib. 29.*
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
El. on Capt. M. H., 16.
I'll go and be a sodger. [*re.*] . . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
Go frighten the coward and slave !
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant !
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
From thee, Eliza, I must go, . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
An' for the kiln she goes then, . . . *Halloween. 11.*
Will ye go wi' me Grannie? . . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Go, for yoursel procure renown, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
And o'er the flowery mead she goes, *S. It was the charming* †
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
S. John Anderson †
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me; . *S. Leezie Lindsay.*
Round and round the seasons go: . . *S. Let not woman* †
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie. . . . . *Ib.*
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, *S. My heart was ance* †
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. [*re.*]
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
'Go on, ye human race! . . . . . *Nature's Law.*
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, *S. O gude ale comes* †
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven. . . *Ib.*
Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Cruel charmer, can you go! [*re.*] . *S. Stay, my charmer* †
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I'll give—and here they go. . . . *Symon Gray* †
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie, *Tam Samson's El., Per C..*
O mount and go, Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go, And he the Captain's Lady;
S. The Capt.'s Lady.
To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it. . . *Ib.*
Go bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go bid him lay his laurels down, . *S. The capt. Ribband.*
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
I for thy sake must go! . . . . . *The Farewell.*
"Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair
"We will get famous laughin . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Then in we go to see the show, ... *Ib. 8.*
An' go wi' me an' be my dear; . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes; . . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
This poor man was seen to go early to work,
The Poor Thresher.
And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go; . . . *Ib.*
But then my wife and children dear,
O whither would they go? *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden: *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',
S. There grows a bonie †
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar? [*re.*]
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker. . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [*re.*] . *S. To Mary.*
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
To R. G. of F., 9.
Again in Folly's path might go astray; *Why am I loth* †
Will ye go and marry Katie? . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Goat. Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19].
Poor Mailie's El..

Goavan [looking with roving eyes; staring in a dazed, helpless kind of way].
When idly goavan whyles we saunter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*
When goavan, as if led wi' branks, *On dining with Daer.*

God. "God save the King" 's a cukoo sang
That's unco easy said ay: . . . . *A Dream. 2.*
For me, thank God, my life's a lease, ... *Ib. 6.*
God bless you a'! . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
We bless thee, God of nature wide, *A Grace before Dinner.*
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God. . . *A Winter Night. 11.*
Till God knows what may be effected, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Ask why God made the gem so small,
While huge he made the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it. [v.A.27] *Ask why God made* †
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. *Auld comrade dear* †
Who will not sing, God save the king.
Shall hang as high's the steeple; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load.
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
The Lord their God, his Grace.
Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
As e'er God with his Image blest, . . *Epit. on a Friend.*
But G-d confound their stubborn face,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A[ike]n, . . *Ib. 14.*
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
God bless the king And the companie! *S. Landlady, count* †
"By G-d I'll not be seen behint them, . *Lns to J. Ranken.*
Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth, *O thou dread Pow'r* †
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
On Death of R. Dundas.
And Harley rouses all the god in man.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
Scots Prologue.
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, . . *Ib. 18.*
God bless your Honors, a' your days, . . . *Ib. 24.*
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco Calf! . . . . . *The Calf.*
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
How Abram was the Friend of God on high: . *Ib. 14.*
'An honest man's the noblest work of God:' . *Ib. 19.*
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, . . *Ib. 21.*
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
But with hnmility and awe
Still walks before his God. . . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, ... *Ib.*
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, . *The Hermit.*
And when I die, Let me in this belief expire,—
To God I fly. . . . *Ib.*
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him, . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*
See, up he's got the word o' G—, . . . *Ib. 16.*
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
The Whistle. 8.
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day! *Ib. 18.*
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, . *To Mr. Renton.*
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
To Rev. J. M'Math.
"O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
"With talents passing most of my compeers, *Tragic Frag..*
To murder men, and gie God thanks! . *V. on Nat. Thanks.*
God won't accept your thanks for murther! . . . *Ib.*
I tremble to approach an angry God, . *Why am I loth* †

Goddess.
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . *To R. Graham.*

Godhead. And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.
S. Caledonia.
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
El. on Miss Burnet.

Godlike. But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Godly.
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ; . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
There's monie godly folks are thinkin, . . *Ep. to J. R. 1.*
priests ? those seeming godly wisemen :
Lns on Window, K.s Arms.
Nay been hitch-fou 'mang godly priests, *On dining with Daer.*
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saints,
By thee inspir'd, . . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town ;
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers : . *Ib.*
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
like a godly, elect hairn, ... *The Ordination. 8.*
O a' ye pious godly flocks, . . . *The Twa Herds.*

God-sake !
But, G–d-sake ! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your honie Barges An' Boats . *A Dream. 7.*

Godship.
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face : . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea. *The Whistle. 4.*

Goest.
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart : *S. Behold the hour* †

Gold.
I've ta'en the gold an' been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron ; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
But English gold has been our bane . . *S. The Union.*
We're bought and sold for English gold . . . *Ib.*
For a' his gold and white monie, . . *S. To daunton me.*
Then take what gold could never buy
An honest Bard's esteem. . . . *To John M'Murdo.*
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
For gold the merchant ploughs the main, . . . *Ib.*

Gold-bubbling.
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
S. Their groves of †

Golden.
Here wealth still swells the golden tide, *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
Thou golden time o' youthful prime, *S. But lately seen,* †
Dame Fortune's golden smile, . *Ep. to young Friend. 7.*
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ; . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Glowing here on golden sands, . *S. Streams that glide* †
But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ; . . . *To J. M'Murdo.*
But, oh ! [ye maggots] respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. . . . *The Book-Worms.*
mantling high she fills the golden cup. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
The golden hours, on angel wings,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Gone. Behind the throne then Gr–nv–ll's gone, *A Fragment. 8.*
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: *S. Gloomy December.*
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
The forms of ages long gone by . . . *On Lincluden.*
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
On Death of fav. Child.
The injured Stuart line is gone, *On Window at Stirling.*
"Another year is gone for ever." *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
And gone I know not whither : *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And, must I think it ! is she gone, . . *The Lament.*
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone ! . . . . *To J. S., 10.*

Good. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, *A Fragment.*
No other plea I have, But, Thou art good ;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.
S. Caledonia.
Good claret set before thee : . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare, *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Nature well pleas'd pronounced it very good ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ? *Ib. 5.*
Who in his life did little good, . *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Good L—d, what is man ! . *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil. *Ib.*
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. *Impromptu.*
All mounted in good order. . . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
It's [the future's] good or ill untried. O ;
S. My father was a farmer †
And show what good men are. . *O Thou dread Pow'r*
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good. . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
On Death of fav. Child.
From aught that's good exempt. *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill. . . *Poem on Life.*
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
I come to wish you all a good new year ! *Prologue at Th., D..*
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find. . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I've read it o'er and o'er, ... *Symon Gray* †
What Whig but wails the good Sir James,
The Election Ballads. VI.
For why ? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care : . . . *The Hermit.*
By my good luck a lass I met, *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
The Whistle.
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ; *Tragic Frag..*
To light and joy the good restore, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Good bye.
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good bye, allegiance ! . *S. Husband, husband* †

Good fallow, Good fellow.
But a club of good fellows, like those that are there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.
S. No Churchman am I †
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw ;
The Whistle. 6.
But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Goodman.
our ramgunshoch, glum goodman . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Good-morrow.
when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Good-natur'd.
Or my good-natur'd folly, O ; *S. My father was a farmer* †

Goodness.
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent : . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Goodness still Delighteth to forgive.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Thy goodness constantly we prove, *Grace after Dinner.*
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit..
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. . *The Dean of Fac..*
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
To Capt. Riddel.
And to his goodness I commend ye. . *To Mr. Renton.*
For boons accorded, goodness ever new, *To R. Graham.*
"O injured God ! Thy goodness has endow'd me
"With talents passing most of my compeers, *Tragic Frag..*
Keep His Goodness still in view,
Thy trust—and thy example too. *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Good-sense.
Except good-sense and social glee, *On dining with Daer.*
Good sense and taste are natives here at home :
Prologue, at Th., D..

Goodwife. Early next morning the goodwife arose,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Good will.
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley : . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Goos [goose].
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and a whittle. *S. Robin shure in hairst.*

Goose, Jamy [Mr. Young, Cumnock].
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
The Kirk's Alarm. 10.

Goose-quill.
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
To Capt. Riddel.

Gor-cock [the red game, red-cock, or moor-cock].
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
S. My Lord a-hunting †

Gordon.
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's Line. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
The banks by Castle Gordon. [*re.*] *S. Streams that glide* †
And Gordon the battle to win! *The Election Ballads. III.*

Gore. 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick ; *Add. to Toothache.*
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore : *Auld comrade dear* †
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore. . *S. Caledonia.*
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, *The Vision. D. II. 15.*

Gory. Or mad Ambition's gory hand, *A Winter Night. 7.*
The flutt'ring, gory pinion ! . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory. . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †

Gos [the gos-hawk or falcon].
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Gospel.
held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, *A Fragment. 6.*
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan : . . *Auld comrade* †
And there will be lads o' the gospel, *The Election Ballads. III.*
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . . . *Ordination. 6.*
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
Or nobly fling the gospel club, ... *Ib. 8.*
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, ... *Ib. 10.*
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken. . *Ib.*

Gossamour.
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
The Brigs of Ayr.

Gossip.
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
The gossip keekit in his loof, . . *S. There was a lad* †

Got, Gotten.
She's got mischief enough already ; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather
S. Cock up your beaver.
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . *El. on Year 1788.*
The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ; . . . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
Your brunstane devilship I see
Has got him there before ye ; . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
For few sic feasts you've gotten ; . . . *For W. Nicol.*
But by that health, I've got a share o't,
Friend of the poet †, *P.S.*
Twa o' them were gotten When Johny was awa.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, ... *Halloween. 14.*
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller.
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
John Barleycorn got up again, . . *John Barleycorn.*
If Venus yet had got his nose off ; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ; . . . . *Ib.*
But now she's got an unco ripple, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [*re.*]
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Now I've gotten wife and bairns, . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
My Pegasus I'm got astride, . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks : *Scots Prologue.*
Tam had got planted unco right ; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :
The Belles of Mauchline.
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
And our gudewife has gotten a ca', *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn ; . . . *Ib.*
Vet simple Bob the victory got, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
See, up he's got the word o' G—, . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*
The Regiment at large for a husband I got ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
But he has gotten to our grief,
Ane to succeed him, *The Twa Herds. 13.*
But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got ; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
" I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, . . *Ib.*
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it, . . . *To a Louse.*
She's [Coila's] gotten Bardies o' her ain, *To W. Simpson.*

Goth. The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Gothic. Each Gothic ornament display. . *On Lincluden.*
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face : *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you. . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;
The Rights of Woman.
The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . *The Vowels.*

Gotten *v.* **Got.**

Goud *v.* **Gowd.**

Goudie. O Goudie ! terror of the Whigs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Gouk, Andro [Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton ; *v.* Gowk].
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye ;
The Kirk's Alarm. 12.

Gout.
An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, . *Scotch Drink. 17.*
In vain the Gout his aucles fetters ; *Tam Samson's El. 9.*

Governor.
O Thou, Great Governor of all below ! . *Why am I loth* †

Gowan [the common or mountain-daisy].
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
' His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white an' bonie, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.*
And pu'd the gowans fine ; *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen ;
S. Their groves of †

Gowany [abounding with wild daisies].
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Gowd, Goud [gold].
L—d, I'se hae sportin hy an' by,
For my gowd guinea ; . *El. on J. R. 11.*
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
S. Here's a health to them †
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy : . *S. In simmer when* †
My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, . *S. My Sandy gied to* †
Whats a' the joys that gowd can gi'e ? . . *S. O Phely,* †
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share. *The Election Ballads. I.*
The man's the gowd for a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
There's auld Rob M. †
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, . . *To W. Creech.*
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd, *S. When wild War's* †

Gowden [golden].

And gowden flowers sae rare upon't ; *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden ; *S. Wantonness for ever* †
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Gowdie, heels o'er [topsy-turvy].

Soon heel's o'er gowdie ! in he gangs, . . *Poem on Life.*

Gowdspink [the goldfinch].

The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Gowff'd [did strike, as the club strikes the ball in the game of golf].

But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x. and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, . . *A Fragment. 9.*

Gowk [a dolt]. Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride ! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, . . *To W. Creech.*

Gowling [howling].

Misfortune's gowling bark, . . . *A Ded. to G.H., 14.*

Gown. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing, O' Saunts ; *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
Black gowns of each denomination, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown ; *S. No Churchman am I* †
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.*
My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Gowrie. Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores, *S. Yon wild mossy mountains* †

Grace.

Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, *Add. to Illegit. Child*
Summer with a matron grace . *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.*
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, . . . *Ib.*
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. . *Auld comrade* †
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine ; . . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Duncan was a lad o' grace, . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
havins, sense an' grace, . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*
who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . . . *Fragment.*
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.*
To show thy grace is great an' ample ; . . . *Ib. 5.*
That I for gear and grace may shine, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you ;
Monody, on a Lady.
Her native grace so void of art ; . . *S. My Mary's face* †
It wants to me the witching grace, *S. O this is no my ain* †
In grace and beauty charming ; *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace ?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
The graces of her weelfar'd face, . *S. On Cessnock banks* †
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, . . . *Ib.*
in its native air And rural grace ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place.)
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace : *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart ! . . *Ib. 17.*
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. *Ib. 18.*
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. . *The Dean of Fac..*

And spak wi' modest grace, . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
Led on the Loves and Graces ; . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses !" *The Petition of Br. Water.*
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace ; . . *The Inventory.*
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . *The Ordination, 6.*
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ; *The Vision. D.I. 10.*
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, And polish'd grace. . *Ib. 15.*
And careful note each op'ning grace, . . *Ib. D. II. 10.*
In *arioso* trills and graces Ye never stray, . *To J. S., 27.*
Loves and graces all rejected, . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace ; . *To W. Creech.*
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
S. True hearted was he †
All grace does round her hover, . *S. When first I saw* †
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Grace [prayer before meat].

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
A Ded. to G. H., 9.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother, . . *The Holy Fair. 24.*
Sma' need has he to say a grace, ... *Ib. 25.*
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm. . . . *To a Haggis.*
As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. *To J. S., 24.*
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Grace [title of king, duke, archbishop].

Because ye're sirnam'd like His Grace, *A Ded. to G. H., 1.*
So, nae reflection on Your Grace, . . . *A Dream. 3.*
The Lord their God, his Grace.
Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace ?
On Duke of Queensberry.
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie ; . *S. The Laddies by* †

Grace, *to.*

That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood. *Ep. to Major Logan. 13.*
"To grace this damn'd infernal clan." *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
And grace the hand. *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
Some grace the maiden's artless smile ; . . . . *Ib. 9.*
But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ; . . . *To John M'Murdo.*

Graced, -'d.

Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches ! . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them ; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Graceful, -fu'.

An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride *A Guid New-year* † *6.*
I see thee graceful, straight and tall, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
But for a modest, graceful mien,
Her like I never saw. . . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Her fautless form and graceful air ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs
Were twisted, graceful, round her brows, *The Vision. D.I. 9.*

Gracious. Look down with gracious eyes ; *Nature's Law.*
The landlady and Tam grew gracious, *Tam o' Shanter.*
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ; . . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Graceless.

staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. *The Death of Maillie.*
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, *The Ordination. 4.*

Grace-proud.

Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ; . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Graff [a grave].
Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
But your green graff, now Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure. . . . *S. Gat ye me* †

Graham.
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' Graham; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Will generous G***** list to his Poets wail? *To R. G. of F..*

Grain. Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
S. Now westlin winds †
Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain! . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
When yellow waves the heavy grain, *The Vision. D. II. S.*
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Grain'd [groaned]. The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
Kind Sir, I've read †

Graip [a dung-fork with three or four prongs].
The graip he for a harrow taks, . . . *Halloween. 18.*

Graith [accoutrements, implements, harness, dress, furniture].
Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, . *A Fragment. 8.*
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. *S. Duncan Davison.*
Tho' I should pawn my plough an' graith,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, *Scotch Drink. 10.*
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, *Tam Samson's El. 8.*
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, *The Holy Fair. 7.*
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, . . *The Inventory.*

Grammar.
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.*
deep-read in hell's black grammar, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
But oh! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a';
To W. Creech.
In days when mankind were but callans,
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, *To W. Simpson. P.S..*

Grand. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa'; . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*
May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
To hold our grand procession; . . *To a Medical Gent.*
The grand criterion of his fate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Grandchild. That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Grandeur.
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur: *S. Come, let me take* †
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight, . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Grandison.
Your Fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, . *O leave novels* †

Grandsire.
Her grandsire, old Odin, ... *S. Caledonia.*

Grane [groan].
a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle; . *Halloween, 19.*
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . *The Twa Dogs, 29.*

Grane, *to* **[to groan].**
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, *Tam Samson's El..*

Granite.
Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite? [v.A.27] *Ask why God made* †

Grannie, Graunie [grandmother].
I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say. . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, ... *Ib. 6.*
Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
'Will ye go wi' me Graunie? . . . *Halloween. 13.*
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie. *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
My Grannie she bought me a beuk, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Grant. I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want; *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! . *Auld comrade* †
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. *Epig. on —.*
Still grant us with such store;
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; *Grace after Dinner.*
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
I grant him [wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
Lns on Windows Gl. Tav.
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Wi' them wha grant them:
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
please To grant my highest wishes, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
The Kirk's Alarm.
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay routh o' rhymes. . . *To J. S., 21.*
'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection: . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt; . . *To Mr. Renton.*
(Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . *Winter.*

Granted.
But whether granted or denied,
Lord bless us with content! . *A Grace before Dinner.*
We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Grape [to grope].
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . *Halloween.*

Graped, Grapet [groped].
He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,
Extem. in Court of Session.
An' darklins grapet for the banks, . . . *Halloween. 11.*

Grapple.
Auld orthodoxy lang did grapple, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Grapple-airn [grappling-iron].
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn, . . *A Dream. 13.*

Grasp.
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, *Lns on Fergusson.*
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

Grasp, *to.* The slender bit beanty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly: *S. Now westlin winds* †

Grasped.
Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace! *To Ruin.*

Grass. O tread ye lightly on his grass, . . *Epit. on Wag.*
The lav'rock lo'es the grass, . . *S. O gie my love brose* †
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Grass-green.
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling. . *S. Blythe hae I been* †

Grassy. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, *A Bard's Epit..*
At dawn when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head, *El. on Capt. M. H. 6.*
Out o'er the grassy lea: . . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Lns while on Deathbed.

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock, ... *The Calf.*
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form : . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Grat [wept].
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin', . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, . *S. The tither morn* †
And grat to see it thrive, man ; . *The Tree of Liberty*

Grate. An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug, *Scotch Drink.*
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Grateful, -fu'. With grateful lifted eyes, *Epit. on a Laird.*
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore. . . *Grace after Dinner.*
So gratefu', back your news I send you, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
With grateful pride we own your many favours :
Prologue, at Th., D..
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
as grateful nations oft have found . . . . . *Ib.*
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks ! . . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us : *Scots Prologue.*
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return ? *The Election Ballads. III.*
A grateful, warm adieu ! . . . . . *The Farewell.*
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, *The Vision. D. II. 16.*
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r
Gie her a Haggis ! . . . *To a Haggis.*
The pray'r still, you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. *To Miss Graham.*
O ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer ! *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawly ; *To W. Simpson.*

Gratefully. And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee. *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And gratefully my gude auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Grating.
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear :
Sonnet, on Death of R.

Gratis.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. *The Dean of Fac..*

Gratitude. The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you ; *To Miss Ferrier.*

Graunie *v.* **Grannie.**

Grave, *adj.*
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear :
Monody, on a Lady.
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
Prologue at Th., D..
What makes the youth sae hashfu' and sae grave ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
And there sae grave, Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done ; . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, *The Vowels.*
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, . . *To J. S., 26.*
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ; . . *Ib. 28.*
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Grave, *s.*
thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. *A Bard's Epit.*
An' views beyond the grave comfort him. *Auld comrade* †
That passest by this grave, . *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
That the worms ev'n d—d him
When laid in his grave. . . *Epit. on Walter S—.*
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave !
S. O merry hae I been †
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
On Death of fav. Child.
" My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! "
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave. . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Wha can fill a coward's grave ? . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
And Sportsmen wander hy yon grave, *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
A handsome grave does hide her ; *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Their graves are growing green to see ; *S. The lovely lass* †
How welcome to me were the grave ! *S. The sun he is sunk* †
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
You save fair Jessie from the grave !
An angel could not die. . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
O yield me now a peaceful grave, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Grave, *to.*
Grave these counsels on thy soul. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Grav'd. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy Libertie ! . . . *A Vision.*

Gravels.
May Gravels round his blather wrench, *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Graver. A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Gravissimo. But *gravissimo*, solemn basses,
Ye hum away. *To J. S., 27.*

Gray, Grey. dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A bonie gray :
A Guid New-year † *2.*
Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas', *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon, . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
bending down with auld grey hairs, *Auld comrade dear* †
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey ;
S. By yon castle wa' †
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, . *S. Donald Brodie* †
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
Extem. on W. Smellie.
O ! why has Worth so short a date ?
While villains ripen grey with time ! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
through your ruins, hoar and grey, . . *On Lincluden.*
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Till hairns' hairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen ! . *S. Tam Glen.*
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ; . . . *Ib. 11.*
But left behind her ain gray tail : . . . . *Ib. 18.*
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head, *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
The Brigs of Ayr.
though his locks be lyart gray, . . *S. The cardin o't.*
Her ancient weed was russet gray, *The Election Ballads. I.*
The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, [*re.*] . . *Ib. V.*
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ; . *S. The Honest Man.*
The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
S. The Posie
And misty mountain, gray ; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, *The Twa Herds, 14.*
My auld grey head had lien in clay, . . *S. The Union*
As plump an' gray as onie grozet : . . . *To a Louse.*
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray ; . . *To W. Simpson.*
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Gray. Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, [*re.*] *S. Duncan Gray.*
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, . *S. Duncan Gray cam'* †
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray ;)
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Symon Gray You're dull to day. [*re.*] . . *Symon Gray* †
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
Warm on the heart. *The Vision. D. II. 19.*

Gray-beard, Grey-beard.
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
To W. Simpson. P.S..
The grey-beard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Lns, on Windows Globe Tav.

Gray-hair'd.
Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray hair'd carl. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*

Great. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid ; *A Ded. to G. H.*
My fealty an' subjection This great Birth-day. *A Dream, S.*
O Thou great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know : . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ; *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse. . . . *Ib. 11.*
As built on the base of the great Revolution ;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
And some great lies were never penn'd :
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] . . *Ib.*
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light ;
Ec. on Capt. M. H., 14.
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state ! . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Matthew was a great man. . . . . *Ib. Epit..*
The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
Is, doubtless, great distress ! . . . *Ep. to Davie, 3.*
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest : . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
'On pain o' hell he rich an' great,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.*
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, ... *Ib. 15.*
When nature her great master-piece designed,
Ep. to R. Graham.
Attach'd him to the generous truly great, . . . *Ib. 4.*
To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith ;
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, . . *Fragment.*
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
Fragment of Ode.
Great cause ye hae to fear it ; . . . *Halloween. 14.*
And ev'ry time great care is taen,
To see them duely changed : . . . . . *Ib. 27.*
Picture o' the great Clanronald ; . . . *S. Hee balou* †
To show thy grace is great an' ample ;
Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma' ; [v.A.11] . . . . *Ib.*
Three kings both great and high, . . *John Barleycorn.*
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland ! . . . . . *Ib.*
thou, the noble, generous, great, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan ? . . *S. Let not woman* †
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Yet think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest. . *Man was made to mourn.*
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy [Death's] blow, *Ib. 11.*
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O ;
S. My father was a farmer †
Great Nature spoke with air benign, . *Nature's Law.*
And lo ! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion ! . . . . . *Ib.*
That Young Man great in Issachar, . *New Psalmody.*
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Once great in martial story ! . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, *On dining with Daer.*
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
Prologue at Th., D..
For genius, learning high, as great in war
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? *Tam Samson's El..*
Scotland an' me's in great affliction.
S. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
Speak out an' never fash your thumb, ... *Ib. 5.*
The great Argyle led on his files, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
The Brigs of Ayr.
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk. . . . . *The Calf.*
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *The Contented Cottager.*
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command. . . . . *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*
O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great unhappy Wallace' heart ; . *Ib.*
So may they like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers : *The Death of Mailie.*
A house of great merit and note ; *The Election Ballads, III.*
Great love I bear to all the Fair, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,
The Poor Thresher.
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ; . . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
the great genius of this Land, . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
Sir Abece the great, ... *The Vowels.*
The son of great Loda was conqueror still, *The Whistle.*
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, . . *Ib.*
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', *S. There was a lad* †
Great Chieftain o' the Puddin-race ! . . *To a Haggis.*
By your dear self !—the last great oath I swear, *To Clarinda.*
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection. . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
O Thou, Great Governor of all below ! . *Why am I loth* †

Great-folk.
Mann please the Great-folk for a wamefou ; *A Ded. to G. H. 2.*
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Let great folks hear and see. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
There's some great folk set light by me,
I set as light by them ; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Sure great-folk's life's a life o' pleasure ? *The Twa Dogs. 27.*

Greater. That thou might'st greater glory give
Unto thine own anointed. *New Psalmody.*
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Greatest.
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
S. Here's to thy health, †
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race ! . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Greatly.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*

Greatness. While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Lns on Fergusson.
While empty greatness saves a worthless name !
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Grecian. And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place ? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Gree [the pre-eminence ; the reward, prize ; "bear the gree," have the victory, carry off the prize].
O' a' the num'rous human dools, - - -
Thou bear'st the gree. . *Add. to Toothache.*
They carry the gree frae them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Alas the day, and wo the day,
A false usurper won the gree, *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ! *S. The Honest Man.*
Aft hure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. . *To W. Simpson.*

Gree [to agree].
To try to get the twa to gree, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Greece.
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, *Scots Prologue.*

Greed. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
S. As I was a wand'ring †
she never brak a fence, Thro' thievish greed.
Poor Mailie's El..
Eels weel kend for souple tail,
And Geds for greed, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Greedy.
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . *The Holy Fair. S.*
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish ; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Greek.
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, *Auld comrade dear* †
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.*
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . *To J. S., S.*

Greekish.
Learning, with his Greekish face, . . *The Ordination. 11.*

Green. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
S. A Rosebud by my †
Unfolds her [Spring's] tender mantle green,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [re.]
S. Afton Water.
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear, . *Ib.*
How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below, . *Ib.*
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Behold, my love, how green the groves, *S. Behold, my love* †
But lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day, . . *S. But lately seen* †
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard,
S. By yon castle wa' †
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn : *Caledonia.*
A burn was clear, a glen was green, . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*
briers an' woodbines budding green, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure. . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Green grow the rashes, O ; . *S. Green grow the rashes.*
An' Stuff was unco green ; . . . . *Halloween. 15.*
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair ;
S. How pleasant the banks †
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies, . . *Ib.*
And by yon garden green again ; . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, *S. In simmer when* †
Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree, . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, . *Ib.*
And a green grassy hillock hides his head ;
Lns while on Deathbed.
My stem was fair, my bud was green, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
S. My heart's in the Highl. †
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ; . *Ib.*
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ; *S. Now rosy May* †
A green turf on your head, gudeman, *S. O gin ye were dead.*
How pure, amang the leaves sae green ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree ; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
With flow'rs sa white and leaves so green,
S. On Cessnock banks †
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
That roars between her gardens green
And the bonie Lass of Albany. *The bonie Lass of Albany.*
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, *S. The Catrine woods* †
Their graves are growing green to see ;
S. The lovely lass of In. †
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
S. The Posie.
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
S. The small birds rejoice †
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. . *Ib.*
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green, . *The Vision. D. I.*
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade. . . . *Ib. D. II. 20.*
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
S. Their groves of †
Aa' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green! . . . *To a Mouse.*
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
S. To Mary in Heaven.
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
S. Twas even—the dewy †
While corn grows green in summer showers,
S. Where Cart rins †
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, . . . *Ib.*
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, . . . *Ib.*
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †

Green, *s.*
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green. . *S. Blythe was she* †
Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
S. Now bank and brae †
Now spring has clad the grove in green,
S. Now Spring has clad †
I see thee dancing o'er the green, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green ; . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,
S. There grows a bonie †

Green-spreading.
Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
S. Adown winding Nith †

Green-wood. Except where green-wood echoes rang
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Greener.
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie ; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Greenish.
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, *The Vision, D. I., 12.*

Greenfield.
T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace ; . *To W. Creech.*

Greenland. O had my fate been Greenland snows,
S. Now Spring has clad †

Greenock.
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Greet [agreed]. Come, gies your hand, an sae we're gree t ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook, II.

Greet. And in my House at Hame to greet you !
Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
I'll often greet this surging swell ; *S. Behold the hour* †
To meet with, and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
And as a brother kindly greet : *S. How can my poor heart* †
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
Lns on Back of Bank Note.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his [King George's] eldest son.
The Election Ballads. I.
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet. . . *The Vision. D. II.*
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East. *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
That lov'st to greet the early morn, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Greet [to shed tears, weep].
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard,
S. By yon castle wa' †
I sit me down and greet my fill, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, *Tam Samson's El..*
God bless your Honors can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And bairns greet for them when they're dead.
The Death of Mailie,
That I might greet, that I might cry, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Greeting, -in, -an [weeping].

I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †

Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken, . *Ib.*

I think on my bonie lad,
And I bleer my een wi greetin. . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*

Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] *Poor Mailie's El..*

Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
'Tam Samson's dead!' *Tam Samson's El. 9.*

Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Wi' girnan spite, . *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Gregory. worthy G[regor]y's latin face, *To W. Creech.*

Grenville.

Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, *A Fragment. S.*

Grew.

The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ; *S. Caledonia.*

whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.

Straight the sky grew black and daring ; *S. I dream'd I lay* †

And he grew thick and strong, . . *John Barleycorn.*

When he grew wan and pale ; . . . . . *Ib.*

And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew ;
S. Lady Mary Ann.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious, *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: . . *Ib. 12.*

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

But soon grew weary o' the trade, *The Tree of Liberty.*

And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
The Whistle.

An' backlins-comin' to the leuk,
She grew mair bright. *To W. Simpson. P.S..*

Grey *v.* **Gray. Grey-beard** *v.* **Gray-beard. Grey-breaking.**

The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Greys, the. And can we forget the auld Major,
Who'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
The Election Ballads. III.

Grief.

Misery's another word for Grief: . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
Despondency, an Ode.

You, hustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ; . . . . . *Ib. 2.*

In grief thy sallow mantle tear ; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*

I tell nae common tale o' grief, ... *Ib. Epit.*

And not a muse in honest grief bewail. *El. on Miss Burnet.*

That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care : . . *Ib.*

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*

Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover ; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

'Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more. . . . . *S. Had I a cave* †

Nought but griefs with me remain. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

And lust, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay ; . *Lament for Glencairn.*

At Varico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. . *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*

Fell source of a' my woe and grief ;
Lns on Back of Bank Note.

Its joys and griefs alike resign. . *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †

The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. . *S. O Lassie art thou* †

Of speechless grief, and dark despair ;
S. O stay, sweet warbling †

Where Philomel, - - Her griefs will tell!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, . . *S. Raving winds* †

An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*

An' minds his griefs no more. . . . . *Ib.*

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, *S. Sweet Ja's the eve* †

Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, . . *The Hermit.*

And many griefs attended ; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, . . *The Lament.*

The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow ; . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo ; *S. The sun he is sunk* †

But he has gotten to our grief,
Ane to succeed him, *The Twa Herds. 13.*

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy! . . . *To a Mouse.*

Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain, ... *To Ruin.*

Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . *To Terraughty.*

Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', . . *To W. Creech.*

but grief and care In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *V.s, under Grief.*

As fill'd his after life wi' grief . . *What ails ye now* †

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
S. Where are the joys †

My griefs it [the Tempest] seems to join ; . . *Winter.*

Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Grief-inspired. To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
On Death of R. Dundas.

Grief-worn.

Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave. . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

Grien [to long for, desire ardently].

That griens for the fishes and loaves.
The Election Ballads. III.

Grieve [an overseer].

Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gailies ; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Grieve, *to.* And muckle they [mankind] may grieve ye :
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me ; *S. Here's to thy health,* †

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him? . *S. One fond kiss,* †

Well you know how much you grieve me :
S. Stay, my charmer †

And at its fortune if you grieve—
Retrieve its doom and take its place. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

But tho' his little heart did grieve, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves. . . *To J. S., 16.*

Grieved. To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given *On Poet's Daughter.*

Grievin.

When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ; *Scotch Drink. 5.*

Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin' : *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Tell ev'ry social, honest hillie
To cease his grievin, *Tam Samson's El., Per C..*

Grim, Grizel.

Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*

Grim. in his [Want's] grim advances, *A. Ded. to G. H., 16.*

Think on the dungeon's grim confine, . *A Winter Night. 9.*

Auld, grim, black-hearded Geordie's sel, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*

Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, ... *Ib. 9.*

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel, . *Add. to Toothache.*

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

Thou grim king of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket,
Friend of the poet, † *P.S.*

Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
Lament of Mary of Scots.

See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
On Death of R. Dundas.

The tyrant Death, with grim control, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.
Sonnet, on Death of R..

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

that grim foe of life below, . . *S. The day returns* †

A carline stoor and grim, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd . . . . *Ib. VI.*
grim Nature's visage hoar, . . *The Vision. D. II. 13.*
So grim, deform'd, ... *The Vowels.*
thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, . . . *To Ruin.*
And grim, surly winter is near? . *S. Where are the joys* †

Grimly. And surly winter grimly flies; . *S. Bonie Bell.*

Grim-rising.
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*

Grimace.
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, . . *Sketch.*
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Grin. Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love. . *Sketch.*

Grin, *to.* And fretful envy grins in vain
The poisoned tooth to fasten. *S. Young Peggy* †

Grin'd. Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd
The Election Ballads. VI.

Grind. To grind them in the mire! *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Grip. See stern Oppression's iron grip, . *A Winter Night. 7.*
Masons' mystic word an' grip, . *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a'; . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
Wi' fainness grat, While in his grips he press'd me.
S. The tither morn †
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Grip, *to.*
But where ye feel your Honor grip,
Let that ay be your border: . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

Grippet. He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . *Halloween. 6.*

Grissle [gristle]. As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 22.

Grist. But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
Gat grist to her mill. . *S. Could is the c'enin* †

Grit [great].
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' grit an' sma', . *Holy Willie's Prayer, 11.*

Grizel.
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*

Grizzie [*dim. of* **Griselda**].
Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie.
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.

Grizzly. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Groan.
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! . . . *Ib. 10.*
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan. . . *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan! . *Add. to Toothache.*
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: . . *Auld comrade* †
Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder. *Epig. on E. s Martial.*
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover: . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [*pr.*]
S. One fond kiss, †
Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
The Kirk's Alarm.
And does she heedless hear my groan? . . *The Lament.*
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover. . . . *S. The last time I* †
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Groan, *to.* Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
On Death of R. Dundas.
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan. . . . *To J. S., 19.*

Groaning.
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine; . . *Friend of the poet* †
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
There, groaning, dying, she did ly, *The Death of Maillie.*
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! *The Vowels.*
The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
The groaning trencher there ye fill, . . *To a Haggis.*

Groanin maut [groaning malt, ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after a childbirth].
O wha will buy the groanin maut? *S. O wha my baby-clouts* †

Groat [a silver coin equal to 4d.; a small sum; "get the whistle of one's groat," play a losing game].
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin!' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
So gat the whissle o' my groat, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 9.*
He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,
By gallow's knaves? *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.*
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
Gie me the groat again, cany young man, *S. The Taylor fell* †
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; . . *To J. S., 6.*

Groom. The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
S. O ken ye what, Meg †

Grope. And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Grose. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Gross. The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Grot. Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace *The Hermit.*

Ground. Ere we permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward. . . . *On Miss J. Scott.*
But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Poet Add. to Tytler.
Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
The Election Ballads. VI.
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man: *The Fête Champetre.*
But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! *The Vowels.*
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground;
To R. G. of F..

Grousome, Grusome [horribly grim].
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome Carlin; . . *Halloween. 23.*
Death, that grusome carl, . . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

Grouse, Grouss, Grous.
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Grove.
Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
S. Adown winding Nith †
Behold, my love, how green the groves, *S. Behold, my love* †
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be! *S. Behold the hour* †
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
S. By Allan stream †
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
In vain ye flaunt in Summer's pride, ye groves;
El. on Miss Burnet.
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer, . . *S. Here is the glen* †
Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
S. Now Spring has clad †
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, *S. Now westlin winds* †

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irvine-side, ... *S. O mirk, mirk* †
"O Willy, ay I bless the grove
"Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love.
S. Saw ye my Phely.
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon. *S. Streams that glide* †
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves : . . . *Ib. S.*
Thro' faded groves Maria sang, *S. The Catrine Woods* †
Wh-re- hunting among groves o' myrtles : *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Through many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4]
The Vision. D. I.
And joy and music pouring forth, In ev'ry grove, *Ib. D. II. 14.*
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
S. Their groves of †
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ; *S There was a lass* †
Can I forget the hallow'd grove, . *To Mary in Heaven.*

Groveling.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Grow.
They made our lugs grow eerie ; O *S. Amang the trees* †
And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
By Ochtertyre grows the aik, . . . *S. Blythe was she* †
Ca' them whare the heather grows, . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Green grow the rashes, O ; . *S. Green grow the rashes.*
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
The little floweret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows, . . *S. Now spring has clad* †
"So in my tender bosom grows,
"The love I bear my Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa'! *S. O were my love* †
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, *S. Of a' the airts* †
That grows the cowslip braes between, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Unto these rosy lips to grow : . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.
So, may his flock increase an' grow *The Death of Maillie.*
That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ; . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade. . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
As gude as e'er did grow ; . . *S. The weary Pund.*
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,
S. There grows a bonie brier †
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, . . *To Mary*
at times when I grow crouse, . . *What ails ye now* †
While corn grows green in summer showers,
S. Where Cart rins †
As thy day grows warm and high, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Growing, -in. My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.
And future ages hear his growing fame.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And ay the ale was growing better : . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Their graves are growing green to see ;
S. The lovely lass of In. †

Growl. Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17.
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Growler.
The langest thong, the fiercest growler *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Grown.
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking : . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,
I pray an' ponder butt the house, . *Auld comrade dear* †
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
"On earth I am a stranger grown ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
To preach an' read? . *Tam Samson's El..*
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
Is grown right eerie now she's done it, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, *S. Will ye go and marry* †
But now, alas ! ye're dowie grown, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Grozet [a gooseberry].
As plump an' gray as onie grozet : . . . *To a Louse.*

Grub. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit, . . *A Bard's Epit.*

Grudge.
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 8.
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent] ?
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

Grumble. O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.

Grumbled.
And late or early never grumbled? . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Grumbling.
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure. *To W. Simpson. 16.*

Grumphie [the sow].
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night? . . *Halloween. 20.*

Grun [ground].
An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', . . *Ep. to J. R. 7.*
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*

Grunstane [grindstone].
And haud their [the poor's] noses to the grunstane ;
A Ded. to G. H. 8.

Grunt.
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
if I haud on, I'll grunt a real Gospel groan : *Auld comrade* †
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, *Tam Samson's El..*
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty ; . . *The Ordination. 11.*

Grunted.
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai! The Vowels.*

Gruntle [the snout, visage; a grunting sound].
a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle ; . *Halloween. 19.*
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain, . . *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Grunzie [the mouth].
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Grushie [thick, of thriving growth].
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ; *The Twa Dogs. 17.*

Grusome *v.* **Grousome.**

Grutten [*past part.* of greet ; wept].
Embro' wells are grutten dry. . . *El. on Year 1758.*

Guard. But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, *The Holy Fair. 17.*
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard. *The Vision. D. II. 10.*
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Guard, *to.*
Powers celestial whose protection
Ever guard the virtuous fair, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Protect and guard the mother plant, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
To guard, or draw, or wick a hore, *Tam Samson's El. 5.*
I mean your ingleside to guard
Ae winter night. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell,
To R. G. of F..
Guard, wherever thou canst guard, *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Guardian.

May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell ; *Auld comrade dear †*
Guardian angels ! O protect her, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward !)
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
These be thy guardian and reward ; . *To a yng Lady.*
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves. . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Gude [God].

Gude pity me, because I'm little, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
But gude preserve us frae the gallows, ... *Ib.*
Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 17.
Gude keep thee frae a tether string ! . *Death of Mailie.*
I've sturdy bearers, Gude he thankit. . *The Inventory.*

Gude, Guid [good].

To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, *A Ded. to G. H., 1.*
The Poet, some guid Angel help him, ... *Ib. 3.*
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, . . *A Dream. 14.*
he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, *A Fragment.*
To mak it guid in law, man. . . . . *Ib. 9.*
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie ! *A Gude New-Year †*
On guid March-weather, ... *Ib. 11.*
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky ;
I wish her sale for her gude ale. *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †*
scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 1.*
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, *Auld comrade dear †*
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller : . . . . . *Ib.*
Ye'll do nae gude at a'. . . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.
S. Contented wi' little †
for twa guid gimmer-pets . *Death and Dr. Hornbook, 27.*
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man ;
Ep. on Capt. M. H., Fpit.
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess! . . . . *Ep. to Davie, 6.*
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift !
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13.
Guid L—d! but she was quaukin ! . . . *Halloween, 12.*
And thretty gude shillins and three ;
A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
S. Her Daddie forbad †
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
S. Here's a health to them †
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee ! *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Of gude advisement comes nae ill. . *S. In simmer when †*
That's the tocher gude I prize, . . . *S. Jockey fou †*
And pray, a' gude things may attend you !
Kind Sir, I've read †
her tenpund lands o' tocher gude *S. My Lord a-hunting †*
I hae a gude braid sword, ... *S. Nachody.*
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, . *S. O gude ale comes †*
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
May a' that's gude watch o'er them : *S. O May thy morn †*
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Sitting at yon board-en',
And amang guid compauie ; *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Ronalds of Bennals.
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, . . . *Ib.*
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
O thou, my Muse, guid, auld Scotch Drink ! . . *Ib. 2.*

But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; *Scots Prologue.*
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen. . . *S. Scroggam.*
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
S. Shld auld acquaintce †
My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten : . *S. Tam Glen.*
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ; *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
That ance were plush, n' gude blue hair, . . *Ib. 13.*
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Bocannock's, . . *Ib. 20.*
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch, . . *Ib. 21.*
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
The Brigs o' Ayr. 8.
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
An' ay was guid to me an' mine ; . *The Death of Mailie.*
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, ... *Ib.*
Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true ;
The Election Ballads, III.
And also Barskimmin's gude knight ; . . . . *Ib.*
Wha will buy my troggin, Gude election ware ; . *Ib. IV.*
In guid time comes an antidote . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*
My Lan' afore's a gude auld *has been*, . . *The Inventory.*
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. *The Jolly Beggars, S. III.*
An' guid Claymore down by his side, . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
My dearest bluid to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that. . . *Ib. S. VII.*
A gude blue bannet on his head, . *S. The Ploughman †*
There's few sae honie, nane sae gude, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Maks high and low gude friends, man ; *The Tree of Liberty.*
For Britain's guid his saul indentin . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it. . . *Ib. 22.*
For Britain's guid ! for her destruction ! . . *Ib. 24.*
And guid M'[Mat]h, . . . *The Twa Herds. 17*
Had I to guid advice but harket, . *The Vision, D. I. 5.*
As gude as e'er did graw ; . . . *S. The weary pund.*
Gude news I've to tell, . . . *S. There's news, lasses †*
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane ; . *Ib.*
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather honie ;
Third Ep. to J. Lap.
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, . . *To a Haggis.*
my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. *To Dr. Blacklock.*
To try my fate in guid, black prent ; . . *To J. S., 7.*
A' gude things may attend you ! . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
to gude, warm kail, ... *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;
To W. Simpson. 18.
Guid observation they will gie them ; . . . *Ib. P.S.*
Willie was a wahster gude, . . . *S. Willie Wastle †*

Gude day.

"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben ; . *S. Tam Glen.*
And ilka ane at London court
Would bid to him gude day. . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening].

'Guid-een,' quo' I ; 'Friend ! hae ye been mawin,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.
Gudeen to you Kimmer, . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †*
And bade gudeen to me, jo. . . *S. O wat ye what my †*
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, truly].

. . . Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
S. O ay my wife she dang.
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that ! . *S. The Honest Man.*
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it. *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The honie lasses lie aspar, . . *S. There was a lad †*

Gude fellow, Guid fallow, Guid fellow.
Will's a true guid fallow's get, . . . *A Dream. 7.*
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape, . *Poor Mailie's El.*
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
S. There's auld Rob. M. †

Gude humour.
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
S. Contented wi' little, †

Gude fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
S. Contented wi' little, †

Gude luck, Guid luck.
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! *A Farewell.*
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk. *Friend of the poet,* † *P.S.*
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'! *S. Here's a health to them* †

Gudeman, Guidman [the master of a house, a husband].
Young-Gnidmen, fond, keen, an' croose; *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
The auld guidman raught down the pock. *Halloween. 17.*
But I will mak o' my gudeman,
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. . *S. John, come kiss.*
O an ye were dead, gudeman,
A green turf on your head, gudeman, [*re.*]
S. O gin ye were dead.
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman. . . . . *Ib.*
An' I shall bang your hide, gudeman. . . . . *Ib.*
And our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn; . . . . *Ib.*
For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin; . . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman,
For me may sink or swim; . . . . . *Ib.*
The auld gudeman o' London court,
His back's been at the wa'; . . . . . *Ib.*
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother, . . *The Holy Fair. 24.*
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums. . . . *To a Haggis.*

Gude night.
Gude night and joy be wi' thee: *S. Here's to thy health* †
And mony bade the warld gude night;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I said 'Gude night,' and cam awa', *What ails ye now* †

Gudes [goods, merchandise].
It's thought the gudes were stown. *The Election Ballads. IV.*
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, . . *The Inventory.*

Gude-sake [God-sake].
He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Gudewife, Guidwife [the mistress of a house; a landlady].
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Then guidwife coont the lawin, . . *S. Gane is the day* †
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits . . *Halloween. 7.*
When our gudewife's frae hame, *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, . . *S. Scroggam.*
And our gudewife has gotten a ca', *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . *The Holy Fair. 24.*

Gude will, Guid will.
Wi' as gude will
As a' the priests had seen me get thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neebour's blude to spill;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will; *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Guess.
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard; *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*

Guess, *to.*
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the dear rolling ee; *S. Here's a health to ane* †
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a';
The Belles of Mauchline.
Would I could guess, I do profess, *S. The Joyful Widower.*
An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! *To a Mouse.*

Guessed. How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
Kind Sir, I've read †
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, *The Fête Champetre.*

Guest. No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
Extem., to Mr. S.

Guid *v.* **Gude.**

Guide. And if it please thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent; *A Grace before Dinner.*
The friend of age, and guide of youth: *Epit. on a Friend.*
A guide, a buckler, an' example . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*
But by the brutes themselves elekit,
To be their guide. . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard. *The Vision, D. II. 10.*
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Guide, *to.*
I maun guide it [my penny-fee] cannie, *S. Behind yon hills* †
No other light shall guide my steps
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Guide Thou their steps alway. . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like *Scots Prologue.*
'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it. . *What ails ye now* †

Guided.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided, *The Twa Dogs. 16.*

Guidin.
The Johnstone's hae the guidin o't, *S. The Laddies by* †

Guid-een *v.* **Gudeen.**

Guid faith *v.* **Gude faith,**

Guid fallow, Guid fellow *v.* **Gude fellow.**

Guidfather [father-in-law].
Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; *A Guid New-year* † *4.*

Guid luck *v.* **Gude luck.**

Guidman *v.* **Gudeman.**

Guid-mornin [good morning].
Guid-mornin to your Majesty! . . . *A Dream.*

Guidness [goodness].
Till aft his guidness is abus'd; . . *A Ded. to G. H. 5.*

Guid speed [God-speed].
Guid speed an' furder to you Johnnie, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Guidwife *v.* **Gudewife.**

Guid will *v.* **Gude will.**

Guilford. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, *A Fragment.*
Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*

Guile. The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
What force or guile could not subdue, . . *S. The Union.*
Our sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charged perhaps too true; *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*

Guileful. As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Guileless. The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust, *To a Mountain-daisy.*

Guilt. Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! *A Winter Night. 9.*
To Care, to Guilt unknown! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . . . *Ib.*
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. *Remorse. A Frag..*
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; . . *Ib.*
But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
No thought of guilt my bosom sours; . . *The Hermit.*
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, ... *Ib.*
For guilt for guilt, my terrors are in arms; *Why am I loth* †

Guilt-bespotted.
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

Guiltless.
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Guilty. Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, *Scots Prologue.*
Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The Brigs of Ayr.
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Nor learns their guilty lore! . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Unknown each guilty worldly fire. . . *The Hermit.*
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover. . . . *S. The last time I* †
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
To Clarinda.
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you. . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*

Guinea. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The nice yellow guineas for me. *S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft* †
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea; . *Ep. to J. R. 11.*
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, *S. The Honest Man.*

Guise. They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Guittar.
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Gules.
The magna charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Gulravage [a noisy good-humoured frolic, a tumult, great disorder].
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
To pass the time, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Gully, -ie [a large knife].
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
'See, there's a gully!' *Death and Dr. Hornbook, 9.*
Or lang-kail gullie. . . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, *Tam Samson's El., Per C.*

Gum.
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; *Add. to Tooth-ache.*
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnie' lake, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*

Gumlie [muddy].
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Gumption [common-sense; understanding, talent].
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her, . *Letter to J. Gondie.*

Gun. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Gnid Christian bluid to draw, man; *A Fragment. 3.*
To cast my een up like a Pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er, . *Auld comrade* †
I gaed a-rovin wi' the gun, ... *Ep. to J. R. 7.*
But by my gun, o' guns the wale, ... *Ib. 10.*
Stop! there he is as sure's a gun, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber! . . *Nature's Law.*
Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather; *S. Now westlin winds* †
Their gun's a burden on their shoother;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Gunpowder.
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair, *The Election Ballads. III.*

Gurgling.
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill. . . *The Lament. 2.*
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Gushing.
through the tender-gushing tear, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
Trenching your gushing entrails bright . . *To a Haggis.*

Gust.
Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! *A Winter Night. 7.*
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, *The Answ. to the Guidwife.*

Gusty. Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night! *To W. Simpson. 14.*

Gusty [tasteful, savoury].
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker! . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*

Gutcher [gudsher, gud-schir, gud-syr, Gude-syre, *i.e.*, a grandfather].
Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

Gutty [fat, paunchy].
'Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Guts.
Or some curmurring in his guts. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*

Gutscraper [a fiddler].
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gutscraper; *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Gutters.
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springan owre the gutters. . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Guzzling.
Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*

Gypsy [*v. also*, Gipsy].
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Ha' [hall]. Was kept at Boston-ha', man; *A Fragment. 3.*
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly, lighted ha'; . . . *S. Behold, my love,* †
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
S. O Mary, at the window †
An exile frae her father's ha', . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
As the finest dame in castle or ha', *S. O when she came ben* †
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
And the dames danced in the ha'; *S. The last braw bridal* †
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',
S. There grows a bonie †
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'. . . . *Ib.*
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
S. There's a youth †
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'. . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Ha'-Bible [the large family Bible which lay in the hall or common room].
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

Ha' folk [the folk of the hall, kitchen, or common room; the servants].
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Hack.
He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.
To R. G. of F., 4.

Hacked, -'d. Sir Loin he hacked sma', *A Fragment. 3.*
They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Ha'd *v.* **Haud.**

Haddin [holding, inheritance]
An he get na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets na justice ava. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Hae [*impera.*, have, take, here!].
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: *A Guid New-Year* †
Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Hae, *to* [to have].
For prayin I hae little skill o't; . *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it, ... *A Dream, 15.*
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!' . *A Fragment. S.*
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie *A Guid New-year* †
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, . . *Ib. 12.*
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; . . . *Ib. 14.*
An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake. . *Add. to the Deil. 21.*

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ; *Add. to the Unco Guid.*
They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty ; *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill, . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
And every man shall hae his ain, *S. Carl, an the king come.*
But pleasure they hae nane for me *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. . . *El. on Year 1788.*
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend, 3.*
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
ne'er fash your head, Tho' we hae little gear, *Ep. to Davie, 2.*
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast, ... *Ib. 5.*
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean! . . . *Ep. to Davie, 8.*
An' hae to Learning nae pretence, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow, ... *Ib. 15.*
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, ... *Ib. 18.*
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, . . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare, ... *Ib. 5.*
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing ! . . . . *Ib. 6.*
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea ; . . . *Ib. 11.*
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
" First learn to live without it! "
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
To whom hae much, shall yet be given, . . . *Ib.*
How mony bairns hae ye ?
Quo' Kimmer, I hae five. . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
Great cause ye hae to fear it; . . . *Halloween. 14.*
Nae time hae I to tarry. . . . *S. Here's to thy health* †
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, ... *Ib.*
Hey ca' thro' ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado, . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing ;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring. . . . . *Ib.*
It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, . *S. In simmer when* †
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ; . . . . *Ib.*
Content and love bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne ? . . . *Ib.*
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, *Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Where happy I hae been ; . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
But thought I might hae waur offers, *S. Last May a braw* †
I hae a wife o' my ain, ... *S. Naebody.*
I hae a penny to spend, ... *Ib.*
I hae naething to lend, ... *Ib.*
I hae a gude braid sword, ... *Ib.*
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me. *S. O meikle thinks my love* †
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
Because ye hae the name o' clink, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, ... *Ib.*
But I hae ane will take my part, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus, . . *Poem on Life.*
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had. . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, . . . *Ib.*
We twa ha'e run about the braes, [*re.*]
S. Shld auld acquaintnce †
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him ; [*re.*] . *S. The auld man* †
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him! *S The Cooper o' cuddy* †
For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, *The Election Ballads, I.*
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, . . . *Ib. II.*
"The nearest friend ye hae ; *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Or lasses that hae naething ! . . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, . . . *The Inventory.*
I ha'e nae wife ; and that my bliss is, ... *Ib.*
But what will ye hae of a fool? *The Jolly Beggars, S. III.*
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.
The Kirk's Alarm, 12.
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, . *Ib. 13.*
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, *S. The Laddies by* †
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at St. Johnston, . *S. The Ploughman* †
I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking : . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat, . . *The Selkirk Grace.*
I see how folk live that hae riches ; . *The Twa Dogs. 14.*
An ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them, . . . *Ib. 29*
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', . *There was a lad* †
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, ... *Ib.*
I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane ; *S. There's news, lasses* †
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur, *S. Tibbie Dunbar.*
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ; *To Dr. Blacklock.*
I hae na ony fear. . . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef . . . *To J. S. 1.*
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time . . . . *Ib. 4.*
I hae been in for't ance or twice, . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
Losh man ! hae mercy wi' your natch, *What ails ye now* †
This ae thing I hae to tell, *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Ye hae lien wrang, lassie . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, ... *Ib.*

Haen [had].

There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him ;
S. There's a youth †

Haerse [hoarse].

An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit ; . . *El. on Year 1788.*
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse!
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Haet [the least thing].

D—n'd haet they'll kill ! . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt. . . . . *Ib. 17.*
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and a whittle. *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
The devil haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think. . *Second Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ; *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy ; . . . *Ib. 30.*

Ha'f *v.* **Hauf.**

Haffet [the side of the head, the temple].

Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ; . *To a Louse.*

Hafflins, Hafflins-wise [partly, nearly half].

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times *The Holy Fair. 17.*

Haff-shackl'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent,
El. on Year 1788.

Hag. Warlocks grim, and wither'd Hags, *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Hag, Hagg [a scar or gulf in mosses or moors].

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, *Tam Samson's El. 10.*
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack ; *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Haggard-wild.

Fancy, chief, Reigns, haggard wild, in sore affright :
The Lament.

Haggis [a dish made of sheep's heart, liver, and lungs minced with suet, onions, oatmeal, &c., and boiled and served in a sheep's stomach].

And eaten like a wether haggis? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis ! . . . *To a Haggis.*
But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, ... *Ib.*

Hague. To Hague or Calais takes a waft, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Ha ha.
Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, *S. Amang the trees* †
Ha, ha the girdin o't ; [*re.*] . . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ; [*re.*] . . *S. Duncan Gray* †

Hail, *adj., v.* **Hale.**

Hail. The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain ;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
An' by my pouther an' my hail, . . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
And hail and rain does blaw ; . . . . . *Winter.*

Hail ! Hale ! Hail, Majesty most Excellent ! *A Dream. 9.*
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, . . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie ! *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
Hail, Poesie ! thou Nymph reserv'd !
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear ! *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . *S. Raving Winds* †
All hail ! inexorable lord ! . . . . . *To Ruin.*
All hail, Religion ! maid divine ! . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Hail, *to.*
With open arms the Stranger hail ; *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
Yon distant isle will often hail ; . *S. Behold the hour* †
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ; [*re.*]
S. Gloomy December.
The dewy star of eve to hail. . . *S. Here is the glen,* †
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe : *S. It was the charming* †
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
S. My Nanie's awa.
or hail the chearful dawn, . *On seeing wounded Hare.*
Nay, Bobby's mouth may he open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him, . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Hail'd.
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, *A Winter Night. 10.*

Hailing.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Hailstanes [hail-stones].
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Hain [to spare, save].
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain. . *To W. Simpson.*

Hainch [haunch].
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Hain'd, -'t [spared, saved].
I'll flit thy tether To some hain'd rig, *A Guid New-Year* † *18.*
Sic hauns as you snd ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Hair. Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Was on her bosom straw'd so, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Bending down with auld grey hairs, . *Auld comrade* †
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair. . . *S. Behold, my love* †
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair ! *Blest be M'Murdo* †
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
Will make thy hair [erect], tho' erst from gipsy polled,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and ay. . *Friend of the poet.* † *P.S.*
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie : . . . *Halloween. 19.*
And hoary was his hair. . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
S. No Churchman am I †
Her yellow hair, beyond compare, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
But fient a hair care I. . . . . *S. O Tibbie* †
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, .
S. On Cessnock banks †
Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. 11.*
For de'il a hair I roose him. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Till hairns' hairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, . . *Ib. 13.*
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair ! *The Death o' Mailie.*
while I kittle hair on thairms . . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, *The Twa Dogs. 2.*
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. *S. There's a youth* †

Hairst, Har'st [harvest].
I'll har'sts, daft hargains, cutty stools, *Add. to Toothache.*
Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, . . . *Halloween. 15.*
Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him ; . . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Till on that hairst I said before, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Hairum-scairum [hair-brained, unsteady].
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . . *To J. S., 28.*

Hairy. Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ; . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Haith [a petty oath, faith !]
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again ! . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
Haith lad ye little ken about it ; . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Haivérs [idle talk, nonsense].
With clavers and haivers
Wearing the time awa' ; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Hal.
Than 'twixt Hal and Boh for the famous joh *The Dean of Fac..*
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy, ... *Ib.*

Hal', Hald [an abiding place, hold, possession].
An' brak him out o' house an' hal', *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
But either house or hal' ? . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
And my last hald of earth is gane : *Lament for Glencairn.*
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald, . . . *To a Mouse.*

Hale ! *v.* **Hail !**

Hale, Hail, Heal [whole, entire, uninjured, sound, vigorous, healthy].
Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier : . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,
The hale affair. . . *Ep. to J. R., 8.*
Hale be your heart ! Hale be your fiddle ! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hail design. . . *Friend of the poet* †
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way : . . . . . *Ib. P.S.*
Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Ae spring brought off her master hale, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Farewell then, lang hale then, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Sae hale and hearty every shank, . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
And saw gin they were sick or hale
At the first sight. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Guid health, hale han's an' weather bonie ;
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ? *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Just now we're living sound an' hale ; . . *To J. S., 11.*
' While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale, . . . *Ib. 24.*

Hale-breeks [breeches without holes].
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence an' a bannock ; *Auld comrade* †
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . *Scotch Drink. 21.*

Halesome, Healsome [wholesome].
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man ; . *The Tree of Liberty.*
The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Half. Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, . . *Ib. 5.*

Half-wauken'd wi' the din, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of them e'er went quite right,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
She'll no be half sae saucy yet. . *S. My love she's but* †
So Nelly startling half awake,
Away affrighted springs. . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer. . . *On Lincluden.*
Now half your din of tuneless sound,
With Echo silent lies. . . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Now half-extinct your powers of song, ... *Ib.*
That's half sae welcome's thou art. . *On W. Stewart.*
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
Prologue at Th., D..
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. *S. The day returns* †
The half asleep start up wi' fear, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Wi' half my channel dry: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
A hizzie's the half of my Craft: *The Jolly Beggars, S. III.*
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
Is a' th' amount. . . *The Vision. D. I. 5.*
The infant aith, half-form'd was crush't; . . . *Ib. 8.*
Till half a leg was scrimply seen; . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . *To Clarinda.*
gi'en the body half an e'e, . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
And half an idiot too, more helpless still. *To R. G. of F., 3.*
I see thy life is stuff o' prief
Scarce quite half worn. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Half-a-crown.

Half-a-crown a piece
Will pay for their fleece, ... *Johnny Peep.*

Half-hour.

When in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*

Half-lang [half grown, short].

Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The Brigs of Ayr.

Half-mile.

A lang half-mile she could descry him; *Poor Mailie's El..*

Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;
To R. G. of F., 6.

Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride
The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside. . . *The Hermit.*

Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door].

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en'; . . *S. O That I had ne'er* †
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
That 'yont the hallan sougly chows her cood;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow].

And tirl the hallions to the birsies: . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Hallowed, -'d.

Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! *Liberty.*
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Can I forget that hallow'd grove, . *S. To Mary in Heaven.*

Halloween [All Hallows' or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.].

To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween. . . . *Halloween. 2.*
'An' just on Halloween
'It [the Kirn] fell that night. . . *Ib. 15.*
The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Hallowmas [All Saints' Day, 1st Nov.].

Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,
S. I'm o'er young to marry †
'Twas on a Hallowmas day, . *S. The last braw bridal* †
As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, . . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

Halt.

Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt: *Kind Sir, I've read* †
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon: . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*

Halter.

To him that wintles in a halter: . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Haly [holy].

His haly lips wad licket at her. . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . *S. Duncan Davison.*
My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; *S. Gane is the day* †
To note upon the haly table, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.
The Kirk's Alarm. 10.

Ham.

How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, *The Ordination. 4.*

Ham. Now Robio, greetin', chows the hams
O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] *Poor Mailie's El..*

Hame [home].

When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: *A Guid New-year* † *6.*
And in my House at Hame to greet you! *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
An' tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame. [re.]
S. By yon castle wa' †
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.*
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Bring our Banish'd hame again; *S. Frae the friends* †
We're a' noddin at our house at hame.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her? . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And bring hame a Carlisle cow. . . . *S. Hee balou,* †
Syne to the Highlands hame to me. . . . . *Ib.*
For whare'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
At hame I faught my Auotie, O; . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
our merry lads at hame, . . . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.]
S. Lass, when yr mither †
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame. . . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
But soon wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes! . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
By night, by day, a field, at hame, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
And send him safe hame to his babie and me.
S. O whare did ye get †
She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, *S. O Willie brew'd* †
And a' my tears be tears of joy,
When he comes hame that's far awa.
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Ye're welcome hame to me! . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
She winna come hame to her Willy. *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
Will hauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . *Scots Prologue.*
At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, ... *Ib. 6.*
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
To do some errands, and convoy her hame. . . . *Ib. 7.*

To stay content wi' yowes at hame; *The Death of Mailie.*
To send a lad to London town
To bring them tidings hame.
Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there, . *The Election Ballads. I.*
But I will send to London town
Whom I like best at hame. . . . . *Ib.*
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright . . *Ib. 12.*
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, . . *Ib. 26.*
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, *The Inventory.*
My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, *S. The Ploughman* †
And wished they'd been at hame, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, *The Twa Dogs.*
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin Friday; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
S. Wandering Willie.
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander. . . *S. When wild War's* †
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, . . . *Ib.*

Hamely [homely].

But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie. . *A Guid New-year* †*5.*
In hamely, westlin jingle. . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
What tho' on hamely fare we dine, *S. The Honest Man.*
Our humble cot, and hamely fare, . *S. When wild War's* †

Hameward [homeward].

A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The weary shearer's hameward way,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Hamilton.

Till H[amilton]'s, at least a diz'n,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu! . . . . *The Farewell.*

Hamlet, start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Hammer. The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
Ye'd bettter ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin hammers. . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.*
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, *S. O merry hae I been* †
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Sic clumsy-witted hammers, . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Hammer'd.

He in the parlour hammer'd. . . *On dining with Daer.*

Hammock.

So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the sea. *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Han', Haun' [hand].

Hae [aft] turn'd sax rood beside our han',
A Guid New-year †*11.*
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. . . . . *Ib.*
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . *The Death of Mailie.*
An' taks me by the han's, ... *The Holy Fair. 4.*
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, . . *The Inventory.*
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, . . . *Ib.*
Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Hancocke.

Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Hand. On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be, *A Ded. to G. H., 4.*
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. . *Ib. 16.*
Wi' sword in hand, before his band, . *A Fragment. 2.*
Or mad Ambition's gory hand, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The captive hands may chain the hands,
But powerful Love enslaves the man:
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
With linked hands we took the sands, *S. As I gaed up by* †
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, *Blest be M'Murdo* †
'Come, gies your hand, and sae we're gree't;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
For never but by British hands,
Maun British wrangs be righted. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Donald wi' his Highland hand,
Rifled ilka charm about her. . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
And deal from iron hands the spare repast; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
But come, your hand, my careless brither,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
I know my need, I know thy giving hand, *Ep. to R. Grahant. 5.*
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Untie these bands from off my hands,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
By cruel hands the sapling drops, *S. Fate gave the word,* †
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Holy Willie's Prayer.
when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
S. John Anderson, †
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, *Ib.*
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances: . . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
And ane to wait on every hand, . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there, is Beauty's blossom! . . . *Nature's Law.*
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver. . . . *New Psalmody.*
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
For Love has bound me, hand and foot, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
And swear on thy white hand, lass, . *S. O lay thy loof* †
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
Unscathed by ruffian hand! . . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
On Window at Stirling.
O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, *Scots Prologue.*
And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine; . *S. Shld auld acquaintce* †
The Deil had business on his hand. . *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd, . . . *Ib. 11.*
Each in its cauld hand held a light. . . . *Ib. 11.*
Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
wayward fortune's adverse hand . *S. The Banks of Nith*
Their left-hand General had nae skill;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
Or in his en'mies hands, man: . . . . . *Ib.*
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
The Brigs of Ayr.
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead, . . *Ib. 4.*
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! *Ib. 12.*
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; *Ib. 13.*
On ilka hand the burnies trot, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

The iron hand that breaks our hand,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! *S. The day returns* †
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands.
The Election Ballads. IV.
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons, . . *Ib. VI.*
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place! *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand, ... *Ib.*
She has my heart, she has my hand, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
On this hand sits an Elect swatch, . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, . . . *Ib. R. V.*
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, . . . *Ib.*
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
And grace the hand. *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, *The Vowels.*
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light, . . *To J. S., 12.*
And plight me your lily-white hand; . . . *To Mary.*
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, *To W. Simpson, P.S..*
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire. . . . *V.s below Picture.*
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, . *What ails ye now* †
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . *S. When wild War's* †
But to my heart I'll add my hand, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Hand, *to.*

And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on. [v. A. 4]. *The Vision. D. I.*

Han'-daurk [hand labour].

An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep. *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Hand-cuff'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shakl'd Regent,
El. on Year 1788.

Handed.

The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round with right guid will; *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Handfu'. An' out a handfu' gied him; . . *Halloween. 17.*

Handle.

In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Handless.

But wha wad keep the handless coof, *S. O can ye labour lea* †

Handsome. I'll love my handsome Nell. *S. Handsome Nell.*
And handsome ilka bit about her. . . *S. I met a lass* †
She is a handsome wee thing, *S. My love's a winsome* †
A handsome grave does hide her; *S. The Joyful Widower.*
A gude blue hannet on his head,
And O but he was handsome! . *S. The Ploughman* †
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune: . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Handsomely.

She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye. . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Hand-waled [carefully chosen by hand, special].

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*

Handywark [handiwork].

Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
S. O when she cam ben †

Hang. But first hang out that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal Charter, . . . *A Dream. 13.*
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shoulther,
Clear-dangling, hang: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
Who will not sing, God save the king,
Shall hang as high's the steeple; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree, . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel. . . . *Poem on Life.*
And I may e'en gae hang. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight: . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Where's he for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that? *S. The Honest Man.*
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
S. The lazy mist †

Hang'd,

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt. *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Hanging.

Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices:
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
The Jolly Beggars. S.I.
Wi' dew are hanging clear, . . *S. When o'er the hill* †
The sweepiog theatre of hanging woods;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Hangie [the devil].

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, . . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*

Hangman. May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear! . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*
Hangman of creation, . . . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife. . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Hanker. But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride. . . *Ep. to Davie.*
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Hank'ring.

Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Hanover. But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem; [v. A. 9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Hansel [the first money received; a gift bestowed on a particular occasion, or at a particular season such as New-Year-time].

'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †

Hap [a covering of whatever kind].

I'd be mair vaunty o' my hap, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Hap, *to* **[to cover so as to protect from cold, danger, &c., to wrap warm].**

An' hap him in a cozie biel: . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. 1.*
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Hap, *to* **[to hop].**

While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Ha'pence [half-pence].

Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Hapless.

Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover: . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife, ... *S. How cruel* †
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. *Lns, on Back of Bank Note.*
A hapless lover courts thy lay, *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare.
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Scots Prologue.
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! . . . *Ib.*
Hapless bird! a pray the surest
To each pirate of the skies. . . . *S. Sensibility,* †
Who but deplores that hapless friend? *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . . *S. Streams that glide* †
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
The Petition of Br. Water.
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Haply.

Haply my Sires have left their shed, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; *Ep. to R. Graham, 3.*
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Man was made to Mourn.
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. *Once fondly lov'd* †
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
Prologue at Th., D..
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, . *Ib. 10.*
But haply, in some Cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer . . *The Hermit.*
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Happer (hopper).

The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter. . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*

Happier. Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be. *S. Scenes of woe* †
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: *S. When first I saw* †

Happiest. I was the happiest of a' the Clan,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.

Happiness.

Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man. *A Bottle and Friend*
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But ne'er can be blest: . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee: . . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
Prologue, at Th., D..
io life where-ever plac'd, Hath happiness in store,
The 1st Psalm.
Happiness is but a name, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F..*

Happing (hopping).

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! *A Winter Night. 4.*

Happy.

O that happy hour, and shady bow'r, *S. As I gaed up by* †
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be! *S. Behold the hour* †
O happy be the woodbine bower, . *S. By Allan stream* †
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2*
Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? *S. Eppie Adair.*
She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my happy, glorious day:
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been; . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration; . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
And now come in my happy hours, . *S. Now rosy May* †
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature. . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
But soon may peace bring happy days, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king. *S. O merry hae I been* †
O Phely, happy be that day. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
S. Out over the Forth †
O, happy! happy! enviable man! . *Remorse. A Frag..*
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last. . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
The happy tenants share his rounds; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
And getting fou and unco happy, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Care, mad to see a man sae happy, ... *Ib. 6.*
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true. . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
O happy love! where love like this is found!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Nae woman in the Country wide
Sae happy was as me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
O happy is that man an' blest! . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather: *S. The noble Maxwells* †
O happy day! rejoice, rejoice! . . *The Ordination. 13.*
As happy as those that have thousands a year.
S. The Poor Thresher.
My blessings on that happy place, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
She ay shall bless that happy night, ... *Ib.*
I hae been happy thinking; . . . . . *Ib.*
That happy night was worth them a', ... *Ib.*
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie. . . . . *Ib.*
I'm happy wi' my Johnny: . . *S. The tither morn* †
An' whyles twal pennie-worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy; . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
Whaur'll ye ever see men sae happy, *There's naething like* †
Another happy reigns. . . . . *To Clarinda.*
To make a happy fire-side clime . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
And I the happy country swain, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
O if I were happy, where happy I have been,
S. Wae is my heart †
the happy days I spent wi' you, my dearie;
S. When I think on †
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom: . *S. When wild War's* †

Hap-step-an'-loup (hop, step and jump; with a light, springy, airy step).

The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
As light as ony lambie, . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*

Harangue.

Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever; . . *The Ordination. 9.*

Harangues.

An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues; *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.*
[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals; . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*

Harass'd.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
S. My father was a farmer †
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harassed with care [v.A.28]
S. No Churchman am I †
Sore harassed out, with care and grief, *The Lament. 8.*
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last! . *The Twa Dogs. 25.*

Harbour,

Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*

Harbour, *to.*

Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought: . . *S. Talk not of love* †
Can harbour dark the selfish aim, . . *A Winter Night. 8.*

Hard.

More hard unkindness, unrelenting, *A Winter Night. 7.*
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 8.
My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . . . *Halloween. 6.*
But O the road was very hard, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory, . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Scots Prologue.
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Or labour hard the panegyric close, *The Brigs of Ayr. 1.*
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low! . *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
The Whistle. 16.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard, *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Harden.
But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Harden'd.
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, . *Tragic Frag..*

Hardest.
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . *The Holy Fair. 22.*

Hardly. It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour, *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while? . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. *Scotch Drink. 14.*
life's poor support, hardly earn'd, . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
I doubt it's hardly worth the while, *S. There was a lad* †

Hardship.
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.

Hardy.
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! *Lament for Glencairn.*
To hardy independence bravely bred, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
thy hardy sons of rustic toil, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.*
Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Hare. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*
When purple morning starts the hare, . *S. Now rosy May* †
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
The hares were hirplan down the furrs, . *The Holy Fair.*
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, . . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Harebell.
Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*

Hare-brain'd.
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces! . . *To J. S., 27.*

Hark! But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Auld comrade dear †
But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.
Hark! the mavis' evening sang . *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around? . . *On Lincluden.*
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice; *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! *The Ordination. 11.*

Harket [hearkened].
Had I to guid advice but harket, . . *The Vision. D. I. 5.*

Harlaw. Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, *The Dean of Fac..*

Harley. And Harley rouses all the god in man,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Harlots. He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord.
The Election Ballads. III.

Harm.
Hunger, Cauld, an' a sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't. . *The Jolly Beggars, S. V.*

Harm, *to.* Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
On Death of fav. Child.

Harmless.
Sweet and harmless as a child; . *S. First when Maggy* †
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
On B.'s Horse impound.
O, bid him save their harmless lives, *The Death of Mailie.*
Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; *The Vision. D. II. 9.*

Harmonious.
But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay
Harmonious flow . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
Harmonious concert rung in every part, *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*
Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
His "Minstrel lays;" *The Vision. D. II. 6.*

Harmoniously.
Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply. . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*

Harmony.
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Like harmony her motion; . . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
May Freedom, Harmony, and Love
Unite you in the grand Design.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man. . *The Fête Champetre.*

Harn [coarse linen, cloth made of yarn spun of "hards" or coarse flax].
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Harp.
While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
And frae his harp sic strains did flow, . . . *A Vision.*
Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
Wi' gleesome touch! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 8*
as he touch'd his trembling harp, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! . . . . *Ib.*

Harpy.
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*

Harpy-raven.
The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the North,
S. Caledonia.

Harrow. The graip he for a harrow taks, . *Halloween. 18.*
desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow, . . *To Terraughty.*

Harrow, *to.* Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright
The Holy Fair. 21.
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Harry. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Collected Harry stood awee, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
My Harry was a gallant gay, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
I would gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Loyal Harry back again. . . . . *Ib.*

Harsh. But spare poor Sensibility
The ungentle harsh rebuke. *Rusticity's ungainly* †
Abusin me for harsh ill nature
On holy men, . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Har'st *v.* **Hairst.**

Hart. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
S. Sleep'st thou †

Harvest.
The milder sun, and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, . . *S. O Phely* †

Has been.
My lan' afore's a gude auld has been, . . *The Inventory.*

Hash [a soft, useless fellow; a blockhead].
A set o' dull conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Twins monie a poor doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*

Hash'd. They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Haslock woo [the wool which is the lock of the hals or throat, and therefore the finest].
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, . . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Has't [has it].
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.*
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †

Haste.
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . *The Ordination.*
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Haste, *to.* I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Hasten'd. And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Hastet [hasted].
But just thy step a wee thing hastet. *A Guid New-Year* † *14.*

Hasting.
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, . . . *A Vision.*

Hasty, -ie.
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
Should rue this hasty ride, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, *The Inventory.*
My fancy yerket up sublime
Wi' hasty summon : . . *To J. S., 4.*

Hat. But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
S. Cock up your beaver.
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
Extem. on W. Smellie.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat ; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Hatch. Clos'd under hatches, . . *Add. to the Deil.*

Hatch, *to.*
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed : [v.A.15] *Tam Samson's El..*

Hatch'd.
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief, *The Twa Herds. 13.*

Hate. He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate ; *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
To shun a tyrant father's hate, . . . *S. How cruel* †
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . *Liberty.*
That brethren rouse in deadly hate ! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore : *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Hate, *to.* Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
I murder hate by field or flood, *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Ye surly sumphs who hate the name,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man ; *The Tree of Liberty.*
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il,
The flinty heart that canna feel . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ; *To W. Simpson.*

Hated. To bear this hated doom severe ?
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
I said, there was naething I hated like men,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Besides, he hated bleeding : . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
He hated nought but—to be sad, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ; *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Hath. But be the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

Hatred. From envy and hatred your corps is exempt ;
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s."

Haud, Ha'd, Had [to hold, to keep].
And haud their noses to the grunstane ; *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
They snool me sair, and haud me down,
S. And O for one and twenty †
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan : . . *Auld comrade* †
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, *S. Behind yon hills* †
'The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ; *Ep. to Young Friend. S.*
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither. . *Epit. on Ruling Elder.*
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O had your tongue and jauner ; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween . . . . *Halloween.*
Tho' the wee Cot-house should haud me ;
S. My Collier Laddie.
Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, *S. O gude ale comes* †
O steer her up and haud her gaun,
Her mither's at the mill, jo ; . . *S. O steer her up* †
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie : *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue, now Nansie, O :
S. The deuks dang o'er.
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. *The Inventory.*
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, . *To a Louse.*
Whilst I—but I shall haud me there . . *To J. S., 29.*
And if we dinna haud a houze
I'se ne'er drink mair. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ; *S. Wandering Willie.*

Hauding [holding].
Or hauding Sarah by the wame? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †

Hauf, Ha'f [half].
In my last plack thy part's be in't,
The better ha'f o't. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
He took a hauf and gied it to me, . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, *There's naethin like* †
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld. . . *What ails ye now* †

Hauf-mile. Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Haughs [low-lying flat lands such as border a river ; meadows ; valleys].
And mark'd its [Nith's] bonie holms and haughs,
As on the banks †
Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, . *To W. Simpson.*

Haughty. Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die ? . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
A haughty lordling's pride ; . *Man was made to Mourn. 3.*
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ? *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Haun' *v.* **Han'.**

Hauns [workmen, persons].
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Haunt.
The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae, *S. By Allan stream* †
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
For me your watry haunt forsake? *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Far from human haunts and ways ; . . . . *Ib.*
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Thou art the life o' public haunts; . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood) [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!
S. Their groves of †
Busy haunts of base mankind, . . *S. Thickest Night* †
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet, . . *What ails ye now* †

Haunt, *to.*
Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction, . *Add. to the Deil. 12.*
Horrid sprites shall haunt you. . *S. Husband, husband* †

The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
S. Now westlin winds †

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's! *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.*

Haunted.

By Girvan's fairy haunted stream, *S. Now bank and brae* †

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Haurl [to trail, to drag with force].

The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee [death] hame to his black smiddie,
El. on Capt. M. H.

An' haurls at his curpan: . . . . *Halloween. 18.*

Haurlin [dragging off, peeling].

Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night. . . *Halloween. 23.*

Hause [to put the arms round the hals or neck, to embrace].

And some will hause in ithers arms, *S. John, come kiss.*

Hauver-meal [oatmeal].

O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
S. O whare did ye get †

Have. No other plea I have, *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*

(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my love* †

He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

"L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it now,
Lns add. to J. Ranken.

Who wilt not be, nor have a slave; . *Poet. Inscription.*

Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
The Kirk's Alarm. 4.

The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow; . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

No comfort, no comfort I have! . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!
The Whistle. 17.

'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

As lieve then I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Though I maun never have her, . *S. When first I saw* †

Haveril, Hav'rel [one who habitually talks in a silly, rambling manner; half-witted].

There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, . . *Halloween.*

Haven. Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Having. Life is not worth having with all it can give,
S. The lazy mist †

Havins [good manners, good sense].

Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20.*

To pit some havins in his breast! . *The Death of Mailie.*

Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Haw. Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Hawk. For [her e'e] it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies, . . . *S. How cruel* †

But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
S. My Lord a-hunting †

I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare;
S. Phillis the Fair.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; *S. There was a lass* †

Hawkie [a cow with a white face, a cow].

An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane
As yell's the Bill. . . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Hawthorn. The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
Lament of Mary of Scots.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

O were my love yon vi'let sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;
S. O were my love †

Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorns gray, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
S. The Banks of Nith.

The scented birk and hawthorn white,
S. The Contented Cottager.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
S. The Posie.

Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade,
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade.
The Vision. D. II. 20.

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
To Mary in Heaven.

Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom, . *S. When wild War's* †

How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Hay.

In simmer when the hay was mawn, *S. In simmer when* †

When roving through the gather'd hay, *S. O Phely, happy* †

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

The craik amang the clover hay, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn. . *The Death of Mailie.*

Hug our doxies on the hay. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Hazard. The hazard of concealing; *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Hazel, Hazle.

Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle. *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*

While o'er their [the birdies'] heads the hazels hing,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †

And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle Unseen . . *Halloween. 25.*

Through the hazel's spreading wide O'er the waves,
S. Hark the mavis †

The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush, *S. Now westlin winds* †

In twining hazel bowers, His lay the linnet pours;
S. Sleepst thou, or wak'st †

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

The lintwhites in the hazel braes, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Hazelly, Hazly.

The stream adown its hazelly path, . . . *A Vision.*

Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*

Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

He. For I'm as free as any he, . *S. Here's to thy health* †

Head *v.* **Heed.**

Head.

When hy such heads and hearts directed: *Add. of Beelzebub.*

drooping rich the dewy head, . . *S. A Rose-bud by* †

By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

And send us from thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head! . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*

Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †

Her head upon my throbbing breast, *S. By Allan stream* †

I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
S. By yon castle wa †

'Ay, ay,' quo' he, an' shook his head,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.

'Gat tippence-worth to mend her [his wife's] head, *Ib. 26.*

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray,* †

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head, *El. on Capt. M. H., 6.*

while each corny spear Shoots up its head, . . *Ib. 12.*

The Spanish Empire's tint a head, . *El. on Year 1788.*

Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,
Epig. on —

But build a castle on his head. *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; *Ep.fr. Esopus.*
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
And nought but peat reek i' my head, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: *Epit. on a Friend.*
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head
Bring our Banish'd hame again; *S. Frae the friends* †
On his head a bonnet blue, . . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Upo' their heads, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.*
While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
Held up his head. . . . . *Ib. 14.*
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
Jenny M'Craw †
Put clods upon his head, . . . *John Barleycorn.*
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, . . . *Ib.*
His bending joints and drooping head . . . . *Ib.*
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been: *Lament for Glencairn.*
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Lns while on Deathbed.
The sons of Belial in the Land
Did set their heads together; [*rc.*] . *New Psalmody.*
A green turf on your head, gude man, *S. O gin ye were dead.*
Sae may it on your heads return! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
And shoots its head above each bush; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,
On Death of fav. Child.
I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
The Brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel, . *Tam Samson's El..*
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head, ... *Ib. 12.*
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
His hoary head with water-lillies crown'd, . . *Ib. 13.*
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns. . . . . *The Calf.*
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous Bullock!' . . . . . *Ib.*
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead! *The Death of Mailie.*
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, what has become o' the head? *The Election Ballads. III.*
Here's the stuff and lining, O' Cardoness' head; . *Ib. IV.*
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..
Where's he for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that? *S. The Honest Man.*
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. . . . *Ib.*
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair beneath my head.
A cod she laid beneath my head,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
And cawe her measure shorter
By th' head some day. . *The Ordination. 13.*
A gude blue bannet on his head, . *S. The Ploughman* †
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
The Rights of Woman.
Cut aff his head and a', man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! . . . . *S. The Union.*
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
And bound the Holly round my head: . . *Ib., D. II. 23.*
His twisted head look'd backward on his way, *The Vowels.*
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle. . . *To a Haggis.*
O Jenny, dinna toss your head, . . . *To a Louse.*
Thon lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head. . . . . *To Ruin.*
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums? *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Yet when a tale comes i' my head, . *To W. Simpson.*
Now let us lay our heads thegither, In love fraternal: . *Ib.*
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, . . . *Ib. P.S.*
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."

Head, *to.*
Some Washington again may head them, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Headlong. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl. *A Winter Night. 2.*
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,
The Election Ballads. VI.
As headlong foam a hundred floods; . . . . *Ib.*
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, *To Clarinda.*
Those headlong, furious passions to confine; *Why am I loth* †
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Heal *v.* **Hale.**

Heal, *to.* Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; *S. Gane is the day* †
Who heals life's various stounds, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
And heal her cruel wounds. . . . . *Ib.*
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart. . *S. Sae far awa.*
Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave; . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish. . . *S. Thine am I* †

Healing.
Peerest to meditate the healing leap: *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Healsome *v.* **Halesome.**

Health.
May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Now health forsakes that angel face, . . *Fragment.*
But by that health, I've got a share o't,
Friend of the poet, † *P.S.*
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
Here's a health to them that's awa,
S. Here's a health to them †
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan, . . *Ib.*
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie, . . *Ib.*
Here's to thy health, my bonie lass, *S. Here's to thy health* †
I'll count my health my greatest wealth, . . . *Ib.*
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
To gie the sweetest blush o' health, *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters, *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
We drank a health to bonie Mary. *S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . *To Terraughty.*
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; *Why am I loth* †

Heap. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, *A Bard's Epit.*
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer; *A Guid New-Year,* † *13.*
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
A Winter Night. 9.
sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, . . *To a Mouse.*

Heaped, -et.
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. . *A Gude New-Year,* † *17.*
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter. . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Hear.
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir . *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; . . *A Vision.*
Delighted me to hear thee sing, . . *A Winter Night. 4.*
But hear, my Lord! G[lengarry] hear! *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket matlins. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, . . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel! . . . . . *Ib.*
Hear me, ye venerable Core, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
since it may na be, That thou of love wilt hear;
S. Ah, Chloris, †
Hear me, Powers divine! Oh, in pity hear me!
S. Ay waking, O †
And do I hear my Jeannie own,
That equal transports move her? *S. Come, let me take thee* †
I hear the wild birds singing; . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear! . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk. . . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.*
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack. . . . *Ib. 20.*
But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me! *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Till presently he hears a squeak, . . . *Halloween. 19.*
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
An' hear the sad narration: . . . . *Ib. 20.*
It is Maria's voice I hear: . . *S. Here is the glen,* †
L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.*
Nor hear their pray'r; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
As I hear sindry say, O; . . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
Young man, do you hear that! *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! . . *Liberty.*
Let great folks hear and see. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, . *New Psalmody.*
As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, . . . *S. O Phely* †
I know Thou wilt me hear; . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air. . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
Suspend their dashing oars to hear . . *On Lincluden.*
And future ages hear his growing fame.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
And hear my vows o' truth and love, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, *Scots Prologue.*
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . . *S. Sensibility* †
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
I hear the wild birds singing; . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
To hear you roar and rowte, ... *The Calf.*
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
Ib. 7.
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul; *Ib. 17.*
My dying words attentive hear, . *The Death of Mailie.*
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, *S. The gloomy night* †
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith *The Holy Fair. 13.*
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaran, ... *Ib. 22.*
I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain,
The Petition of Br. Water.
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And does she heedless hear my groan? . . *The Lament.*
Hear, how he gies the tither yell, . . *The Ordination. 12.*
Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; *S. The sun he is sunk* †
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, . . . *Ib. 33.*
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To hear what's comin?
To J. S., 4.
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, *To R. G. of F.. 1.*
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! . . . *Ib. 9.*
O! hear a wretch's pray'r! . . . . . *To Ruin.*
Sae lond and shill's I hear the blast, *S. Up in the morning.*
Your porter dought na hear us; *V.s, on Window, Carron.*
Your doctrines I maun blame, You shall hear. *S. Ye Jacobites* †
To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Heard.
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy. . . *A Ded. to G. H. 6.*
I heard nae mair, ... *A Winter Night. 10.*
I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman, . . *Ib. 6.*
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
S. By yon castle wa' †
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 4.
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Ye've heard this while how I've been licket.
Friend of the Poet †
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.
S. Here's a health to them †
A' this and mair I never heard of; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
The shouts o' war are heard afar, . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
I sat, but neither heard nor saw: *S. O Mary, at the window* †
And heard thee as the careless wind?
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
If thou hast heard her talking, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; . . *Ib. 4.*
But all the soul of Music's self was heard; . . *Ib. 12.*
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command. . . . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.*
When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The Fête Champetre.
They heard the blackbird's sang, man; . . . *Ib.*
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, *The Twa Herds. 7.*

And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin. . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*
We heard nought but the roaring linn, *S. What will I do gin* †
There ruminate with sober thought;
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..
When ne'er a body heard or saw. . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Heard'st. Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."

Hearing, -in'.

An' [by] every star within my hearin'! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
If she had recover'd her hearing; *S. Last May a braw wooer* †
Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Hearkening.

(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
To R. G. of F..

Hear'st. But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty.
S. And O for ane and twenty †
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
S. O Lassie, art thou †
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
To Mary in Heaven.

Heart.

May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, *A Fragment. 7.*
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
My heart forgets, . . *A Winter Night. 5.*
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Till God knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed: *Add. of Beelzebub.*
As dear an' near my heart I set thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, ... *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
I'll hide the struggle in my heart, . . *S. Ah, Chloris,* †
Your hearts she will trepan. *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.*
But he wan my heart's consent, . . *S. As I came o'er* †
The music of her pretty foot,
On my heart it did play so, . . . *S. As I gaed up* †
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken, . *Ib.*
To grant a heart is fairly civil, . . *Auld comrade* †
Her face is fair, her heart is true, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . *S. Behold, my love,* †
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true? . . . . . *Ib.*
Thou goest, thon darling of my heart: . *S. Behold the hour* †
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
But can they melt the glowing heart, *S. By Allan stream* †
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
S. Canst thou leave me thus †
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,
An aching broken heart, my Katy? . . . . *Ib.*
Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy! . . . . *Ib.*
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to langnish; *S. Could aught of song* †
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me
While care my heart is wringing. . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
My heart wad burst wi' anguish. . . . . *Ib.*
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-rnt. . . . . *Ib. 17.*
There moulders here a gallant heart; *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, ... *El. on Miss Burnet.*
His chicken heart so tender; . . *Epig. on noted Coxcomb.*
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head;
Ep. fr. Esopus.
A man may hae an honest heart
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
Your heart can ne'er be wanting! . . . . *Ib. 11.*
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year: . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Bnt tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! . . . . *Ib. 8.*
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
The Lover and the Frien'; . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart. . . . *Ib. 9.*
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13.*
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart; . . . . *Ib. 19.*
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms, . . *Ib. 21.*
bauld L[apraik], the king o' hearts, . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 5.*
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts! . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. . *Epit. for R. A.*
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
Epit. for Author's Father.
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd. *Epit. on a Friend.*
His social, friendly, honest heart *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
"An' his heart is rank poison," . . *Epit. on Walter S.*
Thon's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab,
S. Eppie M'Nab.
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Extem. on W. Smellie.
But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart. *Extem. pinned to Coach.*
No love but thine my heart shall know. *S. Fairest maid* †
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be. . . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart: . *S. Fate gave the word* †
And [ye maggots] fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . . . *For W. Nicol.*
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd beat in mind. . . *Friend of the poet* †
They [boundless oceans] never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee. . . *S. From thee, Eliza.* †
But the latest throb that leaves my heart, . . . *Ib.*
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': . . . *Halloween. 3.*
Gar lasses hearts gang startin . . . . . *Ib. 3.*
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night. . . . . *Ib. 8.*
Nell's heart was dancin at the view; . . . *Ib. 10.*
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . . . *Ib. 26.*
And whilst that honour warms my heart,
I'll love my handsome Nell. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, ... *Ib.*
Thon hast stown my very heart, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
His royal heart was firm and true. *S. Highland Laddie.*
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
My very heart an' saul are quakin', ... *Ib. 14.*
How can my poor heart be glad, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Still my heart is with my love; . . . . . *Ib.*
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, *S. How lang and dreary* †
My poor heart then break it must, *S. Husband, husband* †
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move. *S. I do confess* †
I bear a heart shall support me still. . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, *S. I gaed a waefie* †
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy: . *S. In simmer when* †

My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
S. Jenny M'Craw †

For whare'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

And they hae taen his very heart's blood, *John Barleycorn.*

'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, ... *Ib.*

Or turn their hearts to thee: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

What woes wring my heart *Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.*

What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
Lns on Fergusson.

The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

Sae droops our heart when we maun part *S. Lovely Davies.*

But never, never can come near the heart.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

O then the heart alarming, ... *Ib.*

For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer †

Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
S. My Harry was a gallant †

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance* †

He took my heart as wi' a net, ... *Ib.*

But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun. . . . . *Ib.*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. . . *Ib.*

And next my heart I'll wear her, *S. My Love's a winsome* †

With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. . . . . *Ib.*

But I adore my Mary's heart. . . *S. My Mary's face* †

I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. . *S. My Sandy gied* †

Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. [*re.*] *S. O gude ale comes* †

There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †

Their hearts and swords are metal true, ... *Ib.*

The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

[Beware] A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part, . *O leave novels* †

As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,
S. O Logan! sweetly †

How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! . . . . . *Ib.*

Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only fault is loving thee?
S. O Mary, at thy window †

And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory, ... *Ib.*

For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

Three blythe hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie. *S. O Willie brew'd* †

'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

A Jillet brak his heart at last, ... *Ib.*

Na savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done. . *On Miss J. Lewars.*

The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward. . . *On Miss J. Scott.*

My youthful heart was stown away, . . *S. O Phely,* †

The hearts of men adore thee. . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †

For surely that would touch her heart
S. O stay, sweet warbling †

For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken! . . . . . *Ib.*

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . *S. O steer her up* †

And lang has had my heart in thrall, *S. O this is no my ain* †

And has my heart a-keeping? *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †

O that's the lassie o' my heart, ... *Ib.*

Glories in his heart humane . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
On seeing wounded Hare.

What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
On Birth of Posth. Child.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

His honest heart enamours, . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

The feeling heart's the royal blue, ... *Ib.*

Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus, . . *Poem on Life.*

A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.

May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leaf and true heart; . . *S. Polly Stewart.*

His heart will never get aboon! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*

That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here! . . *Ib.*

while his heart Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Remorse. A Frag..

But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find. . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa . *S. Sae far awa.*

So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung. . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart . . *S. Scenes of woe* †

But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. *Scotch Drink. 4.*

Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; . . . *Ib. 6.*

These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . *Searching auld* †

Hale he your heart, hale be your fiddle; *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! . *Sent to a Gent. offended.*

She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
S. She's fair and fause †

When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart: . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †

with heart unchang'd as mine, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †

And fly to meet a kinder heart! . . . . . *Ib.*

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody; . . . *S. Somebody.*

Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Take a heart which he designs thee; . *S. Sweetest May* †

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove: . *S. Talk not of Love* †

My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

My heart to my mou' gied a sten; . . . . . *Ib.*

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A. 16] *Tam o' Shanter.*

Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, ... *Ib. 9.*

May still your Mither's heart support ye; . . *Ib. 23.*

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [*re.*]
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, ... *Ib.*

My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

My heart is wae, and unco wae, *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*

(What warm, poetic heart hut inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
The Brigs of Ayr.

And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! . . . *Ib. 4.*

While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart. *Ib. 12.*

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart . . *Ib. 10.*

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim: . *Ib. 13.*

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! . . *Ib. 17.*

But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. *Ib. 18.*

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; *Ib. 21.*

The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! *S. The day returns* †

And wan his heart's desire; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*

But he wad hecht an honest heart, *The Election Ballads. I.*

She's gotten the heart of a Bushby.
But, what has become of the head? . . . *Ib. III.*

She won each gaping hurgess' heart, . . . *Ib. VI.*

What bursting anguish tears my heart! . . *The Farewell.*
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa! . . . . *Ib.*
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
S. The gloomy night †
The bursting tears my heart declare, ... *Ib.*
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
The Henpecked Husband.
I know her heart will never change, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
She has my heart, she has my hand, ... *Ib.*
Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; *The Holy Fair. 6.*
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like Cantharidian plaisters On sic a day! . . *Ib. 13.*
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: . . . . *Ib. 17.*
How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' Lasses! . . . . . *Ib. 27.*
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, . . . *Ib.*
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The ladies' hearts he did trepan, ... *Ib. S. IV.*
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle, . . . *Ib. R. V.*
But tho' his little heart did grieve, . . . *Ib. R. VI.*
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it. . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
tho' your heart's like a child, . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. . . . *Ib.*
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! . . *The Lament.*
My secret-heart's exulting boast? . . . . . *Ib.*
Oh! can she bear so base a heart, ... *Ib.*
For monie a heart thou hast made sair, *S. The lovely lass* †
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't. *S. The noble Maxwells* †
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
The Rights of Woman.
I ken't her heart was a' my ain; *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Her heart was beating rarely: . . . . . *Ib.*
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'. . . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain; . . . . . *Ib.*
No anxious fear their little heart alarms;
But for their sake my heart doth ache,
S. The sun he is sunk †
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O! . *S. The Taylor he cam* †
He made me blest—and broke my heart! *The Tears I shed.*
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' monie a time my heart's been wae. *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them. . . . *Ib. 20.*
The joy can scarcely reach the heart. . . . *Ib. 31.*
Wi' S[mi]th wha thro' the heart can glance,
The Twa Herds. 17.
My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart: . . *Ib. D. II. 4.*
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
Warm on the heart. . . . *Ib. 19.*
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
The Whistle. 6.
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
S. The Winter it is past †
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
Ib.
But ay a heart aboon them a'; . *S. There was a lad* †
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she. *S. There was a lass* †
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! . . . *Ib.*
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, ... *Ib.*
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
S. There's auld Rob M. †
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast. . *Ib.*
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish; . . *S. Thine am I* †
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine. . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †

Thou canst love another maid,
While my heart is breaking; . . *S. Thou hast left me* †
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin, . . *To a Medical Gent.*
Thine friendship's truest heart. . . . *To Chloris.*
My heart was blithe and gay, . . . *To Clarinda.*
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
S. To daunton me.
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan A lady fair: . *Ib.*
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts; . . . *To J. S.*
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke! . . . . . *Ib. 26.*
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il,
The flinty heart that canna feel . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
To R. G. of F., 3.
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, . . *Ib. 5.*
And all the trihute of my heart returns, *To R. Graham.*
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
And quivers in my heart. . . . . *To Ruin.*
My weary heart it's throbbings cease, ... *Ib.*
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye . . *To Terraughty.*
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner. . . . . *Ib.*
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, ... *Ib.*
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear. . . . *Ib.*
But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear! . . . . *Ib.*
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', . . *To W. Creech.*
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; *To W. Simpson.*
My curse upon your whunstane hearts
Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . . . . . *Ib.*
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, ... *Ib.*
O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! . . . . *Ib.*
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; *Tragic Frag.*
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. . . *Ib.*
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? *S. Turn again, thou* †
If to love thy heart denies, ... *Ib.*
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Nae heart could wish for more. . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
S. Wae is my heart †
this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast, . . *Ib.*
My heart was caught before I thought,
S. When first I came †
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, *S. When first I saw* †
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, ... *Ib.*
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery O. *S. When o'er the hill* †
A leal, light heart was in my breast, *S. When wild War's* †
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, *S. Where Cart rins* †
Bat to my heart I'll add my hand, ... *Ib.*
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, *S. Wilt thou be my* †
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
S. Ye banks and braes †
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, *Ib.*
An' ay my heart came to my mou, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Heart-corroding.

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*

Heart-felt.
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; . *S. Could ought of song* †
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
With heartfelt throes his grateful hosom swells,
The Brigs of Ayr.
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise; . . *Ib. 13.*
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Heart-inspiring.
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Heart-rending.
My Jean's heart-rending throe! . . . *The Farewell.*

Heart-strings. It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3.
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
Her pauky smile, her kittle een.
That gart my heart-strings tingle.
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Heart-struck.
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Heart-warm.
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, *Auld comrade dear* †
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

Heart-wrung.
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, *S. One fond kiss,* †

Heartbreak.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
S. What can a young lassie †

Hearth-stane.
In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The Laggies three are ranged; . . . *Halloween. 27.*
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.

Heartily.
Still in prayers for K[ing] G[eorge] I most heartily join.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Heartless. And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day. . . *Winter.*

Hearty.
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At sang about. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2.*
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, . . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 4.*
And there blaws up a hearty crack;
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face. . . . . *Ib. 23.*
No comfort but a hearty can, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Sae hale and hearty every shank, . . *The Twa Herds.*
And faith I'm gay and hearty! . . . . *To —.*
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, . . . *To a Louse.*
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty cunt; . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
I'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit, . . *What ails ye now* †

Heat.
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. *S. Scroggam.*
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna hear it? *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.*
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;
S. The Poor Thresher.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Heat, *to.* It heats me, it heets me,
And sets me a' on flame! . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
They heat your brains, and fire your veins, *O leave novels* †

Heath. Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, *Liberty.*

Heathen. Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I. . . *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
Squire Pope but husks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen, . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us, . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Nae heathen name shall I prefix . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Heather, Heather bells.
And down amang the blooming heather, *S. As I came o'er* †
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
O'er yon moss amang the heather; *S. Braw lads of G. water.*
Ca' them [the ewes] whare the heather grows,
S. Ca' the Ewes.
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*
she has ta'en to the heather, . . . *Jenny M'Craw* †
Amang the heather, in my plaidie, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
And the moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather: *S. Now westlin winds* †
The muirhen lo'es the heather; . *S. O gie my love brose* †
Yon auld gray stane amang the heather,
Marks out his head, *Tam Samson's El. 12.*
When August winds the heather wave, . . . *Ib. 13.*
Till whare ye sit on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
S. The heather was bloom. †
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells, *Ib.*
But stray amang the heather bells, *S. There was a lass* †
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, *To W. Simpson.*
Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Heathy. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Or up the heathy mountain, . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Her heathy moors and winding vales; *S. The gloomy night* †
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Heave. But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh. *A Bard's Epit.*
Then heave aboard your grapple airn, . . *A Dream. 13.*
And if he offers to rebel
Just heave him in [to Hell]. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in. . . *The Twa Herds. S.*
Heave Care o'er-side! . . . . . *To J. S., 11.*

Heaved, -'d.
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire, . . . *Halloween.*
They heaved in John Barleycorn, . . *John Barleycorn.*
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..
And heav'd on high my wauket loof, *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Heaven, Heav'n, Heavens.
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
A Ded. to G. H., 10.
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n! . . . *Ib. 16.*
May heaven augment your blisses, . . . *A Dream.*
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent, . . . *Ib. 9.*
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, . . . *Ib. 14.*
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heaven. . *S. Anna, thy charms* †
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story, . . *Auld comrade* †

I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it! . . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown,
El. on Miss Burnet.
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Hell; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate
We learn our creed. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.*
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Heavens, should the branded character be mine! . . *Ib. 5.*
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. . . *Ib.*
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, . *Ib.*
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; *S. First when Maggy* †
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, . . *Fragment.*
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore. . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame, . *Ib.*
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, *S. Hark! the mavis* †
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell, *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory, ... *Ib.*
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, *S. How can my poor heart* †
"I will hope and trust in heaven, . *S. Husband, husband* †
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee: . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
But heavens! how he fell a-swearing,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
S. Musing on the roaring †
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care,
S. No Churchman am I †
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
But spare and pardon my false Love,
His wrongs to Heaven and me! . . . . . *Ib.*
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven! . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
By heaven and earth I love thee. *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
And blooms a rose in Heaven. . *On Poet's Daughter.*
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
To him be giv'n to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart! . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
Prologue, at Th., D..
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. . *Sp. extem. to yng Lady.*
Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be! *Tam Samson's El. 14.*
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. . . . . *Ib. Epit..*
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; . *Ib. 14.*
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: . *Ib. 15.*
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command. . . . . *Ib.*
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, . *Ib. 16.*
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request, . *Ib. 18.*
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! . . *Ib.*
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
S. The day returns †
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire. . *The Dean of Fac..*
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. *The Inventory.*
But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
The Ordination. Mott.
But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame. . . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven. *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
May Heaven be his warden; . *S. The young High. Rover.*
But the Heavens deny'd success. . . *S. Thickest night* †
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart. . . . *To Chloris.*
I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow! . . . . . *To Mary.*
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n. *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. *To R. G. of F., S.*
And I can tell that bountenus Heaven - -
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it. . . *To Terraughty.*
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore; . . *V.s to Landlady of Inn.*
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! . . . . *Ib.*

Heaven-born.

And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. *To Miss Graham.*

Heav'n-erected.

And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Heaven-illumin'd.

Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
A Winter Night. 7.

Heaven-taught.

Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
Lns on Fergusson.
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Heavenward.

Is heavenward raised in ecstacy. . . . *On Lincluden.*
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Heavenly.

An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, *A Fragment. S.*
And, if it please thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent; . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, *S. Caledonia.*
A matchless Heavenly Light! . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! *Innocence* †
Her face so truly heavenly fair, . *S. My Mary's face* †
Not even to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight. . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er shonld he a stot! . . . . . *The Calf.*
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: . *Ib. 19.*
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? *Why am I loth* †

Heavenly-seeming.
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; *The Vision. D. II.*

Heavier.
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! *A Winter Night. 7.*

Heaving. Her heaving bosom, lily white, *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Heavy. Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan. *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow,
S. Ay waking, O! †
Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring;
S. Blythe hae I been †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, *S. How lang and dreary* †
Your heavy loss deplore; . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
O heavy loss thy country ill could bear!
On Death of R. Dundas.
O sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa'; . . *S. Sae far awa.*
heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, *S. The Joyful Widower.*
When yellow waves the heavy grain, *The Vision. D. II. 8.*
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, *S. When I think on* †

Heavy-dragg'd.
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; *Scotch Drink. 5.*

Hebrew.
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours; . . . . . *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Hech! [an exclamation of surprise, regret, &c.].
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
They waste sae mony a braw estate! . *The Twa Dogs. 25.*

Hecht [to foretell; promise; offer, proffer].
They hecht him some fine braw ane; . . *Halloween. 23.*
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, *The Election Ballads. I.*
But he wad hecht an honest heart, ... *Ib.*

Hechtin [threatening].
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin, . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Heckle [a board in which are set a number of sharp pins or teeth, used for dressing flax, &c.].
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup. . *Add. to Toothache.*
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, *S. O merry hae I been* †

Hecla.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder: *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Hector.
And Stewart bold as Hector. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Hedge.
Not for to hide it in a hedge, . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
The Robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
So, by some hedge, the generons steed deceased,
To R. G. of F., 6.

Hedgehog.
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. *To R. G. of F.*

Hedging. And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Hee balou [a lullaby].
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . *S. Hee balou.* †

Heed, Head.
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed; *Tam Samson's El. 11.*
The time flew by with tentless head, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed, . . *To J. S., 10.*

Heed, *to.* He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate; *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
We never heed [fortune's road],
But take it like the unbacked filly, *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
To R. G. of F., 5.

Heedless. By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, *A Vision.*
And does she heedless hear my groan? . . *The Lament.*

Heel. That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'! *A Gude New-year* † *7.*
sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.
Till by the heel and hand admonish'd, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Put life and mettle in their heels. . . . . *Ib.*
Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? *Tam Samson's El.*
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! *The Holy Fair. 25.*
No heels to bear him from the opening dnn; *To R. G. of F., 3.*
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body, *What ails ye now* †

Heels o'er gowdie [topsy-turvy].
Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, . . *Poem on Life.*

Heeze [to lift up, hoist, elevate].
Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, . *A Dream. 9.*
I'd heeze thee up a constellation, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Heft [haft].
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Heigh, Hich [high; "hich house," a house of more than one storey].
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane; . . . *S. Gat ye me* †

Height. placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, . . *Halloween. 20.*
He hunted o'er height aod o'er howe;
The Black-Headed Eagle.
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The Brigs of Ayr.
Whea the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
O'er a' the height, . . *The Twa Herds. 7.*
The vera tapmost, towrin height O' Miss's bonnet.
To a Louse.
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang. . . *To J. S., 9.*

Heighten. 'Twill heighten all his joy: . *John Barleycorn.*

Hein-shinn'd [having shin-bones that project and meet like the "hems" of a horse-collar].
She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Heir.
My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, *The Death of Mailie.*
I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs, *S. The Poor Thresher.*

Heiress. But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Held.
When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, *A Fragment. 6.*
And she held o'er the moors to spin; *S. Duncan Davidson.*
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither; . . . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*
I held the gate till you I met, . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Till something held within the pat, . . *Halloween. 12.*
While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
Held up his head. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, . *On Window of Inn, F..*
O he held to the fair, . . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Each in its cauld hand held a light. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish: . . . . . *Ib.*
An' I held awa to the school; . . . . *Ib. S. III.*
The lalland laws he held in scorn: . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie: . . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht; . *The Vision. D. I. 8.*
Held rnling power: . . . . . *Ib. D. II., 11.*

Helicon. Or had o' Helicon my fill, *S. O were I on Parnass.*†
But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Heliconian. But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream; *To J. M'Murdo.*

Hell.
Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' h–ll. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to H–ll. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan! . *Add. to Toothache.*
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, ... *Ib.*
Or your more dreaded h–ll to state
D–mnation of expences! . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; *Auld comrade* †
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell, *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
And make a vast monopoly of hell? . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Heil; . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell he rich an' great,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 14.*
To H–ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, *Epit. on Ruling Elder.*
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory, . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, ... *Ib. 4.*
"I'll wed another like my dear . .
"Then all hell will fly for fear, . *S. Husband, husband* †
My pains o' hell on earth are past, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
deep-read in hell's black grammar, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. . . *Poem on Life.*
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash! . . . *Remorse. A Frag..*
Aod wish them in hell for it a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Whigs to h–ll Flew off in frighted hands,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
An he get na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets na justice ava. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Aod hell mix'd in the brulzie. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes, ... *Ib.*
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, ... *Ib.*
The kirk and state may gae to hell, *S. The gowd. locks of A.*
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
The Henpecked Husband.
His talk o' H–ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright
The Holy Fair. 21.
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h–ll, *The Ordination. 2.*
Now there, they're packed aff to h–ll, ... *Ib. 12.*
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"
The Whistle.
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life, . .
But ne'er was in h–ll till I met wi' a wife.
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
An' shore him weel wi' hell; . . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. *To R. G. of F., S.*
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse h–ll upon me. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise: . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us! . . . . . *Ib.*

Hellim [helm].
An' did our hellim thraw, man, ... *A Fragment.*

Hellish.
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure; . . *Poem on Life.*
When out the hellish legion sallied. . *Tam o' Skanter. 16.*
Superstition's hellish brood . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Hell-ward.
She, tardy, hell-ward plies. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Help. To lay strong hold for help on hounteous Graham.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
S. My father was a farmer †
Seek Heaven for help, and harefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
Why am I loth †

Help, *to.*
The Poet, some guid angel help him, . *A Ded. to G. H., 3.*
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, *S. O Logan, sweetly* †
God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
Scots Prologue.
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us, . . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Your pin wad help to mend a mill, . . *To a Haggis.*
Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Helpless.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! *A Winter Night. 4.*
to support his helpless woodbine state, *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath. . . . . *Ib.*
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
On Death of R. Dundas.
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him. *The Death of Mailie.*
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
The Rights of Woman.
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, *The Vowels.*
And half an idiot too, more helpless still. *To R. G. of F., 3.*
And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress. . *Tragic Frag..*
Even you ye helpless crew, I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: . . *Ib.*

Hemp.
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string: *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! *The Death of Mailie.*
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Hemp-seed.
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; . . *Halloween. 17.*
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee, ... *Ib. 18.*

Hen. An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', A bonie hen,
Ep. to J. R., 7.
That sic a hen had got a shot; . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
An' hy my hen, an' by her tail, ... *Ib. 10.*
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. *S. In simmer when* †
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . . *On W. Stewart.*
I'll gie you my bonie black hen, . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.
S. The heather was blooming †
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen. . . . . *Ib.*

Hen-bird.
But to the hen-birds unco civil; . . *El. on Year 1788.*

Hen-broo [hen broth).
Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-broo;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †

Henpeck. And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Hence! Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Henceforth.

Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
One rank as well's another; . *On Dining with Daer.*

Henry.

That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Henry shine, Love! *S. Forlorn, my Love!*†

Herd. She gies the Herd a pickle nits, . . *Halloween. 21.*

They're no herd's hallats, Maro's eatches;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
Tam o' Shanter. 17.

The twa best herds in a' the wast, . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*

Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, . . *Ib. 3.*

What herd like R——ll tell'd his tale, . . . *Ib. 7.*

And new-light herds could nicely drub, . . . *Ib. 8.*

While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's licin'. . . . . *Ib. 9.*

There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, . . . *Ib. 11.*

And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds. . . . *Ib. 15.*

Till kye be gaun without the herd, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; *To W. Simpson.*

Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight. . . . . *Ib., P.S..*

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; . . . *Ib.*

The herds an' hissels were alarm'd; . . . . *Ib.*

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, ... *Ib.*

Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; . . . *Ib.*

Some auld-light herds in neebor towns . . . . *Ib.*

Herd, *to.*

Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*

Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.*

Herding.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Here, Here's.

But yet despite the kittle kimmer [Fortune],
I, Rob, am here. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 10.*

For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane [no religion].
Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.

That I am here afore thy sight, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.*

Yet I am here a chosen sample, ... *Ib. 5.*

For here thou hast a chosen race; . . . . *Ib. 10.*

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum; . *S. O May thy morn*†

And here's to them, we darena tell, ... *Ib.*

Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!
S. O merry hae I been†

When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Prologue sp. by Woods.

Rest on—for what? what do we here? *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Were yé but here, what would ye say or do!
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; *S. The Catrine woods*†

Here's Heron yet for a' that! [*re.*] *The Election Ballads, II.*

Here's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown, [*re.*] . . . . *Ib. IV.*

Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger Laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

But clear your decks an' here's the sex . . *Ib. S. VII.*

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! [*re.*] . *Ib. S. VIII.*

Here shall the shepherd make his seat, [*re.*]
The Petition of Br. Water.

Here awa [hereabouts].

O' lasses that live here awa, man, . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*

The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy*†

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, hand awa hame; *S. Wandering Willie.*

In a' our town or here awa; . . . . *S. Young Jockey*†

Heresy.

Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Though there, his [the bard's] heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; *The Kirk's Alarm.*

For Heresy is in her pow'r, ... *The Ordination. 3.*

M'[Kinlay], R[ussell], are the boys
That Heresy can torture; . . . . . *Ib. 13.*

Heretic. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh; . . . . *The Calf.*

In your heretic sins may you live, and die,
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty! . . *The Dean of Fac..*

There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
The Kirk's Alarm.

To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error. . . . . *Ib.*

Hermit.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part, *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

The frost of hermit age might warm; *S. My Mary's face*†

Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer . . . . *The Hermit.*

Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, *The Vision. D. I. 14.*

L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Hermit-fancy'd.

Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Hern *v.* **Heron.**

Hero. Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.

The hero of the mimic scene, . . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

For other wars, where he a hero shines; . . . *Ib.*

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
S. Farewell, thou fair day†

Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Fragment of Ode.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold, . . *John Barleycorn.*

Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, . . . *Liberty.*

Let other heroes boast their scars, . . . *Nature's Law.*

The Hero of these artless strains,
A lowly Bard was he, ... *Ib.*

But Douglases were heroes every age: [v.A.12]
Scots Prologue.

Go bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, *S. The capt. Ribband.*

And, O how the heroes will swear! *The Election Ballads. III.*

But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cesarean fight Or Ciceronian pleading. *Ib. VI.*

Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics, ... *Ib.*

Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
I could discern; [v.A.4.] *The Vision. D. I.*

Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone. [v.A.4] . . . *Ib.*

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair, *The Whistle. 10.*

Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light; *Ib. 16.*

"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce; . . *Ib. 18.*

Herod. At my right hand assign'd your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Heroic.

While loud, the trump's heroic clang, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

By which heroic Tam was able . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . *The Vision. D. I.*

Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4] . . . *Ib.*

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, [*re.*] *S. Ye Jacobites*†

Heroine.

The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; *S. Caledonia.*

Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Heron.

Here's Heron yet for a' that! [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. II.*

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score: . . . . *Ib. V.*

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

But aiblins honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dainty fair one, ... *Ib.*

Heron, Hern.

Ye fisher herons, watching eels; . *El. on Capt. M. H., S.*

The soaring Hern [haunts] the fountains;
S. Now westlin winds †

The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. *To R. G. of F., 7*

Herriet [harried, plundered].

Yet while they're only poin'd and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit.
Add. of Beelzebub.

Herrin [herring].

I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
As dead's a herrin: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

Herry [to harry, pillage].

Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, . . *S. Hee balou* †

Herryment [plunder; the cause of plunder].

The herryment and ruin of the country; *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*

Hersel [herself].

She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.*

She says in to hersel: . . . . . *Halloween. 8.*

She pits hersel an' Roh in; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*

An' slips out by hersel: . . . . . *Ib. 11.*

But he has na tell'd the lass hersel . *Katherine Jaffray.*

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, *On W. Chalmers.*

An' could behave hersel wi' mense: . *Poor Mailie's El.*

Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, *S. The Catrine woods* †

She kens hersel she's bonie. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Het [hot].

brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Ye'se a' be het or I come back. . *On Kirk of Lamington.*

But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.

The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright
The Holy Fair. 12.

Heugh [a crag, a precipice, a steep hill or bank; a deep ravine, the shaft of a coal-pit].

Tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*

The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover! . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*

Heuk [a hook]. Fient a heuk had I, Yet I stack hy him.
S. Robin shure in hairst.

I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Hew'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Hewer. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
To Capt. Riddel.

Hey! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!
S. Cock up yr beaver.

Hey ca' thro', ca' thro', . . ' . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Hey, the dusty miller, [&c.] . *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †

Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . *S. Landlady, count* †

O hey! for Somebody, ... *S. Somebody.*

Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring;
The Election Ballads. III.

And hey for the sanctified Murray, ... *Ib.*

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.

And hey, my merry Ploughman; . *S. The Ploughman* †

Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Hibernian.

And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Hiccup.

Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
The better that I'm fou. . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †

Hich *v.* **Heigh.**

Hid, Hidden.

Hid in an atmosphere of reek, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

The past was bad, and the future hid;
S. My father was a farmer †

While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*

That under gospel colours hid he
Just for a screen. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility* †

Hide. An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, *A Guid New-Year* †

And gie their hides a noble curry,
Wi' oil of aik. . . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er harcheon hides, *El. on Capt. M. H..*

I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty, wizen'd hide. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and ay. *Friend of the Poet* † *P.S.*

And I shall hang your hide, gudeman. *S. O gin ye were dead.*

Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, *To R. G. of F..*

Hide, *to.*

In shades of darkness hide. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*

I'll hide the struggle in my heart, . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †

'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
'In Hornbook's care;
'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
'To hide it there. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.*

Not for to hide it in a hedge, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*

Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, *Innocence* †

And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Lns while on Deathbed.

From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray *S. The gowd. locks of A.*

A handsome grave does hide her; *S. The Joyful Widower.*

To please the Mob they hide the little [sense] giv'n.
The Ordination. Mott.

The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.
S. There's auld Rob M. †

For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise. *S. Turn again, thou* †

To hide the brightness of the sun, *S. When clouds in skies* †

And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling. . *S. When wild War's* †

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
S. Where are the joys †

Hideous. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Wi' hideous din, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Hiding, -in.

Your better art o' hiding. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*

Wi' him it [coin] ne'er was under hidin;
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.

Hie [high].

While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie; *S. O Willie brew'd* †

Hie-gate-side [high-way-side].

She watch'd me hy the hie-gate-side, . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Hie, *to.* To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress †

To thy new lover hie, ... *S. Had I a cave* †

Tho', I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

Hieroglyphic. And hy that Hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L...

High. Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection; . *A Dream. 8.*

Obey Thy high behest. . . *A Prayer under Anguish.*

Waving on high the desolating brand, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

High wields her balance and her rod; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*

I see the Sire of Love on high. . . . . *Ib. 4.*

There, watching high the least alarms, ... *Ib. 5.*

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*

There daily I wander as noon rises high, *S. Afton Water.*

Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Fragment of Ode.
Who will not sing, God save the king,
Shall hang as high's the steeple; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin',
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
An' [some nits] jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night. . . *Halloween. 7.*
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
. . . . mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! *Innocence.*
Three kings hoth great and high, . . *John Barleycorn.*
Were I a Baron proud and high, . *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
S. My heart's in the Highl.†
He felt the powerful, high behest, . *Nature's Law.*
That looks sae proud and high. . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Ye need na look sae high. . . . . *Ib.*
And wake the soul to musings high. . *On Lincluden.*
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . . . *Ib.*
The high-arched windows painted fair, ... *Ib.*
Now on the rising gale swell high, ... *Ib.*
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Come, humpers high, express your joy, *On W. Stewart.*
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Angelic forms, high heaven's peculiar care!
Prologue at Th., D..
For genius, learning high, as great in war
Prologue, sp. by Woods
The mite high heaven hestowed, that mite with thee I'll share
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
While love's luxurious pulse heat high, *The Lament. 9.*
Maks high and low gude friends, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
Where Cummins once had high command:
S. The Banks of Nith.
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
rapt in meditation high, . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: . . *Ib.*
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown, . . *Ib.*
Thou liv'st on high for ever. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round . . . . *Ib.*
Who has no will but hy her high permission;
The Henpecked Husband.
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, *The Hermit.*
Feeding on yon hill sae high, *The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
The Petition of Br. Water.
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he. . . *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone. [v.A.4] . . . *Ib.*
And heav'd on high my wauket loof, ... *Ib. 6.*
all beneath his high command, Harmoniously, *Ib. D. II. 3.*
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! *The Whistle. 15.*
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: *S. Tibbie Dunbar.*
And fill them high with generous juice, . *To a Lady.*
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
By all on high adoring mortals know! . . *To Clarinda.*
And haply, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain. . . . *To J. S., 17.*
'twas like yoursel, To grant your high protection:
To Mr. M'Adam.
mantling high she fills the golden cup, *To R. G. of F., 7.*
As thy day grows warm and high, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low? . . . . . *Ib.*
As high in air the hursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Higher. Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, *A Dream. 9.*
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it. [v.A.27] *Ask why God made* †
Depending on some higher chance, *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Up higher yet my bonnet; . . *On dining with Daer.*
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew no higher praise, . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The pith of sense and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
Her strappan limb an' gausy middle,
(He reach'd nae higher) *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Highest.
Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind; *Rusticity's ungainly* †
And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Now highest reign'st with boundless sway! *The Lament. 9.*
To grant my highest wishes, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Highly. The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil ane will give them his vote.
The Election Ballads. III.
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Highness. I tell your Highness fairly, . . *A Dream. 10.*

High-born.
Not high-born, but noble-minded, . . *S. Sweetest May* †

High-place.
Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off thy holy hill; . . . *New Psalmody.*

Highland, -lan'. In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Unskinthed by hunger'd Highland boors! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
To keep the Highland hounds in sight! . . . *Ib.*
Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin; . . . *Ib.*
Yet, while they're only poin'd and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. . . *Ib.*
O my honie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; [*re.*]
S. As I came o'er †
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, *S. Blythe was she* †
Donald wi' his Highland hand,
Rifled ilka charm about her. . . *S. Donald Brodie.*
Highland Donald met a lass,
And rowed his Highland plaid about her. . . . *Ib.*
There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress, . *Ib.*
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' Graham; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, ... *Ib. P.*
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, . *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
"They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man; . . . . *Ib.*
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd, . . *Ib.*
As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Gie me my Highland lassie O. [*re.*] *S. The Highland Lassie.*
To sing my Highland lassie O. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
My faithful Highland lassie, O [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
His piercin words, like Highlan swords, *The Holy Fair. 21.*
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, . *The Inventory.*
Her Love had been a Highland laddie,
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
A highland lad my Love was born, . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
After some dog in Highland sang, . *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over. . *The young Highl. Rover.*

For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary. . . . . *Ib.*

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary! . . . . *Ib.*

But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary. . . . . *Ib.*

Highlandman.

Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †

I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman. . *S. O gin ye were dead.*

To wail her braw John Highlandman.
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.

My gallant, braw John Highlandman. [*re.*] . . *Ib. S. IV.*

They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman. . . *Ib.*

No comfort hut a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman. . . . . *Ib.*

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; *To W. Simpson.*

Highlands, the.

Syne to the Highlands hame to me. . . *S. Hee balou,* †

Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me; *S. Leezie Lindsay.*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; [*re.*]
S. My heart's in the Highl. †

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go,
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, . *Ib.*

The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. . . . *Ib.*

But what is the north and its highlands to me?
S. Out over the Forth †

Hilch [to hobble, halt].

And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit: . . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Hilchan [hobbling].

He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, . . *Halloween. 20.*

Hill. The fox was howling on the hill, . . . *A Vision.*

The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
S. Afton Water.

I meet him [the shepherd] on the dewy hill.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill, *S. As I gaed up by* †

"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,
"That slowly curling clamb the hill. . *As on the banks* †

Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows, [v.A.26]
S. Behind yon hills †

An' owre the hill to Nanie, O. . . . . *Ib.*

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, *S. Blythe was she* †

Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill, . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

She took to her hills and her arrows let fly, *S. Caledonia.*

And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill, ... *Ib.*

Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*

The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.

I was come round about the hill, ... *Ib. 5.*

Bonie was the Lammas moon, - - -
Glowrin a' the hills aboon, . . . *S. Duncan Gray.*

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

O, rivers, forests, hills and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: . . . *Ib. 11.*

Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

And owre the hill gaed scrievin, . . . *Halloween. 24.*

And a' the bills wi' echoes roar, . *S. Highland Laddie.*

we clamb the hill thegither, . . . *S. John Anderson,* †

The wind blew hollow frae the hills, *Lament for Glencairn.*

When o'er the hill beat surly storms, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*

See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie? *S. My Collier Laddie.*

The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off thy holy hill: . . . *New Psalmody.*

May Has made our hills and valleys gay;
S. O Logan! sweetly †

O were I on Parnassus hill; . . *S. O were I on Parnass.*†

There wild-woods grow and rivers row,
And mony a hill between; . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †

Is o'er the hills and far awa? . *S. Oh how can I be blythe* †

Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, . . . *Ib.*

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, . . *Ib.*

And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.

deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
The Brigs of Ayr.

from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, . . *Ib. 7.*

But ca' them out to park or hill, . *The Death of Maillie.*

A heardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; *The Election Ballads. II.*

O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man; *The Fête Champetre.*

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, *S. The gloomy Night* †

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill.
S. The heather was bloom.†

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill, . . *Ib.*

O were yon hills and vallies mine, *S. The Highland Lassie.*

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.

Feeding on yon hill sae high. . . . . *Ib.*

But now the L—'s ain trumpet tonts,
Till a' the hills are rairan. . . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

The faintly-marked, distant hill: . . . *The Lament.*

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill;
S. The lazy mist †

The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa'; *The night was still* †

His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
S. The small birds †

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills, . *The Twa Herds. 15.*

And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill. *The Vision. D. II. 8.*

We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Your hurdies like a distant hill, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . *To J. S., 15.*

Through frosty hills the journey lay, . . *To J. Taylor.*

Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray; . . *To W. Simpson.*

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, [*re.*]
S. Up in the morning.

The tod reply'd upon the hill, . *S. What will I do gin* †

When o'er the hill the eastern star *S. When o'er the hill* †

Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Hillock.

An' hillocks, stanes, an' hushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

At bowes or hillocks never stumbled, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Lns while on Deathbed.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock, ... *The Calf.*

Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, *S. The Catrine woods* †

An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. *The Twa Dogs.*

The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Hill-side.

As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
Speer in for bonie Bessy; . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Hill-tap [Hill-top].

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Hilly.

Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*

Hilt.

An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Hiltie, skiltie [helter-skelter!.]

Then, biltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
An' fash nae mair. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Himsel [himself].
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was Laird himsel. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*
But, like himsel', a full free agent. . . *El. on Year 1788.*
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, *Ib. Ap. 21st, 12.*
This worthless body damn'd himsel,
To save the Lord the trouble. . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel, . . *Halloween, 12.*
But monie a day was by himsel. . . . . *Ib. 16.*
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy : *Tam o' Shanter, 6.*
An there had been the Yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play ; *The Election Ballads, V.*
Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
S. The heather was bloom. †
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. *The Jolly Beggars, S. III.*
But there's Morality himsel,
Embracing all opinions ; . . *The Ordination. 12.*
It maks him ken himsel, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
He rises when he likes himsel ; . . *The Twa Dogs. S.*
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, ... *Ib. 10.*
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master, ... *Ib. 21.*
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . . . *Ib. 23.*
The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, *To W. Simpson. 15.*

Himself.
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! *A Winter Night. S.*

Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray :
S. Sleep'st thou. †

Hind.
" Looks o'er pond Property, extended wide ;
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, . *A Winter Night. S.*
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
'The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, *The Vision. D. II., 7.*

Hindmost.
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,
By gallows knaves ? *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun, . *S. There was a lad* †
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, . . *To a Haggis.*
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Hiney, Hinny [honey].
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
S. O meikle thinks my love †
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips o' Anna. . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

Hing [to hang].
There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Wi' hideous din, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
And [winds] hing us owre the ingle, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Adown her neck and bosom hing ; *S. Her flowing locks* †
The Brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel, . *Tam Samson's El..*
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
The Election Ballads. III.
And hing our fiddles up to sleep, . . *The Ordination. 7.*
Till icicles hing frae their heards ; . . . *To J. S., 22.*

Hinging, -in [hanging].
Amang the trees where humming hees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O *S. Amang the trees* †
Wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . *Holy Willie's Prayer, 14.*
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin ;
Kind Sir, I've read †
Douse hingin o'er my curple, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Hinny *v.* **Hiney.**

Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Fair maid, you need not take the hint. . *To Miss Ainslie.*

Hint, *to.*
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it ; *Friend of the poet* †
'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile ; *The Vision. D. II. 9.*

Hinted. And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
He quoted and he hinted, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion, *Prologue, at Th., D..*
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Hip. At my right-hand assign'd your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate : *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*
Wi' stangèd hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair ; . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
'The weans hand out their fingers laughin,
'And pouk my hips. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.*
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet. . . *What ails ye now* †
'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't ! . . . . *Ib.*

Hire. Was here to hire yon lad away *To Gavin Hamilton.*

Hireling.
Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The Brigs of Ayr.
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, *The Tree of Liberty.*
For hireling traitors' wages. . . . . *S. The Union.*

Hirple [to halt, move crazily as if lame, limp].
November hirples o'er the lea, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, . . *S. To daunton me.*
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :
S. What can a young lassie †

Hirplan [limping, moving crazily as if lame].
The hares were hirplan down the furrs, *The Holy Fair.*
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace. . . . . *To J. S., 13.*

Hirpl'd [limped, moved crazily as if lame].
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

His. And I'll be his, and he'll be mine.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

Hislop. Let William Hislop give the spirit. *A Grace.*

Hissel [a multitude, a flock, so many cattle or sheep as one person can attend to].
The herds an' hissels were alarm'd ; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights wi' hissing eerie din ; *A Vision.*

Histie [dry, chapt, barren].
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane. . *To a Mountain-Daisy*

History.
Here History paints, with elegance and force,
The tide of empire's fluctuating course; *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*

Hit. Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Hit, *to.*
my friend to be, If I can hit it! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.*
Farewell, dear Friend ! may guid luck hit you! *A Farewell.*

Hitch [a loop, a knot].
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . *The Death of Mailie.*

Hither. And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end. . *The Hermit.*

Hive. Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure. . *To W. Simpson.*

Hizzie [hussy, a young woman].
The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont,
Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd ! . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die ? . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.*
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would he kind ; . . *Friend of the poet* †
threshin still at hizzies tails, . . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, *S. O gude ale comes* †
The Muse, poor hizzie! . . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Three hizzies, early at the road, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ; . . *The Inventory.*
Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*
A hizzie's the half of my Craft : . . . . *Ib. S. III.*
buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, . . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, . . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*

Hoar. through your rains, hoar and grey, . *On Lincluden.*
grim Nature's visage hoar, . . *The Vision. D. II. 13.*
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Hoarding.
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Hoarse.
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Hoarsely. By a river hoarsely roaring *S. Raving winds* †

Hoary. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
S. How pleasant the banks †
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; *Lament for Glencairn.*
And hoary was his hair. . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, . . *Ib. 13.*
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, . *Ib.*
And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. II.*
And infant Frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest; *The Jolly Beggars, R. I.*
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
Ib. S. I.
Never Boreas' hoary path, ... *To Miss C.*
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray; . . *To W. Simpson. 13.*
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Hoast [a cough]. Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a'; *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Hoast-provoking.
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin; *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Hoble.
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, *A Guid New-year* † 7.

Hocus-pocus. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts
To cheat the crowd. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Hoddan [the motion of a rider on a cart horse].
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddan by their cotters; . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Hodden-grey [cloth worn by the peasantry, which has the natural colour of the wool].
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey and a' that; . *S. The Honest Man.*

Hoe. Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Hogarth.
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she [natnre] meant to show it)
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r *On dining with Daer.*

Hoggie [*dim. of* hog, a young sheep before it has lost its first fleece].
What will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! *S. What will I do gin* †
I trembled for my Hoggie. . . . . *Ib.*
And maist has killed my Hoggie. . . . . *Ib.*

Hog-score [a distance line in curling,—the stone being shogged aside when it fails to cross].
But now he lags on Death's hog-score. *Tam Samson's El., 5.*

Hog-shouther [to justle or 'shog' with the shoulder in a kind of horse-play].
The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*

Hold. Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time];
Prologue, at Th., D..
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar aroond each cliffy hold, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Hold, *to.* Hold on till thon art mellow, *S. Deluded swain* †
Who hold your being on the terms,
Each aid the others, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.*
Here holds her search by heaven-tanght Reason's beam;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champetre. . *The Fête Champetre.*
When angels met, at Adam's yett
To hold their Fête Champetre. . . . . *Ib.*
whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that. . . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
So hold thy industry with diligent cares.
S. The Poor Thresher.
To hold onr grand procession; . . *To a Medical Gent.*
I hold it, Sir, my bonnden duty . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Hol'd.
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Holding.
Whiles holding fast his gude blne bonnet; *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

Hole. darkling grubs this earthly hole, . *A Bard's Epit.*
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin: . *Add. to the Deil.*
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it: *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in. . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*

Holier.
There's a holier chace in your view; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Holland. Tho' thon has nae silk and holland sae sma, [*re.*]
S. O when she cam ben †
A ten-shillings hat, a holland cravat: *Ronalds of Bennals.*
She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Hollow.
But ev'ry tail thon pay't them hollow, *A Guid New-year* † 9.
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, *Lament for Glencairn.*
The hollow caves return a snllen moan.
On Death of R. Dundas.
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Hollow, *s.* And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows.
Adam A—'s Prayer.

Holly.
'And wear thou this' she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head: *The Vision. D. II. 23.*

Holly-bough.
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly boughs
Were twisted, gracefn', ronnd her brows, *The Vision. D. I. 9.*

Holm.
And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, *As on the banks* †

Holy. O ye wha are sae guid yonrsel,
Sae pious and sae holy, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
That holy robe, O dinna tear it! . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
Consume that high-place patronage,
From off thy holy hill: . . . *New Psalmody.*
Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks np its last abode; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Ye holy walls that still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time; . . *On Lincluden.*
The holy anthem lond and clear; . . . . . *Ib.*
In window fair, the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain, ... *Ib.*
Might fire even holy Palmers; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Or other Holy Seers that tnoe the sacred lyre. . *Ib. 14.*
Pawn'd in a gin-shop Qnenching holy drouth.
The Election Ballads. IV.
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black? . . . . . *Ib. V.*
I pray with holy fire: . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
An' lilt wi' holy clangor; . . . . *The Ordination. 3.*
Abusin' me for barsh ill nature
On holy men, . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

An' rouse their holy thunder on it *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. . . . . *Ib.*
I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . . . *The Hermit.*
"I'm gaun to [Manchline] holy fair,
"To spend an hour in daffin: . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
"An' meet you on the holy spot; . . . . *Ib. 6.*
For [Moodie] speels the holy door, . . . *Ib. 12.*
Ascends the holy rostrum: . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Homage. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The Parent-pair their secret homage pay, . . *Ib. 18.*
Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . *To Clarinda.*

Home [the author of 'Douglas']
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page, [v.A.12]
Scots Prologue.

Home.
Lone from your savage homes exil'd, *A Winter Night, 5.*
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home: *Add. to Edinburgh, 6.*
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . *S. Highland Mary*
Her home, these aisles and arches high; . *On Lincluden.*
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
On seeing wounded Hare.
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
On Death of fav. Child.
Good sense and taste are natives here at home;
Prologue, at Th., D..
Evan-banks,—Home of my youth, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19.
Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,
The Jolly Beggars, S. I.
And when I come home from my labour at night
S. The Ploughman †
Invited him home to dine with him next day; . . *Ib.*
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe, . . *Ib.*

Home-news. The papers are harren of home-news or foreign,
To Capt. Riddel.

Homeward. Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.

Homer. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
But Homer like the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that. . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,
Made Homer deep their debtor; . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Honest.
Here's a bottle and an honest friend! *A Bottle and Friend.*
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . *A Ded. to G. H., 14*
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. [*r.*] *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk* †
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
The ace an' wale of honest men; . *Auld comrade dear* †
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man: . . . . . *Ib.*
An honest Wabster to his trade, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*
Go, find an honest fellow; . . . *S. Deluded swain* †
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth! *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*
And not a muse in honest grief hewail. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Nae waur than he did, honest man! . *El. on Year 1788.*
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year: . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.*
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ib. Ap. 21st, 13.
sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky;
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
An honest man here lies at rest, . . *Epit. on a Friend.*
He's hiest—if as he brew'd he drink—
In upright honest morals. . . *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
Here lies J—n B—y, honest man *Epit. on J—n B—y, Writer.*
His social, friendly, honest heart
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
It's guid to be honest and true, *S. Here's a health to them* †
"Without, at least ae honest man,
"To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
The poor, oppressed, honest man *Man was made to Mourn.*
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer †
But never honest man's intent,
As cursedly miscarry'd. . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
Nae honest worthy man need care,
To meet with noble youthful Daer, *On dining with Daer.*
Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . *On W. Cruickshanks*
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
His honest heart enamours, . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
To honest Willie Chalmers. . . . . *Ib.*
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch
Wi' honest men! . . *Scotch Drink. 17.*
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I'll give—and here they go. . . . *Symon Gray* †
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.) . . . . *Ib. 2.*
Ae social, honest man want we: . *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. . . . *Ib. The Epit..*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin, . . *Ib. Per C..*
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears. . . . . *Ib.*
The honest, open, naked truth:
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
The Brigs of Ayr.
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'. . . *Ib.*
Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail, . *The Death of Mailie.*
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend *The Election Ballads. I.*
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that. . . . . *Ib. II.*
Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn: . . . . . *Ib. IV.*
Where's he for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that? *S. The Honest Man.*
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . . . . . *Ib.*
The grace he—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!" *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, . . *To a Haggis.*
Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], . *The Ordination. 8.*
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath, ... *Ib. 7.*
decent, honest, fawsont folk, ... *Ib. 21.*
To mend the honest Patriot-lore, . *The Vision, D. II., 5.*
The justling tears ran down his honest face! *The Vowels.*
There's naethin like the honest nappy! *There's naethin like* †
But aiblins honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dainty fair one, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
And eke the same to honest Lucky, ... *Ib.*
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem. . . . *To J. M'Murdo.*
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! . . *To J. S., 7.*

Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . *To Terraughty.*
An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . *Tragic Frag.*
A poor and honest sodger. . . *S. When wild War's* †

Honest-hearted.

To honest-hearted, auld L[apraj]k,
For his kind letter. . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †

Honestly. If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Honor, Honour.

lordly Honor's lofty brow, . . *A Winter Night. S.*
This boasted Honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, ... *Ib. 9.*
And save the Honour o' the nation! . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
O, may no son the fathers honour stain, *Blest be M'Murdo* †
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justify'd by Honor! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
But where ye feel your Honor grip,
Let that ay be your horder: . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
And whilst that honour warms my heart,
I'll love my handsome Nell. . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Glory, Honour, now invite, . . *S. Highland Laddie.*
The honours of the aged year, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd. . . *Ib.*
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
S. No Churchman am I †
And honour safely back her [Truth], . *On W. Chalmers.*
An idiot race, to honour lost; . *On Window at Stirling.*
We have the honor to belong to you! . *Scots Prologue.*
with days and honours crown'd, *Sketch. New Yr's Day.*
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd? *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.*
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; . . . . *Ib. III.*
Wha's honour was ever his law; . . . . . *Ib.*
All in the field of politics, To win immortal honours. *Ib. VI.*
For worth and honour pawn their word,
The Fête Champetre.
I saw that honour's sword was rusted; . . *The Hermit.*
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
S. The Highland Lassie.
By sacred truth and honour's hand! . . . . . *Ib.*
So lost to Honour, lost to Truth, . . *The Lament.*
Beam'd keen with Honor. . . *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
Honour's war we strongly waged, . . *S. Thickest night* †
Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part; . . . *To Chloris.*
My word of honor I hae gien, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Shed thy dying honours round, . . . *To Miss C.*
Wha has mair honor in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums, ... *Ib.*
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gives you honor). . . . . *Ib.*
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
The sodger's wealth is honor; . *S. When wild War's* †
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour. *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*
Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her; . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Honor, Honour, your, his.

Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
S. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
God bless your Honors, can ye see't, ... *Ib.*
God bless your Honors, a' your days, . . . *Ib. 24.*
With your Honours and a certain King, *The Dean of Fac..*
But now his Honor maun detach, . *The Ordination. 10.*
Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure; . *The Twa Dogs.*
eats a dinner Better than ony Tenant-man
His Honor has in a' the lan': . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Honour, *to.*

But now for a Patron whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil ane will give them his vote.
The Election Ballads. III.

Honoured, -'d, Honored, -'d.

I shelter in thy honor'd shade. . . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
this much-lov'd, much honor'd name! . . *Epit. for R. A.*
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Ye honoured mighty dead! . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, *On dining with Daer.*
My honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal; . . *Poem on Life.*
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . *Ib.*
my honor'd, first of friends, . . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
When shall I see that honour'd land, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
The Farewell. To St. J's L..
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name, . . . *Ib.*
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honoured station. *S. The sons of old Killie.*

Hoodie-craw [hooded-crow, the carrion crow].

Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Hoodock [rapacious, predatory, vulturish].

The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan, 7.*

Hook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Such witching books are baited hooks . *O leave novels* †

Hooked.

For mony a pursie she had hooked, *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

Hool [the outer case or skin].

Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . . *Halloween. 20.*

Hoolie! [softly, cautiously].

Something cries, "Hoolie!" . . . . *To J. S., 7.*

Hoord [hoard].

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Hoordet [hoarded.]

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits . . *Halloween. 7.*

Hope.

Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [Want], *Ib. 10.*
by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n! . . . . . *Ib.*
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear! . *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; *S. Ay waking, O* †
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life;
S. Caledonia.
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee. . . *S. Deluded swain* †
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18.*
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
So fell the pride of all my hopes, *S. Fate gave the word* †
That blasts each bud of hope and joy; *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles. . . . . *Fragment.*
False flatterer, Hope, away! . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
S. Gloomy December.
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: . . . . *Ib.*
In hopes to see Tam Kipples . . . . *Halloween. 21.*
Altho' even hope is denied; . *S. Here's a health to ane* †
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, *S. I dream'd I lay* †
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled. . *Lament for Glencairn.*

And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
No help, nor hope, nor view had I, ... *Ib.*
Hope and Fear's alternate billow *S. Musing on the roaring* †
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears, . *S. O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth, . . . *Ib.*
For ever,—Oh no! let not man he a slave.
His hopes from existence to sever. *On Death of fav. Child.*
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn, . . *Ib.*
Now [Wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men;
On Death of R. Dundas.
But ah how hope is born but to expire!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him? *S. One fond kiss,* †
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Prologue, at Th., D..
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd. *Sad thy tale,* †
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days: . *Ib. 16.*
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune For crack . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
Old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, . . . *The Lament.*
'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little, early ways, . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*
Not a hope that dare attend; . . . *S. Thickest night* †
Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, . . *To J. S., 9.*
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; . . . *Ib. 18.*
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired, *To R. G. of F., 5.*
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, . . *Ib. 7.*
Already one strong hold of hope is lost, . . . *Ib. 9.*
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; . . *Ib.*
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame;
To W. Simpson.
In hopes to be mair wise, . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *V.s, under Grief.*
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . *S. Where are the joys* †
And give all his hopes the lie? . *S. Why, why tell thy* †

Hope, *to.*

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven; . . *S. Anna, thy charms* †
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . *El. on Year 1788.*
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . *S. Frae the friends* †
"I will hope and trust in heaven, . *S. Husband, husband* †
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
S. Now Spring has clad †
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be. . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame. . . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
A wooer like me mannna hope to come speed;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
S. Twas na her bonie blue ee †
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her, . *S. When first I saw* †
Hope not sunshine every hour, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Hope-abandon'd.

A hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim, . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*

Hop'd. I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Hopeful.

The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Hopeless. Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring; *S. Blythe hae I been* †
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
As hopeless I muse on thy charms, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
On the hopeless Future pondering, . *S. Raving winds* †
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow. . . *The Lament.*
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . *V.s, under Grief.*

Hopeton, Hopetoun.

And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig, defiance. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; . . . *Ib.*
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; *S. When first I saw* †

Hoping. Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Hops. Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Or hops the flavour of thy wit; . . . *To Mr. Syme.*

Horatian.

Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Horn.

Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] *A Vision.*
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
S. Caledonia.
To count her [the moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook, 4.*
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
Your Latin names for horns an' stools:
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.
S. O gin ye were dead.
Your horns shall tie you to the staw, ... *Ib.*
It is the moon—I ken her horn, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
And aits set up their awnie horn, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in! . . . *Ib. 9.*
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns. . . . . *The Calf.*
On ilka brow she's planted a horn, *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill. . . . *The Lament.*
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; . . . *The Ordination. 6.*
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."
The Whistle. 8.
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn. . *There's naethin like* †
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn: *To R. G. of F. 3.*

Horn [a spoon made of horn; a comb made of horn; "horn and bane," a large toothed horn comb and a small toothed comb made of bone].

You've gi'en us waith for horn and knife,
V.s to Landlady of Inn.
Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . *To a Haggis.*
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations. . . *To a Louse.*

Hornbook, Horn.

'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
And faith, he'll waur me.' *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan, . . . *Ib.*
Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art And cursed skill, . . *Ib.*
'Hornbook was by, wi' ready art, ... *Ib.*
'That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith, ... *Ib.*
'His only son for Hornbook sets, And pays him well, . *Ib.*
'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, In Hornbook's care:
'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, To hide it there. . *Ib.*
'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,' . . . *Ib.*

Hornie [the devil].

May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*

Hornie's turnin' chapman, He'll huy a' the pack.
The Election Ballads. IV.

Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him, . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*

Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons : . . *The Ordination. 10.*

Hornpipes. But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels.
Tam o' Shanter. 11.

There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
S. The deil cam fiddling †

Horny.

My horny fist assume the plough again *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Horrible.

Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Horrid. "Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

O Death, how horrid is thy taste . *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, . . . *Halloween. 20.*

Horrid sprites shall haunt you. . *S. Husband, husband* †

Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow :
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

And still, below, the horrid caldron hoils
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Horror. Ev'ry dream is horror. . . *S. Ay waking, O* †

'Mid circling horrors sinks at last *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, *Remorse. A Frag..*

distress, with horrors arming. . . . *S. Sensibility,* †

Grim horror grin'd ; pale terror roar'd
The Election Ballads. VI.

Horror-breathing.

Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night. . . *The Lament.*

Horse. We gae the hoot and better horse ;
S. Carl an the king come.

And horse and servants waiting ready,
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
S. No Churchman am I †

The maister drunk—the horse committed :
On B.'s Horse Impound..

Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor). . . *Ib.*

The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

For Murray's light horse are to muster
The Election Ballads. III.

He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. . . . . *Ib*

I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ; . . *The Inventory.*

He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ; . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss.
To Mr. J. Kennedy.

Horse-leech.

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Horse-man. I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horse-men back to Forth, man
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Horse-whip.

Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler, . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Hose ["to tie one's hose," to fetter].

Girt on her mantle and her hose, *S. It was the charming* †

Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon. [*rc*]. *S. O gude ale comes* †

An' tye some hose well. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

I will wash my Ploughman's hose, *S. The Ploughman* †

His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.
S. There's a youth †

Hospitality.

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow. *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Host.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.

Host, *to* [to cough].

And host up some palaver. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :
What can a yng Lassie †

Hostan [coughing]. Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace. *To J. S., 13.*

Hostile.

Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

Hot. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, *A Bard's Epit..*

But feels his heart's blnid rising hot,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, . *The Dean of Fac..*

Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial.
S. The small birds rejoice †

That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld.
Till they agree. . *The Twa Herds. 10.*

Hotch'd [kept jerking the body, or moving as if uneasy].

And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
Tam o' Shanter. 16.

And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him. . *There came a piper* †

Hotch-potch [hodge-podge].

Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 7.

Von mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Hough'd. They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Houghmagandie [fornication].

An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day
The Holy Fair. 27.

Houlet, Howlet [an owl].

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*

Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
S. What will I do gin †

Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, . . *A Vision.*

Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Houlet-haunted.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, higgin,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Hounded.

Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Hounds.

To keep the Highland hounds in sight ! *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
S. Caledonia.

But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;
S. My Lord a-hunting †

. . (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Houpe [hope]. And by that Stowp ! my faith an' houpe,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.

Hour. in aught hours gaun . . *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*

In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear ! . *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*

singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, . . *Add. to Edinburgh.*

Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
A Winter Night. 8.

The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*

Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
To your black pit ; . . . . *Ib. 20.*

Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, . *S. As I gaed up* †

Behold the hour, the boat arrive ! . . *S. Behold the hour* †

Then it was thy hour of scorn ; . . . *Blue Bonnets.*

Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !
S. By Allan stream †

Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.

Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*

This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*

dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, . *Ib.*

Sae when ye hae an hour to spare, . . *Ep. to J. R. 5.*

Some cantraip hour,
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
It only lags the fatal hour; . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
S. Gloomy December.
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O: . . . . . *Ib.*
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O; . . . . . *Ib.*
at moon-shine mid-night hours, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
The village bell has told the hour, *S. Here is the glen,* †
At the starless midnight hour, *S. How can my poor heart* †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
S. How lang and dreary †
My last hour I am near it: . . *S. Husband, husband* †
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been; *Lament for Glencairn.*
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration; . . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Man was made to Mourn. 4.
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee [Death!] at rest! . . . *Ib. 11.*
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
S. My father was a farmer †
And I'll keep it until the hour I die. *S. My Sandy gied to* †
And now come in my happy hours, . *S. Now rosy May* †
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
S. O merry hae I been †
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
The hee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
And blest the day and hour, . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds,* †
Now's the day, and now's the hour, . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
Nor makes the hour one moment less. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast: *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
May there my latest hours consume, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot, ... *The Calf.*
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
"I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair,
"To spend an hour in daffin: . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, . . *The Lament.*
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow. . . . . *Ib.*
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather: *The noble Maxwells* †
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration; . . . . *S. The Union.*
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour. . *The Vision. D. II. 11.*
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
To Clarinda.
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light. . . . *To J. S., 12.*
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time! . . . *To Mary.*
That sacred hour can I forget, . *To Mary in Heaven.*
Ye maun conceal till your last hour! *S. Wha is that at* †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, . *When I think on* †
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, *S. When o'er the hill* †
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, ... *Ib.*
Hope not sunshine every hour. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
The golden hours, on angel wings,
S. Ye banks, and brays, and streams †
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger. . *S. When wild War's* †

Hourly. The cruel powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee; . . . *Fragment.*
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him: *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*

House. Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
And in my house at Hame to greet you! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
the best wark-lume i' the house, . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
An' brak him [Job] out o' house an' hal', . . *Ib. 18.*
I pray an' ponder butt the house, *Auld Comrade dear* †
'This while ye hae been mony a gate
'At mony a house'. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.*
We will big a wee, wee house. . *S. Duncan Davison.*
But either house or hal'? . . . *Ep. to Davie, 4.*
Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
We're a' noddin at our house at hame;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
When kintlan in the Fause-house Wi' him *Halloween. 6.*
Nell had the Fause-house in her min', . . *Ib. 10.*
in the narrow house o' death . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The Man of worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . *S. Tam Glen.*
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. *Tam o' Shanter.*
An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, *The Holy Fair. 18.*
St. Mary's, A honse of great merit and note;
The Election Ballads. III.
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man? [*re.*] *The Fête Champetre.*
The young anes rantan thro' the house *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained:
The Whistle. 5.
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald, . . . *To a Mouse.*
An' hont a house that's rude an' rough,
The hoy might learn to swear; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Housewife.
From housewife cares a minute borrow.
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Housie [*dim. of* **house**].
Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! . . . *To a Mouse.*

Hov'd [**swelled**]. Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.

Hover. All grace does round her hover, *S. When first I saw* †

How. And how do ye do? . *S. Gudeen to you, kimmer,* †
How's a' wi' you, kimmer, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes; . . . . . *Ib.*

How tutti taiti.
Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . *S. Landlady, count* †

Howdy, -ie [a midwife).
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. [v.A.23] *Scotch Drink.*
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy. . . *What ails ye now* †

Howe, General.
Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man: . . . *A Fragment. 3.*
Whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance? *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*

Howe [a hollow, a dell; in a hollow tone].
At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Or, if he wanders up the howe, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe;
The Black-Headed Eagle.

An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang. . . . *To J. S., 9.*
It spak right howe—' My name is Death,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.

Howe-backet [hollow or sunk in the back].
Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
A Guid New-Year †

Howkan [digging].
A Cotter howkan in a sheugh, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Howket, Howcket [digged, dug up].
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howcket dead. . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
Whiles mice and modewurks they howket; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Howl. Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,
The Kirk's Alarm.
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, . . *Winter.*

Howl, *to.*
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul,
May in some future carcase howl, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17.*
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
S. Had I a cave †
Unheeded howls [the blast], unheeded fa's;
S. O Lassie, art thou †
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The laug, dark night! *To W. Simpson. 14.*
May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Howl'd. Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Howlet *v.* **Houlet.**

Howlet-faced [having a face like an owl].
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, *In Defence of a Lady.*

Howling. The fox was howling on the hill, . . *A Vision.*
And thunders rend the howling air,
S. How can my poor heart †
the howling, wintry blast . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail. . . . *New Psalmody.*
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Howling tempests o'er me rave! . . *S. Thickest night* †
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
S. Wandering Willie.

Howsoe'er.
howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, *Prologue at Th., D..*

Hoyse [hoist, a pull upwards].
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, . . *The Ordination. 13.*

Hoy't [urged, incited].
They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; . . *Halloween. 23.*

Hoyte [amble crazily, move stiffly].
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, *A Gude New-Year.* † 7.

Hue. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan:
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . *S. Her flowing locks* †
How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy! *S. I do confess* †
Sweet was its'smell and bonie was its hue; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
The lily's hue, the rose's dye, . *S. My Mary's face* †
Her eyebrows of a darker hue, . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
His coat is the hue of his honnet sae blue: *S. There's a youth* †
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Huff'd.
How huff'd, an' cuff'd and disrespeket! *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

Hug. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug. . *A Dream. 12.*
He hugs his chaiu, and owns the reign *S. Lovely Davies.*
Hug our doxies on the hay. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Huge.
Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite? [v.A.27] *Ask why God made* †
O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Hugely. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Hulk. sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you. *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*

Hulks. And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Hum. The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
S. O Logan! sweetly †
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, *The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.*
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannilie he hums them; . . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums. . . . *To a Haggis.*
But gravissimo, solemn basses, Ye hum away. *To J. S., 27.*
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Human. Where human weakness has come short,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin, *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
O' a' the num'rous human dools. - - -
Thou bear'st the gree. *Add. to Toothache. 4.*
To step aside is human: . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
Where never human footstep trac'd, *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 15.*
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,
Ep. to R. Graham. 1.
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race: . *Ib. 5.*
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
Epit. for Author's Father.
Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
wars, The plagues of human life; . . . *Nature's Law.*
'Go on, ye human race! . . . . . *Ib.*
Far from human haunts and ways; *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race! . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts; . . . *To J. S..*
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; *Tragic Frag.*

Human-body.
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools, . . *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Human-creature.
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her first plan, . . . *To J. S., 3.*

Human-kind.
There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man. *A Bottle and Friend.*
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last! . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Might charm the first of human kind. *S. My Mary's face* †
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19.
The humbler ranks of Human-kind, *The Vision. D. II. 7.*
And pledge me in the generous toast
"The whole of human kind!" . . . *To a Lady.*
'Twere drink for first of human kind. . . *To Mr. Syme.*

Humane.
Glories in his heart humane
And creatures for his pleasure slain. *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Humanity. Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Ode. to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Humble.
Your much indebted, humble servant. *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*
Your humble servant then no more: . . . *Ib. 16.*
in the vale of humble life, ... *Ib.*
A humble Bardie wishes! . . . . . *A Dream.*
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor: . . . . . *Ib. 3.*

And till ye come—your humble servant, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Within his humble cell, . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
How blest the humble cotter's fate, *S. O poortith cauld.*†
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble: *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While Rab his name is. . . . . *Ib.*
When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name.
The Brigs of Ayr.
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre. . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
And many a low humble bow to the ground:
The Poor Thresher.
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
The Twa Dogs, 13.
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Great love I bear to all the Fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains,
The Vision. D. II. 9.
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; . . . *Ib. 21.*
Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
S. Their groves of †
this little boon, This humble pair of glasses. . *To a Lady.*
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise; . . . . . *Ib.*
And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . *To J. S., 10.*
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. *To Miss Graham.*
My humble knapsack a' my wealth, *S. When wild War's* †
Our humble cot, and hamely fare, ... *Ib.*
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Humbler.
To lower Orders are assign'd,
The humbler ranks of Human-kind, *The Vision. D. II. 7.*
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining— . *S. When first I saw* †

Humbly.
For who would humbly serve the Poor? *A Ded. to G. H., 16*
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!
Prologue at Th., D..
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine; . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Which even the Rights of Kiogs in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
The Rights of Woman.

Humid. Humid seal of snft affections, . . *To a Kiss.*

Humility. But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God. *The 1st Psalm.*

Humm'd.
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Humming.
the bees, humming round the gay roses,
S. Where are the joys †
Amang the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O *S. Amang the trees* †

Hump.
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Humphie. Or crouchie Merran Humphie, *Halloween. 20.*

Hunder [hundred].
In seventeen hunder forty-nine . *Epig. on A. Turner.*
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: . *S. Tam Glen.*
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

Hundred.
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride; *Man was made to mourn.*
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
Ronalds of Bennals.
To leave me a hundred or twa, man, ... *Ib.*
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' Christ and ninety-five, . *The Election Ballads. V.*
As flames amang a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods; . . . *Ib. VI.*
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that: . *S. The Honest Man.*

Hundred-headed. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Hung. But Cl–nt–n's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man. *A Fragment. 4.*
They hung him up before the storm, . *John Barleycorn.*
Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; *O leave novels* †
On ev'ry blade the pearls hung; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Hunger.
Let wark and hunger mak them sober! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead, . . . *At Globe Tav., D..*
There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, *S. O that I had ne'er,* †
Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
The Twa Dogs. 11.
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, . . *Ib. 27.*

Hunger'd.
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green, . *The Vision. D. I.*

Hungry.
The hungry hike did scrape and pike *S. Amang the Trees* †
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
A hungry care's an unco care; . *S. In simmer when* †
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna, . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

Hunkers [a person's position when sitting with the hips hanging downwards and the weight of the body depending on the knees].
Upon his hunkers bended, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Hunt.
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: *S. Caledonia.*
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
S. My father was a farmer †
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, *Scots Prologue.*
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth
To ruin straight. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' hludie war. . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Hunted, -it.
And hunted as was William Wallace, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe;
The Black-headed Eagle.
They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
S. The heather was bloom. †

Hunter. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, *A Guid New-Year* †
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither; *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, wh–res, and hunters; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The hunter now has left the moor, *S. The gloomy Night* †
The hunter lo'es the morning sun, *S. When o'er the hill* †

Hunting.
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
S. The heather was blooming †
I red you beware at the hunting, young men; . . *Ib.*
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Like heagles hunting game, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Hurcheon [a hedgehog].
Haurl thee [death] hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides, . *El. on Capt. M. H.*

Hurchin [urchin].
But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Hurdies [the loins, the crupper, the hips].
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the Sea. *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
I wad hae gi'en them [thir hreeks] off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie hurdies! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl. . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
Your hurdies like a distant hill, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Hurl [to ride in a conveyance].
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie, ... *To —.*

Hurl. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl. *A Winter Night. 2.*
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Hurled. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
Ode, sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —.
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig, defiance. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Hurling.
Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*

Hurry.
Some devils seize them in a hurry, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.

Hurt. For fear your modesty be hurt. . *A Ded. to G. H.*
Because we've stang'd her through the place,
And hurt her spleuchan, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The poor, wee thing was little hurt; . . *Ep. to J. R. S.*
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
Remorse. A Frag..
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them. *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Husband.
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
That some kind husband had addrest,
To some sweet wife; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 3*
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
Epit. for Author's Father.
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', . *Epit. on a Wag.*
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her? . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Husband, husband, cease your strife, *S. Husband, husband* †
How mony lengthen'd sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises! . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
The Regiment at large for a husband I got;
. *The Jolly Beggars. S. II.*
The plighted husband of her youth? . . *The Lament.*
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Hush'd, -'t.
sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em [poverty, &c.]
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Hushion [a stocking without a sole].
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Husky. Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, *Scotch Drink. 3.*

Hut. And hap'ly, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain. . *To J. S., 17.*

Huzza!
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Hyacinth.
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
S. The Posie.

Hydra. Their hydra drouth did sloken. *On dining with Daer.*

Hymen. No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
To R. G. of F., 3.

Hymeneal.
Lang beet his hymeneal flame, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
But first hang out that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal Charter, ... *A Dream. 13.*

Hymn.
Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
The choral hymn that erst so clear,
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, . . . *On Lincluden*
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
On Death of fav. Child.

Hymning. Together hymning their Creator's praise,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
"An' this is Superstition here,
"An' that's Hypocrisy. . . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*

Hypocrite. And names, like villian, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en, . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks? *V. on Nat. Thanks..*

Hypothenuse.
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse; *S. Caledonia. 6.*

Hyte [mad].
The witching cursed delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*

I. In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . *The Vowels.*

Ice.
(What breast of northern ice but warms?) *Fragment of Ode.*
crashing ice, borne on the roariog speat, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet: . *Ib. 11.*

Icicle. Till icicles hing frae their beards; . *To J. S., 22.*

Icker [an ear of corn].
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request: . . . *To a Mouse.*

Icy.
An' [thowes] float the jinglan icy boord, *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Idea. Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast. . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine. . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . *To Clarinda.*

Idiot. The idiot strum of vanity hemused, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Lns on Fergusson.
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; *Monody, on a Lady.*
An idiot race, to honour lost; . *On Window at Stirling.*
And half an idiot too, more helpless still. *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Idle. Esteeming, and deeming,
It a' an idle tale! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
El. on Miss Burnet.
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
Monody, on a Lady.
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
S. My father was a farmer †
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, *Prologne, sp. by Woods.*
Sad thy tale, thou idle page, ... *Sad thy tale,* †
Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink,
Second Ep. to Davie.
Amid their flaring idle toys, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Are ye as idle's I am? . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care: . . . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue; . . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*
the idle Muses' mad-cap train, . . *To R. G. of F., S.*
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme. . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Idle, *to.*
He never was known for to idle or lurk; *S. The Poor Thresher.*

Idly. The breezes idly roaming [a type of woman], *S. Deluded swain* †

When idly goavan whyles we saunter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir; . . *S. Husband, husband,* †

Idly-feign'd. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, *The Lament.*

Ier-oe [a great grandchild].

his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Ignis fatuus.

Some spunny, fiery, ignis fatuus matter; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*

Ignorance.

Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, *The Vowels.*

Ignorant.

In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; *The Brigs of Ayr, 10.*

Ilay. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14.

Ilk [each].

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! *A Winter Night. 4.*

Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' honie white yewes.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †

Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*

And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †

Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Ilk action may he rue it; . . . *On W. Stewart.*

Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade, . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †

Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: *Tam o' Shanter, 19.*

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither!
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father; *Tam Samson's El. 12.*

An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, ... *Ib.*

To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears. . . . . *Ib.*

Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man:
S. The Fête Champetre.

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

And names, like villian, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en, . . *The Twa Herds, 9.*

While faithless snaws ilk step betray . *The Vision. D. 1.*

Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
S. Yon wild mossy mountns †

Ilka [every].

Careless ilka thought and free, . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

Ilka body has a body, . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye.*

Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ... *Ib.*

Rifled ilka charm about her, . . . *S. Donald Brodie* †

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*

Desart ilka blooming shore; . . *S. Frae the friends* †

There catch her ilka glance of love, [*re.*]
S. Now bank and brae †

Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . . . *Fragment.*

For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. . *S. Gane is the day* †

I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . *S. Here's to thy health* †

Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets. . . *S. I do confess* †

And handsome ilka hit abont her. . . *S. I met a lass* †

And corn wav'd green in ilka field, *S. In simmer when* †

And roses blaw in ilka hield; . . . . . *Ib.*

Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find, . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †

While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw:
S. My Nanie's awa.

While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely. . . . *S. O Phely* †

That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted, *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †

Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . . *S. One fond kiss* †

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; . . *Ib. 10.*

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . . . *Ib. 12.*

'Na, wanr than a' !' cries ilka chiel,
'Tam Samson's dead!' . *Tam Samson's El..*

And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; . *S. The Banks of Doon.*

When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . *S. The cardin o't.*

On ilka hand the lurnies trot, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

On ilka brow she's planted a horn, *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †

And ilka ane at London court
Would bid to him gude day. . *The Election Ballads. 1.*

God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . . . *Ib.*

No gi'en by way o' dainty But ilka day. *The Ordination, 6.*

Ay gat him friends in ilka place; . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

He smell'd their ilka hole and road, . *The Twa Herds. 6.*

He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, ... *Ib. 7.*

The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; *S. There was a lass* †

(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet) . . . *To Terraughty.*

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

To halance fair in ilka quarter; . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Now she's left by ilka creature; *S. Will ye go and marry* †

And ilka bird sang o' its love, . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Ill, *adj., adv.*

Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! *A Ded. to G. H., 3.*

(Ye need na tak it ill) . . . . . *Ib. 12.*

I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; . . *Ib. 13.*

Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . *Add. to Toothache.*

As ill I like my faults to tell; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 16.*

How ill exchang'd for riper times, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
S. I dream'd I lay †

Jenny was nae ill to gain, ... *S. Jockey fou* †

An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, . *S. O steer her up* †

His bosom ill at rest. . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
On Death of R. Dundas.

Ill may she be! . . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree; . . . . . *Ib.*

howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, *Prologue at Th., D..*

It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfn' wines to mell,
Scotch Drink. 16.

By my love so ill requited; . *S. Stay, my charmer* †

The ne'er-a-hit they're ill to poor folk . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
The Kirk's Alarm. 15.

She promised fair and perform'd but ill;
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †

Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle. . *To a Mouse.*

Ill, *s.* Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest. *A Prayer under Anguish.*

May ill befa' the flattering toogue
That wad beguile my Nanie, . *S. Behind yon hills* †

Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish! *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

They [misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*

Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*

A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3*

O why the dence should I repine,
And he an ill forehoder; . . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*

Nought of ill may come thee near, *S. Hark! the mavis* †

And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee! *Holy Willie's Prayer.*

Of gude advisement comes nae ill. *S. In simmer when* †

Ill may we never see! . . . *S. Landlady, count* †

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame! . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Its [the future's] good or ill untried, O ;
S. My father was a farmer †
Thou'rt like themselves [the powers aboon] sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill. . . *Poem on Life.*
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
Remorse. A Frag..
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious ! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
The sleepy hit lassie she dreaded nae ill, *S. The Taylor fell* †
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill. . . *Ib.*
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them ; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
wakeful caution still aware Of ill . . *To a yng Lady.*
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between ;
Why am I loth †
Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth
From ev'ry ill defend her ; . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Ill-brewn. Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.

Ill-fated.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! *Lns on Fergusson.*

Ill-hearted.
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows ; *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Ill-match'd, Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Man was made to Mourn.

Ill-nature.
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men, . . *Third Ep. to J. Laf..*

Ill-presaging. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Ill-requited.
O, but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . *Tragic Frag.*

Ill-satisfy'd.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, *A Winter Night. 9.*

Ill-suited.
(O Ferguson! thy glorions parts,
Ill-suited law's dry, mnsty arts! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Ill-taen [ill-taken].
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Ill-tongued. An' lows'd his [Job's] ill-tongued, wicked scawl
Add. to the Deil. 18.
Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Ill-thief [the devil].
The ill-thief blaw the Heron south ! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Ill-willie [ill-natured, ungenerous, unkind].
Yonr native soil was right ill-willie ; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Illicit. But never tempt th' illicit rove, *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Illissus. Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tuneful' line ; *To W. Simpson.*

Illumin'd.
Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows !
A Winter Night. 7.

Illustrate.
But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Fragment inscr. to Fox.

Illustrious.
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thon may'st discern ; . . *V.s below Picture.*

Image. Wee image of my bonny Betty, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
As e'er God with his Image blest, . *Epit. on a Friend.*
Her living image in her yowe, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Whose image lives within my breast;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Thy image at our last embrace ; . *To Mary in Heaven.*

Imbosomed.
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Imbued. The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Immingled. Immingled with the mighty dead ! *Liberty.*

Immix'd. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Immortal.
For brave Caledonia immortal must be ; *S. Caledonia. 6.*
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Or my more dear Immortal part, . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . . *Liberty.*
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms ;
These are all immortal charms. . . *S. My Mary's face* †
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page, [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honors. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
The Rights of Woman.
if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, *The Whistle. 17.*
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
To Miss Graham.
Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
S. Where are the joys †

Imp. Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, *The Ordination. 2.*

Imp, *to.* My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Impart. And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart. *S. Fate gave the word* †
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Impassion'd. But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Impatient.
While pointers round impatient hurn'd *Tam Samson's El., 8.*
Looks round him an' found them
Impatient for the Chorus. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Impell'd. impell'd by all-directing Fate, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*

Impelling. To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries ; . . *S. How cruel* †

Impending. Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.
The Rights of Woman.

Imperfect. in her rough imperfect line *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Imperial. The world's imperial crown, *S. Mark yonder pomp* †
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or prond imperial purple. . *The Answ. to the Guidwife.*
There I'll despise imperial charms, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Impertinent. An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Impious.
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heaven. . *S. Anna, thy charms* †

Implore. Your pity I will not implore, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
'Implore his counsel and assisting might :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . *To J. S., 21.*

Imploring. And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover. . . *S. Could aught of song* †
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh : . . . *The Hermit.*

Imply. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Frag. inscr. to Fox.

Imported.
Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Scots Prologue.

Important.
For still th' important end of life,
They [wha fa'] equally may answer: *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
" You're one year older this important day."
Prologue, at Th., D..
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! . *Ib.*
Let us th' important now employ, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Impose.
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Impress'd.
But deep this truth impress'd my mind *A Winter Night. 11.*
the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †

Impression. Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
To Mary in Heaven.

Imprimis.
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . *The Inventory.*

Improve.
The lucky moment to improve, . *Despondency, an Ode, 4.*
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, . . *Sketch.*
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve. . . . *To Chloris.*

Impudence.
Your impudence protects you sairly : . . *To a Louse.*

Impute.
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

In. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, . *S. Duncan Gray* †
And I would fain be in, jo. . . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
O rise and let me in, jo. . . . . *Ib.*
I winna let you in, jo. . . . . *Ib.*
He sought them out, he sought them in,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
He paidles out, and he paidles in, . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
Or else the Deil's be in it. . . *Extem. to an Intimate.*
She says in to hersel : . . . . . *Halloween, 8.*

Incapacity.
The more incapacity they bring
The more they're to your liking. . *The Dean of Fac..*

Incens'd. The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Incessant.
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . *Fragment of Ode.*
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Incessantly.
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

Inch. An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, *Scotch Drink. 17.*
His solid sense—by inches you must tell, . . *Sketch.*
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Inclination.
It's just a carnal inclination, . . . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
O, had I power like inclination, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But for how lang the file may stang,
Let Inclination law that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Inclin'd.
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, . *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,
'The various man. . *The Vision. D. II., 7.*

Inclosed. Adown a corn-inclosed hawk, *S. A Rosebud by* †

Incog. Ye eam to Paradise incog, . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*

Inconclusive.
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye. [v.A.4] . *The Vision. D. II.*

Inconstant.
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, *S. The gloomy night* †

Inconstancy.
Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ; . . . *S. Let not woman* †

Increase. Be fruitful and increase. . . *Nature's Law.*
So, may his flock increase an' grow *The Death of Mailie.*

Increasing.
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Incrusted.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted ; . . *The Hermit.*

Indebted.
Your much indebted, humble servant. *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*

Indeed. Indeed mann I, quo' Findlay. *S. Wha is that at my* †
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

Indentin [indenturing].
For Britain's guid his saul indentin *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Independence.
To hardy Independence bravely bred, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Independent, -ant.
Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
S. Caledonia. 6.
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent. . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
Mark how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ? . *Man was made to mourn.*
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Thou of an independent mind
With soul resolved, with soul resigned ; *Poet. Inscription.*
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. *Ib.*
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that. *S. The Honest Man.*
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay. . . . †*To Mr. M'Adam.*

India.
The sun from India's shore retires ; *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost ? . . . . . *Ib.*
O could I give thee India's wealth, . *To J. M'Murdo.*
I send you more than India boasts
To Miss L., with "Beattie."

Indian.
Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man : . . *A Fragment. 7.*
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be ! *S. Behold the hour* †
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
No gifts have I from Indian coasts
To Miss L., with "Beattie."
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Indicted.
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. *A Dream.*

Indies.
Ance to the Indies I were wonted, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [*re.*] . . *To Mary.*
But a' the charms o' the Indies Can never equal thine. *Ib.*

Indignant. Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, *Tragic Frag.*

Indignation.
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.
Monody, on a Lady.

Indite.
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite. . .
S. Here's a health to them †

Indulge. The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.
The League and Covenant.

Indulgent.
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
Lns. extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.

Indus. Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah ! *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Industry.
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth : *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
So hold thy industry with diligent cares.
S. The Poor Thresher.

Inexorable. All hail! inexorable lord ! . . *To Ruin.*

Infamy.
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ; *Epis. fr. Esopus.*
A text for infamy to preach ; . . . . *To W. Creech.*

Infant.
Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast, *A Winter Night. 8.*
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.

And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest ; . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ; *The Vision. D. I. S.*
Explore at large Man's infant race, . . *Ib. D. II. 10*
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, *The Vowels.*
Passion's birth, and infants' play . . . *To a Kiss.*
No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ; . *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Infection. A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Infernal.
And waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal : . . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
"To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal! . *To W. Simpson.*

Inflame. The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
S. O were I on Parnass.†

Influence.
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down. . *S. Highland Mary.*
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career,
Lns on Fergusson.

Inform. That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Inform him [death], and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him. . *To a Medical Gent.*

Inform'd.
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd : *Epit. on a Friend.*
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
S. No Churchman am I†
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Informing.
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry. . . *S. Here's to thy health.†*

Infuriate.
The fumes of wine infuriate send ; *Sent to a Gent. offended.*

Ingine [genius; disposition; mind].
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had ingine, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.*
But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Ingle [fire, fire-place].
The benmost neuk beside the ingle, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, . . *As on the banks†*
And [winds] hing us owre the ingle, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.*
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ; . . . *Ib. 12.*
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, . . *S. Willie Wastle†*

Ingle-cheek [the fire-side].
There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Ingle-gleede [the live-coal of the fire-place].
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank†

Ingle-lowe [the fire-light].
by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright,
The Vision. D. I. 7.
There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe ; . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Ingle-side [the fire-side].
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Inglorious. I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone! . *To J. S., 10.*

Ingrate. Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate! . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Inhabitant.
The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know, . . *A Bard's Epit.*

Inherit.
Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Inhuman. Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
On seeing wounded Hare.

Inhumanity.
Man's inhumanity to Man, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Injure. Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee, *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Injured, -'d. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest ;
In vain wild Prudence†
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.
The injured Stuart line is gone, *On Window at Stirling.*
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, *To R. G. of F., 5*
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me *Tragic Frag.*
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Injurious. In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress, *S. Thickest Night†*

Injury. Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Ink. An, down gaed stumpie in the ink :
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.

Inly.
What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, *The Brigs of Ayr. 2.*
Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, . . *The Lament.*

Inmate. And in his Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Inn.
Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day. *The Ordination.*

Inner port [inner gate or door].
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" *What ails ye now†*

Innocence.
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, . . . *A Winter Night. 8.*
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on ; . . . *Innocence.*
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume. . *On Poet's Daughter.*

Innocent. The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Remorse. A Frag..

Inquisitor.
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert.
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art ; *The Vowels.*

Insect. But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! *Delia. An Ode.*
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. *On an empty Fellow.*
Pleasures, insects on the wing *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Insensate.
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, *Sent to a Gent. offended.*

Inside. Three lawyers' tongues, turned inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout ; [v.A.16]
Tam o' Shanter.

Insipid.
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Insist. Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow,
I'se no insist ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 15.*

Insolence. Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Inspection.
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Inspiration. The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration ; *S. Lovely Davies.*

Inspire.
O, how that name inspires my style! . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
Inspire my Muse, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
S. O were I on Parnass.†
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . *On W. Chalmers.*

Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name! . . *Scotch Drink. 2.*
Sweetest May, let love inspire thee; . *S. Sweetest May* †
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . *To R. Graham.*
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Inspired, -'d. a whim-inspir'd fool, . *A Bard's Epit.*
(Inspired Bardies saw, man) . . . *A Fragment. 8.*
On fear-inspired wings; . . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
On Death of R. Dundas.
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd, . . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots make your windings; . *The Book-Worms.*
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! *Ib. 12.*
By her inspir'd the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
'All hail! my own inspired Bard! *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; [v.A.23] . *Ib. 6.*
And fled each muse that glorions once inspired, *To R. G. of F., 5.*
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fates sibyl leaf,
This natal morn, . . *To Terraughty.*

Inspirer. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Inspiring, -in'.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
And sic twa love-inspiring een, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, . . . *Ib. 12.*
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
muse-inspirin' aqua-vitae . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses. . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Instance. For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco Calf! . . *The Calf.*

Instant. Is instant made no worth a louse
Just at the bit. *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause
Ep. to Young Friend. 8.
And in an instant all was dark: . . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Instantly. Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Instinct.
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Instruct.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. II.*
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill. . . . . *Ib. 8.*

Instrument.
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard; *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*
To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death, . . . *Ib. 13.*

Insulting.
now a prey to insulting neglect, *Monody, on a Lady, Epit.*

In't [in it].
The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; [*re*]. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
A cauld kirk, and in't but few; . *On Kirk of Lamington.*

Intend. That he intends to pay your debt, . *A Dream. 7.*
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Intended.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
What he intended on them to bestow; *S. The Poor Thresher.*

Intent. Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan,
Ep. to R. Graham.

Intent, Intention.
But never honest man's intent,
As cursedly miscarry'd. . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
Where with intention I have err'd,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen *Poem on Life.*

Intently. while intently surveying The storm's gloomy path
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Interest. My honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal; . *Poem on Life.*
Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
The Election Ballads, III.

Intermix'd.
First, in the sexes intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
The Rights of Woman.

Intervene.
When shining sunbeams intervene *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Into. There was three kings into the east, *John Barleycorn.*

Intoxicated.
Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . *To Clarinda.*

Intrusion. If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or Patronage intrusion, *The Ordination. 14.*

Invade.
Dare invade your native right, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. *The Rights of Woman.*

Invader.
And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
The daring invaders they fled or they died. . *S. Caledonia.*

Invasion.
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir, . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Inverness.
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 6.*
The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; . *S. The lovely lass* †

Inverted. His that inverted glory. *On Duke of Queensberry.*

Inviolate. To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
The Rights of Woman.

Invite. Glory, Honour, now invite, *S. Highland Laddie.*
And kindly she did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair. *S. The Lass that made the bed.*

Invited. Invited him home to dine with him next day;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Involved, -'d. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Lament for Glencairn.
Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others;
Remorse. A Frag..

Inwoven,
Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame! . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Ire. Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.
Monody, on a Lady.
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on
Wi' felon ire; . . . . *Poem on Life.*
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Ireland.
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Irish. It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, [*re.*] . *S. It was a' for* †
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Iron. See stern Oppression's iron grip, *A Winter Night. 7.*
And [Turnkeys] deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, *Lns on Fergusson.*
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
He [Love] bound me with an iron chain, *S. Talk not of Love* †
To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death, *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
The iron hand that breaks our band, *S. The day returns* †

Iron-hearted.
That iron-hearted Carl, Want, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*

Ironic. Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
On my poor Musie; *To W. Simpson.*

Irvine. Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. *The night was still* †

Irvine-side.
Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irvine-side, ... *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Irwin, Irwine.
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire and Doon,
Nae body sings. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Isabella. By a river hoarsely roaring
Isabella stray'd deploring. . *S. Raving winds* †
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms. . . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd; . . . . . *Ib.*

Isaiah. Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

I'se [I shall, or I will].
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad, . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
I'se be fou and thou'se be toom,
Coggie, an the king come. . *S. Carl, an the King come.*
Yet, if your catalogue be few,
I'se no insist; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 15.*
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, . . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
I'se ne'er bid better. . . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; . . *The Inventory.*
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, . *S. The tither morn* †
And if we dinna haud a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . *To W. Simpson. 2.*

Isle.
Yon distant isle will often hail; . *S. Behold the hour* †
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree, *S. The Bonie Lass of Albany.*
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, *The Election Ballads. II.*
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That hears the name o' auld king Coil, . *The Twa Dogs.*
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside New Holland, . *To W. Simpson.*

Issachar. That Young Man great in Issachar,
The burden-bearing tribe. *New Psalmody.*

Issu'd.
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: *S. Caledonia.*

Italy. How libbet Italy was singin; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Italian. Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Or down Italian Vista startles, . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Ither [other; one another].
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nanie, O, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
A three-taed leister on the ither [shoother]
Lay, large an' lang. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
hae ye been mawin, When ither folk are busy sawin? *Ib. 8.*
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
And ither chaps, ... *Ib. 14.*
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindl'd down to mere existence. *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 17.*
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
An' that there is I've little swither *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
Ithers seek they kenna what, ... *S. Jockey fou* †
And ither some will kiss and daut; . *S. John. come kiss.*
And ither some will prie their mou,
And some will hause in ithers arms, ... *Ib.*
"But I maun lie before the storm,
"And ithers plant them in my room. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Thou comes—they [verses] rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses! . . . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
An' monie ithers, . . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.*
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither, vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . *The Death of Mailie.*
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. . . . . *Ib.*
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.
The Holy Fair. 27.
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
An' worry'd ither in diversion; . . . . . *Ib.*
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, . . . *Ib. 33.*
Resolv'd to meet some ither day. . . . . *Ib. 35.*

And names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en, . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, . . . *To a Louse.*
a richer share Than mony ithers; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
And ev'ry ither pair [o' shoon] that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you. . . *To J. S., 2.*
"There's ither Poets, much your betters, . . . *Ib. 7.*
They a' maun meet some ither place, . . *To W. Creech.*
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: *To W. Simpson. 17.*
Ae way or ither, ... *V.s to J. Ranken.*
'To please us a', I've just ae ither, . *What ails ye now* †
Her nose and chin they threaten ither; *S. Willie Wastle* †
Then nae ither man can get ye, *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Itsel' [itself].
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry, . *El. on Year 1788.*
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

Ivied. This ivied cot was dear: *Lns on Window. F.'s C. Her.,*
This ivied cot revere! . . . . . *Ib.*

Ivory. Her teeth were like the ivory,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Ivy. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy hower, . *A Vision.*
Ye houlets, frae your ivy hower, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*

Jacket. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Jacobite.
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear; [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Jad [a jade; a term of familiarity].
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 4.
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
Guess ye how the jad! I could hear her, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads,
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
But clear your decks an' here's the Sex
I like the jads for a' that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Or Zipporah the scauldin jad, . . *The Ordination. 4.*
They're a run deils an' jads thegither. *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow. . . . *S. The weary Pund.*
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Jade. Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae,
S. Contented wi' little †
(A souple jade she was, and strang), *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*

Jaffray.
And Katharine Jaffray was her name, *Katharine Jaffray.*

Jag [to prick, pierce].
ye prick the louse, An' jag the flae. *What ails ye now* †

Jail. And rot the dyvors i' the jails! . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Jamaica.
Jamaica bodies, use him weel, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

James.
And, in your lug, most reverend J[ames], . . *The Calf.*
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
The Kirk's Alarm. 6.

Jamie, -y [*dim. of* James].
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, . *Auld comrade dear* †
There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame. [*re.*]
S. By yon castle wa' †
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, . . . *Ib.*
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck, . . . *Halloween. 17.*
Jamie, come try me, [*re.*] . . *S. Jamie, come try me* †
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.
Up and waur them a', Jamie, [*re.*] *S. The Laddies by* †
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . *S. Young Jamie* †
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Janet.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet, . . *Auld comrade* †

January. When January winds were blawing cauld,
S. The lass that made the bed.

Janwar [January].
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †

Jar. To gie the jars an' barrels A lift . *The Holy Fair. 14.*

Jars. The church is in ruins, the state is in jars:
S. By yon castle wa' †
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Fragment. inscr. to Fox.

Jar, *to.* May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*

Jargon. with their Logic-jargon tir'd, . *Auld comrade* †
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.

Jarring.
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, *A Fragment. 6.*
Ye jarring screeching things around, *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Remorse. A Frag..

Jauk [to trifle, to dally].
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Jaukin [dallying, trifling].
I wat she made nae jaukin; . . . . *Halloween. 12.*

Jauner [idle talk].
O had your tongue and jauner; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

Jauntie [*dim. of* **jaunt**].
I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
Wad bring ye to: . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Jaunty. Maria's jaunty stagger, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Jaup [a splash of water or mud].
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Jaup, *to* **[to dash and rebound as water; splash].**
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; . . *To a Haggis.*

Jaw [the mouth; coarse raillery].
An' [Fox] lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. . *A Fragment. 5.*
Now deil-ma-care about their jaw. . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Jaw, *to* **[to dash, spurt, throw out in a jet].**
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man; . . . *A Fragment.*

Jaws. Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!
Scots Prologue.

Jealous. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
What can a young lassie †

Jean. Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean! . . *Ep. to Davie. S.*
To meet with, and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean! . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e; [*re.*] . . *Halloween. S.*
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, . . . *Ib. 20.*
And see my bonie Jean again. . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, *S. My Collier Laddie.*
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . *S. O this is no my ain* †
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. *S. O when she cam ben* †
my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean. *S. Of a' the airts* †
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean. . . . . *Ib.*
There's ane they ca' Jean, . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien', . . *Ib.*
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
My Jean's heart-rending throe! . . . *The Farewell.*
When kindly yon mind me, O then befriend my Jean! *Ib.*
From thee, my Jeany, must I part! . . . . *Ib.*
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.
S. Their groves of †
The fairest maid wa bonie Jean. [*re.*] *S. There was a lass* †
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean. . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †

Jean, Brandy [the town of Kirkcudbright].
And brandy Jean that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,
The Election Ballads. I.
But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean . . . . *Ib.*

Jeany, -ie.
dear bird, young Jeany fair, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her? *S. Come, let me take* †
But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
I reign in Jeanie's bosom. . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . . *On Miss J. Scott.*
When frae my Jeany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
From thee, my Jeany, must I part! . . *The Farewell.*
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, [*re.*] *S. There was a lass* †
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ailed me, [*re.*] *S. When first I saw* †

Jed. Eden scenes on crystal Jed, . . . *To W. Creech.*

Jee [to move; to move to one side].
And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; *The Vision. D. I. 7.*

Jeeg [to jig, jolt].
Then I maun sit the lee lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*

Jeer. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
Let nae body name wi' a jeer; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Jehu. Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need; . *Tam Samson's El.*

Jenny [*dim. of* **Janet**].
When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, *A Guid New-year* †5.
There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body
Jenny's seldom dry, . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, . . *S. Comin thro' the rye.*
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride! . . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Wee Jenny to her Graunie says, . . . *Halloween. 13.*
Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, [*re.*]
Jenny M'Craw.
Jockey fou, and Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain. [*re.*] . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame. . . . . *Ib.*
Their eldest bope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, . . . *Ib. 7.*
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, . . *Ib.*
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; . . . *Ib.*
With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him hen; . . *Ib. S.*
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; . . . *Ib.*
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? . . *Ib. 10.*
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny, . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
O Jenny dinna toss your head, . . . *To a Louse.*
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
S. What can a young lassie †
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. . *S. Where are the joys* †

Jerusalem.
And him, among the Princes chief
In our Jerusalem, ... *New Psalmody.*

Jess. There racer Jess, an' twa three wh-res,
Are hlinkan at the entry. . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Jessy, -ie. It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died. *Epit. on J. Lewars.*
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy. [*re.*]
S. Here's a health to ane †
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done. . . . *On Miss J. Lewars*
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, ... *Ib.*
Lovely Jessy be the name; . . . . *The Toast.*
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, . . *To a young Lady.*
You save fair Jessie from the grave! . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
S. True-hearted was he †

Jest. Half-jest, she [Nature] tried one curious lahour more.
Ep. to R. Graham.
'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,'
In vain wld Prudence †
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him? *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Jesus. Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], *Epit. on a Laird.*

Jet. For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †

Jew. The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his maona, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Jewel. I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Least my Jewel I should tine. *S. Bonie wee thing* †
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! *El. on Miss Burnet.*
My Jewel, my Eppie! . . . . . *S. Eppie Adair.*
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
And next my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine. . . . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, ... *S. O wert thou in* †
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.
The Belles of Mauchline.
What sparkling jewels glance, man! *The Fête Champetre.*
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. *S. There's a youth* †
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.
S. True hearted was he †

Jig. A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches. . *Friend of the poet* †
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Jillet [a jilt].
A Jillet brak his heart at last, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*

Jiltish. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Jimp, *to* **[to jump, leap].**
And then he'll hilch, and stitt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit: . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Jimp [neat, slender].
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
S. O were I on Parnass. †

Jimply [neatly, tightly].
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist *S. A Mast.'s bonie Anne.*

Jimps [a kind of easy stays, open in front].
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Jing [jingo, a petty oath].
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, . . *Halloween. 9.*

Jingle. In hamely, westlin jingle. . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 8.*
I see her yet the sonsy quean,
That lighted up my jingle; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Jingle, *to.* Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 9.*

Jinglan, -in.
An' [thowes] float the jinglan icy boord, *Add. to the Deil. 12.*
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Jink [the act of eluding another, a sudden turning a corner].
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, *S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Jink, *to* **[to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards].**
And can like ony wabster's shuttle,
Jink there or here; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, . . *Halloween. 6.*
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, *Scotch Drink. 2.*
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

nkan, -in [dodging, turning quickly; eluding by some sudden movement].
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
An' cheat you yet. . . *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy, . . *To W. Simpson. 12.*

Jinker [a horse quick in its movements; a gay sprightly girl].
That day, ye was a jinker noble, . *A Gude New-Year* † *7.*
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*

Jirkinet [*dim. of* **jerkin, a kind of jacket or bodice worn by women].**
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Jirt (jerk). She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 9.

Jo, Joe [lover, sweetheart; term of affectionate familiarity—often used to one of the same sex].
John Anderson, my jo, John, [*re.*] . *S. John Anderson* †
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors! *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
For Johnie is my only jo, ... *S. The cardin o't.*
I didna trow, I'd see my jo . . *S. The tither morn* †
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo: . *S. When o'er the hill* †
And I would fain be in, jo. [*re.*] . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Her mither's at the mill, jo; [*re.*] . . *S. O steer her up* †
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? [*re.*] *S. O wat ye what my* †
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; [*re.*] *S. When o'er the hill* †

Joan, Black [the town of Sanquhar].
And black Joan, frae Chrichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin, . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Says black Joan frae Chrichton Peel,
A carline stoor and grim, ... *Ib.*

Job. Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Job. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for tbe famous job
The Dean of Fac..
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.
The Holy Fair. 27.
Its rivalship just i' the job. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
In spite of undermining jobs, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Jobbin' [jobbing].
"Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'." . . . *What ails ye now* †

Jock.
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit! . . *At Globe Tav., D..*
Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel: . . . . . *Halloween. S.*
In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, . *The Kirk's Alarm. 15.*

Jockey, Jockie.
There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey. . . *S. Comin thro' the rye.*
Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, ... *S. Jockey fou* †
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †
Young Jockey was the blythest lad [*re.*] *S. Young Jockey* †

Jocteleg [a folding knife].
Wi' joctelegs they taste them [the custocks]; *Halloween. 5.*
It was a faulding jocteleg, . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better. *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*

John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Halloween. 27.*
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie. . *S. Come, boat me o'er.*
John Anderson, my jo. John, [*re.*] . *S. John Anderson* †
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
O John, come kiss me now, now, now; [*re.*]
S. O John, come kiss †
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
The Kirk's Alarm. 3.
Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Ib. 5.

John Barleycorn.
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die. [*re.*] . *John Barleycorn.*
John Barleycorn got up again, ... *Ib.*
They heaved in John Barleycorn, ... *Ib.*
John Barleycorn was a hero bold, ... *Ib.*
Then let us toast John Barleycorn, ... *Ib.*
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain! . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

John Highlandman *v.* **Highlandman.**

John Knox.
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Johny, -ie, Johnny, -ie.
I've sent you here by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . *Auld Comrade* †
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
S. Cock up yr beaver.
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! . . . *Ib.*
But, oh! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie? . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
'They'll ruin Johnie!' . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.*
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, [*re.*] . . *Epit. on J. Dove.*
Death has murder'd Johnie; . . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
Are they a' Johny's? . . *S. Gudeen to you kimmer* †
'I gat frae uncle Johnie:' . . . . *Halloween. 13.*
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen, [*re.*] *S. In simmer when* †
Here am I, Johnny Peep; . . . . *Johnny Peep.*
And so Johnny Peep gets free. . . . . *Ib.*
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnie o't;
For Johnie is my only jo, ... *S. The cardin o't.*
And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
The Election Ballads. III.
And there will be stamp-office Johnie, ... *Ib.*
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, . . *Ib.*
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . *To a Medical Gent.*
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Johnny Ged's Hole [the gravedigger],
'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.

Johny Groats.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Johnstone.
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, . *S. The Laddies by* †
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. . . . . *Ib.*

Join. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, . . *A Vision.*
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers. [*re.*] *El. on Capt. M. H.,3.*
In loving bleeze they sweetly join, . . *Halloween. 10.*
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Some social join, and leagues combine;
S. Now westlin winds †
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, . . . *Ib.*
And I will join a mother's tender cares, . . . *Ib.*
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
And to dark Oblivion join thee! . . *S. Raving winds* †
And join with me a moralizing, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join, *The Auther's Cry and Prayer, 8.*
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre. . *The Fête Champetre.*
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir: *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna: *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
To join faith and sense upon any pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error. . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Come join your counsel and your skills, *The Twa Herds. 15.*
When ling'ring lips no more must join; . . *To a Kiss.*
To join the friendly few. . . . . *To Chloris.*
In mutual affection to join, ... *To Mary.*
To join with those,
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
My griefs it seems to join; . . . . . *Winter.*

Join'd.
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could waukeu! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
I've even join'd the honour'd jornm. *On dining with Daer.*
And thereto was his kinsman join'd *The Election Ballads. V.*
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
To Miss Graham.

Joints.
His bending joints and drooping head . *John Barleycorn.*
Divide the joints an' marrow; . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Joke. An' skleuted on the man of Uzz,
Your spitefu' joke? *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, . . . *Halloween. 28.*
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Auld Britain anee could crack her joke, *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter soeer, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Joking, -in. And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2.
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
S. O whistle, and I'll †

Jolly. And I'm but jolly fou. . . *S. Landlady, count* †

Jorum [a drinking vessel or its contents].
And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum; . *S. O May thy morn* †
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, *On dining with Daer.*

Joseph. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
Kind Sir, I've read †

Jouk [to stoop, or suddenly shift one's position so as to avoid or mitigate a blow, or to conceal oneself; to make obeisance].
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But why should we to nobles jouk? *The Election Ballads. II.*
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may; . . . *To J. S., 25.*

Journey. When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
S. Contented wi' little †
Through frosty hills the journey lay, . . *To J. Taylor.*
My savage journey, curious, I pursue, *Wr. in Kennore Inn.*

Journey-work.
She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work,
S. John Anderson †

Jove. 'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.*
to Jove his prayer preferred; *Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
Now Jove for once be mighty civil, ... *Ib.*
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, . . . *Ib.*
Jove's tuneful dochters three times three,
Made Homer deep their debtor; . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Jovial. Then owre again the jovial throng
The Poet did request. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
Mark our jovial ragged ring! . . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, . . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*
The jovial contest again have renewed. . . *The Whistle.*

Jow [to swing and toll].
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon; . . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

Jowler [the name of a hunting dog or beagle].
Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Joy. hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [want],
A Ded. to G. H., 16.
He sang wi' joy his former day, ... *A Vision.*
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, *S. Again rejoicing nature* †
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; . . *Auld comrade* †
Now fare ye well, an' joy be wi' you, ... *Ib.*

But now our joys are fled, ... *S. But lately seen* †

But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste, . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year: . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best. . . . . *Ib. 8.*

And sing their pleasures hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18.*

The sun of all his joy. . . *S. Farewell, dear Mistress* †

And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart. . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †

That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
S. Forlorn, my Love †

Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Halloween. 27.*

Gude Night and joy be wi' thee: *S. Here's to thy health,* †

Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, *S. I dream'd I lay* †

My dismal months no joys are crowning,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Content and love bring peace and joy. *S. In simmer when* †

And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound. . . *John Barleycorn.*

'Twill heighten all his joy: . . . . . *Ib.*

And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

O wilt thou share its [Nature's] joys wi' me,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †

Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

With multiplying joys, ... *Nature's Law.*

And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume. *S. Now spring has clad* †

The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion! . *S. Now westlin winds* †

Its joys and griefs alike resign. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †

And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy: *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

The milder sun, and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, . . *S. O Phely,* †

What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? . . . . *Ib.*

O bless her with a mother's joys, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

But my delight in yon town,
And dearest joy is Lucy fair. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy; . . . . . *Ib.*

And a' my tears be tears of joy, *S. O how can I be blythe* †

Why disturb your social joys, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Scream your discordant joys; . *On Death of Lap-dog.*

Come, bumpers high, express your joy, *On W. Stewart.*

Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . . *S. One fond kiss* †

Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' gi'e, . . *Poem on Life.*

Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds* †

Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys: . . . *S. Sensibility,* †

Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy. . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †

The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; . *Ib.*

'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy! . . . *Ib.*

Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.

Friendship's pure and lasting joys *S. Talk not of Love* †

Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, . *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*

The gust o' joy, the balm of woe [is woman],
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, *Ib. 13.*

Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;
S. The Contented Cottager.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, . . *Ib. 8.*

While joys above my mind can move, *S. The day returns* †

Companions of my social joy! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, . . . *The Lament.*

Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; . . *S. The lovely lass* †

An' pour divine libations For joy this day. *The Ordination.*

No tongue then was able their joy to express,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Nae real joys we know, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*

My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them. . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

The joy can scarcely reach the heart. . . . *Ib. 31.*

And joy and music pouring forth,
In ev'ry grove, . *The Vision. D. II. 14.*

I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk, ... *Ib. 15.*

And every new cork is a new spring of joy; *The Whistle. 12.*

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; *S. There was a lass* †

And did na joy blink in her e'e; . . . . . *Ib.*

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, . . . *To a Kiss.*

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy! . . . . *To a Mouse.*

All blameless joys on earth we find, . *To a young Lady.*

The joys refin'd of sense and taste, . . *To Chloris.*

And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve. . . . . *Ib.*

Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend. . . *To John M'Murdo.*

dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . *To J. S., 14.*

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. . . . . *Ib. 15.*

Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, *To W. Creech.*

But every joy and pleasure's fled, Willie's awa! . . *Ib.*

With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
S. Twas even—the dewy †

And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle. . . . *Ib.*

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow, . . . *V.s, under Grief.*

Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me;
S. Wae is my heart †

My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! . *S. What will I do gin* †

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
S. Where are the joys †

Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Why am I loth †

To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return. . . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Joy-surrounded.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear. *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Joy, *to.*

All Creatures joy in the suns returning, . *S. Bonie Bell.*

The simmer joys the flocks to follow; *S. By Allan stream* †

[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear; . . . *The Hermit.*

Joyful.

Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, *New Psalmody.*

The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow; . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Joyless. She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
A Winter Night. 8.

Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*

The joyless day, how dreary; *S. How lang and dreary* †

Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. *On Death of R. Dundas.*

I joyless view thy rays adorn,
The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill. . . *The Lament. 2.*

soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
S. The small birds rejoice †

crazy, weary, joyless Eild, ... *To J. S., 13.*

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyless day? . . . . . *To Ruin.*

The joyless winter-day, ... *Winter.*

Joyous.

See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
The Whistle. 6.

Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps, *Ib. 13.*

Judge. The Judge that's mighty in thy law, *New Psalmody.*
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Yerl Galloway - - Made me the judge o' strife;
The Election Ballads. V.
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger. . . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
An aged Judge. I saw him rove,
Dispensing good. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; . *To Capt. Riddel.*

Judge, *to.* Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Judgment.
Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer, . . *A Bard's Epit.*
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

Jug. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass or jug. . . . *Scotch Drink.*

Jugglin'. Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, *Scotch Drink.*
And fill them high with generous juice, . *To a Lady.*

Juicy. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade. *The Vision. D. II. 20.*

Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Jump, *to.* An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night. *Halloween. 7.*

Jumpet, -it.
Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, . . . *Halloween. 26.*
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, *Tam Samson's El., 10.*

Jumping, -in, -an.
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*
Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang. . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, . . *To a Louse.*

Jundie [to justle, jog with the elbow].
The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*

June. O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June; *S. A red, red Rose.*
But whigs cam like a frost in June, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Upon a bonie day in June, . . . *The Twa Dogs.*

Jurr [a journeyman; a servant of either sex].
For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
As for the jurr, poor worthless body,
She's got mischief enough already; . . . . *Ib.*

Just, *adv.* And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art: *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Just.
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
I wha deserve sic just damnation, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed, . *New Psalmody.*
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Which I in just proportion have abused . *Tragic Frag..*
She showed her taste refined and just
Wr. on Leaf of H. More.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Justice.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous Bullock! . . . . *The Calf.*
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
The Election Ballads. III.
Him it's only justice to praise. . . . . *Ib.*

Justify. An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle, *To a Mouse.*

Justify'd.
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justify'd by Honor: . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*

Justings.
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Justling.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain. . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
The justling tears ran down his honest face! *The Vowels.*

Justly. What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear! . *Despondency, an Ode.*
And where ye justly can commend—commend them;
Scots Prologue.
And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
to justly shew that brow, . . . *V.s below Picture.*
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod,
Why am I loth †

Jut. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Kae [a daw].
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's! *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.*

Kail [coleworts; broth].
scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
I could lay my bread and kail . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . . *Halloween. 4.*
fell aff the drift, An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail, . *Ib.*
Poor Willie wi' his bow-kail runt, ... *Ib. 9.*
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' Potatoes. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
Or lang-kail gullie. . . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef; . . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. *The Death of Maillie.*
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . . *The Ordination. 6.*
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, . . . *To J. S., 24.*
And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me; . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Kail-blade [a leaf of colewort].
Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.

Kail-runt [the stem of the colewort].
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.*

Kail-yard [a kitchen garden].
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christening kail-yards. *The Election Ballads. V.*
And huuger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green, . *The Vision. D. I.*
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard, [re.]
S. There grows a bonie †
And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard. . . *Ib.*
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, [re.] *Ib.*

Kame [a comb].
He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, *S. Had I the wyte* †

Kane [fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer].
To death she's dearly pay'd the kane, *Tam Samson's El..*
Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a his stents: . *The Twa Dogs. S.*

Kate. respects I sen' it, To cousin Kate, *Auld Comrade* †
Kate sits i' the neuk, [re.] . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! . . . *Ib. 18.*
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, *There came a piper* †

Katharine.
And Katharine Jaffray was her name, *Katharine Jaffray.*

Katy, -ie. Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? [*re.*]
S. Canst thou leave me †
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. [*re.*]
S. O merry hae I been †
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
S. What can a yng lassie †
Will ye go and marry, Katie? [*re.*] *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Kebar [a rafter].
He ended : and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar ; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Kebbuck [a cheese; "kebbuck-heel," end of a cheese].
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife ; *The Holy Fair. 24.*
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day ! . . . *Ib. 25.*

Keckle [to cackle; to laugh aloud].
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me lonp ; . . *Add. to Toothache.*

Keek [a peep, a stolen glance].
He by his showther gae a keek, . . . *Halloween. 19.*

Keek, *to* [spy narrowly; take a stolen glance; peep].
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
An' now the sinn keeks in the west, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Keekit [took a stolen glance; peeped].
I cannily keekit ben, ... *Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
The gossip keekit in his loof, . . *S. There was a lad* †

Keekin' glass [a looking-glass].
My face was but the keekin' glass
And there ye saw your picture. . *In Defence of a Lady.*

Keel [ruddle, a red clayey rock].
And wow ! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Keen. Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
A Winter Night. 9.
Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose ;
Add. to the Deil. 11.
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover. . *S. Could aught of song* †
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Monody, on a Lady.
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace ?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
When pale the morning rises keen,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse ; *Remorse. A Frag..*
Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, *Scots Prologue.*
As keen as a beagle, . . *The Black-Headed Eagle.*
Keen Recollection's direful train, . . *The Lament. 7.*
Wi' dancing keen, ... *S. The tither morn* †
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor. *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . *The Vowels.*
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen ! . . *To a Mouse.*
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace ; . . *To J. S., 18.*
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Keen-shivering.
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, *The Vision. D. II. 16.*

Keener. O burning hell ! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash ! . *Remorse. A Frag.*

Keenly. And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame ; *A Bard's Epit.*
But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Keep.
An' threaten'd labor back to keep, . *A Guid New-year* † *13.*
To keep the Highland hounds in sight ! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. . . *Ib. 4.*
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony. . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
And resolntely keep it's [Honor's] laws, . . . *Ib. 8.*
It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, . *Epit. on Ruling Elder.*
He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary ; . . . *Halloween. 19.*
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. *S. In simmer when* †
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
And I'll keep it until the hour I die. . *S. My Sandy gied* †
But wha wad keep the handless coof, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. [*re.*] *S. O gude ale comes* †
And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. *S. O Mally's meek.*
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . *Poor Mailie's El..*
My poverty keeps me in awe, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin : *Scotch Drink. 5.*
From ev'ry danger keep him free, . . . *S. Somebody.*
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ? . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
The Death of Mailie.
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Gude keep thee frae a tether string ! . . . . *Ib.*
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither,
The Election Ballads. III.
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
On the bonie hanks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champetre. *The Fête Champetre*
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation !) . . *The Inventory*
With woe I nightly vigils keep, . . . *The Lament*
Keep watchings with the nightly thief : . . . *Ib.*
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.
S. The Poor Thresher.
And do our endeavour to keep us from want. . . *Ib.*
We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. . . *Ib.*
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
The Rights of Woman.
An' nought but his han'-dauk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep. *The Twa Dogs. 10.*
Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . *The Twa Herds.*
'While ye [Pow'rs] are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, . . *To J. S., 24.*
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, *V.s to Landlady.*
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din ; *S. Wha is that at my* †
Keep the name of man in mind, *Wr. in Hervitage at F.C.*
Keep His goodness still in view, ... *Ib.*

Keeper.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
I am a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a' ; . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

Keepit, -et [kept].
For I am keepit by thy fear
Free frae them a'. . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Was keepet for his Honor's pleasure ; . *The Twa Dogs.*
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw : . . . *To W. Creech.*

Keith. And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray ;)
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Kellyburn-braes.
There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Kelpie [a kind of mischievous spirit, said to haunt rivers at night, especially in storms].
Then, Water-Kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction, *Add. to the Deil. 12.*
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Kemble. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ; *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*

Kempleton.
And there will he Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane; *The Election Ballads. III.*

Ken. And hope has left my aged ken, *Lament for Glencairn.*

Ken, *to* [to know].
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man? *A Bottle and Friend.*
That kens or hears about you, Sir. *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
And now thou kens our waefu' case, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake . . . . . *Ib. 21.*
An' few there be that ken me, O; . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
Gin a body kiss a body
Need the warld ken! . . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.*
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
Ye [miqisters] ken yoursels, for little feck! *El. on Year 1788.*
And ken na how to wair't: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
They [Misfortunes] let us ken oursel; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
The words come skelpan, rank and file,
Amaist before I ken! . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.*
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy . . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 3.*
tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by, *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
And as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken. *Ib. 7.*
Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl
Maun follow the carl, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief . . *S. Hee balou,* †
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; *S. Here's to thy health,* †
I ken they scorn my low estate, ... *Ib.*
O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink and swearers swear, [v.A.11] *Holy Willie's Prayer,*
O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg, . . . *Ib.*
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. . . . *Ib. 8.*
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, . . *Ib. 12.*
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
And lassie ye're hut young, ye ken; *S. In simmer when* †
Fancy only kens nae cheat. . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
For weel ye ken the way to woo. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? *Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
To ken what French mischief was brewin; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet. *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel! . . *S. My heart was ance* †
We seek but little, L—, from thee;
Thou kens we get as little. . . . *New Psalmody.*
And that their faes shall ken. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] *S. O ken ye what Meg* †
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie, *S. O meikle thinks my love* †
O weel ken I my ain lassie, . . *S. O this is no my ain* †
It is the moon,—I ken her horn, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
To him be given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart! . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, . *Ib.*
The last Halloween I was waukin
My drunkit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk; *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
And ev'n the vera deils they [the Bards] brawly ken them). *Ib.*
As yet ye little ken about the matter, ... *Ib. 7.*
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.*
Ye weel ken, kimmers a', . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that. . . . . *Ib. II.*
"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; *The Holy Fair. 4.*
I ken the devils dare na touch me. . . *The Inventory.*
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †
She kens her father is a laird, . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
She kens hersel she's bonie. . . . . *Ib.*
Weel Europe kens the fame o't. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
It maks him ken himsel, man. . . . . *Ib.*
Haith lad ye little ken about it; . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin! . . *To a Louse.*
Ye ken, ye ken, That strang necessity supreme is *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, . . . *Ib.*
I ken he weel a Snick can draw, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
I see ye upward cast your eyes—Ye ken the road, *To J. S., 28.*
ye ken fu' well, ... *To Mr. M'Adam.*
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken; . . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet) . . . *To Terraughty.*
Wha, if they ken me, Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse h-ll upon me. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken. . *Ib.*
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me. . *S. Turn again, thou* †

Ken'd, Kend, Kenn'd, Ken't, Kent.
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that or simmer. *A Guid New-year* † *13.*
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Far kend an' noted is thy name; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd, In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches. . . . *Ib. 3.*
'Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it, . . . *Ib. 19.*
'A bonie lass, ye kend her name, ... *Ib. 28.*
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes. . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had ingine, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.*
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,
If it were kent ye did it. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd, *S. Last May a braw wooer* †
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them. *On W. Cruikshanks.*
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore; . . . . *Ib.*
Ah! little kend thy rev'rend grannie, ... *Ib.*
And Eels weel kend for souple tail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
But bashing and dashing, I kend na how to tell. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterlin; *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
I kend na where to lodge till day: *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
I ken't her heart was a' my ain; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
gin the truth were a' but kent, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
For weel he kend the way, O, . . *S. The Taylor* †
And weel he kend the way to woo, ... *Ib.*
But how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented; *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, *The Twa Herds. 6.*
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, ... *Ib. 7.*
I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
Wad bring ye to: . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Kenmure.
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie !
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw. . . . . *Ib.*
Success to Kenmure's band ; . . . . . *Ib.*
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand. . . . . *Ib.*
Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude, . . *Ib.*
O Kenmure's lads are men ; . . . . . *Ib.*
But soon wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame. . . . . *Ib.*
And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous !
The Election Ballads. III.
In case that worth should wanted be.
O' Kenmure we had need. . . . . *Ib. V.*

Kenna [know not].
And ken na how to wair't : . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Ithers seek they kenna what, ... *S. Jockey fou,* †

Kennedy.
K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Kennin [a little bit).
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human : . *Add. to the Unco Guid. 7.*

Kent *v.* **Ken'd.**

Kep [to catch ; to receive in the act of falling].
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear : . *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*

Kept. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man ; *A Fragment. 3.*
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game : *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And kept the country-side in fear.) . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Kernel. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal : . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Kerroughtree [Mr. Heron of].
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett ?
The Election Ballads. II.
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,
And has a doubt of a' that ? . . . . . *Ib.*
Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that, ... *Ib.*
And there will be trusty Kerroughtree, . . *Ib. III.*

Ket [a matted, hairy fleece of wool].
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Kettle.
The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ; . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Our father's blude the kettle bought ! . . . . *Ib.*
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle, *S. O merry hae I been* †
Arouse my boys ! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle !
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.

Key [quay].
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Key.
yon paughty dog, That hears the Keys of Peter, *A Dream, 12.*
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw, . . *Halloween. 22.*
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key ; *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
in an arioso key, The wee Apollo *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Key-stane [keystone].
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig ; . . . *Ib. 18.*
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake ! . . . . *Ib. 18.*

Kiaugh [carking anxiety].
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, [v. A. 5]
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Kick. [The honest heart] However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile : . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.
The Henpeched Husband.
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, . *The Ordination. 3.*

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
The Rights of Woman.
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Kick'd.
Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. *The Vowels.*

Kickin'. Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin'. *To W. Creech.*

Kilbaigie [the name of a particular whisky].
And hy that dear Kilbaigie, . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Kilburnie.
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie ; . . *The Inventory.*

Kilkerran.
aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
The Election Ballads. III.

Kill. 'D—n'd haet they'll kill ! *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.*
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
'An's weel pay'd for't ; . . . *Ib. 29.*
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow :
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Wha kills me wi' disdaining. *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a' ; . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Kill'd.
'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke.
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie. *S. What will I do gin* †

Killie [Kilmarnock].
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tam Samson's El., Per C.
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . *The Inventory.*
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
S. The Sons of old Killie.

Kilmarnock.
Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil ? . *Tam Samson's El..*
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, . . . *Ib.*
Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun *The Holy Fair. 9.*
K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, *The Ordination.*
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail. . . . *Ib. 6.*

Kiln. To lye in kilns and barns at e'en. *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
An' for the kiln she goes then, . . . *Halloween. 11.*

Kilt [to tuck up the clothes].
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.

Kimmer [a young girl ; a gossip].
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer [fortune],
I, Roh, am here. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 10.*
Gudeen to you Kimmer, . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer, The better that I'm fou. . . *Ib.*
How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, [re.] . . . . . *Ib.*
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
S. O merry hae I been †
And the Kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven. . . *S. The Carls of Dysart.*
Ye weel ken, kimmers a', . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
The bride weet to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'. *S. The last braw bridal* †
I'm tald they're loesome kimmers! . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Kin' [kind]. Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' : *Halloween.*
Tell him, he was a Master kin', . *The Death of Mailie.*

Kin', *s.* **[kind].**
This chap will dearly like our kin', *S. There was a lad* †

Kin [kindred].
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.]
S. And O for ane and twenty †
At kith or kin I need na speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty. . . . . *Ib.*
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ; *S. O meikle thinks* †
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Sae knit in alliance are kin. . *The Election Ballads. III.*
thro' Albion's farthest kin, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly : *S. Tibbie Dunbar.*

Kindred.
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ; *S. Caledonia.*
To reach their native, kindred skies,
Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. 18.
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down. *S. Highland Mary.*
Parent, filial, kindred ties? . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet, . *The Vision. D. II. 1.*
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set.
The Whistle. 12.
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, . . . *To a Louse.*

Kind. The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God. *A Winter Night. 11.*
Thy sons, Edina, social, kind, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
Autumn, benefactor kind, . *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,
A gud chiel wi' a pickle siller : . *Auld Comrade dear* †
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento ; . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
That some kind husband had addrest,
To some sweet wife : *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st.*
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk. *Ib.*
To own I'm debtor, To honest-hearted, auld L[apraik,
For his kind letter. . . . *Ib., Ap. 21st.*
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind ; . . *Friend of the Poet* †
She was couthy, he was kind, . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, *S. John Anderson* †
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
S. Lass, when yr mither †
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
S. My Harry was a gallant †
Spirits kind again attend me, *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current ; . . . *Nature's Law.*
Kind love is in her e'e. [*pr.*] . . *S. O this is no my ain* †
So kind may fortune be, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, canty Carlin greet,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk, ... *The Calf.*
some kind, connubial Dear . . . . . *Ib.*
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. . *The Death of Mailie.*
wi' a curchie low did stoop, - - Fu' kind *The Holy Fair. 3.*
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, . . *To Terraughty.*
but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends, . . *Tragic Frag.*
Ae kind blink before we part ; *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
Under friendship's kind disguise. . . . . *Ib.*
My ain kind dearie O. [*pr.*] . . *S. When o'er the hill* †
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
But kind still, I'll mind still The giver in the gift ; . *Ib.*
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Kind, *s.* ["a' kind coin," every kind of coin ; "has't by kind," has it by nature].
A creature of another kind, . . . *A Winter Night. 7.*
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8*
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
'He's sure to hae ; . . . . *Ib. 20.*
all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
Man then is useful to his kind, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, *S. Now westlin winds* †
A woman has't by kind. . . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' ; . . *The Inventory.*
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind. . . *Wr. in Hermitage F.C.*

Kinder. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell. . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
And fly to meet a kinder heart ! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.

Kindest.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it, *Auld comrade dear* †
rich in kindest, truest love, . *S. Brav lads on Yar. braes* †
O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best ! . *Man was made to Mourn.*
For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

Kindle. Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side,
Halloween. 7.
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*

Kindliest. With every kindliest, best presage,
Of future bliss, *To a young Lady.*

Kindling.
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise ! . *A Fragment. 8.*
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
The kindling lustre of an eye ; . *S. My Mary's face* †
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
To mark the mutual-kindling eye. . . *The Lament. 9.*
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour; *The Vision. D. II. 5.*

Kindly. O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want! *A Grace before Dinner.*
Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . . *S. As I came o'er* †
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age ; . . *S. But lately seen* †
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
'An thank him kindly ?' *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. 5.*
O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest. . . *S. Fate gave the word* †
How kindly thou would'st cheer me, *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
And as a brother kindly greet : *S. How can my poor heart* †
But the chearful Spring came kindly on, *John Barleycorn.*
My kindly blythesome wee thing, *S. My Love's a winsome* †
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, . . *S. O steer her up* †
Had we never lov'd so kindly, . . *S. One fond kiss* †
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed : . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware : *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.*
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
The sun blinks kindly in the biel', *S. The Contented Cottager.*
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ; . . *Ib. 8.*
When kindly you mind me,
O then befriend my Jean ! . . . . *The Farewell.*
And kindly she did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair. *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
" O welcome most kindly, the blythe earle said,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . *To W. Simpson. 2.*
Whether the summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, *Ib. 14.*
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly !
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Kindness. Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 21.
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, *Scots Prologue.*
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give. . . . . *To Lord G.*
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Kine. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

King.

To serve their King an' Country weel. *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
" God save the King " 's a cukoo sang
That's unco easy said ay! . . . . . *A Dream. 2.*
'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
For Kings are unco scant ay, ... *Ib. 14.*
Scotia's King's of other years, Fam'd heroes!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings. . . *S. Behold, my Love* †
Coggie, an' the king come, . *S. Carl, an the king come.*
Who will not sing, God save the King,
Shall bang as high's the steeple; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
We will hig a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen, *S. Duncan Davison.*
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, . *El. on Year 1788.*
hauld L[apraik, the king o' hearts. *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st 5.*
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king. . . . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
The King's most humble servant, I *Extem. to an Intimate.*
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Our King and our Country to save, ... *Ib.*
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws! *Fragment of Ode.*
For freedom and my King to fight, *S. Highland Laddie.*
And for your lawful King his crown, ... *Ib.*
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand; . . *S. It was a' for* †
There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high, . *John Barleycorn.*
God bless the King And the companie! *S. Landlady, count* †
Kings and nations, swith awa! . *S. Louis what reck I* †
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances: . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
But now I've found a treasure
Too rich for a king to buy. . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
even for the king His restoration. . . *New Psalmody.*
An' a' the lang night as bappy's a king. *S. O merry hae I been* †
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn,
Thou King o' grain! . . . . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
He was the king of a' the Core, . *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, . *Ib. 19.*
With your Honours and a certain King, *The Dean of Fac..*
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And where is our King's Lord-lieutenant, . . . *Ib. III.*
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. . . . . *Ib.*
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †
Mak haste an' turn King David owre, . *The Ordination. 3.*
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
The Rights of Woman.
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! . . *Ib.*
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, . *Ib.*
A king and a father to place on his throne?
S. The small birds †
A prison built by kings, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
King Louï' thought to cut it down, ... *Ib.*
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . *The Twa Dogs.*
not Potosi's mine, Nor Kings regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, *The Vision. D. II. 21.*
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
The Whistle.
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, *To R. G. of F..*
King David o' poetic brief, . . . *What alls ye now* †
I've serv'd my king and country lang, *S. When wild War's* †
And reign'd resistless king of love. . *S. Young Jamie* †

Kingdom. O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
S. Caledonia.
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

Kingly. Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
S. The day returns †

Kingship. Your Kingship to bespatter; . *A Dream. 3.*

King's-hood [the second stomach in ruminants, so called from its resemblance to a puckered head-dress formerly worn by persons of quality].

' Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.

Kinsman.

This was a kinsman o' thy ain, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
And thereto was his kinsman join'd *The Election Ballads. V.*

Kintra, -y. Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
And dree the kintra clatter: . *S. Here's his health in water.*
And no a perfect kintra cooser. . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
But O! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel! . . *S. My heart was ance* †
wi' uncouth, kintra fleg, . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
An' tease my name in kintry clatter: *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Kipples. In hopes to see Tam Kipples . . *Halloween. 21.*

Kirk [a church, the Church].

Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirlan the kirks; . . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me. . *S. Had I the wyte* †
The way to me lies through the kirk:
S. Lass, when yr mither †
Pity our Kirk also; . . . . *New Psalmody.*
I wat the kirk was in the wyte, . *S. O wat ye what my* †
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; *S. O whistle* †
A cauld kirk, and in't but few; . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
Or kirk deserted by its riggin, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk. . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi a kirk, ... *The Calf.*
The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The kirk and state may gae to hell, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, . *The Inventory.*
I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . *The Ordination.*
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, ... *Ib.*
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, . . . *Ib.*
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the kirk's undoin, ... *Ib. 8.*
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, . *S. The tither morn* †
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . *The Twa Dogs.*
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . . . *Ib. 18.*
There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen; *S. There was a lass* †
An' gar him follow to the kirk . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Kirk-Alloway.

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze: . . . . *Ib. 10.*

Kirk-folk. if kirk folks dinna clutch me, *The Inventory.*
But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Kirk-hammer [tongue of a church bell].

The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.

Kirk-yard. And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
Owre howcket dead. *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.

Kirkcudbright.
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, *The Election Ballads. III.*
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers, ... *Ib. V.*

Kirkton Jean.
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
Tam o' Shanter. 3.

Kirn [the feast of harvest-home].
'An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat, . . *Halloween. 15.*
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

Kirn [a churn].
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain ; *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

Kirs'n [to christen].
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water ; *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 19.*

Kiss.
While many a kiss the seal imprest. *S. By Allan stream* †
O let me steal one liquid kiss ! . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller.
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . . *S. Jockey's ta'en* †
" Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
" As is a kiss o' Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
First shore ber wi' a kindly kiss, . . *S. O steer her up* †
A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole ; . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
One fond kiss, and then we sever ; . . *One fond kiss* †
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter, . . . *The Fête Champetre.*
An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpan kiss, . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Syne to salute her wi' a kiss,
I flang my arms about her neck.
S. The Lass that made the bed.
For it's like a banmy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou ;
S. The Posie.

Kiss, *to.*
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again ; [*re.*] *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Come kiss me at your leisure. . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.
S. Braw lads of G. water.
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry ?
S. Comin thro' the rye †
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken ? . . *Ib.*
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell ;
S. Comin thro' the rye.
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom ; . . *Ib.*
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again. . *S. Duncan Davison.*
When I did kiss and dawte her, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets. . . *S. I do confess* †
If thou should kiss me, love, Wha could espy thee ?
S. Jamie come try me †
O John, my luve, come kiss me now,
O John, come kiss me by and by, . *S. John come kiss.*
And ither some will kiss and dant ; . . . . *Ib.*
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
S. O merry hae I been †
Wha will kiss me where I lie ? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
Wha will kiss me o'er again ? . . . . . *Ib.*
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
The Election Ballads. VI.
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.
The Henpecked Husband.
Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.
The Lament.
Heaven spare yon lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
S. Will ye go and marry †

Kiss'd, -'t.
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, *S. My love she's but* †
And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
S. O when she cam ben †
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast ; *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And mony a friend that kiss't his cup,
Is now a fremit wight : . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
I kiss'd her owre and owre again, . *S. The lass that made the bed.*
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore, *To Mary in Heaven.*
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Kissing, -in', -in.
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird ;
S. Eppie M'Nab.
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. *S. O merry hae I been* †
And kissin a Collier lassie an a' ? *S. O when she cam ben* †
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the a— of a peer. *The Election Ballads. III.*
And kissing barefit bunters. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
But Charlie gat the spring to pay
For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. . . . . *Ib.*

Kist [a chest, a shop-counter].
Bebind a kist to lie an' sklent, *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. 11.*

Kitchen [to make more palatable and nutritive].
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine. . *Scotch Drink. 7.*

Kith [circle of acquaintance].
At kith or kin I needna speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Kittle [ticklish ; trying, vexatious ; likely, apt].
I wad be kittle To be mislear'd, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*
But yet despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here. *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. 10.*
Her panky smile, her kittle e'en, *S. The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
To paint an angel's kittle wark, . . . *To a Painter.*

Kittle, *to* **[to tickle ; "kittle up," enliven, excite in a vivid manner].**
Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
Wi' gleesome touch ! *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. 8.*
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion, . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
while I kittle hair on thairms . . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
I kittle up my rustic reed ; It gies me ease. *To W. Simpson.*

Kittlen [a kitten].
As cantie as a kittlen ; . . . . . *Halloween. 24.*

Kiutlan [cuddling, fondling].
When kiutlan in the Fause-house
Wi' him that night. . . . *Halloween. 6.*

Knaggie [having protuberances].
Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
A Guid New-Year, †

Knappin-hammer [a hammer for breaking stones].
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin hammers. *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 11.*

Knapsack.
Ane sat ; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order ; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
My humble knapsack a' my wealth, *S. When wild War's* †

Knave.
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, *Add. to Toothache.*
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Lns on Fergusson.
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win ; *S. O Phely* †
Not one of them a knave. . . . . *On Lord G.*
A Knave an' fool are plants of ev'ry soil : *Scots Prologue.*
Wha will be a traitor knave ? . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
They [his looks] say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie. . *That there is falsehood* †
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,
By gallows knaves? *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.*
For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
The Election Ballads. I.
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
S. The Honest Man.

Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, *The Ordination. 3.*
We labour soon, we labour late.
To feed the titled knave, man ; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Knead. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

Knee. I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
And cut him by the knee ; . . . *John Barleycorn.*
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; *Lament for Glencairn.*
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee; *S. O whare did ye get* †
On bended knees most fervently, *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
Forms might he worship'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
His garters knit below his knee, . *S. The Ploughman* †
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee : . . *Ib.*
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
S. There grows a bonie †

Knee-deep.
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. *The Whistle. 9.*

Kneel.
And kneel, ' Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, *To J. S., 21.*

Kneeling.
But, had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

Knell. Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Knew. (For none that knew him need be told) *Epit. for R. A.*
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew no higher praise. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring.
Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man :
The Fête Champetre.
That e'er your face I knew. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Knife. But at New-York, wi' knife an fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man. . *A Fragment.*
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as Butchers like a Knife! . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
after viewing knives and garters, *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
The knife that nicket Abel's craig *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives ! *The Death of Maillie.*
Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife. *The Election Ballads. V.*
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife ; *The Holy Fair. 24.*
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, . . . *To a Haggis.*
You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
V.s to Landlady of Inn.
What makes heroic strife ?
To whet th' assassin's knife, . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Knight. The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material, for mere knights and squires ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
That errand fain would gae. [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. I.*
The first ane was a belted knight,
Bred of a border band, ... *Ib.*
That she wad vote the border knight, ... *Ib.*
But I hae tried this border knight,
I'll try him yet again. . . . . *Ib.*
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that ? . . . *Ib. II.*
And also Barskimmin's gude knight ; . . . *Ib. III.*
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ; . *S. The Honest Man.*
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.
The Whistle. 16.
And prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †

Knit. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year ! *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. 18.*
knit with curious tracery, ... *On Lincluden.*
Sae knit in alliance are kin. . *The Election Ballads. III.*
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master, . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Knock. But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun. *S. My heart was ance* †
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it o'er my pow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Knock, *to.*
For wi' the rock she wad him knock, *S. Duncan Davison.*

Knock'd.
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground ! *The Vowels.*

Knockhaspie [a part of Mossgiel Farm].
I wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Loyal Harry back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †

Knot. Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse,
Add. to the Deil. 11.
Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
S. Adown winding Nith †
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum. . . *S. My heart was ance* †

Knot, *to.*
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Knotless. Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Knotted.
wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten, . *Halloween.*

Know. quick to learn and wise to know, *A Bard's Epit.*
Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root. . . . . *Ib.*
O thou great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know : . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Till God knows what may be effected, *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*
" I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it ; *Ib.*
He knows each chord its various tone, *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . . . . *Ib.*
Know thy form was once a treasure ; . . *Blue Bonnets.*
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ; *S. Could aught of song* †
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?) *S. Caledonia.*
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When Manhood is your wish ! *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
We wander out, we know not where, . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I know my need, I know thy giving hand, . . . *Ib. 5.*
Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnie ; *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
No love but thine my heart shall know. *S. Fairest maid* †
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Mankind are his show box—a friend, would you know him ?
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
My cheerless suns no pleasure know ;
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
In vain wld Prudence †
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know. . . *S. Let not woman* †
Who but knows they all decay ! . *S. My Mary's face* †
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
I know Thou wilt me hear ; . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Who know them best despise them most.
On Windsor at Stirling.
Who knows how the fashions may alter, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
Prologue at Th., D..
Cheerless night that knows no morrow. . *S. Raving winds* †
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
Reproof by Himself.

Well you know how much you grieve me :
S. Stay, my charmer †
Why urge the only, one request,
You know I will deny ! . . *S. Talk not of Love* †
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood.
The Hermit.
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
I know her heart will never change, ... *Ib.*
My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And now I have lived—I know not how long,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns. . . *The Inventory.*
And gone I know not whither : *S. The Joyful Widower.*
I know my doom must be despair, . . *S. The last time I* †
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know ! . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Nae real joys we know, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Has many a light, aerial band, . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
And then all the world, Sir, should know it ! *To Capt. Riddel.*
By all on high adoring mortals know ! . . *To Clarinda.*
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Knowe [a hillock, a knoll, a slope].

Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man : . . . *A Fragment. 3.*
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
A Guid New-year † *12.*
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating :
S. As I came o'er †
the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, . . *S. Hark ! the mavis* †
Meet me on the warlock knowe, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, *Poor Mailie's El..*
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] *The Twa Dogs.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ; . *S. The weary Pund.*
His gear may buy him glens and knowes, *S. To daunton me.*
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd ; *To W. Simpson, P.S..*
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Knowledge.

Few heads with knowledge so inform'd : *Epit. on a Friend.*
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge. . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
S. The winter it is past †

Known. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver; . . *A Dream. 11.*
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all thy works below. . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
El. on Miss Burnet.
Weel known to many men, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
So Peggy ne'er I'd known ! . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Only known to wandering swains, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Where every science—every nobler art
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Is known ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well ! . . *S. Sensibility* †
If thou hast known false love's vexation, . *The Hermit.*
He never was known for to idle or lurk ;
S. The Poor Thresher.
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
The Whistle.
Yet long, long too well have I known : *S. Where are the joys* †

Know'st. Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,
With Passions wild and strong ;
A Prayer in prosp. of Death.
Well thou know'st my aching heart, *S. Canst thou leave me* †
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Thou know'st my words sincere ! . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ; *S. Fairest maid* †
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Knurlin [*dim. of* **knurl, a dwarf**].

Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Korah-like. Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's. *Ep. to J. R.*

Kye [cows].

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie. . *S. Behind yon hills* †
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake, *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st.*
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me : *S. In simmer when* †
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ; . . . . *Ib.*
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye. . . . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
And sae the kye might stray. *The Election Ballads. V.*
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ; *The Fête Champetre.*
For then I had a score o' kye,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. . *S. The Laddies by* †
The kye stood rowtan i' the loan ; . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, *S. There was a lass* †
Till kye be gaun without the herd, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
His gear may buy him kye and yowes, *S. To daunton me* †

Kyles [kayles, the game of nine-pins ; also, nine-holes].

They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Kyle [the middle district of Ayrshire ; *v.* Coil].

For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better. . . *S. O gie my love brose* †
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
There was a lad was born in Kyle, *S. There was a lad* †

Kyle-Stewart [the district, in Ayrshire, between the rivers Ayr and Irvine].

Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair. . . *A Guid New-year* † *6.*

Kyte [the belly ; the stomach].

Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums ; . . *To a Haggis.*

Kythe [to discover, to manifest].

Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' : . . . *Halloween. 3.*

Labor, Labour.

Are frae their nuptial labors risen : *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep, *A Gude New-Year* † *13.*
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
The young dogs—swinge them to the labour
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
As busy Trade his labours plies ; . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
But ere she [nature] gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O.
S. My father was a farmer †
When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O, ... *Ib.*
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil. . *Ib. 3.*
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, . . . *Ib. 6.*
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.
S. The Poor Thresher.
Your labour is hard and your wages are low, . . *Ib.*
And when I come home from my labour at night . . *Ib.*

As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply. . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Labour, *to.*
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride; *Man was made to Mourn.*
And labour to sustain me, O: *S. My father was a farmer* †
O can ye labour lea, young man, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
He couldna labour lea. . . . . *Ib.*
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea? . . . . . *Ib.*
Or labour hard the panegyric close, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
An' aften labour them completely. . . . *The Inventory.*
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Labor'd. The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
S. Could aught of song †

Lab'rer. Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains, *The Vision. D. II. 9.*

Lab'ring. The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan; *The Vision. D. II. 7.*

Lace. Ty'd up in godly laces, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gawze and lace; . . *To a Louse.*

Lac'd.
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist. *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*

Lack. For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore, . . *Ib.*
For lack o' gear ye lightly me, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

Lad. An' [Heaven] gie you lads a pleaty: . *A Dream. 14.*
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, . . *A Fragment. 7.*
A' the lads o' Thornie-bank *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk* †
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
O my bonie Highland lad, . . . *S. As I came o'er* †
I think on my bonie lad,
And I blear my een wi' greetin. . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. [*re.*]
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
A country lad is my degree, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
Can match the lads o' Galla water. . . . . *Ib.*
The bonnie lad o' Galla water. . . . . *Ib.*
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
S. Cock up yr beaver.
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! . . . *Ib.*
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.
S. Comin thro' the rye.
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was Laird himsel. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*
There was a lad that follow'd her, . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Duncan was a lad o' grace, . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black; . . *Ep. to J. R. 3.*
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †
Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs, . . . *Halloween. 3.*
An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided: . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, - -
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
When absent from my sailor lad? *S. How can my poor heart* †
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! [*re.*] *S. Killiecrankie.*
Or our merry lads at hame.
In Britain's court kept up the game: *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
A bonie, westlin weaver lad [*re.*] . *S. My heart was ance* †
O Kenmure's lads are men; *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †

While my dear lad maun face his foes, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The lad I love's the lad for me, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Although a lad were e'er sae smart, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, [*re.*] *S. O whistle* †
the bonie lad that I lo'e best . *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
The bonie lad that's far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.
S. Out over the Forth †
But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The Angus lads had nae gude will, ... *Ib.*
And the lads o' Buckhaven, . . *S. The Carls of Dysart.*
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, . *Ib. 11.*
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
To send a lad to London town,
They met upon a day, ... *Ib.*
And she wad send the sodger lad,
Whatever might betide. . . . . *Ib.*
And there will be lads o' the gospel, . . . *Ib. III.*
And Quentin o' lads not the worst. . . . . *Ib.*
O' the merry lads of Ayr, man? . *The Fête Champetre.*
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
S. The heather was blooming †
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill; . . *Ib.*
An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K[ilmarnoc]k . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, ... *Ib. 20.*
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted, ... *Ib. 25.*
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
A highland lad my Love was born, . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman. . . . *Ib.*
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee! . . *S. The lovely lass* †
The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, . *S. The Ploughman* †
Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, ... *Ib.*
Did least expect, To see my lad sae near me.
S. The tither morn †
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken-hearted. . . . . *Ib.*
Haith lad ye little ken about it; . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Till piper lads were wae and weary, *S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
S. There grows a bonie †
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa? . . *Ib.*
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me. . . . *Ib.*
There was a lad was born in Kyle, *S. There was a lad* †
Young Robie was the brawest lad, *S. There was a lass* †
There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell.
S. There's news, lasses †
Was here to hire yon lad away . *To Gavin Hamilton.*
"Come hither lad, an' answer for't, *What ails ye now* †
And come, my faithful sodger lad, *When wild War's* †
There lives a lad, the lad for me, . *S. Where Cart rins* †
My daddy sign'd my tocher band,
To gie the lad that has the land, ... *Ib.*
Young Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa; . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Laddie [*dim. of* **lad**].
But hear't thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; *S. As I came o'er* †
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
S. Here's a health to them †
Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie, [*re.*] *S. Highland Laddie.*
My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.
And send my laddie back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
O, meikle thinks my love †

I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! . . . . *Ib.*
May heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, . . . *Ib.*
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, . . *Ib.*
And aiblins gowd and honour haith
Might he that laddie's share. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. [*re.*]
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Her Love had been a Highland laddie, . . *Ib., R. IV.*
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith *S. The Laddies by* †
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. *S. The Ploughman* †
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he.
S. There grows a bonie †
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear;
S. There was a bonie lass †
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms, ... *Ib.*
For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
S. There's a youth †
But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'. . . *Ib.*
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
S. Wandering Willie.

Lade [load].

I bear alane my lade o' care, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*

Laden. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine; . . *Friend of the poet* †
Laden with years and meikle pain, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Laden with unhonoured years, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Ladle. Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Lady. I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady; . . *A Dream. 2.*
Lady Onlie, honest lucky, [*re.*] *S. A' the lads o' Thorn.* †
My sweet wee lady, . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: . . . *Ib.*
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove? *S. Let not woman* †
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
My Lady's white, my Lady's red, ... *Ib.*
My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, ... *Ib.*
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. *S. O when she cam ben* †
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love. . . *Sketch.*
An' send him to his dicing hox,
An' sportin lady. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.*
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady. . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, *The Fête Champetre.*
my bonny sweet wee lady, ... *The Inventory.*
The ladies' hearts he did trepan, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay: . . . . . *Ib.*
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. *The Rights of Woman.*
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters, . . . *Ib. 33.*
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady! . . . *To a Louse.*
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair: . . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Then please sir, to lea'e sir,
The orders wi' your lady. . . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady. . . *S. When first I came* †

Lag [sluggish, slow].

An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur. *Add. to the Deil. 3.*

Lag, *to.* It only lags the fatal hour; . *Fragment of Ode.*
But now he lags on death's hog-score, *Tam Samson's El., 5.*

Laggen [the angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish].

But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . *A Dream. 15.*

Laid, Lay'd.

But thoughtless follies laid him low, . *A Bard's Epit.*
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. *A guid New-Year* † *17.*
The winds were laid, the air was still, . . . *A Vision.*
"Has laid your rocky bosom bare, . *As on the banks* †
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
That the worms ev'n d—d him
When laid in his grave. . . . *Epit. on Walter S..*
In dust dishonor'd laid: . . . *S. Fate gave the word* †
They laid him down upon his back, . *John Barleycorn.*
They laid him out upon the floor, ... *Ib.*
"O! had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my benefactor low! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Whare I am laid my lane, . . *Lass, when yr mither* †
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, [*re.*] . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest! *Man was made to Mourn.*
She laid me in a saft bed, [*re.*] . *S. O wat ye what my* †
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
They laid the twa i' the bed thegither. . . *S. Scroggam.*
I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by,
S. The auld man †
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aquavitae; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.*
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; . . *The Inventory.*
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
An' laid the loud uproar. . . . . *Ib. R. II.*
Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie . *Ib. R. III.*
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it. . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, *The Kirk's Alarm.*
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
His cheek to her's he fondly laid, *S. There was a lass* †
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, . . *To a Mouse.*
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, ... *Ib.*
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . *To Mary in Heaven.*

Laigh [low; "laigh house," house of one storey].

For me! sae laigh I needna bow, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A bich house and a laigh ane; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, . . *S. Hee balou.* †
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
S. The Contented Cottager.

Laigh Kirk [the Church built down the hill or in the lower quarter of the town, in contrast to the High Kirk, built at the top of the hill, or in the upper quarter of the town].

Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . *The Ordination.*
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, . . *Ib. 10.*

Laimpet [limpet].

Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
Or laimpet shell. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Laing.

O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, [*re.*] *S. Gat ye me* †

Lair. Now Robin lies in his last lair,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

Lairing [wading and sinking in snow or mud].

And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar. . . *A Winter Night. 3.*

Laird [an owner of land or houses].

Altho' his daddie was nae laird, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
'A countra Laird had ta'en the hatts,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was Laird himsel. . . . *Ib. 27.*

'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird;
S. Eppie M'Nab.
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, *Halloween. 24.*
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is often laird o' meikle care; . *S. Now bank and brae* †
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, *P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."*
trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird, . . *Ib.*
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Ronalds of Bennals.
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, . *Ib.*
The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed, . . *Ib.*
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a hoard, . . *Ib.*
There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' Graham;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
That errand fain would gae. [*pr.*] *The Election Ballads. I.*
Where is the laird or helted knight
That best deserves to fa' that? . . . . . *Ib. II.*
Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that, ... *Ib.*
A pair o' trusty lairds, ... *Ib. V.*
Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . *The Fête Champetre.*
She kens her father is a laird, . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*
I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day, . . . *Ib. 13.*
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! . . *Ib. 26.*
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cow the lairds, ... *Ib. 15.*
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
S. There's a youth †
But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;
S. There's auld Rob M.†
Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, . . *To J. S., 22.*
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bludy pranks. . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Lairdship.
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
S. Contented wi' little,†

Laith [loath].
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle! . . *To a Mouse.*
I snd be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, . . . *To W. Simpson.*

Laithfu' [bashful, backward, shrinking].
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Lake. Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, *A Fragment.*
And waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Then up amang thae lakes and seas
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.
Add. of Beelzebub.
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watry haunt forsake? *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs; . . . . . *Ib.*
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Lallan, Lalland [lowland].
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
The lalland laws he held in scorn: *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
For a lalland face he feared none, ... *Ib.*

Lallans [the language of the Lowland Scotch].
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me. . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Lamb. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;
S. As I came o'er †
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee! . . . *S. Blythe was she* †
Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the Lambs before me; . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
A famous breed: [v.A.19] *Poor Mailie's El.,*
As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, *The Death of Mailie.*
To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! . . . . . *Ib.*
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him. . . . *Ib.*
My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, ... *Ib.*
We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
S. The Poor Thresher.
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Lamb-tail.
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast . *The Ordination. 7.*

Lambie, Lammie [*dim. of* lamb].
When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. *As on the banks* †
As light as ony lambie, ... *The Holy Fair. 3.*

Lambkin.
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war. . . *S. Caledonia.*
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Where Lambkins wanton through the broom!
S. The Banks of Nith.
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Lame.
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, . *Add. to the Deil.*

Lamely.
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*

Lament.
In loud lament bewail'd his lord, *Lament for Glencairn.*

Lament, *to.*
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', . . *Epit. on Wag.*
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long. . . *S. Fate gave the word,*†
Lament him a' ye rantan core, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
And mony shall lament him; . . *On W. Cruikshanks.*
Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . *Poor Mailie's El.,*
Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
Oh! how must thou lament thy station.
And envy mine! . . . *The Hermit.*

Lamentable.
"O thon, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case! *The Death of Mailie.*

Lamentation.
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream! . . *The Lament.*

Lamented.
Riddell, much lamented man! *Lns on Window in F.'s C. H.*

Lamenting.
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, *Lament for Glencairn.*

Lamentings.
No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: . . *The Lament.*

Lammas. Bonie was the Lammas moon, *S. Duncan Gray.*
It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie, . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Lammie *v.* **Lambie.**

Lamp. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Lan' [land].
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, *Halloween. 24.*
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'
S. What can a young lassie †

Lan' afore [the horse on the left, not in the furrow, of the fore pair in the plough].
My Lan' afore's a gude auld bus heen, . . *The Inventory.*

Lan' ahin [the horse directly behind the "lan' afore"].
My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, . . . *The Inventory.*

Lance. taught by the bright Caledonian lance, *S. Caledonia.*

Land.

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er the land! *A Winter Night. 7.*

Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †

They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land: . . . . . *S. Caledonia.*

In this strange land, this unconth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme: . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it; . . . . *Ib.*

Frae the friends and Land I love, *S. Frae the friends* †

When in distant lands I roam; . . *S. Highland Mary.*

O gear will buy me rigs o' land, . *S. In simmer when* †

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, . . . *S. It was a' for* †

My Love and Native land fareweel, ... *Ib.*

I faught at land, I faught at sea, . . *S. Killiecrankie.*

But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn, . *Man was made to mourn.*

I wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Loyal Harry back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †

her tenpund lands o' tocher gude *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, *Nature's Law.*

The sons of Belial in the Land . . *New Psalmody.*

The fallow land is free; . . . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †

And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

O sweet he thy sleep in the land of the grave,
On Death of fav. Child.

The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
S. Out over the Forth †

Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

My native land sae far awa. . . . *S. Sae far awa.*

As ye have generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, *Scots Prologue.*

Wou'd a' the land do this, then I'll be caition,
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, . . . *Ib.*

When shall I see that honour'd land, *S. The Banks of Nith.*

Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany, . *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*

The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
S. The Deil cam fiddlin' †

Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
The Election Ballads. III.

Verl Galloway lang did rule this land, . . . *Ib. V.*

And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire: . . . . . *Ib. VI.*

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ha',
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! *The Petition of Br. Water.*

For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O: [*re.*]
S. The Slave's Lament.

And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known Land. *The Vision. D. I. 12.*

And He whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land. [v.A.4] . . . . . *Ib.*

'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Has many a light, aerial hand, . . . *Ib. D. II. 3.*

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
S. Their groves of †

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

This game was play'd in monie lands, *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

And now what lands between us lie, . *When I think on* †

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gie the lad that has the land, . *S. Where Cart rins* †

Landlady.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious, *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Landlady, count the lawin, . . *S. Landlady, count* †

Landlord.

As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5*

What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
S. No Churchman am I †

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Landscape-glow.

'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
The Vision. D. II. 19.

Landsman.

Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Lane [lone, alone; "her lane," "my lane," &c., herself alone, myself alone, &c.].

To shiver in the blast their lane." . . *As on the banks* †

My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, . *Auld comrade* †

But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in: . . . . . *Halloween. 21.*

Whare I am laid my lane, . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †

Wha will crack to me my lane? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †

An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, . *Tam Samson's El..*

Though she should vote her lane. *The Election Ballads. I.*

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
S. The Taylor fell †

I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, . . . *To a Mouse.*

Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Lanely [lonely].

In lanely glens ye like to stray; . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin; . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*

For oh, her lanely nights are lang; *S. How lang and dreary* †

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . *Poor Mailie's El..*

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang. . . . *To J. S., 9.*

there, by a lanely, sequestered stream,
S. Yon wild mosty mountains †

Lang [long].

Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*

Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; . . . *Ib. 9.*

Lang beet his hymeneal flame, ... *Ib. 14.*

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion: . . . . . *Ib. 15.*

C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought. . *A Fragment. 4.*

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
A Guid New-year †

scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]
Lay, large an' lang. *Death and Dr Hornbook. 6.*

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, ... *Ib. 7.*

'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread, ... *Ib. 12.*

'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, . . . *Ib. 28.*

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you, . *Ep. to Young Friend.*

We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier: . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*

But to conclude my lang epistle, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.*

I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! . . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 9.*

Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*

The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †

I dinna care, How lang ye look abont ye,
S. Here's to thy health, †

How lang and dreary is the night, *S. How lang and dreary* †

For oh, her lanely nights are lang; . . . . *Ib.*

Sic fate ere lang shall thee hetide; . . *S. I do confess* †

But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †

And nights are lang in winter, Sir, *S. I'm o'er young to marry.*

Common motives lang sinsyne, . . . *S. Jockey fou* †

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, . . *Ib.*

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Lang may she stand to prop the land, . . . , . *Ib.*
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing ;
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.
S. O merry hae I been †
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
And [she] lang has had my heart in thrall.
S. O this is no my ain †
He loosed on me a lang man, [*re.*] *S. O wat ye what my* †
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast ; *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, *On dining with Daer.*
Or lang-kail gullie. . . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
A lang half-mile she could descry him ; . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ; . . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ; . . . . *Ib. 3.*
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd : . . *Ib. 8.*
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore ; . . . *Ib. 15.*
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, *Tam Samson's El.*
Farewell then, lang hale then, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle.
Ye'll see't or lang, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.*
In lines extended lang and large,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
S. The deuks dang o'er.
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, [*re.*]
The Election Ballads. V.
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang, . . . *Ib. 18.*
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, ... *Ib. 23.*
An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang . . . *Ib. 24.*
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
The Petition of Br. Water.
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ; *S. The Laddies by* †
The lassie thought na lang till day.
S. The lass that made the bed.
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, . . *The Ordination. 8.*
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion. . . . . *Ib. 6.*
An' there began a lang digression . . . . . *Ib.*
He draws a bonie silken purse
As lang's my tail, ... *Ib. 8.*
Their night's unquiet, lang an' restless. . . *Ib. 30.*
D—e has been lang our foe, . . *The Twa Herds. 12.*
Auld W—w, lang has hatch'd mischief, . . *Ib. 13.*
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom :
S. Their groves of †
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown !
S. There was a lass †
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm. . . . *To a Haggis.*
'As lang's the Muses dinna fail
'To say the grace.' . . . *To J. S., 24.*
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the hreath
O' mony flow'ry simmers! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, . . *To Terraughty.*
howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! *To W. Simpson.*
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang : . . . . *Ib. 15.*
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither : . . *Ib. 17.*
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang. . . . *Ib. P.S.*
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, *S. Up in the morning.*
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me ; *S. Wae is my heart* †
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :
S. What can a yng lassie †
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger, . *S. When wild War's* †
I've serv'd my king and country lang, ... *Ib.*
A short sword, and a lang, . . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †
As lang's he has a breath to draw. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Lang, *to* **[to long].**

Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*

Langer [longer].

The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft †
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ; . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer. . . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew ;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ; *S. My bonie Mary.*
And time nae langer spill, jo : . . *S, O steer her up* †
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story :
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
under favor o' your langer beard, ... *Ib. 10.*
The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man ; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer. . . . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg, . *The Inventory.*
There's peace and rest nae langer ; . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Ye maist wad think a wee touch langer,
An they mann starve o' cauld and hunger : *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

Langest [longest].

The langest thong, the fiercest growler *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Lang syne [long since].

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . *As on the banks* †
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ? . *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne, my dear, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang.
The Twa Dogs. 4.
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts. . *What ails ye now* †

Lang-tocher'd [having a large marriage portion].

There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
S. There's a youth †

Langside.

And dire the discord Langside saw. . *The Dean of Fac..*

Language. May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Languid. How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
S. The lazy mist †

Languish.

Can I cease to languish, While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish? . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face of thine ; . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish ; *S. Could aught of song* †
In love to lie and'languish, . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Condemn'd to drag a secret chain,
And yet in secret languish ; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Condemn'd to see my rivals reign,
While I in secret langnish ; . . *S. The last time I* †
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish ; . . *S. Thine am I* †

Lank.

They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy ; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Lap. In Pleasure's lap carest ; *Man was made to Mourn.*
Reclined on the lap of thy mother, *On Death of Jav. Child.*
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Lap [did leap]. Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, *A Guid New-Year† 14.*
But by gude luck I lap a wicket, . . .
And turn'd a neuk. *Friend of the poet† P.S.*
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, . . *Halloween. 9.*
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, ... *Ib. 9.*
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . . . *Ib. 26.*
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Than ony ermine ever lap, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . *S. The tither morn†*
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a shengh or dyke . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
We lap an' danced the lee-lang day,
S. T. Menzs' bonie Mary.
I lap and cry'd fa' loud. . . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . *S. What will I do gin†*
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Lapfu'. lapfu's large o' gospel kail . . *The Ordination. 6.*

Lapland.
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. *S. O wat ye wha's in†*

Lapse. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; *Delia. An Ode.*

Lapwing.
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
S. Afton Water.

Large. An', large upon her quarter,
Come full that day. . *A Dream. 13.*
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]
Lay, large an' lang. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current; . . *Nature's Law.*
And bless auld Coila, large and long, ... *Ib.*
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
In lines extended lang and large,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Squadrons extended long and large,
The Election Ballads. VI.
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion. . . *The Holy Fair. Mott.*
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And many a question he ask'd him at large,
The Poor Thresher.
The Regiment at large for a husband I got;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
lapfu's large o' gospel kail . . . *The Ordination. 6.*
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
Explore at large Man's infant race, . . *Ib. D. II. 10.*
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade, ... *Ib. 20.*
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide. . . . *To J. S., 11.*

Largo. And the Kimmers o' Largo, . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Largs.
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. *S. Caledonia.*

Lark. And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
S. Again rejoic. Nature†
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . . *Delia. An Ode.*
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But groveling on the earth the carol ends.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
While larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air, ... *S. Phillis the Fair.*
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
The Brigs of Ayr.
The bonie Lark, companion meet! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
That danc'd to the lark's early song? *S. Where are the joys†*

Lash. O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash! . . *Remorse. A Frag..*

Lash, *to.* Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; *To J. S., 5.*

Lash't.
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em [poverty, care],
And thought it sport. *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*

Lass. Five bonie Lasses round their table, *A Ded. to G. H., 14*
bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . *A Dream. 14.*
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I; . . . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
If he's a parent, lass or boy, . . . *Auld comrade†*
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
S. Awa wi' your witchcraft†
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, *[re.]* . . . . . *Ib.*
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. . . *S. Blythe was she†*
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green. . . . . *Ib.*
'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, *S. Duncan Davison.*
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And aye be welcome back again. . . . . *Ib.*
Ye bonnie lasses dight your een, . . *El. on Year 1788.*
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.*
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. . . . . *Ib.*
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] . . . *Ib.*
Her prentice han' she [Nature] try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too. . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†*
The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine; . . *Halloween. 3.*
Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night. . *Ib.*
The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses; . . . . . *Ib.*
An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided: . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
'An' her that is to be my lass,
'Come after me an' draw thee . . . . *Ib. 18.*
O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
As bonie Lasses I ha'e seen, ... *Ib.*
A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e, ... *Ib.*
The lass wi' the bonie black e'e, . *S. Her Daddie forbad†*
Here's to thy health my bonie lass, *S. Here's to thy health†*
And the lasses o' Leven. . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; *Holy Willie's Prayer. S.*
I met a lass, a bonie lass, . . . *S. I met a lass†*
But she my fairest faithfu' lass, . . *S. I'll ay ca' in†*
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel . . . . *Ib.*
Lass, when your mither is frae hame, *S. Lass when yr mither†*
Sweet lass, may I do that? . . . . . *Ib.*
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass, *Lns, on back of Bank Note.*
Whare live ye my bonie lass, . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
There wons auld Colia's bonie lass, *S. My Lord a-hunting†*
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, . . . *S. O lay thy loof†*
And swear on thy white hand, lass, ... *Ib.*
There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, ... *Ib.*
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. . *S. O saw ye bonie L.†*
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, . . *S. O Tibbie!†*
But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice: . . . . . *Ib.*
There lives a lass in yonder park, ... *Ib.*
The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, *S. On Cessnock banks†*
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft; . . . *Poem on Life.*
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
And proper young lasses and a', man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
As bonie a lass or as braw, man, ... *Ib.*
If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa', man, ... *Ib.*
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang. . *S. She's fair and fause†*
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.) . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*

Could rank my rig and lass ; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And the bonie Lass of Albany. *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
They've wranged the Lass of Albany. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me ; *The Holy Fair. 4.*
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter ; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs . . . *Ib. 10.*
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him! . . . *Ib. 11.*
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, ... *Ib. 20.*
The lasses they are shyer. . . . . *Ib. 24.*
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething ! . . . . *Ib. 25.*
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day ! . . . *Ib.*
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon : . . . . *Ib. 26.*
How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' Lasses! . . . . . *Ib. 27.*
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!" *The Petition of Br. Water.*
For towsing a lass i' my daffin. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
My bonie lass I work in brass, ... *Ib. S. VI.*
By my good luck a lass I met,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
The lass that made the bed to me. . . . . *Ib.*
The braw lass made the bed to me,
The bonny lass made the bed to me, ... *Ib.*
The lovely lass of Inverness, . . *S. The lovely lass of I.†*
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
There was a bonie lass,
And a bonie, bonie lass, . *S. There was a bonie lass†*
And nocht could him quail, Or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear. . . . . *Ib.*
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonie lasses lie aspar, . . . *S. There was a lad†*
There was a lass, and she was fair, *S. There was a lass, and†*
That he from our lasses should wander awa ;
S. There's a youth†
There's news, lasses, news, . . *S. There's news, lasses†*
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never.
S. Thou hast left me, †
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses. . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
And bless your bonie lasses baith. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . *To Terraughty.*
An honest man may like a lass, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, . . *To W. Simpson.*
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. [*re.*]
S. Twas even—the dewy†
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief *What ails ye now†*
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body, ... *Ib.*
'When next wi' yon lass I forgather, ... *Ib.*
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom, *S. When wild War's†*
The bonie lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that. . . *S. Women's Minds.*
A bonie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that? . . . . . *Ib.*
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, . . *S. Young Jamie†*
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, *S. Young Peggy†*

Lassie.

Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy? [*re.*] *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go†*
The lassie lost a silken snood, *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, . . *S. Her Daddie forbad†*
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken ; *S. In simmer when†*
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ; . . . . *Ib.*
Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie ! . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†*
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest, ... *Ib.*
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, *S. Last May a braw wooer†*
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie. . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. *S. My Lord a-hunting†*
My love she's but a lassie yet, . *S. My love she's but†*
Wi' her the lassie dear to me, . . *S. Now bank and brae†*
Can please a lassie better. . . *S. O gie my love brose†*
O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, *S. O Lassie, art thou sleep.†*
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him ; . . *S. O poortith cauld,†*
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, . . *S. O steer her up†*
gin the lassie winna do't, Ye'll fin' anither will, jo. . *Ib.*
O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be ?
O weel ken I my ain lassie, . . *S. O this is no my ain†*
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie, ever dearer ; . *S. O wat ye wha that loes†*
a lassie In grace and beauty charming ;
That e'en thy chosen lassie, ... *Ib.*
And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? . *S. O when she cam ben†*
O never look down, my lassie at a', [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts†*
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ;
S. On Cessnock Banks† Sett. II.
Our lassies a' she far excels, ... *Ib.*
That never did a lassie wrang ; *On Window of C. Inn, F..*
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
That while a lassie she had worn, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
Gie me my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
To sing my Highland lassie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
I love my Highland lassie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
My faithful Highland lassie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
The lassie thought na lang till day,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,
Ye ay shall mak the bed to me. . . . . *Ib.*
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune : . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
The sleepy hit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
S. The Taylor fell†
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O ! . . *S. The Taylor he cam†*
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, ... *Ib.*
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
S. There grows a bonie†
And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.
S. There's auld Rob M.†
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
S. What can a yng lassie†
Lassie, say thou lo'es me ; . . *S. Wilt thou be my†*
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me : [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie ; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Ye hae lien wrang, lassie . . . . . *Ib.*
O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, ... *Ib.*
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains†
For there, wi' my Lassie, the day-lang I rove, . . *Ib.*
But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me. . . *Ib.*
O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms. . . *Ib.*

Last.

The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
For my last fow,
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane *A Guid New-year† 17.*
In my last plack thy part's he in't, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
"E'en here, I took the last farewell ; *S. Behold the hour†*
But 'till my last moments my words are the same,
S. By yon castle wa'†
Provok'd beyond hearing, at last she arose, . *S. Caledonia.*
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.

Now Robin lies in his last lair, *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,
Ep. to R. Graham.
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, . *Ib. 2.*
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, . *Ib. 5.*
Taks up its last abode; . . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Who in his life did little good
And his last words were Dem my blood! *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin. . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . . *Frag. of Ode.*
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, *S. Gloomy December.*
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: . . . *Ib.*
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
S. Green grow the rashes.
My last hour I am near it; . . *S. Husband, husband* †
And my last hald of earth is gane: *Lament for Glencairn.*
Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! . . . . *Ib.*
my last, best, only friend, ... *Ib.*
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw †
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last! . *Man was made to Mourn.*
tir'd at last With fortune's vain delusion, O,
S. My father was a farmer †
'Till my last weary sand was run, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Some sairie comfort still at last, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
A Jillet brak his heart at last, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Prologue, at Th., D..
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last, ... *Sad thy tale,* †
Now a sad and last adieu. [*sz.*] . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; *Tam o' Shanter. S.*
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; . . *Ib. 11.*
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; . . . . *Ib.*
My prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But Och! they catched him at the last, . . *Ib. S. IV.*
Dearest of Distillation! last and best!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. Mott.
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free; *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Last, white-roh'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
And now, my hairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . *The Death of Mailie.*
A last request permit me here, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
The last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day, . *The last braw bridal* †
The last time I came o'er the moor, *S. The last time I came* †
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
The Rights of Woman.
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, [*v.A.1*] *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
For gear to gang that gate at last! . . . . *Ib. 25.*
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration; . . . . . *S. The Union.*
rhyme-proof Till my last breath . . *The Vision. D. I. 6.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the koowe; . . *S. The weary pund.*
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, . . . *To a Kiss.*
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, *To Clarinda.*
Thy image at our last embrace;—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last! *To Mary in Heaven.*
till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Ye maun conceal till your last hour! *S. Wha is that at my* †
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Last day [yesterday].
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Last day my mind was in a bog, . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Last, *to.*
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
Were not made for aye to last? . . . *Blue Bonnets.*
"Thro' future times to make his virtues last
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Lasting.
But friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove: . *S. Talk not of love* †
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [*v.A.15*] *Tam Samson's El.*
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep; . . *Wr. in Friars Carse H.*

Lastly.
I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Late. Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
Add. to the Deil. 13.
And late or early never grumbled? . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
Whate'er thon hast done, be it late be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law, *S. Musing on the roaring* †
When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
But late she flourished, rooted fast, *On Birth of Postb. Child.*
Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds* †
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
As market-days are wearing late, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; . . *Ib. 3.*
An' he paidles late an' early, O! . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
And cuddled me late and early, O; . . . . *Ib.*
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
S. The lazy mist †
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early. . *S. The Ploughman* †
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
Till 'tween the late and early: . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd
S. The tither morn †
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*
I'm weary sick o't late and air! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . *To R. G. of F.*
Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
I wha sae late did range and rove, . *S. Young Jamie* †

Lately. Ye've lately come athwart her; . *A Dream. 13.*
But lately seen, in gladsome green, . *S. But lately seen* †
Which lately on a night befel, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*
'Twas ae night lately, in my fun, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 7.*
How pale is that cheek where the ronge lately glistened;
Monody, on a Lady.
As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin: . . . *The Ordination. S.*

Later. Or Cnifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
The Brigs of Ayr. S.

Latest.
"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." *S. Behold the hour* †
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . *Blest be M'Murdo* †
As Willie drew his latest breath; . . *Epit. on W. —.*
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun. . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
the latest throb that leaves my heart, *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
And thine that latest sigh! . . . . . *Ib.*
"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
And sigh for this life's latest morrow. *On Death of fav. Child.*
Your course to the latest is bright. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

May there my latest hours consume, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
S. The Posie.
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
To R. G. of F., 9.

Latin.

An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, *Auld comrade dear* †
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C. . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.
His faults they a' in Latin lay, . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty; . *The Ordination. 11.*
worthy G[regor]y's latin face, ... *To W. Creech.*
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie. . . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Latter. He weeping wail'd his latter times; . . *A Vision.*

Lauderdale.

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*

Laugh. Mony a laugh and mony a drink, *Auld comrade* †
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! . . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs . . *Poem on Life.*
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Laugh, *to.*

I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! . . . *Ib.*
Would'st thou be cured, thou silly moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself: . . . *Ib.*
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*
Laugh o'er thy perjury . . . . *S. Had I a cave* †
Tho' Heretics may laugh; . . . . *The Calf.*
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
S. The Deil cam fiddlin' †
For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
The Election Ballads. I.
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . . *S. Young Jamie,*†

Laugh'd.

She [nature] laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.

Laughing, -in', -an.

these are no laughing times: . . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
And love said, laughing in her looks,
Come kiss me at your leisure. . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . . . *S. But lately seen* †
'The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
S. My Lord a-hunting †
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak, . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
"We will get famous laughin At them this day." . . *Ib. 5.*
Wi' quaffing, and laughing,
They ranted an' they sang; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's lein'. . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's son . . *Verses under Grief.*

Laughter. That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Laureat.

He was her Laureat monie a year, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns: . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Laurel, Laurels.

Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle, . *Ib.*
That clarty barm should stain my laurels; *Searching auld* †
Go bid him lay his laurels down, . *S. The capt. Ribband.*
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
The Election Ballads. VI.
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the hay; *The Whistle. 18.*
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, *S. When first I saw* †

Laurel-boughs.

Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, . . *To J. S., 9.*

Laurell'd. 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Bring our Banish'd hame again; *S. Frae the Friends* †

Lave [the rest, the remainder].

(What's aft mair than a' the lave) . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin';
S. Ay waukin, O.
When a' the lave gae to their play, *S. Duncan Gray.*
But whistle o'er the lave o't. [*re.*] . *S. First when Maggy* †
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. *Jenny M'Craw* †
When a' the lave gae to their bed *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
It's [wealth's] pride, and a' the lave o't; *S. O poortith cauld,* †
An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Weel-pleas'd to think her hairn's respected like the lave.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't! . . . *To a Mouse.*
But there is ane aboon the lave, . . *S. Women's minds.*

Lave, *to.*

How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, *S. Afton Water.*
Busy feed, or wanton lave; . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon. . *S. Streams that glide* †
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Laverock, Lav'rock, Lavrock [the lark].

The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings; . . *S. Behold, my love* †
Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing; . . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The lav'rock lo'es the grass, . . *S. O gie my love brose* †
The lav'rock, to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; . . . *S. Sleep'st thou* †
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, *S. The Catrine woods* †
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet *The Holy Fair.*
The sober laverock, warbling wild, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Lav'rock-height.

Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, . . *Halloween. 26.*

Lavish.

Ye lavish woods that wave around, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †

Law [low]. O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,
S. O when she cam ben †

Law. An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man. . *A Fragment.*
held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, man: . . *Ib. 6.*
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak it guid in law, man. . . . . *Ib. 9.*
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.
Add. of Beelzebub.
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
Law, physics, politics and deep divines: *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty;
S. Eppie Adair.
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws! . *Frag. of Ode.*
That lives at the lug o' the law! *S. Here's a health to them* †

For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.
Nature's mighty law is change; . . *S. Let not woman* †
Let her crown my love her law, . *S. Louis what reck* †
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
Man was made to Mourn.
If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave.
By Nature's law design'd, ... *Ib.*
Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law, *S. Musing on the roaring* †
The Judge that's mighty in thy law, . *New Psalmody.*
And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
On Window at Stirling.
With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
By conquering beauty's sovereign law; *S. Sae flaxen* †
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
But why should we to nobles jouk?
And its against the law that: *The Election Ballads. II.*
Wha's honour was ever his law; . . . . . *Ib. III.*
Still rising by the plummet's law,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
The lalland laws he held in scorn: *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
A fig for those by law protected! . . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore, [v.A.4] . . *The Vision. D. I.*
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;
The Whistle. 6.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; *To Clarinda.*
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law: . . . *To W. Creech.*
Enthron'd in her eye he delivers his law;
S. True hearted was he †
I am a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Law, *to* **[rule, determine].**
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let Inclination law that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Lawful, -fu'. 'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
And for your lawful King his crown, *S. Highland Laddie.*

Lawin [reckoning, bill].
Then guidwife count the lawin, . . *S. Gane is the day* †
Landlady, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin; . *S. Landlady, count* †

Lawlands [Lowlands].
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been; . *S. Blythe was she,* †
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border. . . *S. Hee balou,* †

Lawless. An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g
Again upon her. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*

Lawn. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
S. How pleasant the banks †
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, *S. It was the charming* †
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
On seeing wounded Hare.
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
The Petition of Br. Water.
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Lawn-sleeve.
Nane set the lawn-sleeve sweeter, . . . *A Dream. 12.*

Lawson. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Lawyer. It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel. *Scotch Drink. 13.*
Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16]
Tam o' Shanter.

Lay. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
S. Afton Water.
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Monody, on a Lady.
A hapless lover courts thy lay, *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
S. O were I on Parnass. †
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
In twining hazel bowers,
His lay the linnet pours; . . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
Delighted, rival other's lays: . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: . . . *Ib. 13.*
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times. . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*
But tune their lays, Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise. . *To W. Simpson.*

Lay *v.* **Lea.**

Lay. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
A Guid New-year † *12.*
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
A Winter Night. 9.
They lay aside a' tender mercies, . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . *S. As down the burn* †
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
Lay, large an' lang. . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
where poor Francis lay moaning, . *Epig. on Capt. Grose.*
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, *Epig. on a Coxcomb.*
I could lay my bread and kail . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.
To lay strong hold for help on hounteous Graham.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Wilt thou lay that frown aside, . . *S. Fairest maid* †
O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest. . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it. *S. Husband, husband* †
I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
S. I dream'd I lay †
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue. . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Light is the burden love lays on; . *S. In simmer when* †
As blythe lay down at e'en: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Till down my weary bones I lay *S. My father was a farmer* †
O lay thy loof in mine, lass. . . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
The youthful blooming Nelly lay, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
His faults they a' in Latin lay . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low. . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. *Scots Prologue.*
Lay the proud usurpers low, . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [*re.*] . *S. Scroggam.*
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] *Tam o' Shanter.*
Go bid him lay his laurels down. . *S. The capt. Ribband.*
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden Locks of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
S. The heather was bloom. †
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*
His doxy lay within his arm; . *The Jolly Beggars, R.I.*
Till some ane by his bonnet lays, . . *The Holy Fair. 24.*
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
The Kirk's Alarm.

The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
S. The Taylor fell †
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone! . . . *To J. S., 10.*
Through frosty hills the journey lay, . . *To J. Taylor.*
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside New Holland, . *To W. Simpson.*
To thy bosom lay my heart, . . . *S. Thine am I* †
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal: . . *To W. Simpson. 17.*
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . *S. When first I saw* †

Lay'd *v.* **Laid.**

Layest.

Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep; . . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

Lazy, Lazie.

She's saft at best an' something lazy,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*
Tho' rough an' rugloch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
S. The lazy mist †
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, . . *Ib. 35.*

Lea, Lee, Lay, Ley [land under grass, or untilled].

Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay. . . *A Guid New-Year* †
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea. *S. Afton Water.*
Her honie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee! . . . *S. Blythe was she* †
Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance; . . . *Halloween.*
While clover blooms white o'er the lea. *S. In simmer when* †
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: *S. Now Spring has clad* †
O can ye labour lea, young man, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
He couldna labour lea. . . . . *Ib.*
the handless coof, That couldna labour lea? . . . *Ib.*
in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, . . *S. O wert thou in* †
November hirples o'er the lea, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
The auld man he came over the lea, . *S. The auld man* †
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, *S. The Catrine woods* †
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? . . *S. There was a lass* †
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Lea-rig [a ridge under grass, unploughed land].

I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O. . . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Ley-crap [lea-crop].

And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again. . . *S. There's news, lasses* †

Lead. The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Fine [head] for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Lead, *v.*

Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them;
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van. *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, *S. Bonie Bell.*
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v.A.12]
Scots Prologue.
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day. *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear; . . . *The Hermit.*
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him. *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
This leads me on, to tell for sport, . . *What ails ye now* †
Thou whom chance may hither lead, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. . . . . *Ib.*
Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Leader.

My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Leading-string.

When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Lea'e [leave]. tak that, ye lea'e them naething,
To ken them by, . . *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, . . *Halloween. 11.*
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, . . *S. O steer her up* †
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . *The Death of Mailie.*
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion! . . *To a Louse.*
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy! . . . *To a Mouse.*
Then please sir, to lea'e sir,
The orders wi' your lady. . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
An' when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them.
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Leaf.

Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, *S. A Rosebud by* †
I see the spreading leaves and flowers, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
S. Gloomy December.
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.
S. How pleasant the banks †
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
" Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Lament for Glencairn.
Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Lns., on Back of Bank Note.
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O! . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play. . . *S. O were my love* †
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
S. On Cessnock banks †
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . *S. Raving winds* †
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots make your windings; . *The Book-Worms.*
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
S. The small birds †
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play; . *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, *S. The young Highl. Rover.*
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, . . *To a Mouse.*
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves; . . . *To J. S., 16.*
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf! . . . . *To Miss C.*
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn. . . *To Terraughty.*

Leaf-clad.

Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs *The Vision. D. I. 9.*

Leafless.

Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r; *A Winter Night.*
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer.
S. I'm o'er young to marry †
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
S. The lazy mist †
The leafless trees my fancy please, . . . *Winter.*

Leafy.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . *S. Sae flaxen* †
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers: *S. Where Cart rins* †

League.
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howcket dead. *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
Jenny M'Craw †
Some social join, and leagues combine;
S. Now westlin winds †
The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:
The League and Covenant.

Leagu'd.
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Leal [loyal, true, faithful].
Friend of the poet tried and leal, . . *Friend of the Poet* †
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': . . . *Halloween.*
May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart; . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party, ... *To —.*
A leal, light heart was in my breast. *S. When wild War's* †

Lean'd.
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . *Lament for Glencairn.*

Leap.
Peerest to meditate the healing leap: *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Lear [lore, learning].
It's no in books; it's no in Lear
To make us truly blest: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
That would be lear eneugh for me, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
In this braw age o' wit and lear, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear.
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge. . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver; . *The Ordination. 9.*
tired o' sauls to waste his lear on, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Learn. Was quick to learn and wise to know, *A Bard's Epit.*
Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
A Ded. to G. H., 9.
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her; . . . *A Dream. 13.*
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [*re.*]
S. And O for ane and twenty †
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . *El. on Year 1788.*
But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate
We learn our creed. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 14.*
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Then from his Lordship I shall learn, *On dining with Daer.*
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . *The Death of Mailie.*
Nor learns their guilty lore! . . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
To learn *bon ton* and see the worl'. . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
'Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow; *The Vision. II. 19.*
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? *S. There was a lass* †
lest he learn the callan tricks, . *To Gavin Hamilton.*
The boy might learn to swear; . . . . . *Ib.*
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt. *To W. Simpson. P.S..*
I dread ye'll learn the gate again . *S. Wha is that at* †

Learned, -'d, Learnt.
He learned to fear in his own native wood. *S. Caledonia, 5.*
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then! *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*
It may escape the learned clerks; *S. O this is no my ain* †
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle*, et *vive l'amour*; . . *Sketch.*
The learned Sire and Son I saw, . . *The Vision. D.I.*
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; *The Vowels.*
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . *To W. Simpson.*
Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the heuk. . . *Ib. P.S.*

Learning, *s.*
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode. *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
An' hae to Learning nae pretence, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire; . . . . *Ib. 13.*
For genius, learning bigh, as great in war
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd. . *The Dean of Fac.*
There, Learning with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty; . . *The Ordination. 11.*
And learning in a woody dance, . *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Learning.
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough; *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Lease.
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster, ... *A Dream. 6.*

Least.
There, watching high the least alarms, *Add. to Edinburgh, 5.*
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Prologue at Th., D..
At least to see thee blest. . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown; . . *S. O Mary at thy* †
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be. . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Or sing a sang at least. . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least. . *The Inventory.*

Leather.
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, *A Guid New-year* † *18.*
Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather [v.A.2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations; . . . . *The Ordination.*
Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; *S. Wee Willie Gray* †

Leave.
Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. *As on the banks* †
But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
To give him leave to toil; . *Man was made to mourn.*
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
Prologue, at Th., D..
About to beg a pass for leave to beg; . . *To R. G. of F.*

Leave, *to.*
O ye wha leave the springs o' C-ly-n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
And canst thou leave me thus for pity [*re.*]
S. Canst thou leave me thus †
leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
the latest throb that leaves my heart, *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
To leave her [my mammy] I am eerie, Sir.
S. I'm o'er young to marry †
For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore,
Lns. on Back of Bank Note.
And I maun leave my bonie Mary. . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. *S. My Collier Laddie.*
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O;
S. My father was a farmer †

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, . . *O leave novels* †
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him? *S. One fond kiss* †
To leave me a hundred or twa, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But for the muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me! . *S. Stay my charmer* †
Do not, do not leave me so! [*rc.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; *S. Streams that glide* †
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave. . . . . *Ib.*
When chapmen billies leave the street, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr. . *S. The gloomy night* †
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
'And lonely stalk, . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
And [Phœbus] vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
The Whistle. 13.
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, *S. There was a lass* †
And leave auld Scotia's shore? . . . . *To Mary.*
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand. . . . . *Ib.*
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? *Why am I loth* †
And leave a man undone To his fate. . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Leaving.

It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary! . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
In leaving the dochter of a lord, . *S. O when she cam ben* †

Lecture. Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
The Henpecked Husband.

Led. Led him a sair faux pas, man: . *A Fragment. 7.*
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Bold-following where your Fathers led!
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
great Dundee, who smiling victory led, . *Fragment of Ode.*
goavan, as if led wi' branks, . . *On dining with Daer.*
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
The great Argyle led on his files,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
And there led I the Bushby's a'; *The Election Ballads. V.*
Led on the Loves and Graces; . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, ... *Ib.*
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major? . . *The Fête Champetre.*
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here. . . . *The Hermit.*
I might, by this, hae led a market, . *The Vision. D. I. 5.*
'But yet the light that led astray,
'Was light from Heaven. . *Ib. D. II. 17.*

Leddy.

She kens her father is a laird,
And she forsooth's a leddy, . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Ledger. What are your landlord's rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
Lus. on Window, K.'s Arms.

Lee *v.* **Lea.**

Lee, *adj.*

A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Leech.

Thae curst horse leeches o' th' Excise, *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Lee-lang [live-long].

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, . . *S. It was a' for* †
a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie. *S. O Willie brew'd* †
The Thresher's weary flingin'-tree,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me; . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, *S. T. Mena.'s bonie Mary.*
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
S. What will I do gin †

Leer.

with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Leesome [pleasant, gladsome].

But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy: *S. In simmer when* †

Leest [lest]. Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Leeward.

Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*

Leeway.

But in the teeth o' baith [wind and tide] to sail,
It maks an unco leeway. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*

Leeze me on [a phrase of congratulatory endearment, blessings on, recommend me to].

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, ... *S. Hee balou* †
Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck.
S. Hey the dusty miller †
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn.
Thou king o' grain! . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
Leeze me on rhyme! its ay a treasure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; [*rc.*]
S. The Contented Cottager.
Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge: . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
So leeze me on thee, Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †

Leezie. A wanton widow Leezie was, . . *Halloween. 24.*
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . . *Ib. 26.*
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, [*rc.*]
Leezie Lindsay.

Left. To dip her left sark-sleeve in, . . *Halloween. 24*
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver. . . . *New Psalmody.*
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, *The Vowels.*
To right or left, eternal swervin, . . . *To J. S., 19.*
She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Left. Haply my Sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, . . . *Ib.*
"And twa-three stinted birks are left,
"To shiver in the blast their lane." . *As on the banks* †
In what a pickle thou hast left us! . *El. on Year 1788.*
I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand; . . *S. It was a' for* †
And hope has left my aged ken, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail: . . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. . . . . *Ib.*
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.*
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
But cautious Queensberry left the war, ... *Ib.*
But left behind him heroes bright, ... *Ib.*
A faithful brother I have left, . . . *The Farewell.*
The Hunter now has left the moor, *S. The gloomy night* †

They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
The Petition of Br. Water.
And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch; *Ib. S. II.*
They scarcely left to coor their fuds, . . *Ib. R. VIII.*
The last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling, . . *S. The last time I came* †
He left the foul business to folks less divine. *The Whistle. 15.*
Thou hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever,
S. Thou hast left me †
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never. *Ib.*
Still much is left behind; . . . . *To Chloris.*
And left us darkling in a world of tears:) *To R. G. of F., 9.*
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',
And left the Session; . . . . *What ails ye now* †
I left the lines, and tented field, . *S. When wild War's* †
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd, ... *Ib.*
Now she's left by ilka creature; *S. Will ye go and marry* †
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Left-hand.

His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Their left-hand General had nae skill;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Left'st. Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.
El. on Miss Burnet.

Leg.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
Bare her leg and bright her een, . . *S. I met a lass* †
Soor Bigotry on her last legs, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
She was nae get o' runted rams,
Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]
Poor Mailie's El..
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, *Scots Prologue.*
A better [mare] never lifted leg, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
His manly leg with garter tangle hound. *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Ae leg an' haith the trams are broken, . . *The Inventory.*
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg, ... *Ib.*
tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy, *Ib. S. II.*
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . *S. The Ploughman* †
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it;
The Vision. D. I. 11.
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle. . . *To a Haggis.*
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay. . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me; . . . . . *Ib.*
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . *To R. G. of F..*
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, *What ails ye now* †
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Legal.

Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . . *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The Wretch already crushed low *A Winter Night. 9.*
In legal mode an' form: . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Legion.

When out the hellish legion sallied. *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*

Legislation.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation, . . . *A Dream. 5.*
Sat Legislation's Sov'reign pow'rs! *Add. to Edinburgh. 1.*

Leister [a three-pronged spear for sticking fish].

A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]
Lay, large an' lang. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

Leisure.

when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
An' at our leisure when ye like
We'll whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Come kiss me at your leisure [*re.*] *S. As I gaed up by* †

Leisure-moment.

Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin? . . . . *To J. S., 4.*

Leith.

The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . *S. My bonie Mary.*

Len' [lend].

Some counsel unto me come len'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Lend. Ought he can lend he'll not refus't, *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! . *S. Fairest maid* †
I hae naething to lend, I'll borrow frae naebody, *S. Nacbody.*
I've little to spend, and naething to lend, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Length. At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At sang about. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
At length poor Mailie silence brak. *The Death of Mailie.*
At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.

Lengthen'd.

Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises! . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, *The Holy Fair. 13.*
If envious huckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this hlest morrow, *To Terraughty.*

Lenox. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, . *Halloween. 19.*

Lent. Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent, *A Dream. 9.*
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent: . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
He lent them his name to the firm. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Lente largo.

May still your life from day to day,
Nae "lente largo" in the play, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*

Lesley. Lesley is sae fair and coy, *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, - -
Thou art divine, fair Lesley, [*re.*] *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †

Less. And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang ahont it . . *A Dream. 4.*
An' did nae less, in full Congress, . . . *A Fragment.*
That now perhaps thou's less deservin, *A Guid New-Year* † *17.*
Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
And not less anxious sure this night than ever,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
Less fit to play the part, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side; . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, ... *Ib. 6.*
To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, . . . *Ib. 8.*
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state: . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
True it is, she had one failing,
Had ae woman ever less? . *Lns under Pict. of Miss B.*
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Nor makes the hour one moment less. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Her sorrows share and make them less? *The Lament. 5.*
They're ay in less or mair provided; . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them. . . . *Ib. 29.*
Ought less is little, ... *There's naethin like* †
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; . . *To a Painter.*
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less. . . . . *To Clarinda.*
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Lessen. An' lessen a' your charges; . . *A Dream. 7.*
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. . . *V.s, under Grief.*
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Lesser. And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar. *The Vision. D.I. 14.*

Less'ning.
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, *S. To Mary in Heaven.*

Lesson. Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe, . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Let simple maid the lesson read, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . *To J. S., 15.*

Lesson'd.
The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont,
Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd! *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Let. Than let them ance out owre the water;
Add. of Beelzebub.
E'en let them clash; . . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
An' let poor, damned bodies bee; . . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be!
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, *S. Caledonia.*
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee { *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
forgot, ... { *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
We'll let her stand a year or twa, . *S. My love she's but* †
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely.
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
O let me in this ae night, [*re.*] . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
I winna let you in, jo. . . . . *Ib.*
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste, . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
When simple bodies let him; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Gif I rise and let you in,
Let me in, quo' Findlay; . . *S. Wha is that at* †
O wilt thou let me cheer thee? . *S. Wilt thou be my* †
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Letter.
To honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k,
For his kind letter. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*
But please transmit the enclosed letter,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
S. No Churchman am I †
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Forswore it, every letter, . . *The Fête Champetre.*
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! *To Dr. Blacklock.*
He tald mysel by word o' mouth, He'd tak my letter; . *Ib.*
I gat your letter, winsome Willie; . *To W. Simpson.*

Letters. Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, *To J. S., S.*

Letter'd.
His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. . *Ib. S.*

Leugh [laughed].
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, . *The Ordination. 4.*

Leuk [look].
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations; . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks: . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Leuk, Luke, *to* **[look].**
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't: . . . *Halloween. 10.*
Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Nor for my ten white shillings luke, . *The Inventory.*
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Levee. My Bardship here, at your Levee, . *A Dream.*
Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour, ... *To W. Creech.*

Level. The Bretbren o' the mystic level *Tam Samson's El..*

Levell'd. He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae
S. The heather was blooming †

Leven. And the lasses o' Leven. . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Lexicon.
But oh! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars; . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Ley *v.* **Lea.**

Libation. An' pour divine libations
For joy this day. . *The Ordination.*

Libbet [castrated].
How libbet Italy was singin; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Libel. Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
Reproof by Himself.

Lib'ral.
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale: . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
Or gathered lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Liberty, -ie. The sacred posie—Libertie! . . *A Vision.*
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman and be his first trial.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
May liberty meet wi' success! *S. Here's a health to them* †
Liberty's in every blow! . . . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
Liberty's a glorious feast! . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
She sang a sang o' liberty, . . *The Tree of Liberty*
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man. . . . . *Ib.*

Libra.
The third [day] of Libra's equal sway, . . *Nature's Law.*

Licence.
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; . *The Inventory.*

Licentious.
Licentious Passions burn; . *Man was made to mourn.*

Licks [a beating].
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt; . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Licket [beaten, vanquished].
Ve've heard this while how I've been licket.
Friend of the Poet † *P.S.*
An' gif it's sae, ye snd be licket . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Licket, -it [licked].
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad licket at her. . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave;
S. O merry hae I been †

Lie. Wi' monie a falsome, sinfu' lie, . *A Ded. to G. H.*
Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] . . *Ib.*
Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd, like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16]
Tam o' Shanter.
An' tellin' lies about them; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
And give all his hopes the lie? . *S. Why, why tell thy* †

Lie, *to.*
I winna lie, come what will o' me) . . *A Ded. to G. H., 4.*
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11.*
I scorn'd to lie; . . . . . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
They [his looks] say their master is a knave
And sure they do not lie. . . *That there is falsehood* †
I scorn'd to lie; . . . . . *What ails ye now* †

Lie, Lye, Ly, *to.*
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
In love to lie and languish, . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Now Robin lies in his last hair, *El. on Death of K. Ruisseaux.*
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
An honest man here lies at rest, . . *Epit. on a Friend.*
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains
Epit. for Author's Father.

Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; *Epit. on noisy Polemic.*
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim.
Epit. on Grizel Grim.
O Death, how horrid is thy taste
To lie with sach a h——? . . . . . *Ib.*
Here lies J—n B—y, honest man *Epit. on J. B—y, Writer.*
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
An' here his body lies fu' low . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
Here lies a mock Marquis . *Extem. on 'the Marquis.'*
Wi cannie care, they've plac'd them [the stocks]
To lye [aboon the door] that night. *Halloween. 5.*
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, *S. How lang and dreary †*
There the Lover's treasure lies. . . . *S. Jockey fou †*
"But I maun lie before the storm,
"And ithers plant them in my room. *Lament for Glencairn.*
"For silent, low, on beds of dust,
"Lie a' that would my sorrows share. . . . *Ib.*
"My noble master lies in clay; . . . . . *Ib.*
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Maun lie in prison strang. . . . . *Ib.*
Yet here I lie in foreign hands, ... *Ib.*
The way to me lies through the kirk:
S. Lass, when yr mither †
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! . *Liberty.*
He who of R—k—n sang, lies stiff and dead,
Lns while on Deathbed.
Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's heam:
Monody, on a Lady. Epit..
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie. *S. My Collier Laddie.*
By Colin's cottage lies his game, . *S. My Lord a-hunting †*
Wha will kiss me where I lie? *S. O wha my babie-clouts †*
Here lie Willie M—hie's banes, . . *On a Schoolmaster.*
With echo silent lies. . . . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, ... *Ib.*
Here lies a rose, a budding rose, . *On Poet's Daughter.*
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. *Once fondly lov'd †*
th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. *Sonnet, on Death of R..*
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15]
Tam Samson's El..
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, . . *Ib. Epit.*
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
The Brigs of Ayr.
'Here lies a famous Bullock!' . . . . . *The Calf.*
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
There, groaning, dying, she did lye, *The Death of Mailie.*
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd. . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*
Her way may lie thro' rough distress . . *The Lament.*
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee! *S. The lovely lass of In.* †
There lies the dear partner of my breast,
S. The sun he is sunk †
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, ... *Ib.*
The bonie lasses lie aspar, . . . *S. There was a lad †*
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. *To R. G. of F., 6.*
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; . . . . *Ib. 9.*
And now what lands between us lie, . *When I think on †*
You, a charming lovely creature,
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! *S. Will ye go and marry †*
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Lie'd. To bear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Liein' [lying].
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's liein'. . . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*

Lien [lain]. This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
S. The deuks dang o'er.
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! . . . . *S. The Union.*
Ye hae lien wrang, lassie Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in some unco bed, . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Liege. Adieu, my Liege! . . . . *A Dream. 8.*

Lieutenant.
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made hut toom roose.
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Lieve [lief].
As lieve then I'd have then,
Your clerkship he sould sair, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Life. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, *A Bard's Epit..*
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may he o' care man? *A Bottle and Friend.*
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
in the vale of humble life, ... *Ib. 16.*
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster, . . . *A Dream. 6.*
But ere the course o' life he through,
It may be bitter sautet: . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
While the sands o' life shall run. . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as Butchers like a knife! . . . . *Ib.*
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking, ... *Ib. 5.*
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Life to me how dreary! . . . . *S. Ay waking, O †*
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, . *S. Behind yon hills †*
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Now life is a burden that bows me down, *S. By yon castle wa' †*
And robb'd bim at once of his hopes and his life:
S. Caledonia. 5.
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie . . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her. *S. Come, let me take thee †*
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
S. Contented wi' little †
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee. . . *S. Craigieburn Wood.*
O Life, thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I! . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, ... *Ib. 2.*
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound! *El. on Capt. M. H., 15.*
If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, ... *Ib., Epit.*
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
O Death hadst thou but spar'd his life.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
For still th' important end of life,
They [wha fa'] equally may answer: *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
But when on life we're tempest driven, . . . *Ib. 10.*
This life has joys for you and I; . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence. *Ep. to H. Parker.*
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3.*
May still your life from day to day,
Nae "lente largo" in the play, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main! . . *Ib. 5.*
Who life and wisdom at one race begun, . . . *Ib.*
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! . . *Ib.*
Seek not the proofs in private life to find; . . . *Ib.*
Who in his life did little good, . *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Thy senseless turf adorn! *Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.*

Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave! . . . . *Ib.*
I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart. . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
Friend of the Poet † *P.S.*
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
Such was my life's deceitful morning, *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair; *S. In simmer when* †
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro. . . *John Barleycorn.*
For all the life of life is dead, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
Lns on a Ploughman.
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career. *Lns on Fergusson.*
But see him [man] on the edge of life,
Man was made to mourn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, ... *Ib. 6.*
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam :
Monody, on a Lady. Epit..
Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O.
S. My father was a farmer †
And other Poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life; . . *Nature's Law.*
'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
S. No Churchman am I †
My life was ance that careless stream,
S. Now Spring has clad †
Amid life's thorny path o' care. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
O why should Fate sae doubly bless,
Life's dearest bands untwining? *S. O poortith cauld* †
O'er life's rough ocean driven, *S. O Thou dread Pow'r* †
while life's dearest blood is warm, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
S. Oh, open the door †
And life's poor season peaceful spend. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
The hitter little that of life remains : *On seeing wounded Hare.*
Who heals life's various stounds, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
And sigh for this life's latest morrow. *On Death of fav. Child.*
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her, . *Poem on Life.*
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing, . . *S. Raving winds* †
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin, *Scotch Drink. 5.*
The wheels o' life gae down-hill screivin,
Wi' rattlin glee. . . . . *Ib.*
Thou art the life o' public haunts; . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife, [v.A.12]
Scots Prologue.
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, ... *Ib.*
'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy!
S. Sleep'st thou or wak'st †
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, *S. Streams that glide* †
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
Put life and mettle in their heels. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, ... *Ib.*
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll. . *Ib. 17.*
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile! . . *Ib. 20.*
that grim foe of life below. *S. The day returns* †
O bid him save their harmless lives, *The Death of Mailie.*
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
The Election Ballads. VI.
in life where-ever plac'd, ... *The 1st Psalm.*
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The Henpecked Husband.
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end. . . . *The Hermit.*
I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . . . . *Ib.*
"Let me, O Lord! from life retire, ... *Ib.*
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, . . *The Inventory.*
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Life is all a variorum, ... *Ib.*
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended. . . . . *Ib.*
And your life like the new driven snaw, *The Kirk's Alarm.*
How life and love are all a dream! . . *The Lament.*
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! . . . . *Ib.*
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro'; . . . . *Ib.*
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
S. The lazy mist †
Life is not worth having with all it can give. . . *Ib.*
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;
S. The Poor Thresher.
That to my latest draught o' life the hand shall ne'er remove,
S. The Posie.
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
The Rights of Woman.
When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow: . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw, . . *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives: . . *Ib. 17.*
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation; . . . . *Ib. 19.*
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? . . *Ib. 27.*
Niest day their life is past enduring. . . . *Ib. 32.*
But this is Gentry's life in common. . . . *Ib. 34.*
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
What is life when wanting love? . . *S. Thine am I* †
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
To a Mountain-Daisy.
Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour; . . . *To Chloris.*
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, ... *Ib.*
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . *To Clarinda.*
To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life.
To Dr. Blacklock.
This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land, ... *To J. S., 12.*
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, . *Ib. 14.*
O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . . *Ib. 15.*
Your lives, a dyke! . . . . . *Ib. 20.*
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
To R. G. ef F., 5.
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. . . . *Ib.*
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; . . *Ib. 9.*
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, . . *Ib.*
And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford, ... *To Ruin.*
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyless day? . . . . . *Ib.*
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn. . . . *To Terraughty.*
Summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, *To W. Simpson.*

While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe : . *S. Turn again, thou* †
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door. . . *V.s to Landlady.*
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants, . . *What ails ye now* †
Where early life I sported ; . . *S. When wild War's* †
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Life's meridian flaming nigh. . . . . *Ib.*
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale? . . . *Ib.*
As life itself becomes disease
Seek the chimney-nook of ease. . . . . *Ib.*
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore, ... *Ib.*
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war. . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Life-blood.

The life-blood streaming thro' my heart, *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind. . . *Friend of the poet* †
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
On Death of R. Dundas.
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, . . *S. Raving winds* †

Life-giving.

Life-giving wars of Venus. . *Lns on Window, Gl. Tav.*

Life-guard.

Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, . . *To J. S., 22.*

Lifeless. No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face, . . . *To Ruin.*

Lift [the sky].

Athort the lift they [northern lights] start and shift, *A Vision.*
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift, . . *A Winter Night.*
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ; . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
That's blinking in the lift sae hie ; *S. O Willie brew'd* †
When lightnings fire the stormy lift, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
I'll bless her and wiss her
A Friend above the Lift. . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Lift [a large quantity, as much as one may lift].

Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift. . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*

Lift. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ; . *To W. Simpson.*
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*

Lift, *to.* An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g
Again upon her. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
If sae, thy han' mann e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it. . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . *S. O Logan, sweetly* †
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . . *On Lincluden.*
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
The Rights of Woman.
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Lifted. With grateful lifted eyes, . . *Epit. on a Laird.*
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And hand upon his breastie; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
A better never lifted leg, . . . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . *The Death of Mailie.*
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, . *Why am I loth* †

Light, *adj., adv..*

Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear ; *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . *S. Behold, my love,* †
As light's a bird upon a thorn, . . *S. Blythe was she,* †
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, . *Epig. on Coxcomb.*
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Upon that night, when Fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans dance, . . . *Halloween.*
'An' he made unco light o't ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Light is the burden love lays on ; . *S. In simmer when* †
Her robes, light waving in the breeze, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them ; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
For Murray's light horse are to muster, . . *Ib. III.*
As light as ony lambie, ... *The Holy Fair. 3.*
'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Has many a light, aerial band, . . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, *S. There was a lass* †
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light. . . . . *To J. S., 12.*
A leal, light heart was in my breast, *S. When wild War's* †
My purse is light, I've far to gang, ... *Ib.*
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
S. Where are the joys †

Light-arm'd.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Light, *s.* The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights,
A Vision. 4.
They !—they be d—d ! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? *Add. of Beelzebub. 3.*
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
A burning an' a shining light. . . *Auld comrade,* †
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heavenly Light! . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light ; . . *Ib. 14.*
If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, ... *Ib. Epit.*
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*
Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light. . . . . *Ib. 17.*
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
No other light shall guide my steps . . . . *Ib.*
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, *S. Gane is the day* †
A burnin' an' a shinin' light, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.*
More sweet than the light to my eye. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
But gleg as light are lovers' een, . *S. O this is no my ain* †
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light. . . *S. O were my love* †
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
When skirlin weanies see the light, . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
In pride of beauty's light ; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
She ventured forward on the light ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Each in its cauld hand held a light. . . . . *Ib.*
Presided o'er the Sons of light : *The Farewell. To St. J's L..*
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan ; . . *The Holy Fair.*
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie : *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
'But yet the light that led astray,
'Was light from Heaven. . *Ib. D. II. 17.*
And, like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away. . . . . *Ib. 23.*
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light ;
The Whistle. 16.
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang. . . *To J. S., 20.*
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights! . . . *To Miss C.*
And hear him curse the life he first surveyed, *To R. G. of F..*
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! *To R. Graham*
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light, . . *To W. Simpson.*
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before. *Wr. in Friars Carse H..*
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

Light, *to.*

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way. *Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †

Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me; . *S. One fond kiss* †

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.
The Ordination. 14.

Light, *to* **[alight].**

I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty wizen'd hide. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine fat fodgel wight, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Lighted.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly, lighted ha': . . . *S. Behold, my love* †

Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Fragment of Ode.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
S. O Mary at thy window †

I see her yet, the sonsy quean,
That lighted up my jingle; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Lighted [alighted].

Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
I lighted on the Monday; . . . . . *Ib.*

Lighten. It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene, . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*

Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee', . *S. Turn again thou fair* †

Lightened. Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Lighter.

There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't. . *The noble Maxwells* †

Does the train-attended Carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.
S. There was a lass, and †

Lightly.

Or lightly flit on wanton wing *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †

As o'er the moor they lightly foor, *S. Duncan Davison.*

O tread ye lightly on his grass, . . . *Epit. on Wag.*

Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

For summer lightly dress'd, . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, *S. Their groves of* †

Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'. . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Lightly-jumping. The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Lightly, *to* **[depreciate, slight].**

For lack o' gear ye lightly me, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; *S. O whistle* †

Lightning. The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

The lightnings flash from pole to pole; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Lightsome.

Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy. . *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie; *S. How lang and dreary* †

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.

And I hae lost my lightsome heart,
The Ruined Maid's Lament.

Lightsomely.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Like. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Fragment inscr. to Fox.

Let them do the like, ... *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns. . . . . *The Calf.*

As whiles they're like to be my dead, . *To W. Simpson. 5.*

'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight, ... *Ib. P.S.*

Like, *to.*

She likes—as Butchers like a Knife! . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

In lanely glens ye like to stray; . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*

"Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you." . *S. As down the burn* †

As ill I like my fauts to tell; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*

I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! . . . *Ib. 17.*

I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack. . . . *Ib. 20.*

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*

But still, but still, I like them dearly . . . . *Ib. 9.*

Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †

And that's the way I like to do. . . *S. John, come kiss.*

That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

I dearly like the west, ... *S. Of a' the airts* †

Wha dearly like a random-splore; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like, *Scots Prologue.*

But I will send to London town
Whom I like best at hame. . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him! . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Enough of ought ye like but grace; . . *The Inventory.*

An' at our leisure when ye like
We'll whistle owre the lave o't. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*

I like the jads for a' that. . . . . *Ib. S. VII.*

He rises when he likes himsel; . . *The Twa Dogs. S.*

This chap will dearly like our kin', *S. There was a lad* †

As them wha like to taste the drappie *There's naethin like* †

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; *To W. Simpson.*

'Or gin ye like to end the bother, . . *What ails ye now* †

A bonie lass, I like her best, . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Liked, -'d. I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
S. Last May a braw wooer †

And weel be lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin. . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*

Liken.

To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Likeness.

His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . *S. Tam Glen.*

Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Liking.

The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking. . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Lilac.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
With purple blossoms to the spring; *S. O were my love* †

Lilt [sing]. An' lilt wi' holy clangor; . *The Ordination. 3.*

Lily.

How fair and how pure is the lily, *S. Adown winding Nith* †

Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
Were not made for aye to last? . . . *Blue Bonnets.*

Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
S. How pleasant the banks †

Her heaving bosom, lily white, . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †

For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Now blooms the lily by the bank, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

A lily in a wilderness. . . . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

The lily's hue, the rose's dye, . . *S. My Mary's face* †

The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
S. On a bank of flowers †

But may ye flourish like a lily, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

While peaches, and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray; . . . *S. Sensibility,* †

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
S. The Posie.
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? . . . *S. There was a lass* †
The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, . . *S. To daunton me.*
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
S. True-hearted was he †
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. . . . . *Ib.*
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
S. Wee Willie Gray †
Syne pale like ony lily, . . . *S. When wild War's* †

Lily-white.
And plight me your lily-white hand; . *S. To Mary.*

Limb. 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb, *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest! *Man was made to mourn.*
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
S. O were I on Parnass. †
Her tender limbs embrace, . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, . . . *Ib. R. V.*
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Limbie [*dim. of* **limb**].
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Lime. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, . . *To Mary.*

Limmer [a strumpet; a kept mistress].
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.*
'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face! . . . *Halloween. 14.*
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Limp. My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het; . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Limpan, -in.
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Frae door tae door. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Limpet, -it [limped].
Nor limpet in poetic shackles; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, *Tam Samson's El., 10.*

Limpid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; *Delia, an Ode.*
"Thou foundst me like the morning sun
"That melts the fogs in limpid air, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, ... *The Hermit.*

Lin *v.* **Linn.**

Lincluden. Lincluden's ugly witch; *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*

Lindsay. Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, [*re.*]
S. Leezie Lindsay.

Line, the.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line; *S. The day returns* †

Line. brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, *S. Caledonia.*
And pours his vengeance in the burning line, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.
sordid sons o' Mammon's line . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 16.*
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
Bright ran thy line, O G— . . . *On same Lord G.*
The injur'd Stuart line is gone, *On Window at Stirling.*
In thy sweet Caledonian lines; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Thanks to you for your line. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, *The Hermit.*
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
The Whistle.
in her rough imperfect line . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . *To W. Simpson.*
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; *Why am I loth* †

Lines.
leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
In lines extended lang and large,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I left the lines and tented field, . *S. When wild War's* †

Linger. If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Lingering, -'ring.
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow. . *The Lament. 7.*
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
S. The small birds rejoice †
When ling'ring lips no more must join; . . *To a Kiss.*
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Lining. Here's the stuff and lining,
O' Cardoness' head; *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining; . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Lingo. And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Link. Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Linkan [tripping].
Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
To your black pit; . *Add. to the Deil. 20.*

Linked.
With linked hands we took the sands, *S. As I gaed up by* †

Linket [tripped deftly].
And linket at it in her sark! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*

Linkum-doddie.
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Linn, Lin [a waterfall, cascade].
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go †
Spak o' louping o'er a linn; . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
Or torrents owre a linn, . . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, . *Halloween. 25.*
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
S. What will I do gin †

Linnen. Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
S. O merry hae I been †
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest, . *S. A Rosebud by* †
When linnets sang, and lammies play'd, *As on the banks* †
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young; . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
Which [Floweret], save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet.
S. Now westlin winds †
In twining hazel bowers,
His lay the linnet pours; . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
May have charms for the linnet and the bee;
S. The winter it is past †
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.
S. Their groves of †
chearful peace, with linnet song, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Lint [flax; "i' the bell," in flower].
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint, . *S. The weary Pund.*

Lintwhite [of the colour of lint or flax].
Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †

Lintwhite [a linnet].
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The lintwhites in the hazel braes, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The Petition of Br. Water.
But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
S. There was a lass and †
When lintwhites chant amang the buds, *To W. Simpson.*

Lion. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, . *Add. to the Deil.*
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, . . *S. Caledonia.*
The Anglian lion, the terror of France, ... *Ib.*
Like Æsop's Lion. Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The lion and the bull thy [Nature's] care have found,
To R. G. of F..

Lioness.
My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing! *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Lip. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
S. Adown winding Nith †
And on thy lips I seal my vow, *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; . . . *Delia, an Ode.*
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! . . . . . *Ib.*
His haly lips wad licket at her. . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor
'Upon the lips o' Phely. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing e'en,
S. O were I on Parnass. †
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
S. O when she cam ben †
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Her lips are like the cherries ripe, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Unto these rosy lips to grow: . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips o' Anna. . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
She put the cup to her rosy lip
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure: . . . *S. Thine am I* †
When ling'ring lips no more must join; . *To a Kiss.*
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Her lips more than the cherries bright, *S. Young Peggy* †

Lippen'd [trusted].
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Lippie [*dim. of* lip].
My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! *S. O whare did ye get* †

Liquid. O let me steal one liquid kiss! . . *Delia, an Ode.*
The liquid fire of strong desire . . . *Nature's Law.*
In these savage, liquid plains, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Liquor.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, . . *Ib. 14.*

Lisp. Inspire me, till I lisp an' wale,
To sing thy name! . . *Scotch Drink. 2.*

Lisping. The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

List. But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 15.*
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear an' a' my graith, . *The Inventory.*
This list wi' my nin han' I wrote it, ... *Ib.*

Listed.
He was a care-defying blade,
As ever Bacchus listed! . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Listen. She'll aiblins listen to my vow: *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,
Listen to a loving swain; . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Listened.
I listen'd to a lover's sang. . . *S. By Allan stream* †
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.
Monody, on a Lady.

Listening, -'ning.
And list'ning to their [Passions] witching voice
Has often led me wrong. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, *A Winter Night. 3.*
Listening to the doubling roar, *S. How can my poor heart* †
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, chrystal stream; . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
on either hand the list'ning Bard, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Listless. I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain. *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and depress, *To R. G. of F..*

Litigation. While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Litter'd.
And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Little. For prayin I hae little skill o't; *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
For temp'ral gifts we little merit: . . . . *A Grace.*
A little linnet fondly prest, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Gude pity me, because I'm little, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Which we so little merit, . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
The little birdies blythely sing, *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
S. Contented wi' little †
Ye little know the ills ye court, . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck! . . *El. on Year 1788.*
An' little to be trusted; . . . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
It may be little minded; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Tho' we hae little gear, ... *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
The poor, wee thing was little hurt; . . *Ep. to J. R., 8.*
An' that there is I've little swither . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
The little fate allows, they share as soon
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Wha in his life did little good, . *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face! . . *Halloween. 14.*
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in: . . . . . *Ib. 21.*
His little faithful mate to chear, . *S. Here is the glen* †
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
I earn a little money, O, . . *S. My father was a farmer* †
We seek but little, L—, from thee; . *New Psalmody.*
The little floweret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
As little reckt I sorrow's power, ... *Ib.*
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
The little swallow's wanton wing, . . . *S. O Phely* †
Say, was thy little mate unkind, . *S. O stay, sweet warb.*†
To bless his little filial flock, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
And she, a lovely little flower . . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing. . *S. O were my love* †
The bitter little that of life remains:
On seeing wounded Hare.
My dear little angel, for ever, . *On Death of fav. Child.*
While larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air, ... *S. Phillis the Fair.*
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
I've little to spend, and naething to lend, . . . *Ib.*
Telling o'er his little joys: . . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . *Sketch.*
Much specious lore, but little understood; . . . *Ib.*
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie. *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
But little wist she Maggie's mettle . . . *Ib. 18.*

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care! . . . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
As yet ye little ken about the matter, ... *Ib.*
As for your Priestbood, I shall say but little, . . *Ib.*
And little fishes' caller rest : . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
For them and for their little ones provide ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band . . *Ib.*
It puts but little in your pat ; . . . *The Inventory.*
tho' his little heart did grieve, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
The Kirk's Alarm. 8.
How little of life's scanty span may remain ;
S. The lazy mist †
For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven,
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.
The Ordination. Mott.
Here's a little wadset
Buittles scrap o' truth, . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
That little wist a fa'. . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
I've little to say, but only to pray, *S. The sons of old Killie.*
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
That's little short o' downright wastrie. . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ; . . . *Ib. 12.*
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright. . . . *Ib. 15.*
Haith lad ye little ken about it ; . . . . *Ib. 21.*
Fond, on thy little, early ways, . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*
Their little love's are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
S. The winter it is past †
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,
Ought less is little, . *There's naethin like* †
Clarinda, take this little boon, . . . *To a Lady.*
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin! . . *To a Louse.*
With little admiring or blaming : . . *To Capt. Riddel.*
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Not the little sporting fairy, . *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
How can ye chant, ye little birds, . *S. Ye banks and braes* †
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear : . *S. Young Jamie* †
And little lambkins wanton wild, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Live. Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Namie, *S. Behind yon hills* †
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie. . . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her. . *S. Come let me take thee* †
And we will live like king and queen, *S. Duncan Davison.*
That live sae bien an' snug : . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet baply wanting wherewithal to live ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ; *Epit. on a Friend.*
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
" First learn to live without it! "
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
How we live, my Meg and me, . *S. First when Maggy* †
O Thou, in whom we live and move, *Grace after Dinner.*
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
That lives at the lug o' the law! *S. Here's a health to them* †
O dinna think my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee : . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
We'll live a' our days, ... *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
" Why did I live to see that day? . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
Lns extm. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
Give me with gay folly to live ; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.*
Whare live ye my bonie lass, . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
I only live to love thee. . . *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think, *On Scotch Bard gne to W. I.*
On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :
On seeing wounded Hare.
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, *S. Out over the Forth* †
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Lives there a man so firm, who, - - -
Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs ;
Remorse. A Frag..
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
Ronalds of Bennals.
If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man, ... *Ib.*
Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Whose image lives within my breast ;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
It shall upon my bosom live, . . *S. The capt. Ribband.*
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone I live : *S. The day returns* †
In your heretic sins may you live, and die, *The Dean of Fac..*
An' if be live to be a benst,
To pit some havins in his breast! *The Death of Mailie.*
To live but her I canna ; . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
S. The lazy mist †
We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke ;
S. The Poor Thresher.
In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
The Rights of Woman.
I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! *The Twa Dogs. 14.*
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't, . . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, *S. There was a lad* †
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! . *To a Mouse.*
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, . . . *To J. S., 26.*
In quiet let me live : . . . . . *To Lord G.*
To live one day of parting love! . *To Mary in Heaven.*
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
To Miss Graham.
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Lived, -'d. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, ... *Halloween. 14.*
'That liv'd in Achmacalla : . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay : . . . . *Ib. S. IV.*
We liv'd full one and twenty years
A man and wife together; . . *The Joyful Widower.*
How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain ;
S. The lazy mist †
A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, *The Poor Thresher.*
There liv'd ance a carle on Kellyburn-braes,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Live-day. So I. for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long. . . *S. Fate gave the word* †

Livedst. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.
Monody, on a Lady.

Livid. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Living, -in.
O may it ne'er be a livin' plague *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin. *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Her living image in her yowe, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin' ; *Scotch Drink. 5.*
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Second Ep. to Davie.
For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin! *Tam Samson's El., Per C..*
Just now we're living sound an' hale ; . . *To J. S., 11.*

Livistone. An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.

Liv'st.
Thou liv'st on high for ever. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Lizie.
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow ; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.*

Lo ! When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd. [v.A.2o] *A Vision.*
And lo ! the bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion ! . . . *Nature's Law.*
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
When lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Lo, from the shades of death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Load, *to.*
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, *S. The day returns* †

Loan [lane]. He np the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Loan, Loanin (the place of milking).
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine; . *Friend of the Poet* †
And up the loan she shaw'd me. . *S. Had I the wyte* †
The Kye stood rowtan i' the loan ; *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Loaves. That griens for the fishes and loaves.
The Election Ballads. III.

Loch. Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
The Election Ballads. I.

Lochinton.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton
Out frae the English border, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*

Locked, -'d.
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker. *S. Donald Brodie* †
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessy.
S. Here's a health to ane †
I lock'd her in my fond embrace ; *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Locks.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, *S. Her flowing locks* †
Your locks were like the raven, . . *S. John Anderson* †
your locks are like the snow . . . . . *Ib.*
His locks were bleached white with time,
Lament for Glencairn.
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Winter's time-bleach'd locks . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
though his locks be lyart gray, . . *S. The cardin o't.*
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
In all her [Autumn's] locks of yellow.
The Petition of Br. Water.
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.
The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
S. The Posie.
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, *S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*

Locust.
Crush the locusts, save the flower. *Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.*

Loda. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, *The Whistle.*
The son of great Loda was conqueror still, . . . *Ib. 3.*

Lodge.
Death's gien the Lodge an anco devel, . *Tam Samson's El..*

Lodge, *to.* I kend na where to lodge till day :
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Lodger.
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger, . *S. When wild War's* †
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger; . . . . . *Ib.*

Lo'e, Loe, Loo [to love].
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. . *S. By Allan stream* †
I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.
S. Comin thro' the rye.
Say, thou lo'es nane before me ; . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
To tell thee that I loe thee. . . *S. Here's to thy health* †
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me : *S. In simmer when* †
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Let her lo'e nae man but me ; . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muirhen lo'es the heather ; . *S. O gie my love brose* †
And here's the flower that I lo'e best
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly ? [*ye.*]
S. O ken ye what Meg †
O wat ye wha that lo'es me, . *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †
O sweet is she that lo'es me, ... *Ib.*
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
the bonie lad that I lo'e best *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, *S. Out over the Forth* †
I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
And say thou lo'es me best of a'. . . . . *Ib.*
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. . . *S. Tam Glen.*
I lo'e him best of onie yet. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ; *S. There was a lass* †
But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.
S. There's a youth †
Her darling bird that she lo'es best . . *To W. Creech.*
The hunter lo'es the morning sun, . *S. When o'er the hill* †
Lassie, say thou lo'es me ; . . *S. Wilt thou be my* †
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me : . . . . . *Ib*
The bonie lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that. . . . *S. Women's Minds.*
But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loo him better ;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

Lo'ed. I lo'ed ye ear' and late : . . *S. John Anderson* †
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
S. My Lord a-hunting †
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear ;
S. There was a bonie lass †
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear. . . . . *Ib.*
I never lo'ed a dearer, . . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ; . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown ;
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; . *S. Wantonness* †
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never : . . *S. When wild War's* †

Lo'esome [lovable, lovely].
I'm tald they're lo'esome kimmers ! . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Lofty. With lordly honor's lofty brow, *A Winter Night. 8.*
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
S. Afton Water.
The braes ascend like lofty wa's, *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †

Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, *S. Now westlin winds* †
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn; *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Ye lofty banks that Evan bound! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon. *S. Streams that glide* †
On lofty nks the cushats wail, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lovely banks o'erspread, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
S. Twas even—the dewy †
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Logan. And there will be Logan M'Dowall;
The Election Ballads. III.

Logan, Logan-water.

O Logan! sweetly didst thon glide, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun. . . . . *Ib.*
Far, far frae me and Logan braes [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Logic. Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scriptnre, They raise a din,
The Holy Fair. 18.
In days when mankind were bnt callans,
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
But tho' dnll prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie, ... *Ib.*
Till with their Logic-jargon tir'd, *Auld comrade dear* †

Loiter.

They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Loncartie [village near Perth, scene of a decisive defeat of the ancient Danes].

But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. *S. Caledonia.*

London, Lon'on.

It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? *Scots Prologue.*
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a';
The Belles of Mauchline.
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town *The Election Ballads. I.*
To send a lad to London town
They met upon a day, ... *Ib.*
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand. . . . . *Ib.*
And ilka ane at London court
Would bid to him gude day. . . . . *Ib.*
And he wad gang to London town,
If sae their pleasure was. . . . . *Ib.*
For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin; . . . . . *Ib.*
The auld gudeman o' London court,
His hack's been at the wa'; . . . . . *Ib.*
But I will send to London town,
Whom I like best at hame. . . . . *Ib.*
Whom will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that? . . . . *Ib. II.*
Bnt Garlies was to London gane, ... *Ib. V.*
That sic a tree can not be found,
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Lone.

Lone from your savage homes exil'd, *A Winter Night. 5.*
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountains straying,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
On Death of R. Dundas.
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
in lone poverty's dominion drear, *Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.*
lone in Patmos banished, . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.*
In this lone cave, in garments lowly, . . *The Hermit.*
Far dearer to me yon lone glen of green breckan,
S. Their groves of †
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Lonely.

lonely Hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd,
Despondency, an Ode. 4.
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells; *S. Now westlin winds* †
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
On Death of R. Dundas.
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys, . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Along the lonely banks of Ayr. . *S. The gloomy night* †
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear; . . . *The Hermit.*
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk, . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave. . . *S. Thickest night* †
When musing in a lonely glade, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild: . . . . . *Ib.*
in these lonely bounds, . . . *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Long.

Long life, my Lord, and health be yonrs, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Long, long the night, ... *S. Ay waking, O* †
Long quiet she reign'd; . . . . . *S. Caledonia.*
Repeated, successive, for many long years, . . . *Ib.*
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
Extem. on W. Smellie.
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree. . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long. . . *S. Fate gave the word* †
They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee; . . . *John Barleycorn. 7.*
That long has stood the wind and rain; *Lament for Glencairn.*
And bless auld Coila, large and long, . . *Nature's Law.*
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare: . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
The forms of ages long gone by . . . *On Lincluden.*
And ushers the long dreary night; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Bnt, long ere noon, succeeding clonds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd. . . . *Sad thy tale* †
And long pursued me with her eye. *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Squadrons extended long and large,
The Election Ballads. VI.
But long ere night ent down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd. . . *The 1st ô V.s of 90th Ps.*
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And now I have lived—I know not how long,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow. . *The Lament. 7.*
How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain;
S. The lazy mist †
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
The Whistle.
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem; . . . *To Miss C.*
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Yet long, long too well have I known: *S. Where are the joys* †
Beck'ning thee to long repose; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †

Long, *to.*

The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover! . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*

Longer.
And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Nor longer idly rave, Sir ; . . *S. Husband, husband* †
In window fair, the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain. . . . *On Lincluden.*
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
On Death of fav. Child.
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;
Reproof by Himself.
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard, *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
The Whistle. 15.

Longing. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Longitude.
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Long-lov'd. Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode :
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Lon'on *v.* **London.**

Lonsdale. Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Loof [the palm of the hand].
Wi' weel sprend looves, an' lang wry faces ;
A Ded. to G. H., 9.
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty.
S. And O for ane and twenty †
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
And heav'd on high my wanket loof, *The Vision. D. I. 6.*
The gossip keekit in his loof, . . *S. There was a lad* †
And wi' her loof her face a washin ; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Look. His darin look had daunted me ; . . . *A Vision.*
And love said, laughing in her looks,
Come kiss me at your leisure. . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Her looks were like a flow'r in May, . *S. Blythe was she,* †
A look of pity hither cast, . *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, *S. Handsome Nell.*
The gentle look that rage disarms ; *S. My Mary's face* †
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene, . . . *Ib. Sett. II.*
An' at his lordship steal't a look . *On dining with Daer.*
That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny : . . . *That there is falsehood* †
And tak a look o' Mysie ; . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Ah, though my looks betray,
I envy your success ; . . . . . *To Clarinda.*
Her look was like the morning's eye,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . *S. When first I saw* †

Look, *to.* Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide ;
A Winter Night. 7.
And gar me look like bluntie, *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face of thine ; . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Look something to your credit ; . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Good L—d, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks :
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
I vow and swear, I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on ; . . . *Innocence.*
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Look abroad through Nature's range, . *S. Let not woman* †
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, *S. Lovely Davies.*
Look not alone on youthful Prime, *Man was made to Mourn.*
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O ;
S. My father was a farmer †
Look down with gracious eyes; . . . *Nature's Law.*
[The Deil] He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee." *S. O Saw ye bonie Lesley* †
That looks sae proud and high. . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Ye need na look sae high. . . . . *Ib.*
O never look down, my lassie at a', *S. O when she cam ben* †
Yet look as ye were na looking at me, [*re.*] . *S. O whistle,* †
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet. . . *On dining with Daer.*
Out over the Forth I look to the north, *S. Out over the Forth* †
But I look to the West when I gae to rest, . . . *Ib.*
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
Looks round him an' found them
Impatient for the Chorus. . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner ? . . . *To a Haggis.*
And look through Nature with creative fire ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Looked, -'d.
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.*
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods *Lament for Glencairn.*
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, *S. The auld man* †
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done ; *The Election Ballads. V.*
I look'd her in her bonny face, *S. The lass that made the bed.*
His twisted hend look'd backward on his way, *The Vowels.*

Looking.
Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd ; [v.A. 20] *A Vision.*

Loom. Sat working at his loom ; . *S. My heart was ance* †

Loon *v.* **Loun.**

Loose. Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire ; . *The Hermit.*

Loose, *to.* An' loose a man on me, jo. *S. O wat ye what my* †

Loosed.
He loosed on me a lang man, [*re.*] . *S. O wat ye what my* †

Loot [did let].
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke, . . *Halloween. 23.*
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Loove [love].
Loove for loove is the bargain for me, *S. My Collier Laddie.*

Looves *v.* **Loof.**

Lord [the Supreme Being].
For, Lord be thanket, I can plough ; . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg ; . . . . *Ib.*
And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him. . . *A Farewell.*
L—d, we thank an' thee adore . . . . *A Grace.*
Lord bless us with content ! . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead, . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
O Lord, since we have feasted thus, ... *Ib.*
An' L—d, remember singing Sannock, *Auld comrade dear* †
The Lord their God, his Grace.
Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.
But by the L—d, tho' I should beg *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, . . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
This worthless body damn'd himsel,
To save the Lord the trouble. . . *Epit. on D— C—.*
Good L—d, what is man ! . . *Fragment inscr. to Fox.*
Guid L—d ! but she was quaukin ! . . *Halloween. 12.*
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her ! . . . . *Ib. 22.*
But yet, O L—d ! confess I must, [*re.*] *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Where'er he be, the Lord be near him ;
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him ! *Kind Sir, I've read* †
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

"L—d, G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now, *Lns to J. Ranken.*
O sing a new song to the L—, . . *New Psalmody.*
We seek but little, L—, from thee;
Thou kens we get as little. . . . . *Ib.*
Lord, to account who dares thee call.
On Com. Goldie's Brains.
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
On Grose's Peregrinations.
The Lord preserve us frae the devil! . . *Poem on Life.*
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
Tam o' Shanter. 3.
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's El., 11.
An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.' *Ib.*
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord.
The Election Ballads. III.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, ... *Ib. VI.*
"Let me, O Lord! from life retire, . . *The Hermit.*
But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts, . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) . . *The Inventory.*
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) . . . . *Ib.*
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. . . . *Ib.*
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.
The Kirk's Alarm.
- - - - when the L—d makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins, ... *Ib.*
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket. . . *The Selkirk Grace.*
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
L—d man, our gentry care as little . . . *Ib. 12.*
L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am, . . *Ib. 28.*
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, ... *Ib. 7.*
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! . . . . *Ib.*
L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: . *To Terraughty.*

Lord. I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady; . . . *A Dream.*
Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
But hear, my Lord! G[lengarry] hear! . . . *Ib.*
Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, ... *Ib.*
Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, ... *Ib.*
For Lords or kings I dinna mourn, . *El. on Year 1788.*
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. . *S. Gane is the day†*
He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, . . *Halloween, 19.*
I'll desert my sov'reign lord, . . *S. Husband, husband†*
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O, . . *Katherine Jaffray.*
In loud lament bewail'd his lord, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
My Lord a-hunting he is gane, . *S. My Lord a-hunting†*
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. . . . . *Ib.*
I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; *S. Naebody.*
Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa†*
Lord Gregory ope thy door. [*re.*] . . *S. O mirk, mirk†*
In leaving the docbter of a lord, . *S. O when she cam ben†*
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord. . . *On dining with Daer.*
But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, ... *Ib.*
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa. . . . . *Ib.*
Would be lord of all below: . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, *Scots Prologue.*
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
The Election Ballads. II.
For why, a lord may be a gouk,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
Come, will ye coort a noble lord, . *The Fête Champetre.*
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that; *S. The Honest Man.*
My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks, ... *Ib.*
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay:
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft, . . *Ib. R. VII.*
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, . . *S. The lovely lass†*
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
About the lords o' the creation. . . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, *The Whistle. 4.*
All hail! inexorable lord! . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Lord-Lieutenant. And where is our King's Lord-lieutenant,
The Election Ballads. III.

Lordling.

A haughty lordling's pride; . *Man was made to Mourn.*
If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave, ... *Ib. 9.*
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Lordly.

'Plac'd for her [Luxury's] lordly use thus far, thus vile below!
A Winter Night. 7.
lordly Honor's lofty brow, ... *Ib. 8.*
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly, lighted ha': . . *S. Behold, my love,†*
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*
If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience;
S. Husband, husband†
And see his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Of lordly acquaintance you boast, . *On an empty Fellow.*
the lordly state, The arrogant assuming;
On dining with Daer.
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome. . *The Vision. D. I. 13.*

Lordship.

Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
But what your Lordship please to gie them!
Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
S. My Lord a-hunting†
Then from his lordship I shall learn, *On dining with Daer.*
An' at his lordship steal't a look . . . . . *Ib.*
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. . . *The Book-Worms.*
He thanked his Lordship . . *S. The Poor Thresher.*

Lore. Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
With manly lore or female beauty bright,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Much specious lore, but little understood; . . *Sketch*
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more? *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd: . *S. The Dean of Fac..*
Nor learns their guilty lore! . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
To mend the honest Patriot-lore, . . . *Ib. D. II. 5.*
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Lose.

But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers then are sure to lose me. *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*

But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

For fear by foes that they should lose,
Their cogs o' brose, . *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*

The Ribband shall its freedom lose
Lose all the bliss it had with you, . . *The capt. Ribband.*

Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Losh [an exclamation, or petty oath].

Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, *What ails ye now?*

Loss. By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.

The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

Tho' losses and crosses,
Be lessons right severe, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*

My loss I mourn, but not repent it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*

Your heavy loss deplore; . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*

O heavy loss thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
On Death of R. Dundas.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given . . *On Poet's Daughter.*

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear, . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet [v. A to]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.

May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Like loss o' health or want o' masters, *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; *To W. Creech*

Lost. Thea lost his way, ae misty day. . *A Fragment. 4.*

The branchy shelter lost and gane . . *As on the banks†*

Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

The lassie lost a silken snood, *S. Brawl lads of G. water.*

And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost. *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast†*

Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost. *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*

So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long. . . *S. Fate gave the word,†*

There seek my lost repose. . . . *S. Had I a cave†*

But her tap-pickle maist was lost, . . . *Halloween. 6.*

For lack o' thee I've lost my lass, *Lns, on Back of Bank Note.*

May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven! . . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r†*

lost in thought profound, ... *On Lincluden.*

And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. . *On W. Chalmers.*

An idiot race, to honour lost; . . *On Window at Stirling.*

He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*

Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost? *S. Slow spreads the gloom†*

Dearest of Distillation! last and best!
How art thou lost! *The Author's Cry and Prayer. Mott.*

Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid; . . . . . *Ib.*

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

By a thievish midge
They had amaist been lost. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

And is she ever, ever lost? . . . . *The Lament.*

So lost to Honor, lost to Truth, ... *Ib.*

For there I lost my father dear. *S. The lovely lass of Inv.†*

And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'. . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Here, rivers in the sea were lost; . *The Vision. D. I. 13.*

Already one strong hold of hope is lost, *To R. G. of F., 9.*

We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, . . *To W. Creech.*

Sprung from night, in darkness lost; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Lot. How blest the Solitary's lot, . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

May dool and sorrow be his lot, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine. . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*

The little floweret's peaceful lot *S. Now Spring has clad†*

When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot, ... *The Calf.*

And I never repine at my lot in the least.
S. The Poor Thresher.

The star that rules my luckless lot. . . *To J. S., 6.*

Loth.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? *Why am I loth†*

Lothians. Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Loud. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, *A Fragment. 7.*

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; *S. Behind yon hills†*

An' Paitrick's scraichan loud at e'en, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*

Loud skirl'd a' the lasses; . . . . *Halloween. 6.*

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
S. I'm o'er young to marry†

In loud lament bewail'd his lord, *Lament for Glencairn.*

Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, *S. My bonie Mary.*

And loud the tempest's roar: . . . *S. O mirk, mirk†*

the scowl of the loud winter storm, *On Death of fav. Child.*

The holy anthem loud and clear; . . . *On Lincluden.*

While loud the trump's heroic clang, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
Tam o' Shanter. 8.

And loud resounded mirth and dancing. . . *Ib. 10.*

The piper loud and louder blew; . . . . *Ib. 12.*

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Loud roars the wild inconstant blast, *S. The gloomy night†*

An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud *The Holy Fair. 8.*

thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang. . . . *Ib. 18.*

But up arose the martial Chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar. . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Loud blaw the frosty breezes, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms. *S. There was a bonie lass†*

I lap and cry'd fu' loud. . . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, *S. Up in the morning.*

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
S. Wandering Willie.

Loud-pouring.

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouriog floods.
S. My heart's in the Highlands†

Louder.

Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

The piper loud and louder blew; . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*

Loudest.

And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

Loudly.

As something loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*

The voice of nature loudly cries, - - -
That something in us never dies: *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Where the cannons loudly roar; *S. There's was a bonie lass†*

Lough [a loch or lake].

Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough; . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*

When to the loughs the Curlers flock, *Tam Samson's El..*

Louis.

Louis what reck I by thee, . . *S. Louis what reck I†*

King Louis' thought to cut it down, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Loun, Loon, Lown [a fellow, a ragamuffin].

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir, . *S. Does haughty Gaul†*

Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a ring decide it: . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't: . . . . . *Ib.*
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket, *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*
A coward loon she ca'd me; . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, . . *S. Hee balou,* †
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he! . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
But shortly they will cowe the louns! *To W. Simpson. P.S..*
A furnicator loun he call'd me, . . *What ails ye now* †

Lounging.

They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Loup, Lowp [to leap].

As round the fire the giglets keckle
To see me loup; . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, *S. There was a lass* †
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Louping, Lowping [leaping].

Spak o' louping o'er a linn; . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Lowping and flinging on a crummock, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Lour. Chill came the tempest's lour; . . *To Chloris.*

Lour, Lower, *to.*

See the front of battle lour; . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Fear not clouds will always lour. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Louse. Is instant made no worth a louse
Just at the bit. *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, *What ails ye now* †

Lousy, -ie.

A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. *The Election Ballads, II.*
What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, . . *What ails ye now* †

Love [*v. also* **Luve, Loove**].

Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can barbour, dark, the selfish aim, ... *Ib.*
Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, ... *Ib.*
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine! *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
An' all the soul of love they shar'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be,
That thou of love wilt hear; . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But powerful love enslaves the man: . . . . . *Ib.*
And love was ay the tale. . . *S. As down the burn* †
"Love, I like the burn, And ay shall follow you." . *Ib.*
The Queen of love could never move
With motion more enchanting. *S. As I gaed up by* †
And love said, laughing in her looks,
Come kiss me at your leisure. . . *Ib.*
For ob! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, *Auld comrade* †
O this love, this love! [*re.*] . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Spare, O spare my love! . . . . . *Ib.*
Behold, my love, how green the groves, *S. Behold, my love* †
The courtier's gems may witness love
But 'tis na love like mine. . . . . *Ib.*
Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring; . . *S. Blythe hae I been* †
Supremely blest wi' love and thee *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine; . . . *Bonie wee thing* †
'Yet rich in kindest, truest love, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.*
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure! . . . *Ib.*
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer. . . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
In love to lie and languish, ... *Ib.*
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! *Delia. An Ode.*
But ah! those pleasures, Loves, and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste, . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
He needs not, he heeds not, Or human love or hate; *Ib.*
Slighted love is sair to bide, . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Ye woodland choir that channt your idle loves,
El. on Miss Burnet.
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
The sacred lowe o' weel placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it; . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
O Thou, whose very self art love! . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow! . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.*
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
By love and by beauty, By law and by duty; *S. Eppie Adair.*
O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear! . *S. Fairest Maid* †
No love but thine my heart shall know. . . . *Ib.*
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near, *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I must repine, Love. . . . . *Ib.*
O wert thou, Love, but near me, ... *Ib.*
And mingle sighs with mine, Love. . . . . *Ib.*
Save in those arms of thine, Love. . . . . *Ib.*
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love, and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends* †
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me, . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, *S. Hark! the mavis* †
At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! *S. Here is the glen* †
O welcome dear to love and me! . . . . . *Ib.*
Still my heart is with my love; *S. How can my poor heart* †
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me: *S. In simmer when* †
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy: . . . . . *Ib.*
Light is the burden love lays on; . . . . . *Ib.*
Content and love bring peace and joy, ... *Ib.*
Above the world on wings of love I rise,
In vain wild Prudence †
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and bliss! *Innocence* †
My Love and Native Land fareweel, . *S. It was a' for* †
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, ... *Ib.*
If thou would win my love, Jamie, come try me [*re.*]
S. Jamie, come try me †
If thou should ask my love, Could I deny thee? . . *Ib.*
If thou should kiss me, love, Wha could espy thee? . *Ib.*
Gie me love at ony price; . . . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
Love alane can gi'e delight. . . . . *Ib.*
Gi'e me love in her I court;
Love to love maks a' the sport. . . . . *Ib.*
Let love sparkle in her e'e; . . . . . *Ib.*
Common motives lang sinsyne,
Never can engage my love; . . . . . *Ib.*
Spare my love ye winds that blaw,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
In love and freedom they rejoice, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And talk of love my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
S. Last May a braw wooer †

And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ; . . . *S. Let not woman* †

Let her crown my love her law, *S. Louis what reck I* †

And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. . . *Ib.*

Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you ;
Monody, on a Lady.

The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims,
S. My Lord a-hunting †

My love she's but a lassie yet, . *S. My love she's but* †

My love's a winsome wee thing, *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
Yet I love my love in secret, . . *S. My Sandie gied* †

Which divides my love and me : *S. Musing on the roaring* †

There catch her ilka glance of love [*re.*]
S. Now bank and brae †

But love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry. *S. Now Spring has clad* †

'till Love has o'er me past, And blighted a' my bloom, *Ib.*

the flowery snare Of witching love, ... *Ib.*

But love is far a sweeter flow'r
Amid life's thorny path o' care. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †

O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter ; . *S. O gie my love brose* †

But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together. . . . . *Ib.*

For Love has bound me, hand and foot,
S. O Lassie, art thou †

A slave to love's unbounded sway, . . *S. O lay thy loof* †

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown ; *S. O Mary, at thy window* †

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
S. O meikle thinks my love †

My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me. . . . . *Ib.*

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny, ... *Ib.*

At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be. . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied. . . . . *Ib.*

But spare and pardon my false Love, ... *Ib.*

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely,* †

So in my tender bosom grows,
The love I bear my Willy. . . . . *Ib.*

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye ; *S. O poortith cauld* †

Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining ? . . . . . *Ib.*

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am ? . . . . . *Ib.*

Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken ! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †

Kind love is in her e'e. . . . *S. O this is no my ain* †

It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e. . . . . *Ib.*

And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e. . . . . *Ib.*

But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e. . . . . *Ib.*

But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e. . . . . *Ib.*

this scene of peace and love, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Thou God of love and truth, ... *Ib.*

Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy ; . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

O were my love yon lilac fair, . . . *S. O were my love* †

O were my love yon vi'let sweet, ... *Ib.*

O gin my love were yon red rose, ... *Ib.*

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder thy love for me, Oh ! . *S. Oh, open the door,* †

False friends, false love, farewel ! . . . . . *Ib.*

My true love ! she cried,—and sunk down by his side, . *Ib.*

With love and sleep oppress'd. *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
On Birth of Posth. Child.

Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure ! . *S. One fond kiss,* †

Thy rural loves are nature's sel ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love, ... *Ib.*

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Prologue, at Th., D..

Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin !
Remorse. A Frag..

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa : . . *S. Sae far awa.*

Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, but her's . *Ib.*

Her's are the willing chains o' love, . *S. Sae flaxen* †

And hear my vows o' truth and love, ... *Ib.*

Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms. . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
S. Saw ye my Phely.

Bowers adieu ! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Till he forgets his loves or debts, . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*

Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Second Ep. to Davie.

Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love. . . *Sketch.*

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, . . *S. Somebody.*

By my love so ill requited ; . . . *S. Stay, my charmer* †

Sweetest May let love inspire thee ; . *S. Sweetest May* †

Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In Love's silken band can bind it. . . . . *Ib.*

Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe : . . *S. Talk not of Love* †

There, welcome, win and wear the prize [Friendship],
But never talk of love. . . . . *Ib.*

Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle. . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*

To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it. . . *Ib.*

'Twas all my faithful love could gain ; *S. The capt. Ribband.*

In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.

O happy love ! where love like this is found ! . . *Ib. 9.*

A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth ! . *Ib. 10.*

Led on the Loves and Graces ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

When Love and Beauty heard the news, *The Fête Champetre.*

My peace with these, my love with those
S. The gloomy night †

That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend ; . . . *The Hermit.*

If thou hast known false love's vexation, . . . *Ib.*

The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune For crack . *The Holy Fair. 26.*

There's some are fou o' love divine ; . . . *Ib. 27.*

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Her Love had been a Highland laddie, . . *Ib. R. IV.*

A highland lad my Love was born, . . *Ib. S. IV.*

Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk : . . . *Ib. R. VII.*

Great love I bear to all the Fair, . . . *Ib. S. VII.*

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Does the sober hed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love? . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

How life and love are all a dream ! . . *The Lament.*

These were the pledges of my love ! . . . . *Ib.*

While Love's luxurious pulse beat high, . . . *Ib.*

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover : . *S. The last time I* †

Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness ;
S. The Poor Thresher.

O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen ;
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been ;
S. The Posie.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, . *Ib.*

There taste that life of life—immortal love.
The Rights of Woman.

O meikle do I rue, fause love, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear! . . . . . *Ib.*

May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre. *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood) [v.A.4] *The Vision. D.I.*

'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love. . . *Ib. D. II., 14.*

youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, . . . *Ib. 16.*

'The loves, the ways of simple swains, . . . *Ib. 18.*

Since my true love is parted from me. [*re.*]
S. The Winter it is past †

Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest, *Ib.*

My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun, *Ib.*

While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down. *Ib.*

Oh! you that are in love, and cannot it remove . . *Ib.*

Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.
S. Their groves of †

And love will break the soundest rest. *S. There was a lass* †

So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean. . . . . *Ib.*

As Robie tauld a tale o' love . . . . . *Ib.*

And whisper'd thus his tale o' love. . . . . *Ib.*

And love was ay between them twa. . . . . *Ib.*

Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure. . . . *S. Thine am I* †

What is life when wanting love? . . . . . *Ib.*

Love's the cloudless summer sun, ... *Ib.*

Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. . . *To a Kiss.*

A third—"to thee and me, love!" . . . *To a Lady.*

By Love's simplicity betray'd, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

My faithful love disdains, ... *To Clarinda.*

Yet love to friendship shall give way, ... *Ib.*

Chain'd at his feet they groan,
Love's vanquish'd foes: . . . . . *Ib.*

Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire; . . *Ib.*

To live one day of parting love! . *To Mary in Heaven.*

The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, ... *Ib.*

Loves and graces all rejected, . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Or love extatic wake his seraph song. . *To Miss Graham.*

Our Sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps too true; *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*

And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy, . . *To W. Simpson. 12.*

Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal: . . . . *Ib. 17.*

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
S. True hearted was he †

And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd;
S. Wae is my heart †

By whom true love's regarded, . *S. When wild War's* †

Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, ... *Ib.*

By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee! . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine. . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, *Ib.*

And reigned resistless King of Love, . *S. Young Jamie,* †

And chang'd with every moon my love, . . . *Ib.*

Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth
From ev'ry ill defend her; . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Love, *to [v. also,* **Luve, Loe, Loo].**

And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell; . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †

Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nacie, . *S. Behind yon hills* †

While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
S. Behold the hour †

Thou may'st find those will love thee dear
But not a love like mine, . . *S. Canst thou leave me* †

I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her. . *S. Come, let me take thee* †

The muse should tell in lahor'd strains,
O Mary how I love thee. . . *S. Could aught of song* †

To love they thought nae crime, . *S. Damon and Sylvia.*

The rosy banquet loves to sip; . . *Delia. An Ode.*

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; *S. Fairest maid* †

O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest. . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †

How we love, and how agree; . *S. First when Maggy* †

Frae the friends and Land I love, . *S. Frae the friends* †

The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; *Grace after Dinner.*

O once I lov'd a bonie Lass,
Ay, and I love her still, . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. *S. Here's to thy health,* †

Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †

He will think on her he loves, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

I love my Mary's angel air, . . . *S. My Mary's face* †

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains; *S. Now westlin winds* †

Swear how I love thee dearly: . . . . . *Ib.*

The lad I love's the lad for me. . . . *S. O Phely,* †

To see her, is to love her,
And love but her for ever; . *S. O Saw ye bonie Lesley* †

To sing how dear I love thee. *S. O were I on Parnass.* †

And write how dear I love thee. . . . . *Ib.*

I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say
How much, how dear I love thee. . . . . *Ib.*

By heaven and earth I love thee. . . . . *Ib.*

I only live to love thee. . . . . *Ib.*

'Till my last weary sand was run,
'Till then—and then I love thee. . . . . *Ib.*

But to see her, was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever. . . *S. One fond kiss,* †

A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at sunny noon; . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Whae'er ye be that woman love, . *S. She's fair and fause* †

Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . *Sketch.*

If thou shalt love another, . . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

That winding stream I love so dear! *S. The Banks of Nith.*

But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland lassie, O. *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean. . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †

Thou canst love another maid,
While my heart is breaking; . . *S. Thou hast left me* †

"To those who love us!"—second fill:
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us! . . *To a Lady.*

Your friends ay love, your foes ay fear ye, *To Terraughty.*

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

If to love thy heart denies, . . *S. Turn again, thou* †

The noble ward he loves. . . . *V.s, below Picture.*

I'll love my gallant sailor. . . . *S. Where Cart rins* †

Loved, -'d. When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

this much lov'd, much honor'd name! . *Epit. for R. A.*

The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*

O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd;
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.

Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode :
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad . . *Ib. 19.*
I lov'd her most sincerely ; . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly, . . *S. One fond kiss.†*
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Remorse. A Frag..
lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith †*
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,
S. Wae is my heart †

Love-gift.

Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. [v.A.13] *The Twa Dogs.*

Love-inspiring.

And sic twa love-inspiring een, . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Lovelier.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever ; . *S. When wild War's †*

Loveliest. Next came the loviest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
And resign to Parent Earth
The lovliest form she e'er gave birth. . . *To Miss C.*

Lovelorn.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim : . . *The Lament.*
And give a love-lorn maiden rest ! . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith †*

Lovely. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
S. Afton Water.

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven ; . . *S. Anna, thy charms †*
Lovely wee thing was thou mine ; . *S. Bonie wee thing †*
More lovely far her beauty blows. . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Burnet, lovely from her native skies ; *El. on Miss Burnet.*
. - - - hy these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes ! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress †*
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Fair and lovely as thou art, . . *S. Hark! the mavis †*
O what can stay my lovely maid ! . *S. Here is the glen, †*
Twa lovely een of bonie blue. . *S. I gaed a waefu' †*
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again ! . *S. I'll ay ca' in †*
Lovely was she by the dawn, *S. It was the charming †*
Lovely Burns has charms—confess ;
Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
My fair, my lovely Charmer ! *S. Now westlin winds †*
The lovely Mary Morison. *S. O Mary at thy window †*
Thou'rt like themselves [the powers aboon] sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †*
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears, . *O Thou dread Pow'r †*
And she, a lovely little flower . *S. O wat ye wha's in †*
Her lovely form, her native ease, *S. On a bank of flowers †*
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
Chill on thy lovely form ; . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Blest he thy bloom, thou lovely gem, ... *Ib.*
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
On Death of fav. Child.
O lovely Polly Stewart, [re.] . . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen ! *Scots Prologue.*
Such to me my lovely maid. *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †*
the rainbow's lovely form . . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears : *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
This lovely maid's of royal blood *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
The Election Ballads. VI.
The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ; *S. The lovely lass of I.†*
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ; *S. The Posie.*
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
The Rights of Woman.
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more ;
The Slave's Lament.
Lovely Jessie be the name ; . . . . *The Toast.*
Than the sense, wit and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
The Whistle.
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower ! . . . *To Miss C.*
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
S. True hearted was he †
Turn again thou lovely maiden, *S. Turn again, thou fair †*
You, a charming lovely creature, *S. Will ye go and marry †*
But my dear and lovely Katie, ... *Ib.*
If ance I had my lovely treasure, ... *Ib.*
Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her, . *S. Young Peggy †*

Lover.

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthful' lovers first were pair'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear. . . . *S. Ah, Chloris †*
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
And I long for my true lover ! . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
I listen'd to a lover's sang, . . *S. By Allan stream †*
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover. . . *S. Could aught of song †*
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
The Lover and the Frien' ; . . . *Ep. to Davie. S.*
" Nor use a faithful lover so ? " . . *S. Fairest maid †*
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan
Betray the hapless lover : . *S. Farewell, thou stream †*
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
S. Gloomy December.
To thy new lover hie, ... *S. Had I a cave †*
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
S. Here's a health to ane †
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. . *S. In simmer when †*
Let her lo'e nae man but me ; - - -
There the Lover's treasure lies. . . *S. Jockey fou, †*
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns : *S. My Lord a-hunting †*
The merry birds are lovers a', . . *S. Now rosy May †*
But purer was the lover's vow *S. O bonie was you rosy †*
A hapless lover courts thy lay, *S. O stay, sweet warbling †*
But gleg as light are lovers' een, *S. O this is no my ain †*
But weel the watching lover marks . . . . *Ib.*
My cave would he a lover's bower, *S. O wat ye wha's in †*
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
By the pangs of lovers slighted, . *S. Stay, my charmer †*
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.*
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
the Lover's raptur'd hour . . . . . *The Calf.*
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth ? . . *The Lament.*
The unweeting groan, the hursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover. . . . *S. The last time I †*
' Some hiot the Lover's harmless wile ; *The Vision. D. II. 9.*
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Tells the ardent lover. . . . *S. Thine am I †*
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ? . *To Mary in Heaven.*
But may, dear Maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you. . . . . *To Miss L.*
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
S. True hearted was he †
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, . . *Ib.*
Rue on thy despairing lover. . *S. Turn again, thou †*
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
S. Wandering Willie.
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover. . . *S. When first I saw †*
And prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover. . . . . *Ib.*
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover. . . . . *Ib.*
and thus may still True lovers be rewarded.
S. When wild War's †

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy? . . *S. Why, why tell thy* †
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream? . . . . . *Ib.*
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Loving, -in'.

A lovin' father I'll be to thee, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
Epit. for Author's Father.
In loving bleeze they sweetly join, . . *Halloween. 10.*
Whose only fault is loving thee? *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee; . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife
S. The Poor Thresher.
The offence is loving thee: . . . *Turn again, thou* †
Listen to a loving swain; . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Lov'st.

That lov'st to greet the early morn, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Low. But thoughtless follies laid him low, *A Bard's Epit..*
darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit, . . *Ib.*
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother.
A Ded. to G. H., 16.
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? *A Winter Night. 9.*
Their royal Name low in the dust! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
An' here his body lies fu' low— . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore. . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
I ken they scorn my low estate, *S. Here's to thy health,* †
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrow share. *Lament for Glencairn.*
In Poverty's low barren vale, ... *Ib.*
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low! . . . . . *Ib.*
Has laid my leaf full low, . . . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
For she [our Kirk] by tribulations
Is now bronght very low. . . . *New Psalmody.*
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
S. No Churchman am I †
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
On Death of fav. Child.
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
"Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
"Relentless fate has laid their guardian low. . . *Ib.*
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low. . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Lay the proud usurpers low, . . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15]
Tam Samson's El..
To see her sittan on her arse
Low i' the dust, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; *S. The Catrine woods* †
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
S. The Highl. Lassie.
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
And coward mankin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.
The Lament. 7.
I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
And many a low humble bow to the ground:
The Poor Thresher.
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
The Rights of Woman.
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low! . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Low, in a sandy valley spread, . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on, [v.A.4] . . . . . *Ib.*
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low! . . . *Ib. D. II. 2.*
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid Low i' the dust. . *Ib.*

Low-sunk.

Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Lowan [burning, flaming, blazing].

An' tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thon travels far; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
To quench their lowan drouth, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Lowe [a flame].

The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezan bright, *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
Beyont the ingle lowe; . . . *S. The weary pund.*

Lower. 'This lower world I you resign; *Nature's Law.*
To lower Orders are assign'd,
The humbler ranks of Human-kind, *The Vision. D. II. 7.*
O had she but been of a lower degree, *S. There's auld Rob* †

Lower *v.* **Lour.**

Lowest.

Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Lowly.

And the earth conceals sae lowly; . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
A lowly Bard was he, ... *Nature's Law.*
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
In this lone cave, in garments lowly, . . *The Hermit.*
Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . . . *Ib. D. II., 20.*
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
S. Their groves of †
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wondrous work thou art; *Wr. in Hermitage, F.C.*

Lown *v.* **Loun.**

Lowp, Lowping, *v.* **Loup, Louping.**

Lowrie [Lawrence].

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Lowrie's burn [the river St. Lawrence].

Down Lowrie's burn he [Montgomery] took a turn,
A Fragment.

Low'ring. Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread; . . *To Ruin.*

Lowse [to loose].

To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
Can easy, wi' a single wordie
Lowse h-ll upon me. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Lows'd [loosed].

An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. . . *A Fragment. 5.*
An' lows'd his [Job's] ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl
Add. to the Deil. 18.

Loyal. In loyal, true affection, . . . *A Dream. S.*
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
And ilk loyal, honie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more;
Fragment of Ode.
For Loyal Harry back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa! . . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
S. The small birds †
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
S. Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Loyalty.
But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. . . . . *Ib.*

Luath.
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, *The Twa Dogs. 4.*

Luck. may guid luck hit you! . . . *A Farewell.*
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk. *Friend of the Poet* † *P.S.*
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'! *S. Here's a health to them,* †
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin* †
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
S. What can a young lassie †

Luckily.
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Yet luckily roars in the right. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Luckless.
ye'll stain the mitre Some luckless day. . *A Dream. 12.*
Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
To your black pit; *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
luckless fortune's northern storms *S. Luckless Fortune.*
in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care.
S. Now Spring has clad †
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
The star that rules my luckless lot, . . *To J. S., 6.*
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. *To R. G. of F.*
No horns but those by luckless Hymen worn, . *Ib. 3.*

Lucky.
The lucky moment to improve, . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them [v.A.9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat; . . *To J. S., 17.*

Lucky, -ie [an ale-house mistress; a designation applied to an elderly woman].
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Lady Onlie, honest lucky, Brews gude ale, . . . *Ib.*
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. . . . . *Ib.*
sentimental sister Susie. An' honest Lucky;
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
And eke the same to honest Lucky, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, *S. Gat ye me* †

Lucy.
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. . . . . *Ib.*
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, ... *Ib.*
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. . . . . *Ib.*

Lug [the ear].
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress compleater: . . . *A Dream. 12.*
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, *Add. to Toothache.*
But, let me whisper i' your lug, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
They made our lugs grow eerie; . *S. Amang the trees* †
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug, ... *Ep. to Davie.*
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, . . . *Halloween. 26.*
That lives at the lug o' the law! *S. Here's a health to them* †
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; . . *S. I do confess* †
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, *On W. Chalmers.*
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug, . . . *Scotch Drink.*
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
And, in your lug, most reverend J——, . . . *The Calf.*
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, . *The Twa Dogs.*
When up they gat an' shook their lugs, . . *Ib. 35.*
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose; . . . *To J. S., 25.*

Lug, *to* **[produce, bring forth].**
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Lugar. Behind yon hills where Lugar flows [v.A.26]
S. Behind yon hills †
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Lament for Glencairn.
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
Naebody sings. . *To W. Simpson.*

Lugget [having a lug or handle].
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup! . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*

Luggie [a wooden dish with a lug or handle].
In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The Luggies three are ranged; . . *Halloween. 27.*
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] *To a Haggis.*

Luke *v.* **Leuk.**

Lum [the chimney].
Till fuff! he started up the lum, . . . *Halloween. 8.*

Lumber. To slap mankind like lumber! *Nature's Law.*

Lume [tool, instrument].
the best wark-lume i' the house, . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*

Lump. My Son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither; *Add. to the Unco Guid.*

Lumpish. She [natnre] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Luna. Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang! . . *To J. S., 20.*

Lunardi [a lady's bonnet named after Lunardi the balloonist].
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
How daur ye do't? . . *To a Louse.*

Lunch [a large piece of bread, cheese, &c.].
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Lunt [a column of smoke].
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt, . . . *Halloween. 13.*
butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt, ... *Ib. 28.*

Luntan [smoking],
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Lurch. But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Lure. Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:
Fragment of Ode.

Lurk. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks. *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
He never was known for to idle or lurk;
S. The Poor Thresher.
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
S. Their groves of †
Evils lurk in felon wait: . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Lust. At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust
Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.
lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
The Hermit.

Lusted. That few for aught but folly lusted; *The Hermit.*

Lustre. The kindling lustre of an eye; *S. My Mary's face* †
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Deep lights and shades, hold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Luve [love].
O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June; . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune. . . . . *Ib.*
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I; . . . . . *Ib.*
And fare thee weel, my only Luve! . . . . *Ib.*
And I will come again, my Luve, ... *Ib.*
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; . . *S. I do confess* †
O John, my luve, come kiss me now, . *S. John, come kiss.*
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.
S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.

And ilka bird sang o' it's luve;
And sae did I o' mine. *S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.*
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang na my virginity! *S. The lass that made the bed.*

Luve, *to* **[to love].**
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry. . . . *S. A red, red Rose*
I will luve thee still, my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run. . . . . *Ib.*

Luxuriant.
And [pleasure] pours her cup luxuriant; . *Innocence* †

Luxuriantly.
The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Luxurious. While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
The Lament.

Luxury.
pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, *A Winter Night. 8.*
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, . *To Miss Graham.*

Lyart [grey, of a mixed colour].
tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*
though his locks be lyart gray, . . *S. The cardin o't.*
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining; . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Lye *v.* **Lie.**

Lying. The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Lying. There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
S. The Taylor fell †

Lynin [lining].
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Lyre.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to langnish; *S. Could aught of song* †
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; *Monody, on a Lady.*
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven taught lyre,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Macedonian.
Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Machine.
Adjust the nnimpair'd machine, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Mad. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, *A Bard's Epit.*
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad. . *A Guid New-year* † *S.*
Or mad Ambition's gory hand, . *A Winter Night. 7.*
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their donp. . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.*
It pit's me ay as mad's a hare; . . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, *S. O whistle,* †
The warld would think I was mad,
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions; . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
The Twa Dogs. 32.
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Mad-cap.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train, . *To R. G. of F., S.*

Madden. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
To R. G. of F., 7.

Maddening.
I saw thy pulse's maddening play, . *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; *To Clarinda.*

Made. D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Is instant made no worth a lonse
Just at the hit. . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
They made our lugs grow eerie, O . *S. Amang the trees* †
Ask why God made the gem so small,
While huge He made the granite? [v.A.27]
Ask why God made †
May he who made him still support him,
Auld comrade dear †
Hast thon found that beauty's lillies
Were not made for aye to last? . . . *Blue Bonnets.*
The Clachan yill had made me canty,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.
Has made them baith no worth a f—t, . . . *Ib. 15.*
Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)
Ep. from Esopus.
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 6.
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars? . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. *Epit. for R. A.*
If there's another world he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this. *Epit. on a Friend.*
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
I wat she made nae jaukin; . . . . *Halloween. 12.*
'An' he made nnco light o't; . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
"Was made his wedded wife yestreen; *Lament for Glencairn.*
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare, *Man was made to mourn.*
Made me the thrall of care. . *S. Now Spring has clad.*
Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither! *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
A man of fashion too, he made his tour, . . *Sketch.*
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine,
S. The day returns †
Made me the judge o' strife; *The Election Ballads. V.*
An' soon I made me ready; . . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
He stoiter'd up an' made a face; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night. . . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, *The Kirk's Alarm.*
The lass that made the bed to me.
S. The lass that made the bed.
For monie a heart thon hast made sair,
S. The lovely lass of I. †
But Oliphant aft made her [Common-sense] yell.
The Ordination. 2.
How graceless Ham lengh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a niger; . . . . *Ib. 4.*
He made me blest—and broke my heart! *The Tears I shed.*
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*
I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane; . . *S. There's news, lasses* †
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,
Made Homer deep their debtor; . *To Miss Ferrier.*
I trow it made me proud; . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
hae made bare My peace, my hope, for ever!
Verses under Grief.
I made an open fair confession, . . *What ails ye now* †
By him who made yon sun and sky! *S. When wild War's* †

Madest, -'st.
Who mad'st the sea and shore, . *Grace after Dinner.*
Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . *New Psalmody.*

Madgie.
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Madiera.
Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madiera wine. . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Madness.
(Not mony madness more astray) *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
By blockhead's daring into madness stung; *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Madrid.
Or hy Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Mae [more].
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . *A Guid New-year* † *15.*
Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
And mony mae we hope to be. . . *S. O Willy brew'd* †
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me: . *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. . *The Inventory.*
My only beast, I had nae mae, *S. What will I do gin* †

Magellan.
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Maggot.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, *S. First when Maggy* †
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten; . *For W. Nicol.*
Ye maggots make your windiogs; . *The Book-Worms.*

Maggy, -ie.
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! *A Guid New-Year* †
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. *Ib. 13.*
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Maggie's was a piteous case, ... *Ib.*
First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; *S. First when Maggy* †
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied, . . . *Ib. 16.*
So Maggie runs the witches follow, . . . *Ib. 17.*
Hard upon Noble Maggie prest, ... *Ib. 18.*
But little wist she Maggie's mettle . . . . *Ib.*
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. . . . . *Ib.*
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; *The Ordination. 2.*
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith
A dame wi' pride enough, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Magic. Who but owns their magic sway, *S. My Mary's face* †
That breaks the magic of my dream; . . *On Lincluden.*
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r . *On dining with Daer.*
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
The Henpecked Husband.
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man: *The Fête Champetre.*

Magic-wand.
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand, . . *To J. S., 12.*
The magic-wand then let us wield; . . . *Ib. 13.*

Magistrate. Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Magna Charta.
The magna charta flag unfurls. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Magnanimity.
O glorious magnanimity of soul! . . *Remorse. A Frag.*

Magnum-bonum [a double-sized bottle, containing two English quarts].
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury. . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Mahoun [the devil].
And ilka wife cries auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin* †

Maid.
"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. *As on the banks* †
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget:
El. on Miss Burnet.
Fairest maid on Devon banks! . . *S. Fairest maid* †
The maid that I adore! . . . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
O what can stay my lovely maid! . *S. Here is the glen,* †
All for to court this pretty maid, . *Katharine Jaffray.*
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, *S. My heart was ance* †

Let simple maid the lesson read, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
The fairest maid's in yon town
That ev'ning sun is shining on. [*re.*] *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
My bonie maid, before ye wed . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Sach to me my lovely maid. . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
This lovely maid s of royal blood *S. The bonie Lass of Albany.*
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.
The Henpecked Husband.
I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle o'er the lave o't. . . . . *Ib. S. V.*
I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid, [*re.*]
S. The Lass that made the bed.
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. *S. There was a lass* †
Thou canst love another maid,
While my heart is breaking; . *S. Thou hast left me* †
Such is the fate of artless Maid, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
'Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
'And Maids of Honor'; . . *To J. S., 22.*
Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . *To Miss Ainslie.*
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An Edwin still to you. . . . . *To Miss L.*
All hail, Religion! maid divine! . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
S. True-hearted was †
Thee, dear maid, have I offended? *S. Turn again, thou* †
O had she been a country maid, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, *S. When wild War's* †
The slighted maids my torments see, *S. Young Jamie,* †

Maiden. An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air! *A Guid New-Year* † *6.*
Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, . . . *A Winter Night. 9.*
maiden May, in rich array, . . . *S. But lately seen* †
Syne as ye hrew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. *S. In simmer when* †
But O the road was very hard,
For that fair maiden's tender feet. *S. O Mally's meek.*
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely* †
And there will be maiden Kilkerran.
The Election Ballads. III.
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; *The Vision. D. II. 9.*
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n. *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
S. True hearted was †
Turn, again, thou lovely maiden, *S. Turn again, thou* †
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; *S. Twas even—the dewy* †

Maidenhead.
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! *Auld comrade* †

Maidenkirk.
Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Maidenly. And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
S. True hearted was he †

Mailie. Poor Mailie's dead! [*re.*] . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
O' Mailie dead! [v. A. 19] . . . . *Ib.*
As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, *The Death of Mailie.*
At length poor Mailie silence brak. . . . . *Ib.*
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, ... *Ib.*

Mailin [a farm].
"I'will please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailins. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
S. There's a youth †
A mailin plenish'd fairly; . . *S. When wild War's* †

Main. An somebodie were come again,
Then somebodie maun cross the main.
S. Carl, an the king come.
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I maun cross the main. My dear, . . *S. It was a' for* †
The sailor frae the main, ... *Ib.*
ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.
The Lament.
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
S. Wandering Willie.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main, *S. When wild War's* †

Maintain.
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes: . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Maintop. Then top and maintop croud the sail, *To J. S., 11.*

Mair [more; *v. also*, Nae mair].
What wad ye wish for mair, man? *A Bottle and Friend.*
But may she wintle in a woodie,
If she whore mair. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise. . *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket maillins. . . . . *Ib.*
(whats aft mair than a' the lave) . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
mair Than ever tongue could tell; . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
The mair I kiss she's say my dearie. *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, *S. Contented wi' little* †
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*
'Mair spier na, nor fear na.' . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
It's no in makin muckle, mair: . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy
This month an' mair, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.*
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair: . . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*
And screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*
But now its gane, and something mair, . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
Never mair to taste delight.
Never maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . *S. Frae the Friends* †
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't, *Friend of the poet* †
And bring a coggie mair. . . . . *S. Gane is the day* †
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
S. Gloomy December.
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair. . . . *Ib.*
A pint o' the best o't, And twa pints mair.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Mair braw than when they're fine; . . *Halloween. 3.*
As they wad never mair part, ... *Ib. 8.*
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue. . *S. Her flowing locks* †
Content and love bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne? *S. In simmer when* †
A' this and mair I never heard of; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Even they maun dare an effort mair, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
That maks us mair than princes; . . . . . *Ib.*
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair! *S. Now bank and brae* †
It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . *S. O Mally's meek.*
As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely. . . . *S. O Phely* †
An' they cry crowdie ever mair. . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. . . . . *Ib.*
Mair than an honest ploughman. . *On Dining with Daer.*
And every year come in mair dear . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly . . . . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, *Poor Mailie's El..*
For mair than a townond or twa, man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The charms o' the min'. the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair.
I mean an angel mind. . . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
O, bid him never tye them mair. . *The Death of Mailie.*
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
The Election Ballads. III.
Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge: . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token. . . *The Inventory.*
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented. . . . *Ib.*
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; . . . . *Ib.*
To lay some mair beneath my head.
S. The lass that made the bed.
If mair they deave us wi' their din, *The Ordination. 14.*
They're ay in less or mair provided; . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forhade him. . *There came a piper* †
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
But mair profane. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you. . . *To a Medical Gent.*
You shouldna paint at angels mair, . . *To a Painter.*
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Mair taen I'm wi' you. . . . . *To J. S., 2.*
the mair I'm that way bent, Something cries, "Hoolie! *Ib. 7.*
in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. *To J. Kennedy.*
And if we dinna haud a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair. . . . . *Ib.*
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; . . . . *Ib.*
In hopes to be mair wise, . . *V.s on Window, Carron.*
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
S. Wandering Willie.
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted. . *S. When wild War's* †
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Maist [most]. How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
Kind Sir, I've read †
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
S. There's a youth †
The noblest breast adores them maist, *S. Women's Minds.*

Maist [almost].
I maist forgat my Dedication; . *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist rnin'd a'. . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
But her tap-pickle maist was lost, . . . *Halloween. 6.*
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . . . *Ib. 26.*
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
maist like to rive, Bethankit hums. . . *To a Haggis.*
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
And maist has killed my Hoggie. *S. What will I do gin* †

Maister [master]. The maister drunk—the horse committed:
On B.'s Horse Impound.

Maistly [mostly].
They're maistly wonderfu' contented; *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

Majestic.
The stately swan majestic swims, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Majesty. Guid-mornin to your Majesty! . . *A Dream.*
Hail, Majesty most Excellent! . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman! *The Rights of Woman.*

Major.
(the Major's with the hounds, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
And can we forget the auld Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
The Election Ballads. III.

Majority.

But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty. . . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Mak [to make].

Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver; . . . . . *A Dream. 11.*
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, . . . *Ib. 14.*
To mak it guid in law, man. . . . . *A Fragment. 9.*
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.
Add. of Beelzebub.
Let wark and hunger mak them sober! . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
What maks the mighty differ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
It maks an unco leeway. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.*
Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan! . . . *Ib. 14.*
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . *Epig. on A. Turner.*
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it! . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 6.*
Let time mak proof; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
The cruel powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee; . . . . . *Fragment.*
And bade me mak nae clatter; . . *S. Had I the wyte†*
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest. . . . *S. It is na, Jean†*
Love to love maks a' the sport. . . . *S. Jockey fou†*
Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delight: . . . . . *Ib.*
But I will mak o' my gudeman, . . *S. John, come kiss.*
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes; . *S. Lovely Davies.*
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. *S. My Lord a-hunting†*
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice: . . *S. O Tibbie†*
Wha will mak me fidgin fain? *S. O wha my babie-clouts†*
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.
S. O whare did ye get†
For clever Deils he'll mak 'em! . . *On a Schoolmaster.*
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: *On Scot. Bard gane to W.I.*
It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Poor Mailie's El..
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . *Scotch Drink.*
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . . . *Ib. 12.*
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! . . *Ib. 20.*
Yet deil mak' matter! [v.A.2] . . . . *Ib. P.*
"Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
Scots Prologue.
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues; *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.*
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnie o't; . . *S. The cardin o't.*
We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink.
S. The deil cam fiddlin†
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Ye ay shall mak' the bed to me.
S. The lass that made the bed.
Mak haste an' turn King David owre, *The Ordination. 3.*
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint . . . *Ib. 11.*
I will mak my Ploughman's bed, . *S. The Ploughman†*
It maks him ken himsel, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
And mak us a' content, man. . . . . *Ib.*
Maks high and low gude friends, man; . . . *Ib.*
Can mak the bodies unco happy; . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . . . *Ib. 23.*
They mak enow [fills] themsels to vex them; . *Ib. 29.*
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration; . . . . *S. The Union.*
But sure as three times three mak nine, *S. There was a lad†*
Or what wad mak' her weel again. *S. There was a lass†*
if ye mak' objections at it, . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Or fricassee wad mak her spew, . . . *To a Haggis.*
He'll mak it whissle; . . . . . *Ib.*
Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . . . *Ib.*
To mak amends for scrimpet stature, . . *To J. S., 3.*
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light. . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. *Ib. 29.*
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . *To W. Creech.*
What mak ye sae like a thief? . . *S. Wha is that at†*
We's mak nae din about your tocher;
S. Will ye go and marry†

Make, *s.* In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make;
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Make, *to.*

Make you as poor a dog as I am, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
My Son, these maxims make a rule, *Add. to the Unco Guid.*
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie; *S. By Allan stream†*
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. . . . . *Ib.*
And make a vast monopoly of hell? . . . . *Ib.*
Yet then content could make us blest; *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest: . . . . . *Ib.*
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state: . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
They make us see the naked truth, ... *Ib.*
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care! . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Who make poor *will do* wait npon *I should* . . . *Ib. 5.*
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again? . . . *Epit. on W—.*
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
S. Gloomy December.
For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. *S. Here's to thy health,†*
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast, *S. Highland Mary.*
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . . . *Ib.*
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
"Yet I'll try to make a shift, . . *S. Husband, husband†*
And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.
S. I'm o'er young to marry†
'Twill make your courage rise.
'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, *John Barleycorn.*
Makes woodland echoes ring; *Lament for Mary of Scots.*
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty. *Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame! *Man was made to Mourn.*
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn! . . . . *Ib.*
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn? . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . *S. My bonie Mary.*
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk.
S. My Collier Laddie.
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
S. My father was a farmer†
Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, *New Psalmody.*
I once was persuaded a venture to make;
S. No Churchman am I†
Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow, . . . *Ib.*
They make your youthful fancies reel, . *O leave novels†*
As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,
S. O Logan! sweetly†

That make the miser's treasure poor:
S. O Mary, at thy window †
The silly bogles Wealth and State,
Can never make them eerie. . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
I make my pray'r sincere. . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Thro' future times to make his virtues last.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Such make his destiny.
He who would injure thee, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed: . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Wou'd make a saint forget the sky; . . . . . *Ib.*
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Your friendship much can make me blest,
S. Talk not of Love †
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake! . . . . . *Ib. 18.*
Some useful plan, or book could make,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Ye maggots make your windings; . . *The Book-Worms.*
Mount and make you ready; . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
What makes the youth sae bashful' and sae grave; . *Ib. 8.*
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad: . *Ib. 19.*
In Sodom 'twould make him a king.
The Election Ballads. III.
When Politics came there to mix
And make his ether-stane, man! . *The Fête Champetre.*
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine, . . *The Hermit.*
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that; . *S. The Honest Man.*
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins, *The Kirk's Alarm. 11.*
Her sorrows share and make them less? *The Lament. 5.*
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;
The Poor Thresher.
Alas! can I make it no better return!
S. The small birds rejoice †
Just what would make suspicion start; . *The Tears I shed.*
To make a tour an' tak a whirl, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains. *The Vision. D. II. 9.*
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
S. The winter it is past †
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle, . *To a Mouse.*
To make a happy fire-side clime . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery O, *S. When o'er the hill* †
Make content and ease thy aim. *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own; . . . . . *Ib.*
Time but the impression stronger makes,
S. To Mary in Heaven.
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, *Why am I loth* †
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar? [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Maker. Thou that of a' things Maker art, *S. Sae far awa.*

Making, -in.

The Pipers and youngsters were making their game,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
It's no in makin muckle, mair:
To make us truly blest: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Dues little or naething at a', man. *Rosalds of Bennals.*
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. . *Sketch.*
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations; . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin! . . *To a Louse.*

Malice. Vengeful malice, unrepenting, *A Winter Night. 7.*
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! . *S. Fairest maid* †
With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:
S. My father was a farmer †
The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
S. The small birds †
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung.
To R. G. of F., 5.
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight, ... *Ib.*

Mall [Moll, Mary].

Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, . . *Halloween. 9.*

Mallard.

The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
To R. G. of F., 7.

Mally, -ie [Molly, Mary].

Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; . . . *Halloween. 9.*
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way compleat. . . *S. O Mally's meek.*

Malt. O had the malt thy strength of mind. *To Mr. Syme.*

Malvina.

In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Mammon.

While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, *Ode. to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
In other world's can Mammon fail, ... *Ib.*
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Mammy, -ie [mother].

If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet;
I am my mammy's ae bairn, . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
I'm o'er young, my mammy says, ... *Ib.*
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark, *S. There was a lass* †
And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; . . . . . *Ib.*
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, ... *Ib.*

Man. Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer, *A Bard's Epit..*
What wad ye wish for mair, man? [*re.*] *A Bottle and Friend.*
He downa see a poor man want; . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
the poor man's friend in need, ... *Ib. 6.*
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, . . *Ib. 13.*
by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n! . . . *Ib. 16.*
An' did our hellim thraw, man, [*re.*] . . *A Fragment.*
'Thau heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
A Winter Night. 7.
'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! . . . . *Ib. 9.*
quoth my man of rhymes, . . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh, . . . *Ib.*
that sorest task of man alive . . . . . *Ib.*
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love, . . . *Ib.*
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue, *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke? . *Ib. 17.*
Then gently scan your brother Man, *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But powerful Love enslaves the man:
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
"Man! cruel man!" the Genius sigh'd, *As on the banks* †
The ace an' wale of honest men; . *Auld comrade dear* †
Ye'll fin' him just an' honest man: . . . . . *Ib.*
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey:
S. By yon castle wa' †
And every man shall hae his ain, *S. Carl, an the king come.*
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
S. Contented wi' little †
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature. . . . *S. Deluded swain* †
The ways of men are distant brought, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage: . . . . . *Ib. 5.*

A man may drink and no be drunk ;
A man may fight and no be slain ;
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again. . *S. Duncan Davison.*

Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 2.*

O, H[enderson]! the man ! the brother! . . . . *Ib. 15.*

But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth . . . . . *Ib. 16.*

Matthew was a great man. . . . . *Ib. Epit.*

a poor-brave-bright-kind-true-queer-rare man. . . *Ib.*

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, ... *Ib.*

Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man ; *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*

Nae waur than he did, honest man ! . *El. on Year 1788.*

And [Satan] shaped it [the swine stuff] something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner. . *Epig. on A. Turner.*

I'll no say, men are villains a' ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ; [*re.*] . . . *Ib. 4.*

But keek thro' ev'ry other man, ... *Ib. 5.*

The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be.
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.

She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man.
Ep. to R. Graham.

Where man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. *Ib. 5.*

The poor man weeps—here G[avin] sleeps, *Epit. for G. H.*

The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
Epit. for Author's Father.

An honest man here lies at rest, . . *Epit. on a Friend.*

The friend of man, the friend of truth ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*

Here lies J[oh]n B[ushb]y, honest man *Epit. on J. B., Writer.*

To whom hae much shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith ;
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word. *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

Wiser men than me's beguil'd, . *S. First when Maggy* †

With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ; [*re.*]
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Good L—d, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks : . *Ib.*

In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man, . *Ib.*

For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. . *S. Gane is the day* †

What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*

An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O ! . . . . . *Ib.*

The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] . . . *Ib.*

Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. . . . . *Ib.*

For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. *S. Here's to thy health* †

Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet : *S. How can my poor heart* †

"One of two must still obey, - - -
"Is it man or woman, say, . . . *S. Husband, husband* †

The man and his wine's sae bewitching ! *Inscrip. on Goblet.*

Now a' is done that men can do, . . *S. It was a' for* †

Let her lo'e nae man but me ; . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

her [Nature's] master-work was Man ; *S. John Anderson* †

Ye're ay the same kind man to me, ... *Ib.*

'Twill make a man forget his woe ; . *John Barleycorn.*

Each man a glass in hand ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Weel known to many men, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*

I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown : *Lament for Glencairn.*

Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
S. Lass when yr mither †

Young man, do you hear that? . . . . . *Ib.*

I said there was naething I hated like men,
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Fickle man is apt to rove : . . . *S. Let not woman* †

Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove? . . . . *Ib.*

Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan? . . *S. Let not Woman* †

"Without at least ae honest man, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

There's just the man I want, in faith." . . . . *Ib.*

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, *S. Lovely Davies.*

I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ; *Man was made to mourn.*

to mourn The miseries of man. . . . . *Ib.*

O Man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time! . . . . . *Ib.*

Man then is useful to his kind, ... *Ib. 5.*

And man whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man . . . . . *Ib. 7.*

Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn? . . . . . *Ib. 9.*

The poor, oppressed, honest man . . . . *Ib. 10.*

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, . . *Ib. 11.*

For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer †

But the lassie that man loes best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

That Young Man great in Issachar, . *New Psalmody.*

The man that fears thy name, ... *Ib.*

No sly man of business contriving a snare,
S. No Churchman am I †

The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care ; . *S. Now bank and brae* †

Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
S. Now spring has clad †

The path of man to shun it ; . . *S. Now westlin winds* †

Tyrannic man's dominion ; . . . . . *Ib.*

But never honest man's intent,
As cursedly miscarry'd. . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*

That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †

O can ye labour lea, young man, *S. O can ye labour lea* †

I fee'd a man at Martinmas, ... *Ib.*

O Kenmure's lads are men ; *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †

Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

O wae upon you, men o' state, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

Fie, fie on silly coward man.
That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].
S. O poortith cauld †

The hearts of men adore thee. *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †

An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo. . . *S. O steer her up* †

And show what good men are. . *O Thou dread Pow'r*

He loosed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man, . *S. O wat ye what my* †

An' loose a man on me, jo, ... *Ib.*

And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear,
S. O whare did ye get †

Nae honest worthy man need care,
To meet with noble youthful Daer, *On dining with Daer.*

Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below : . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven. . . . . *Ib.*

if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, *Ib.*

Man with all his powers you scorn ; . . . . *Ib.*

Inhuman man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
On seeing wounded Hare.

For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever. *On Death of fav. Child.*

Now [Wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men :
On Death of R. Dundas.

Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by, . . . *Poem on Life.*

Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! *Poor Maillie's El.*

Nor even the man in private life forgot ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

And Harley rouses all the god in man. . . . . *Ib.*

Lives there a man so firm, . . . *Remorse. A Frag..*

O, happy! happy! enviable man! . . . . . *Ib.*

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
Ronald's of Bennals.

To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gow'd guineas a hunder or twa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The poor man's wine; . . . . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch Wi' honest men! *Ib. 17.*
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
A man of fashion too, he made his tour, . . *Sketch.*
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.
Sonnet, on Death of Riddel.
And bids me beware o' young men; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.) *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Care, mad to see a man sae happy, ... *Ib. 6.*
Nae man can tether time or tide; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: . . . *Ib. 19.*
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed; . *Tam Samson's El..*
Ae social, honest man want we: . . . . . *Ib. 14.*
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was; . *The Aus. to the Guidwife.*
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears: . . . . . *Ib.*
The auld man he came over the lea, . *S. The auld man* †
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.
Till fey men died awa, man. [*re.*]
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
doom'd hy Man, that tyrant o'er the weak, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) . . *Ib.*
There's men of taste won'd tak the Ducat-stream, . *Ib. 6.*
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, ... *Ib. 9.*
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, . *Ib.*
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, *Ib. 10.*
No man can tell; . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . . *The Calf.*
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! . . *Ib. 17.*
'An honest man's the noble work of God:' [v. A. 30] *Ib. 19.*
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . . . *Ib.*
The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that. *Ib. II.*
The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. *Ib.*
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang ourscls,
A man we ken, and a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first: . . . . *Ib. III.*
That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive. *Ib. V.*
But O! I was a waefu' man Ere toofa' o' the night. . *Ib.*
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can; . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
That man shall flourish like the trees
Which hy the streamlets grow; . . *The 1st Psalm.*
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest. . . . . *Ib.*
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought: . . . . . .
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!' . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
S. The heather was blooming †
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The Henpecked Husband.
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end. . . . . *The Hermit.*
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
O happy is that man, an' blest! . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
The moral man he does define, ... *Ib. 15.*
The man's the gowd for a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
A man's a man for a' that: . . . . . *Ib.*
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
But an honest man's aboon his might, ... *Ib.*

It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!" *The Petition of Br. Water.*
For men, I've three mischievous boys, . *The Inventory.*
And still my delight is in proper young men;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
That show'd a man o' spunk, ... *Ib. R. VII.*
We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, . . . *Ib.*
"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me." . . . . *Ib.*
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
S. The lazy mist †
A bloody man I trow thou be; . . *S. The lovely lass* †
Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], . *The Ordination. 8.*
This poor man was seen to go early to work,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at break
o' day; . . . . . *S. The Posie.*
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
The Rights of Woman.
Each man of sense has it so full before him, . . . *Ib.*
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways; . *Ib.*
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred— . *Ib.*
But heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
The prosperous man is asleep, . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Gie me the groat again, cany young man,
S. The Taylor fell †
The Taylor prov'd a man, O. . . *S. The Taylor he cam* †
It raises man aboon the brute, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
L—d man, our gentry care as little . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*
The Men cast out in party-matches, . . . *Ib. 32.*
There's some exceptions, man an' woman; . . *Ib. 34.*
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; . . . *Ib. 35.*
O, M[ood]y, man, and wordy R[ussell], *The Twa Herds. 3.*
'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,
'The various man. . *The Vision. D. II. 7.*
'Explore at large Man's infant race, . . . *Ib. 10.*
'Preserve the dignity of Man, With Soul erect; . *Ib. 22.*
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
The Whistle. 7.
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife, . . . *Ib.*
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, *There's naethin like* †
I'll no gang to my bed Till I get a man.
S. There's news, lasses †
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men, . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union, . . *To a Mouse.*
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, *Ib.*
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; . *To a young Lady.*
But an auld man shall never daunton me. [*re.*]
S. To daunton me.
Ye ken, ye ken, That strang, necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers! *Ib.*
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! . . . . . *Ib.*
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, the Man. . . *To J. S., 3.*
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! . . . *Ib., 7.*
"Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . . . *Ib. 8.*
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection. . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
And may he wear an auld man's beard, . . . *Ib.*
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . *To Terraughty.*
An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
As men, as christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers. . . . . *Ib.*

May never wicked men hauboozle him! . *To W. Creech.*
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, *Tragic Frag..*
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, . *What ails ye now* †
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
S. What can a yng lassie †
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †
I am the man—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded. . . *S. When wild War's* †
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; *Why am I loth* †
Can ye think to tak a man? . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
I could wish nae man to get ye,
Save it were my very sel. . . . . *Ib.*
If ye wad a man should get ye,
Then I can that want supply; . . . . . *Ib.*
say ye'll take me, As the very wale o' men, . . . *Ib.*
Then nae ither man can get ye, ... *Ib.*
man's true, genuine estimate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind. . *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*
And [here might] injured Worth forget and pardon man.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.
And wi' some unco man. . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
And leave a man undone To his fate. . *S. Ye Jacobites* †
To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Man-o'-law.

Or will we send a man-o'-law? . *The Fête Champetre.*

Man, *to.* Then, man my soul with firm resolves
A Prayer under Press. of Anguish.

Manage. An' dousely manage our affairs
In Parliament, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Managing.

Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Mandate.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 15.*
O Mandate, glorious and divine! . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Sir, as your mandate did request, . . *The Inventory.*

'Mang [among].

'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
And [guid luck] 'mang her favourites admit you!
A Farewell.
Ye did present your smuntie phiz,
'Mang better folk, *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O, *S. Behind yon hills* †
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
The lasses staw frae 'mang them a', . . *Halloween. 6.*
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, ... *Ib. 17.*
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them, *Lns to J. Ranken.*
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests, *On dining with Daer.*
sunk eoerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
The Election Ballads. II.
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, *The Twa Herds. 11.*
Beading thee 'mang the dewy weet! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.
To Dr. Blacklock.
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief *What ails ye now* †

Mangle.

He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.
To R. G. of F., 4.

Mangled.

An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, *Auld comrade dear* †
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
On seeing wounded Hare.
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Mangy.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, *The Twa Herds. S.*

Manhood.

Ye little know the ills ye court,
When Manhood is your wish! *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly us'd her: . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Manhood's active might; . *Man was made to Mourn.*
In manhood's dawning blush; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Of manhood but sma' is your share; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Maniac. While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Mankind, 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick; *Add. to Toothache.*
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it. . . *Ask why God made* †
at all mankind the flag unfurls, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
But Och, mankind are unco weak, ... *Ib. 3.*
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 5.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Mankind are his show box . *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*
Mankind is a science defies definitions. . . . . *Ib.*
Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber! . . *Nature's Law.*
'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
'And there, is Beauty's blossom!' . . . . *Ib.*
I saw mankind with vice incrusted; . . *The Hermit.*
Busy haunts of base mankind, . . *S. Thickest night* †
Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . *To a Haggis.*
Io days when mankind were but callans,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Manly. The manly tar, my mason Billie, *Auld comrade* †
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st, 4.*
The sun a backward course shall take - -
Ere ought thy manly courage shake; *S. Highland Laddie.*
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer †
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
M'Q[uh]e's pathetic manly sense, . *The Twa Herds. 17.*
As men, as christians too, renown'd,
An' maoly preachers. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Manna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna, . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Manner, Manners.

If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
The Kirk's Alarm.
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
The Rights of Woman.
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Manners-painting. 'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The Vision. D. II. 18.

Manor.

For gold the merchant ploughs the maio,
The farmer ploughs the manor; . *S. When wild War's* †

Manse [a parsonage house].

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr; . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannilie he hums them; . . *The Holy Fair. 17.*

Mansfield.

old Mansfield who writes like the Bible, *Reproof by Himself.*

Mansion. What dost thou in that mansion fair?
On seeing Seat of Lord G.
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow, *On Death of fav. Child.*
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Manson.

And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, *To a Medical Gent.*

Manteele [a mantle].

Twa had manteeles o dolefu' black, . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Mantle.
Unfolds her tender mantle green, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
Girt on her mantle and her hose, *S. It was the charming* †
Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On ev'ry blooming tree. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
S. My Nanie's awa.
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
in thy scanty mantle clad, . . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Mantl'd.
Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth,
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, *The Vision. D. II. 14.*

Mantling.
And pours her cup luxuriant, mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! *Innocence* †
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
If mantling high she fills the golden cup, *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Many. Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame! . *Man was made to mourn.*
In many a way, and vain essay, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Baited with many a deadly curse? *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
On Death of R. Dundas.
With grateful pride we own your many favors:
Prologue, at Th., D..
after many a bloody, deathless doing, . *Scots Prologue.*
How many a robe sae gaily floats! *The Fête Champetre.*
I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, . . *Ib.*
I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron; . . . . *Ib. S. VI.*
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended; . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Many-aproned.
all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

Many-pounders.
The many-pounders of the Banks, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Marble. No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Inscr. on Tomb of Fergusson.
We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Monody, on a Lady.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

March. On guid March-weather, *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*
In March the three-and-twentieth day,
The Election Ballads. V.

March. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary; . *Halloween. 19.*

March, *to.* He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Halloween. 18.
Whare birkies march on burning marl: *To Mr. Renton.*

March'd. And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
The Election Ballads. V.
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.

Marc. a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn;
El. on Peg Nicholson.
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. . . . *Ib. 19.*

Margin. If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They [the trouts] near the margin stray;
The Petition of Br. Water.

Maria. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. [*re.*] *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; [*re.*] *S. Here is the glen* †
Give me Maria's natal day! *Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, *S. The Catrine woods* †
But, O Maria, hear my prayer, *S. The last time I came* †

Marjory.
And Marjory o' the Monylochs.
A carline auld and teugh. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow, ... *Ib.*

Mark [an old Scotch silver coin, equal to 13⅓d. sterling].
He gied me thee o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark; . *A Guid New-Year* † *4.*
I would na gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark; . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . *S. Tam Glen.*

Mark. Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man; *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
The marks of sturt and strife; . . . *Nature's Law.*
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Once fondly lov'd †
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard. . *Ib.*
But the Doctor's your mark, . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Tak a mark by auntie Betty, . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."

Mark, *to.* Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
S. Adown winding Nith †
Von wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! . . *Ib. 5.*
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun. . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Mark the winds, and mark the skies: . *S. Let not woman* †
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, *S. Mark yonder pomp* †
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e. . *S. O this is no my ain* †
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow weeds appears, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
That's he, mark weel . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head, *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous Bullock!' . . . . *The Calf.*
Mark our jovial, ragged ring! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
To mark the mutual-kindling eye. . . . *The Lament.*
To mark where England's province stands . *S. The Union.*
His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4]
The Vision. D. I.
To mark the embryotic trace,
Of rustic Bard; . . . *Ib. D. II. 10.*
But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, . . . *To a Haggis.*
And mark that eye of fire, . . . *V.s below Picture.*
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . . . *Ib.*

Marked, -'d.
And mark'd with many a seamy scar: *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
S. Afton Water.
And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, *As on the banks* †
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail. *S. Behold the hour* †
I marked nought uncommon. . . *On dining with Daer*
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
S. The heather was blooming †
Who marked each element's border; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*
Was strongly marked in her face; *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colour's strong; [v.A.4] . . . *Ib.*

Here tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ; *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour. . . . *Ib. D. II. 11.*

Market.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie ; *S. O whistle,* †
At Kirk or market, Mill or Smiddie, . *The Twa Dogs.*
I might, by this, hae led a market, . *The Vision. D. I. 5.*
There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen ; . *S. There was a lass* †

Market-crowd.

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud ;
Tam o' Shanter. 17.

Market-day.

As market days are wearing late, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober ; . . . . *Ib. 3.*

Market-night.

Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right ; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Marking.

From marking wildly-scattered flow'rs, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Marking you his prey below,, . *On seeing Water-fowl.*
And marking sweet flowerets so fair ; *S. Where are the joys* †

Markland. Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
The Belles of Mauchline.

Marl. Whare birkie's march on burning marl : *To Mr. Renton.*

Marled [of mingled colours].

The marled plaid ye kindly spare, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Maro. They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches ;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Marquis.

Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd,
Extem. on "the Marquis."
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ; . *S. The Honest Man.*

Marr'd. And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, *The Hermit.*

Marriage.

And marriage aff-hand, . . *S. Last May a braw wooer* †
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Does the sober bed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Married, Marry'd.

Now we're married, spier nae mair, *S. First when Maggy* †
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I marry'd ; . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?
S. O ken ye what Meg †
O that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care, . . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
I married with a scolding wife . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Then, O ! then, my charming Katie,
When we're married what comes then?
S. Will ye go and marry †

Marrow. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ; . *John Barleycorn.*

Marry. Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;
S. Here's to thy health, †
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen. . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. . . . . *Ib.*
Will ye go and marry Katie? *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Marry, Katie, then we'll woo. . . . . *Ib.*

Marrying.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave : *S. O merry hae I been* †

Mars. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,
S. The Jolly Beggars. S.I.

Mar's-year [the year of the Earl of Mar's rebellion, 1715].

Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Halloween. 27.*

Martial.

The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, *Ep. to R. Graham 2.*

Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . *Halloween.*
Thee [Caledonia] famed for martial deed and sacred song,
Liberty.
Once great in martial story ! . . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v.A.12]
Scots Prologue.
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their whisky. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.*
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
But up arose the martial Chuck, *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
Scottish name, Sae fam'd in martial story. . *S. The Union.*
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong ; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Martial. 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."

Martinmas.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas, . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †

Martyr.

From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Show many a saint and martyr there. . . *On Lincluden.*

Martyrs [name of a minor Psalm-tune].

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

Mary [Queen of Scots],

And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous hapless Mary : . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Mary. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, [*re.*]
S. Afton Water.
With "Mary when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?" . . *S. As down the burn* †
The muse should tell in labor'd strains,
O Mary how I love thee. . . *S. Could aught of song* †
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, . . *Halloween. 9.*
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care. [*re.*] . *S. Highl. Mary.*
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew : . . . *Ib.*
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
My Mary's face, my Mary's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm ;
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind. *S. My Mary's face* †
I love my Mary's angel air, ... *Ib.*
But I adore my Mary's heart. . . . . *Ib.*
To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's,
There with my Mary let me flee, *S. Now bank and brae* †
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
But Mary she is a' my ain, ... *Ib.*
O Mary, at thy window be, . . . *S. O Mary, at thy* †
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison. . . . . *Ib.*
I sigh'd and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison. . . . . *Ib.*
O Mary, can't thou reck his peace, ... *Ib.*
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morison. . . . . *Ib.*
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side ;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
We drank a health to bonie Mary. [*re.*]
S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary. [*re.*] . *S. To Mary.*
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade! [*re.*]
S. To Mary in Heaven.
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary. [*re.*]
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Mashlum [meslin, a mixture of oats and pease].

I'll be his debt twa masblum bannocks,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.

Maskin-pat [infusing-pot, a tea-pot].

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, mao ; . . . *A Fragment.*

Mason.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up, *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
The manly tar, my mason Billie, . . *Auld Comrade* †

Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ; *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*

Masonic. And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
S. No Churchman am I †

Masonry.

To Masonry and Scotia dear! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*

Masquerading.

Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading : *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Mass. Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Massive. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.

Massy.

The pond'rous wall and massy bar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Aft clad in massy, siller weed, . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*

Mast.

So, took a birth afore the mast, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Master.

As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my Master dear, . . . *Ib. 16.*
" My noble master lies in clay ; . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Ae spring brought off her master hale, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
They [his looks] say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie. . *That there is falsehood* †
Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
An' hear them to my Master dear. . *The Death of Mailie.*
Tell him, he was a Master kin', ... *Ib.*
Like loss o' health or want o' masters, . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master, . . . *Ib. 21.*
But will ye tell me, master Caesar, . . . *Ib. 26.*
Our Master and the Brotherhood . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Masterpiece. When nature her great master-piece designed,
Ep. to R. Graham.

Master-work.

her master-work was Man ; . . . *S. John Anderson,* †

Match. 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly. *S. My father was a farmer* †
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
M[utrie] and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones ; . *The Ordination. 10.*
The Men cast out in party-matches, . *The Twa Dogs. 32.*

Match, *to.* But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.
S. Caledonia.
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me [winter] :
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
But thee. Theopocritus, wha matches?
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
" But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Match'd. Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy ! *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Matching.

Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen : *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Matchless.

A matchless Heavenly Light! . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.
Ep. Jr. Esopus.
I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her..
May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart ; . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Mate. So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to chear, *S. Here is the glen,* †
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile : *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, ... *Ib.*
Say, was thy little mate unkind, *S. O stay sweet warbling* †
'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
While his mate sits nestling in the hush ;
S. On Cessnock banks †
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.

Material. The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material, for mere knights and squires ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Maternal.

Of thy caprice maternal I complain. . *To R. G. of F., 2.*

Matron.

Summer with a matron grace *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*

Matter.

No matter—stick to sound believing. *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
a feckless matter To gie ane fash. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
An' that there is [anither warl'] I've little swither
About the matter ; *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
To gather matter for a serious piece ; . *Scots Prologue.*
Yet deil mak' matter ! [v. A. 2] . . *Scotch Drink. P.*
That on this frail uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight : *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
As yet ye little ken about the matter, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Is naething but a moonshine matter ; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
'But what the matter,' . . *What ails ye now* †

Matthew.

For Matthew's course was bright ; . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn [*re.*] . . *Ib. 2.*

Mattock. Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Maturely.

But I maturely thought it proper, *A Ded. to G. H., 12.*

Mauchline.

Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.*
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', [*re.*] *Epit. on a Wag.*
O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles. . *O leave novels* †
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The Belles of Mauchline.
I'm gaun to Mauchline holy fair, . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
E'er hring you in by Mauchline Corss, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
S. When first I came †
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady. . . . . *Ib.*

Maukin [a hare].

Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade, *El. on Capt. M. H., 6.*
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, *Tam Samson's El., 7.*
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form : . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green, . *The Vision. D. I. 1.*

Maun [must].

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou ;
A Ded. to G. H., 2.
(Sir, ye maun forgie me, ... *Ib. 4.*
Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
And maun I still on Menie doat, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
If from the lover thou maun flee, . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ; . *S. Behind yon hills* †
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Then somebodie maun cross the main,
S. Carl, an the king come.
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.*
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Then I maun sit the lee lang day. . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
The sympathetic tear maun fa', ... *Ib. Epit..*
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
To some other warl
Maun follow the carl, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
I could write,—but Meg maun see't. *S. First when Maggy* †
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care : . *S. Frae the Friends* †
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen ; *S. Gane is the day* †
Their stocks maun a' he sought ance ; . . *Halloween. 4.*
Altho' thou maun never be mine, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
Besides, I farther maun allow, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, ... *Ib. 9.*
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ; *S. In simmer when* †
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. . . . *Ib.*
For I maun cross the main, My dear, . *S. It was a' for* †
Now we maun totter down, John, . . *S. John Anderson.*
But I maun lie before the storm, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Even they maun dare an effort mair, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Sae droops our heart when we maun part . . . . *Ib.*
And I maun leave my bonie Mary. . *S. My Bonie Mary.*
While my dear lad maun face his foes, *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
S. O meikle thinks my love †

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel ; *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
The howl we maun renew it ; . . *S. On W. Stewart.*
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Some less maun sair. . . . . *Ib.*
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
But here my Muse her wing maun cour ; . . *Ib. 16.*
And I maun cross the raging sea ; . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
An' we maun draw our tippeece. . . *The Holy Fair. S.*
But now his Honor maun detach, . . *The Ordination. 10.*
Now I maun tholе the scorofu' sneer
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
How they maun thole a factor's snash ; . . *Ib. 13.*
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, . . . *Ib.*
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches ! . . *Ib. 14.*
For I maun till'd again. . . . *S. There's news, lasses* †
Then I maun rin amang the rest . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem : *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield, . . *Ib.*
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live ! . *To a Mouse.*
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
To Dr. Blacklock.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin Friday ; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
They a' maun meet some ither place, . . *To W. Creech.*
Tho' I maun say't, I wad he silly, . . *To W. Simpson.*
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
S. Twas na her bonie blue †
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay. . *Wha is that at my* †
Ye maun cooceal till your last hour ! . . . . *Ib.*
I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, . . *What ails ye now* †
Though I maun never have her, . *S. When first I saw* †
Your doctrines I maun blame, . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †
To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Maunna, Mauna [must not].

I canna tell, I maunna tell, . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen. . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna : *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that ! . *S. The Honest Man.*
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed:
S. There's auld Rob †

Maut [malt].

O wha will buy the groanin maut ? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
" We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
S. The deil cam fiddlin †
For a' his meal and a' his maut, . . *S. To daunton me.*
O had the malt thy strength of mind, . . *To Mr. Syme.*

Mavis [the thrush]. In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the linttwhite sing.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Hark ! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ; *S. Hark ! the mavis'* †
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest : . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
S. My Nanie's Awa.
The mavis mild and mellow ; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa'. . *The night was still* †
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Mawin [mowing].

'Guid-een,' quo' I ; 'Friend ! hae ye been mawin',
Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.

Mawn [mown].

In simmer when the hay was mawn, *S. In simmer when* †
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
S. The heather was blooming †

Mawn [a basket].

We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

Maxim.

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown ;
S. No Churchman am I †
Grave these maxims on thy soul. *Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.*

Maxwell. And there frae the Nidsdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,
The Election Ballads. III.
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue ; *S. The Laddies by* †
The noble Maxwells and their Powers
Are coming o'er the border, . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny : . . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief ! *To Terraughty.*

Maxwelton.

Maxwelton, that baron hold, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

May. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, *S. Blythe was she,* †
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a' [our joys]. *S. But lately seen* †
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, *S. Now rosy May* †
Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ; *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December, *S. O May thy morn* †
When merry May its bloom renew'd. *S. O were my love* †
When flow'ry May adorns the scene, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Her looks are like the vernal May, . . *Ib. Sett. II.*
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art. . *On W. Stewart.*
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so sweet as thou art. . . . . *Ib.*
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Blooming on thy early May, ... *To Miss C.*
Fair is the mora in flow'ry May, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †
to me more dear, Than all the pride of May : . *Winter.*

May. Sweetest May, let love inspire thee ; *S. Sweetest May* †
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. [*re.*] *S. The Posie.*

Maybe. 'Guid faith, Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.

But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare. . . . *Ib. 17.*
He had twa fauts, or maybe three, *Tam Samson's El., 14.*

Mayna [may not]. At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be. *S. O mirk, mirk!*

Maze. When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
Despondency, an Ode. 5.

Mazy. Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan,
Ep. to R. Graham.

M'Craw.
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, . *Halloween. 20.*
Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather. *Jenny M'Craw.*

M'Dowall. And there will be Logan M'Dowall;
The Election Ballads. III.

Mead.
And o'er the flowery mead she goes. *S. It was the charming!*
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, *S. O Lassie, art thou!*

Meadow. Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
The Brigs of Ayr.
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
S. The heather was blooming!
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
S. The lazy mist!
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, *The Twa Herds. 15.*

Meal.
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, *A Guid New-Year! 8.*
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal. . . . *To J. S., 24.*

Meal. An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal;
El. on Year 1788.
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. . *S. O that I had ne'er!*
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal
S. The Contented Cottager.
For a' his meal and a' his mant, . . *S. To daunton me.*

Mealy. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Mean.
In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile, . *Man was made to mourn.*
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean, . . *S. O Tibbie!*
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, ... *Ib.*

Mean, *to.*
Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
The Kirk's Alarm.
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Ye bad me write you what they mean
By this new-light, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Meander.
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . *To W. Simpson.*

Meandering, -'ring.
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.
S. How pleasant the banks!
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Meanest.
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Meaning. Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Means.
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward: *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . *S. Here's to thy health,!*
I never had frien's, weel stockit in means, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Meant.
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it. . . *Ask why God made!*
Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant
Not angels such as you. . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*
But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . *To W. Simpson.*

Meanwhile. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient. *Ep. to J. R., 13.*

Measure.
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man, . *A Fragment. 6.*
The ready measure rins as fine.
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen. . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure.
She's seldom lazy. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day. *The Ordination. 13.*

Measure, *to.*
Nae mair at present can I measure, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Monody, on a Lady.
Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds!*

Measur'd.
The measur'd time is run! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress!*
Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style; . *To W. Simpson. 7.*

Measur'st.
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Meat.
They!—they be d——d! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? . *Add. of Beelzebub. 3.*
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . *S. First when Maggy!*
Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delight: . . . . *S. Jockey fou,!*
Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat, . . *The Selkirk Grace.*

Mechanic.
And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. *Ep. to R. Graham.*

Meddle.
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter, ... *Ib.*
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Meddling. His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, . *Sketch.*

Meditate.
Peerest to meditate the healing leap: *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Meditation. rapt in meditation high. *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*

Meed. That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Meek.
When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, *A Fragment. 6.*
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee! . . *S. Blythe was she,!*
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, *S. First when Maggy!*
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word],
The Holy Fair. 16.

Meekly. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Meere [mare].
Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; *A Guid New-year! 4.*

Meet. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . *S. O Mally's meek.*
The bonie Lark, companion meet! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.
To Capt. Riddel.

Meet, *to.* If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother.
A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*

I meet him on the dewy hill. . *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
Wha did I meet, upon the way,
But pretty Peg, my dearie. . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Gin a body meet a body [*re.*] . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin !' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
To meet with, and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
till we meet and weet our whistle, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
I should be proud to meet you there ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap 1st, 18.
O let me think we yet shall meet ! *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite !
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
We part to meet no more ! . . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh ! ne'er to meet mair,
S. Gloomy December.
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in : . . . . *Halloween. 21.*
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
S. Here's a health to ane †
May liberty meet wi' success ! *S. Here's a health to them* †
He's on the seas to meet the foe ? *S. How can my poor heart* †
Man with brother man to meet, ... *Ib.*
Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets. . . *S. I do confess* †
And stownlins we sall meet again. . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, ... *S. It was a' for* †
Meet me on the warlock knowe, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
To meet my faithful Davie. . . . . *Ib.*
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
" When evening shades in silence meet, . *S. O Phely,* †
If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming ; *S. O wat ye wha that lues* †
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie ; . *S. O whistle,* †
What are yoo forms that meet my sight ? . *On Lincluden.*
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
One rank as well's another ; . *On dining with Daer.*
To meet with noble youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.' . . . . . *Ib.*
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets. . . *Sketch.*
And fly to meet a kinder heart ! *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets ! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
To meet them were na slaw, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ; . . . *Ib. 9.*
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my bonie cot ; *S. The Contented Cottager.*
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet, . . *Ib. 5.*
Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days : . *Ib. 16.*
The blissful day we twa did meet, . . *The day returns* †
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, *The Fête Champetre.*
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . *S. The gloomy night* †
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
"An' meet yon on the holy spot ; . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
forming assignations To meet some day. . . *Ib. 20.*
And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, . . . *Ib. S. VI.*
In raptures sweet this hour we meet, . . *Ib. S. VII.*
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
when they meet wi' sair disasters, . . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
Resolv'd to meet some ither day. . . . . *Ib. 35.*
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye ; . *To Clarinda.*
To meet the World's worm ; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
They a' maun meet some ither place, Willie's awa !
To W. Creech.
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O. [*re.*] . *S. When o'er the hill* †
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Meeting, *s.*

But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting. . *S. As I came o'er* †
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks ;
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts, By thee inspir'd,
Scotch Drink. S.

Meeting. Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.
S. By Allan stream †
"Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
" As meeting o' my Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely* †
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. . . *To W. Simpson. 7.*
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Meet'st.

And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Meg. Let Meg now take away the flesh, *At Globe Tav., D.*
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five and forty years thegither ! . *Auld Comrade* †
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, *S. Duncan Davison.*
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh, . . . *Ib.*
That Meg should be a bride the morn ; . . . *Ib.*
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, ... *Ib.*
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean ! . . . *Ep. to Davie. S.*
Meg was meek and Meg was mild, [*re.*]
S. First when Maggy †
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen, . . . *Halloween. 21.*
O L—d ! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten ? [*re.*]
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
There's Meg wi the mailin that fain wad a haen him ;
S. There's a youth †

Meikle, Mickle, Muckle [much, great, big].

An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, *Auld comrade* †
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, *S. Brow lads on Yar. braes* †
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee [death] hame *El. on Capt. M. H.*
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*
Alake, alake the meikle deil, . . . *Friend of the Poet* †
Laden with years and meikle pain, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Bnt Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee ; . . *Nature's Law.*
He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae ; *S. O lay thy loof* †
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
S. O meikle thinks my love †
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me. . . . . *Ib.*
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
For meikle glee and fun has he, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ? *Scots Prologue.*
For gen'rons patronage, and meikle kindness, . . *Ib.*
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ; . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind. . . . . *Ib.*
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
And shook baith meikle corn and bear, . . *Ib. 15.*

And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
S. The Deil cam fiddlin †
And meikle he wad say, . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Nor meikle speech pretend, ... *Ib.*
The meikle Ursa-Majon? . . *The Fête Champetre.*
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; *The Kirk's Alarm. S.*
O meikle do I rue, fause love, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
M'—ll has wrought us meikle wae, *The Twa Herds. 12.*
I meikle dread him. . . . . *Ib. 13.*
And twice as meikle's a' that, . *S. Women's Minds.*
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, *Add. to Toothache.*
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' mickle, mickle toil, *Extem. on Commems.s of Thomson.*
A mickle quarter basin. . . . . *S. Gat ye me* †
Hey ca' thro', ca' thro,
For we hae mickle ado, . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
A mickle man, a strang man, . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, *On W. Chalmers.*
And mickle mirth and play. . *S. The last braw bridal* †
But faith! I muckle douht, my Sire, . . *A Dream. 5.*
Ye're unco muckle dautet; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, *A Guid New-year† 6.*
That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*
As muckle better as you can. . . . *El. on Year 1788.*
And muckle they [mankind] may grieve ye;
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
It's no in makin muckle, mair:
To make us truly blest: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt; . . *Ep to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 11.*
Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
For muckle anes, an' straught anes. . . *Halloween. 4.*
Behint the muckle thorn: . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
The muckle devil blaw you south,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, *Ib. 18.*
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . *The Death of Mailie.*
An' twice as muckle's a' that, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' muckle din there was about it, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
As faith I muckle douht him, . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Mein *v.* **Mien.**

Melancholious.

The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care. . . . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Melancholy.

But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
To see each melancholy alteration; *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow bent gloomy melancholy, . . *The Hermit.*

Melder [as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground].

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Meliorate. Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill; *The Vision. D. II. 8.*

Mell [to meddle; mix].

It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . *The Death of Mailie.*

Mellow.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
A Guid New-Year† 9.
Hold on till thou art mellow, . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
S. My Nanie's Awa.
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The mavis mild and mellow; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow
And then we'll shine. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Melody, -ie.

O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune. . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe: *S. It was the charming* †
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Melt. And the rocks melt with the sun; *S. A red, red Rose.*
But can they melt the glowing heart, *S. By Allan stream* †
"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
"That melts the fogs in limpid air, *Lament for Glencairn.*
A moment white—then melts for ever; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
And Melville melt in wailing. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; *Tragic Frag..*

Melting.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art; *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
old Scotia's melting airs, . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*
With melting heart and brimful eye,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art; *The Vision. D. II. 19.*

Melvie [to soil with meal].

Or melvie his braw claithing! . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

Melville.

And Melville melt in wailing. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Member. My dearest member nearly dozen'd: *Auld comrade* †
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
"To cnt it aff, an' whatfore no,
Your dearest member." *What ails ye now* †

Memento. Than just a kind memento; *Ep. to Young Friend.*

Memento mori.

A dram was *memento mori*; *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*

Memory, Mem'ry.

Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling: *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. . *S. Scenes of woe* †
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's horder springs? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L..
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, *To Mary in Heaven.*
Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
My memory's no worth a preen; . *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Men *v.* **Man.**

Men' [to mend].

O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . *Add. to the Deil, 21.*

Mend.

'Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
'At once he tells t. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.*
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head, . . *Ib. 20.*
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, *S. Duncan Gray.*
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Scots Prologue.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. . *Sketch.*
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. *Tam Samson's El., Epit..*

But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
The Death of Mailie.
'To mend the honest Patriot-lore, . *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Menie [abbreviation of Mariamne].
And maun I still on Menie doat, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †

Mense [good manners; discretion; propriety of conduct].
An' could behave hersel wi' mense: . *Poor Mailie's El.*
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Menseless [ill-bred, void of discretion].
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. *The Death of Mailie.*

Mental. Bob's purblind, mental vision: *The Dean of Fac.*

Mention. It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name: *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
But we winna mention Redcastle, *The Election Ballads. III.*
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman.

Mentioned. On the same sicker score I mentioned before,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."

Mercenary.
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? *The Brigs of Ayr.*
No mercenary Bard his homage pays; *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*

Merchandise.
And merchandise' whole genius take their birth:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Merchant. For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
S. When wild War's †

Mercurial. O for some rank, mercurial rozet, *To a Louse.*

Mercy.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', . *A Fragment. 5.*
They [factors, &c.] lay aside a' tender mercies,
Add. of Beelzebub.
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! . . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
And mercy's day is gane. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.*
But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, ... *Ib. 16.*
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you. . *To a Medical Gent.*
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, *What ails ye now* †
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? *Why am I loth* †

Mere. The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Merely.
We're frail backsliding mortals merely, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*

Meridian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor: *S. Lovely Davies.*
Life's meridian flaming nigh, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Merit.
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Modest Merit's silent claim; . . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And fortune favor worth and merit, . . *Poem on Life.*
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
Prologue, at Th., D..
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note;
The Election Ballads. III.
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect. . . . . *Ib.*
And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny: . . . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Merit, *to.*
For temp'ral gifts we little merit; . . . . *A Grace.*
O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit, . . . *At Globe Tav., D..*
The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
S. The small birds †
'A Title, Dempster, merits it; . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Merle [the blackbird].
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Merran [Marian].
But Merran sat behint their backs, . . *Halloween. 11.*
Or crouchie Merran Humphie, ... *Ib. 20.*

Merrily, -ie.
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
And ay she sang sae merrilie; *S. There was a lass, and* †

Merry. in the merry months o' spring, *A Winter Night. 4.*
Say, you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
To sum up all, he merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise. . . . *Ib.*
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
May ye get mony a merry story, . *Auld comrade dear* †
Blythe, and merry was she, [*re.*] . . *S. Blythe was she,* †
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en. *S. Duncan Davison.*
An' either douse or merry tale, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
Some merry, friendly, countra folks, . . *Halloween. 2.*
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, . . . *Ib. 28.*
It's guid to be merry and wise, *S. Here's a health to them* †
our merry lads at hame, . . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
S. Lines on a Ploughman.
I'll be merry and free, I'll be sad for . . *S. Nathody.*
The merry birds are lovers a', . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Again the merry month o' May . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
O merry hae I been teethin a heckle,
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; [*re.*]
S. O merry hae I been †
When merry May its bloom renew'd. *S. O were my love* †
Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been, *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
That merry night we get the corn in, . *Scotch Drink. 9.*
An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
My partner in the merry core, ... *Ib.*
Wi' merry dance in winter days, ... *Ib.*
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man? . *The Fête Champetre.*
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Blythe and merry may she be, *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
I hae been merry drinking; . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
That merry day the year begins, . . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Merry Andrew.
Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, . . *Ib. S. III.*

Mess John [Mass John, the parish priest].
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad licket at her. . . *S. Donald Brodie* †
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, *S. Duncan Gray.*
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me. . . *What ails ye now* †

Message.
And many a message from the skies, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Messan [a small dog; any cur of mixed breeds].
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . *S. The Twa Dogs.*

Met. But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear! . . . *A Vision.*
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi the queen o' the fair.
S. Adown winding Nith †
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie! *S. By Allan stream* †
There I met my shepherd-lad, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

Donald Brodie met a lass
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; . *S. Donald Brodie* †
I held the gate till you I met, . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn, *Halloween. 24.*
I met a lass, a bonie lass, . . . *S. I met a lass* †
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. . *S. Killiecrankie.*
"O had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my benefactor low! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Yestreen I met you on the moor, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
If thou hast met this fair one, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
Here are we met, three merry boys, *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. . *S. One fond kiss,* †
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin. . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, . *The Dean of Fac..*
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam. . . . . *Ib.*
To send a lad to London town
They met upon a day, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Wha ever wi' Kerronghtree's met,
And has a doubt of a' that! . . . . *Ib. II.*
Oft have I met your social Band.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . *The Fête Champetre.*
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife, . . . *Ib.*
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.
S There was a lass, and †
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Where by the winding Ayr we met *To Mary in Heaven.*
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [*pr.*]
S. What can a yng lassie †
Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
S. Where are the joys †

Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †

Metaphor.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder: *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: *Sketch.*
This day thou metes threescore eleven, . *To Terraughty.*

Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, . . . *Ib.*
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C..*

Meteor-ray.
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . *The Vision. D. II. 17.*

Methinks.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . . *On Lincluden.*
For why,—methinks I bear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
He canty claw! . *To W. Creech.*

Metre. We poor sons of metre
Are often neglectit, ye ken; . . *To P. Stuart.*

Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
A Guid New-Year †
I am an elf o' mettle, . . . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, . . . *Ib. 20.*
Put life and mettle in their heels. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
But little wist she Maggie's mettle . . . *Ib. 18.*
Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . . *The Inventory.*
There, try his mettle on the creed, . . *The Ordination. 5.*

M'Gaun.
Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

M'Gill [Rev. Dr., one of the ministers of Ayr].
And in thy fury burn the book
Even of that man M'Gill. . . . *New Psalmody.*
M'—ll has wrought us meikle wae, *The Twa Herds. 12.*
M'—ll's close nervous excellence, ... *Ib. 17.*

M'Graen.
Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, . . *Halloween, 16.*

Mice. Whiles mice and modewurks they howket;
The Twa Dogs. 6.
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, . . . *To a Mouse.*

Michael.
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*

Michie. Here lie Willie M—bie's banes, *On a Schoolmaster.*

Mickle *v.* **Meikle.**

Midden [a dunghill].
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . *El. on Year 1788.*

Midden-creels [panniers for carrying dung].
Her wailie nieves, like midden-creels, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Midden-hole [a hole or pool beside a dunghill, in which the filthy water stands].
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a', . . . *Halloween. 22.*

Middle. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle,
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
Just in the middle of my care, *S. The lass that made the bed.*

Midge.
By a thievish midge
They had amaist been lost. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Midge-tail. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.

Midnight. And tells the midnight moon her care. *A Vision.*
Phœbe, in her midnight reign, . *A Winter Night. 6.*
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
at moon-shine mid-night hours, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
At the starless midnight hour, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you. . *S. Husband, husband* †
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. . *On Lincluden.*
Ye midnight b[itch]es. . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Midst.
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'. . *The last braw bridal* †

Midsummer.
As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †

Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien,
Her like I never saw. *S. Handsome Nell.*
Could I describe her shape and mein;
S. On Cessnock banks †
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
No cold approach, no alter'd mien, . *The Tears I shed.*
And whose that generous princely mien *V.s, below a Picture.*

Might.
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
Extem. on W. Smellie.
I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
Manhood's active might; . *Man was made to mourn.*
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Tam o' Shanter. 16.
They took the Brig wi' a' their might,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
But an honest man's aboon his might, *S. The Honest Man.*

Mightiest. At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall! . . *To Ruin.*

Mighty. To rule this mighty nation; . . *A Dream. 5.*

What premiers, what? even Monarch's mighty gaigers;
Lns on Window, K.'s A.. D..
What maks the mighty differ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
Ye honoured mighty dead! . . . *Fragment of Ode.*
Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Nature's mighty law is change; . . *S. Let not woman* †
Immingled with the mighty dead! . . . *Liberty.*
The Judge that's mighty in thy law, . *New Psalmody.*
mighty squireships of the quorum, *On dining with Daer.*
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, *Scots Prologue.*
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, *The Election Ballads. III.*
Amid this mighty tulzie! . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast, . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The Rights of Woman.
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention.
The Rights of Woman merit some attention. . . *Ib.*
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey.
S. The yng Highl. Rover.
whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil; *Winter.*

Mild.

There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, *S. Afton Water.*
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.*
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, *S. First when Maggy* †
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
S. Gloomy December.
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
The sober Autumn enter'd mild, . . *John Barleycorn.*
The mavis mild wi' many a note, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Your bonie face sae mild and sweet, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air, . . . *Ib. 13.*
The mavis mild and mellow; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Drymple mild, Drymple mild, . *The Kirk's Alarm. 4.*
And sweet is night in autumn mild, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Her smile is as the evening mild, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Mild-chequering.

Or by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Milder. The milder sun and bluer sky . . *S. O Phely,* †
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

Mildew. From mildews of abortion; . . *Nature's Law.*

Mile. Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
A Ded. to G. H., 9.
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
A Guid New-year † *10*
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; *Auld comrade dear* †
A lang half mile she could descry him; *Poor Mailie's El.*
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.
S. The heather was blooming †
desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, Nine miles an hour,
To Terraughty.
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Militia. Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Milk. Cats like milk, And dogs like broo;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal
S. The Contented Cottager.
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, *The Death of Mailie.*
And giving milk to me. . *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*

Wi' sweet-milk cheese in monie a whang, *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Milk-white.

Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . *S. Behold, my love* †
And milk-white is the slae: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush, *O Logan! sweetly* †
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

Milking-shiel [a shed for milking cows or ewes].

Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . . *S. As I came o'er* †
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, *S. In simmer when* †

Mill [a snuff-box].

The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Mill. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . *As on the banks* †
Gat grist to her mill. . . . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †
And todlin down on Willie's mill, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [pr.]
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Her mither's at the mill, jo; . . . *S. O steer her up* †
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . *The Twa Dogs.*
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need, . . . *To a Haggis.*
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted: . *S. When wild War's* †

Miller. Hey, the dusty miller, *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †
Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller. . . *Ib.*
I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller. . . . *Ib.*
But a Miller us'd him worst of all, . . *John Barleycorn.*
That ilka melder, wi' the miller.
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Miller. Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
The Belles of Mauchline.

Million. The senseless, gawky million; *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Milton. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Mim [affectedly modest; prim].

An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word],
The Holy Fair. 16.

Mim-mou'd [mim-mouthed, affected in speech].

Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
The Election Ballads. I.

Mimic. The hero of the mimic scene, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Min' [mind, remembrance].

Nell had the Fause-house in her min', . . *Halloween. 10.*
The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I ha'e min'. . . *The Twa Herds. 3.*

Mind.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind *A Winter Night. 11.*
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale: . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
And [Autumn] sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. 3.
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising; . *S Could aught of song* †
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget;
El. on Miss Burnet.
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Ep. to R. Graham.
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unvail Despair. . *S. Frae the friends* †
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind. . . *Friend of the poet* †
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry; *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.
S. In simmer when †

But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind? . *Man was made to Mourn.*
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, *S. My Mary's face* †
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
S. O ay my wife she dang.
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een. . . . *Ib., Sett. II.*
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind! . *On seeing Scat of Lord G.*
Thou of an independent mind
With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . *Poet. Inscription.*
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Remorse. A Frag..
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;" . . *Ib.*
Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind; . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
'Twou'd heen o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind. . . *S. She's fair and fause* †
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind? . *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
While joys above my mind can move, *S. The day returns* †
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . *The Death of Mailie.*
His mind is ever true, jo, . . . *S. The Ploughman* †
But praise be blest, My mind's at rest, *S. The tither morn* †
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind. . . *S. Thickest night* †
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind. *S. Tho. fickle Fortune* †
And fill them high with generous juice.
As generous as your mind; . . . *To a Lady.*
And all the treasures of the mind . . *To a young Lady.*
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind; . . . *To Chloris.*
Last day my mind was in a bog, . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. *To Miss Graham.*
O had the malt thy strength of mind, . . *To Mr. Syme.*
If aught that giver from my mind efface; *To R. Graham.*
My mind it was na steady, . . *S. When first I came* †
Tho' women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that, . . *S. Women's minds.*
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor: *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More"*
Tell them, and press it on their mind, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Keep the name of man in mind, . *Wr. in Hermitage. F.C.*
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Mind, *to.*
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. . *S. As I came o'er* †
'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard. . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*
Auld age ne'er mind a feg; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 8.
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! . . *Ib.*
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, *What ails ye now* †

Mind, *to* **[to remember, recollect; remind].**
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma'; . . . *Ep. to Davie, 3.*
I mind't as weel's yestreen, . . . *Halloween. 15.*
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel, . . *Ib. 16.*
L—d mind G—n H——n's deserts, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'.
S. My Nanie's Awa.
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean. . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
Prologue, at Th., D..
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! . *Ib.*
An' minds his griefs no more . . *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
I mind it weel in early date, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power) . . . . *Ib.*
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.
S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. . *The Death of Mailie.*
When kindly you mind me, ... *The Farewell.*
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
S. Wandering Willie.
But kind still, I'll mind still
The giver in the gift; . . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Minded, -'t.
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
It may be little minded; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight, . *To W. Simpson. P. S.*

Mind'st. Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irvine-side. . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return. . . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Mindfu'.
Be mindfu' o' your mither: . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
O Wives be mindfu', ance yourself,
How bonie lads ye wanted, . . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

Mine. Lovely wee thing was thou mine; *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . . . . *Ib.*
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
But not a love like mine, my Katy. *S. Canst thou leave me* †
But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Heavens, sbould the branded character be mine!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And mingle sighs with mine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
Altho' thou mann never be mine, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
But, L—d remember me and mine *Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.*
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
S. My Collier Laddie.
She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
S. My Love's a winsome †
No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine. . . . . *Ib.*
This sweet wee wife o' mine. . . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe. . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn.
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine; *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass; . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
with heart unchang'd as mine, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
And ilka bird sang o' its luve;
And sae did I o' mine. . *S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.*
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. *S. The day returns* †
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
Remorse. A Frag..

The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine ; . . *S. Shld auld acquaintee* †
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
O were yon hills and vallies mine, . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine! . . . *The Hermit.*
When, gin the truth were a' hut kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
And this district as mine I claim, . *The Vision. D. II. 11.*
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ; *The Whistle. 18.*
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.
S. There's auld Rob †
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine! . . . . . *Winter.*
And lika bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine. . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Mine, *s.*

And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, *The Vision. D. II., 21.*
Or downward seek the Indian mine ; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Mingle.

Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*
And mingle sighs with mine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Mingl'd. Colours mingl'd unco fine, . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Mingling.

Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, *The Vision. D. I., 12.*

Mining. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, *A Winter Night. 2.*

Minion.

We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . *Symon Gray* †
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, *To R. G. of F..*

Minister.

tho' a Minister grow dorty, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.*
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain, ... *To Ruin.*

Minister [a clergyman].

Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd, In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Ye ministers come mount the pupit, . *El. on Year 1788.*
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife.
He couldna preach for thinkin' o't.
S. My love she's but a lassie †
As cauld a minister's ever spak ; *On Kirk of Lamington.*

'Ministration.

Ye've trusted 'Ministration,
To chaps, wha in a barn or byre,
Wad better filled their station Than courts *A Dream. 5.*

Minny, -ie [mother ; dam].

Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie : *A Guid New-Year* †*5.*
Her Daddie forhad, her Minnie forbad,
S. Her Daddie forbad †
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? . *S. O wat ye what my* †
My minny does constantly deave me, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw ; . . . . *To W. Creech.*
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
S. What can a young lassie †

Minor.

The absent lover. minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Minstrel. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be. . *A Vision.*
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly lighted ha' : . . . . . *S. Behold my love* †
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung,
His "Minstrel lays" ; *The Vision. D. II., 6.*
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ; . *The Vowels.*
The pray'r still, you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns. *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Minstrelsy.

While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

Minute.

The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute ; *Extem., to an Intimate.*
From housewife cares a minute borrow *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*
Add to our date one minute more? . . . . . *Ib.*
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure :
Tam o' Shanter. 6
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light. . . *To J. S., 12.*

Miracle.

You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Mire.

Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire. . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 13.
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So eneled in a mire. . . . . *On Lord G.*
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
And binds the mire like a rock ; . . *Tam Samson's El..*
Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
To grind them in the mire! . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Do what I dought to set her free.
My saul lay in the mire ; . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Mir'd. An' in the depth of science mir'd, *Auld comrade* †

Mirk [dark].

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
The night's haith mirk and rainy, O ; *S. Behind yon hills* †
in the mirk and dreary drift . *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
Brightest climes shall mirk appear, *S. Frae the friends* †
Gane is the day and mirk's the night, *S. Gane is the day* †
As the mirk night o' December, . *S. O May thy morn* †
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

Mirkest. Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
Lament for Glencairn.
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen. *S. When o'er the hill* †

Mirth. Mirth or sang can please me ; *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
S. Contented wi' little †
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee ; . . *Nature's Law.*
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious : . . *Ib. 12*
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,
The Fête Champetre.
And mickle mirth and play. . *S. The last braw bridal* †
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love. *The Vision. D. II., 14.*

Miry. Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise. *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
Frag. inscr. to Fox.

Misca' [miscall, abuse].

Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Misca'd, -'t [abused].

An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense] :
The Ordination.
There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Miscarriage.

Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Miscarry'd.

But never honest man's intent,
As cursedly miscarry'd. . *S. O ay my wife she dang.*

Mischance.

Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances, *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Their [poor mortals'] failings and mischances.
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
S. My father was a farmer †

Mischief.
She's got mischief enough already ; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
To ken what French mischief was brewin ;
Kind Sir, I've read †
'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief ; . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
He saw mischief was brewin ; . . . *The Ordination. 8.*
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief,
The Twa Herds. 13.
Before the morn ye'll work mischief ; . *S. Wha is that at* †
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief, . *What ails ye now* †

Mischief-making.
O thou grim mischief-making chiel, . *Add. to Toothache.*

Mischievous.
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes, . . *Add. to the Deil.*
For men, I've three mischievous boys, . . *The Inventory.*

Miscreant. Sic a miscreant slave, *Epit. on Walter S..*
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
Lns, extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
To R. G. of F., 5.

Misdeed. L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 18.*

Misdeem.
Let no one misdeem me disloyal ; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Miser. That make the miser's treasure poor ;
S. O Mary at thy window †
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
And fondly broods with miser care ; *To Mary in Heaven.*

Misery.
While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
in Mis'ry's squalid nest, ... *A Winter Night. 9.*
That Misery's another word for Grief : *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, . *Add. to Toothache.*
to mourn The miseries of Man. *Man was made to Mourn.*
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail !
On Death of R. Dundas.
For misery ever tholed a pang. *On Window of C. Inn. F..*
Load to misery most distressing, . . *S. Raving winds* †
Or dark as misery's woeful night . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow : . . *The sun he is sunk* †
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
To R. G. of F..

Misfortune.
'May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk ! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Where guilt and poor Misfortune pine ! *A Winter Night. 9.*
Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye ;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch ! . . *Ib.*
And, ev'n should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O ; *S. My father was a farmer* †
Misfortune sha'na steer thee, . . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, *S. O wert thou in* †
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast ;
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
O'er the hope and misfortune of heing to mourn,
On Death of fav. Child.
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self ! "
Remorse. A Frag..
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Alas ! misfortune stares my face, . . . *The Farewell.*
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', *S. There was a lad* †
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.) . . . . *To Chloris.*
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may ; . . . *To J. S., 25.*
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Misguided.
The craz'd creations of misguided whim ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Misguidin. He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.

Mishanter [misfortune, disaster].
mishanter fa' me, ... *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*

Mislear'd [*lit.* **mislearned, ill-tutored ; unmannerly ; mischievous**].
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*

Misled. Misled by Fancy's meteor ray, *The Vision. D. II. 17.*

Mispending.
Mispending all thy precious hours, *Man was made to Mourn.*

Miss. "Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ; . *The Inventory.*
The vera tapmost, towrin height
O' Miss's bonnet. . . . *To a Louse.*
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye ! How daur ye do't ? . *Ib.*

Miss, *to.* For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
On seeing wounded Hare.

Miss'd, -'t.
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. . *Epit. on a Wag.*
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him !
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss't it yet. . *S. My love she's but* †
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't ! . . . *To a Mouse.*

Mist. Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it : *Extem. in Court of Session.*
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
S. Here's a health to them †
"Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round :
Lament for Glencairn.
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, *On Cessnock banks* †
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, . *Ib. Sett. II.*
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
S. The lazy mist †
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Mist-shrouded.
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Mist [missed].
But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, . . *Halloween. 26.*

Mistak' [to mistake].
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak' her : . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Mistake.
Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances, *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
S. My father was a farmer †

Mistaken. And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O. . . . *Ib.*

Misteuk [mistook].
I fear I my talent misteuk, . *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk,
To W. Simpson, P.S..

Mistress. Farewell, dear mistress of my soul,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye: . . *S. When first I came* †

Mistrusted.
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

Mistrusting. I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt, *A Dream. 7.*

Misty. Then lost his way, ae misty day, *A Fragment. 4.*
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy? . *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . . . *On Lincluden.*
And misty mountain, gray; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
All in this mottie, misty clime, . *The Vision. D. I., 4.*

Mite. But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.
Extem. on Commens.s of Thomson.
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Mite-horn. Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Mither [mother].
Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five and forty years thegither! . *Auld comrade* †
When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
Lass, when your mither is frae hame, *S. Lass when yr mither* †
My mither sent me to the town, *S. My heart was ance* †
Her mither's at the mill, jo; . . . *S. O steer her up* †
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither: *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
My mither she bade me gie him a stool, *S. The auld man* †
My mither she bade me gie him some pye, . . . *Ib.*
My mither she bade me gie him a dram, . . . *Ib.*
My mither she bade me put him to bed, . . . *Ib.*
To see his poor auld mither's pot,
Thus dung in staves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
May still your mither's heart support ye; . . . *Ib.*
Scotland, my auld, respected Mither! . . . *Ib., P.*
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. *The Death of Mailie.*
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. *The Inventory.*
She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
S. The Lass that made the bed.
My mither, she has ta'en the bed,
Wi' thinking on my fa'. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. . . . . *Ib.*
Father, quo she, Mither, quo she, Do what ye can,
S. There's news, lasses †
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy. . . . . *What ails ye now* †
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . *S. Willie Wastle.*

Mitre. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or trouth, ye ll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day. . *A Dream. 12.*

Mix. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!
Fragment, incer. to Fox.
In politics if thou would'st mix, *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.*
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix, *The Election Ballads. II.*
When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man! *The Fête Champetre.*
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: . *S. Turn again, thou* †

Mixed, -'d, Mixt.
'Tis hut the balmy breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, *S. Here is the glen,* †
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And hell mix'd in the brulzie. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Mixie-maxie, Mixtie-maxtie [confusedly mixed].
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

M'Kenzie [author of "The Man of Feeling"].
M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw; . . *To W. Creech.*

M'Kinlay [a popular Kilmarnock clergyman].
Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? *Tam Samson's El..*
This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail,
And he's the boy will bland her [common-sense]!
The Ordination.
M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
That Heresy can torture; . . . . . *Ib. 13.*

M'Lauchlan.
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*

M'Leod. Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
S. Here's a health to them †

M'Math [a Tarbolton clergyman].
And guid M'[Mat]h, . . . *The Twa Herds. 17.*

M'Murdo.
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . *Blest be M'Murdo* †
M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

M'Nab.
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? *S. Eppie M'Nab.*

Moan.
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan; . *Add. to Toothache.*
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
On Death of R. Dundas.

Moan, *to.*
While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,
A Ded. to G. H., 10.

Moaning.
when he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
So may the auld year gang out moaning *Friend of the poet* †
When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning,
S. The tither morn †
The birdies dowie moaning, . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

Mob. Who would set the mob above the throne,
S. Does haughty Gaul †
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
To please the Mob they hide the little [sense] giv'n.
The Ordination. Mott..
In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Mock. Here lies a mock Marquis *Extem. on "the Marquis."*
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Mock, *s.* May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.

Mock, *to.* But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan! *Add. to Toothache.*

Mock'd. The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,
In vain wild Prudence †

Mockery. O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Mode. In legal mode an' form: . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Model. You have my choicest model ta'en, *Epit. on W— —.*

Modern. Compare wi' honie Brigs o' modern time?
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Moderns. To whom our moderns are but cansey-cleaners;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Modest.
Or modest Merit's silent claim; . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
But for a modest, graceful mien,
Her like I never saw. . . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Mally's modest and discreet, . . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
'Tis when a younthful, loving, modest Pair,
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
And spak wi' modest grace, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
The Vision. D. I. 8.
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r. *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; *To Miss Graham.*
T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; . *To W. Creech.*
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.
S. True hearted was he †

Modestly.
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, . . *Friend of the poet* †

Modesty. Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt. *A Ded. to G. H.*
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
An' (what surprised me) modesty, . *On dining with Daer.*
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak her: . . *On W. Chalmers.*
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
S. The Posie.
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
S. True hearted was he †

Modewurk [a mole].
Whiles mice and modewurks they howket; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Modish. Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Moil. This night his weekly moil is at an end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Moil, *to.*
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
S. The Poor Thresher.
I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day, ... *Ib.*

Moistify [to make moist].
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. F.

Moisture. Tho' something like moisture conglabes in my eye,
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.

Molest.
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead! [v.A.15] *Tam Samson's El..*

Moment.
Then catch the moments as they fly, *A Bottle and Friend.*
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
A Winter Night. 9.
But cast a moment's fair regard . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
But 'till my last moments my words are the same,
S. By yon castle wa' †
The lucky moment to improve, . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
To tell the truth, they [poverty, care] seldom fash't him,
Except the moment that they crush't him;
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
But dreary tho' the moments fleet, . *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Ye hae render'd moments dear; . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Nor makes the hour one moment less. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
"The passing moment's all we rest on!" . . . *Ib.*
Return, ye moments of delight, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
How have the raptur'd moments flown! . *The Lament.*
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
S. The small birds †
Yours this moment I unseal, ... *To* ——.
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time . . . *To J. S., 4.*
I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-haltiog moments speed, . . . *Ib., 10.*
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time! . . *S. To Mary.*
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e, . *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

Monarch. For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter; . *A Dream. 3.*
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! *Add. to Edinburgh.*
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
S. Contented wi' little †
"The monarch may forget the crown
"That on his head an hour has been;
Lament for Glencairn.
What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
But cheerful still, I am as well,
As a monarch in a palace, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Or were I monarch o' the globe, . *S. O wert thou in the* †
And hrav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah! . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade, . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun. . *S. There was a lad* †

Monday.
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Money. When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Braid money to tocher them a', man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, . . . *Ib.*
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . . *S. Sweetest May* †
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Mongrel.
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; *The Vowels.*

Monie *v.* **Mony.**

Monie [money].
For a' his gold and white monie, . . *S. To daunton me.*

Monkey. The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes, *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, . . *Sketch.*

Monkish.
Fit only for a doited Monkish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Monopoly.
And make a vast monopoly of hell? . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Monroe, Alex. [Prof. of Anatomy in Edinburgh.]
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; *To R. G. of F., 4.*

Monsmeg [a famous old cannon in Edin. Castle].
O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Monster.
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove? . *Let not woman* †

Montague. Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man; *A Fragment. 5.*

Montgomery, –ie.
Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, *A Fragment. 2.*
Montgomery-like did fa', ... *Ib.*
Or some Montgomery, fearless lead them; *Add. of Beelzebub.*
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [*rc.*]
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Ye hanks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Month. in the merry months o' spring, *A Winter Night. 4.*
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
"A few short months [ye woods], and glad and gay,
"Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; *Lament for Glencairn.*
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Again the merry month o' May *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
It's now twa month that I'm your debtor, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
An' stay ae month amang the Moons
An' see them right. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Montrose. Forgive, forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
The Election Ballads. VI.

Mony, Monie [many].
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, . . *Add. to Toothache.*
May ye get many a merry story,
Mony a laugh and mony a drink, , . *Auld comrade* †
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary. *Brawlads of G. Water.*
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. II.*
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me; . . . *Ib. 13.*
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart; . . *Ib. 15.*
And mony mae. . . . . *Ib. 22.*
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh, . . *Ib. 24.*
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, . *El. on Year 1788.*
How mony bairns hae ye? . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
Yet has sae many takin' arts, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, . . *S. In simmer when* †
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
S. John Anderson †

This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
Kind Sir, I've read †
I've seen sae mony changefu' years, *Lament for Glencairn.*
And mony a traitor there; . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; . . *Lns to J. Ranken.*
There's mony a lass has broke my rest. . *S. O lay thy loof* †
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn, . . *S. O Logan!* †
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
And mony a hill between; . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
And mony shall lament him; . . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
And ward o' mony a prayer, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had. . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. . . *S. Shld auld acquaintnce* †
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises! . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat, ... *Ib. 15.*
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. . . *Ib. 17.*
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, *Tam Samson's El.. 10.*
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me: . . . . *Ib. 14.*
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh.
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And mony a bouk did fa', man: . . . . . *Ib.*
And mony bade the warld gudenight; . . . . *Ib.*
And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man, ... *Ib.*
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes; . . *Ib.*
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie, . . . *Ib. 9.*
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
S. The deil cam fiddlin †
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
That errand fain would gae. [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. I.*
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight: . . . . . *Ib.*
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An' your auld burrough mony a time, . . *The Inventory.*
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
An had in mony a well been douked:
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
S. The lovely lass of I. †
O' mony a saucy quean; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, [v.A.1] *The Twa Dogs, 6.*
An' mony a time my hearts been wae, . . . *Ib. 13.*
They waste sae mony a braw estate! . . . . *Ib. 25.*
And mony a ane that I could tell, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*
a richer share Than mony ithers; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
to kiss the breath O' mony flow'ry simmers! *To Mr. M'Adam.*
But for thy friends, and they are mony, *To Terraughty.*
My music. tir'd wi' mony a sonnet . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him. . . . . *Ib.*
Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, . . . *Ib.*
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . *To W. Creech.*
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, *S. Where Cart rins* †
Mony words are needless, Katie, *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
There's monie waur been o' the Race, . . *A Dream. 3.*
He was an unco shaver For monie a day. . . *Ib. 11.*
Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
A Guid New-year † *16.*
An' monie an anxious day, I thought We wad be beat! *Ib.*
where monie a flower Sheds fragrance *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
as monie still, As far abuse me. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me, . . *Ib. 17.*
She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg, *Ib., Ap. 21st, 9.*
There's monie godly folks are thinkin, . . *Ep. to J. K.*
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, ... *Ib.*

An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided: . . *Halloween. 7.*
For monie a ane has gotten a fright, . . . *Ib. 14.*
But monie a day was by himsel, ... *Ib. 16.*
He was her Laureat monie a year, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice, . . *Scotch Drink. 14.*
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
The warl' may play you monie a shavie; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
An' monie ithers, . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.*
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
The Death of Mailie.
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
S. The heather was bloom. ‖
Wi' monie a wearie body, . . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang, . . . *Ib. 7.*
How monie stories past, ... *Ib. 23.*
How monie hearts this day converts, . . . *Ib. 27.*
An' monie jobs that day begin, ... *Ib.*
monie a creditable stock . . . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear. . *S. There was a bonie lass* †
It wad frae monie a blunder free us . . *To a Louse.*
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! . . *To a Mouse.*
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings, . *To W. Simpson. 8.*
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . . . . *Ib. 9.*
An' monie a fallow gat his licks, ... *Ib., P.S.*
This game was play'd in monie lands, ... *Ib.*

Monylochs.
Marjory o' the Monylochs,
A carline auld and teugh. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Mood, Or [Spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul, . . *S. Streams that glide* †
This while she's been in crankons mood,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Moody [minister at Riccarton, Ayrshire].
O, M—y, man, and wordy R[usse]ll, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
What flock wi' M—'s flock could rank, ... *Ib. 5.*
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*
The vera sight o' [Moody]'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright . . *Ib.*

Mools [mould, earth of graves].
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, *Add. to Toothache.*
He wha could brush them down to mools, *To W. Creech.*

Moon.
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care. . . *A Vision.*
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon, . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
The moon it shines fu' clearly. . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
I swear and vow by moon and stars, *S. Come, boat me o'er.*
The rising Moon began to glowr,
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
Bonie was the Lammas moon, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn, *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
For ale and brandy's stars and moon, *S. Gane is the day* †
Beneath the moon's pale beams; . . . *Halloween.*
Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon, ... *Ib. 26.*
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
But at twal at night, wheo the moon shines bright,
My dear I'll come and see thee; *S. Here's to thy health,* †
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Sun and moon but set to rise; . *S. Let not woman* †

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan, . . . *S. My heart was ance* †
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
S. Now westlin winds †
Till the silent moon shine clearly; . . . . . *Ib.*
It is the moon,—I ken her horn, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
S. Oh, open the door, †
The paly moon rose in the livid east, *On Death of Sir J. Blair.*
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: *Ib. 11.*
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a': *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa'; *The night was still* †
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie: . . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
The moon was shining clearly; . . . . . *Ib.*
But by the moon and stars so bright, ... *Ib.*
While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down,
S. The Winter it is past †

In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, Woor by degrees,
To W. Simpson, P.S.
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk An' out o' sight, *Ib.*
To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. *Ib.*
An' stay ae month amang the Moons An' see them right. *Ib.*
when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, . . . *Ib.*
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon: . *S. Turn again, thou* †
And chang'd with every moon my love, *S. Young Jamie,* †

Moon-beam.

And, by the moonbeam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, ... *A Vision.*
The silvery moonbeams trembling play: *On Lincluden.*
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens on the pale moonbeam, ... *Ib.*
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; *S. There was a lass* †

Moonlight.

But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together. *S. O gie my love brose* †

Moon-shine.

at mooa-shine mid-night hours, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter': *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Moon-struck.

Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
To R. G. of F., S.

Moony [moon-struck].

(Not moony madness more astray) *Sent to a Gent. offended.*

Moop [to nibble; to keep company with].

But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . *The Death of Mailie.*
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, *S. O gude ale comes* †

Moor. 'Mang moors an' mosses many, *S. Behind yon hills* †
And she held o'er the moors to spin; *S. Duncan Davison.*
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh, . . . *Ib.*
As o'er the moor they lightly foor, ... *Ib.*
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
For this, niest year. . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
yon moors, Out-spreading far and wide,
Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Yestreen I met you on the moor, . . . *S. O Tibbie!*
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, . . . *Ib. 7.*
The Hunter now has left the moor, *S. The gloomy night* †
Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales; . . *Ib.*
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
S. The heather was blooming †
The last time I came o'er the moor, . *S. The last time* †
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, *The Twa Herds. 15.*
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, . *To W Simpson.*
the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Moorcock.

And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather: . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; *Tam Samson's El. 7.*
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, . . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Moor-hen. At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.
S. The heather was blooming †
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen. . . . . *Ib.*

Moorlan, Moorland. Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 8.
She was nae get o' moorlan tips, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . *The Death of Mailie.*
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; *To W. Simpson.*

Moorlands. And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †

Moping. Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Moral. Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
A Ded. to G. H., 6.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! . . . *Ib. 7.*
What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right . . .

Morality. Morality, thou deadly bane, *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
But there's Morality himsel.
Embracing all opinions: . . . *The Ordination. 12.*
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter: . . . . . *Ib. 13.*

Moralizing.

And join with me a moralizing. . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse. . . . . *To Chloris.*

Morals.

He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink
In upright honest morals. . . *Epit. on G. Richardson.*

More [*v. also* No more],

Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
'Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more. . . . . *S. Had I a cave* †
Nay, more—there is danger in touching; *Inscr. on Goblet.*
His colour sicken'd more and more, . *John Barleycorn.*
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
The more in this [wealth, power] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O:
S. My father was a farmer †
False friends, false love, farewel! for more,
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh. *S. Oh, open the door* †
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt; *On Duke of Queensberry.*
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Prologue, at Th., D..
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
Remorse. A Frag..
the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
Reproof by Himself.
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
S. The day returns †
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . *The Hermit.*
As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. *Tragic Frag.*

Morison.

Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison. [*v.* Mary] *S. O Mary, at thy* †

Morn. Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd *As on the banks* †
Her smile was like a summer morn; . *S. Blythe was she* †
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
That Meg should be a bride the morn; *S. Duncan Davison.*
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*

Beset thy servant e'en and morn, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, *S. How lang and dreary* †
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, ... *Ib.*
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn! . . . . . *Ib.*
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December, . *S. O May thy morn* †
When purest in the dewy morn; . *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Fair on the summer morn: . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,
On Window of C. Inn, F.
Such thy morn! did I cry, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd; . . . *S. Sad thy tale* †
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, . . . *S. Sleep'st thou* †
That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd *Tam Samson's El.. 8.*
An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn, *The Death of Mailie.*
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! . . *Ib. 6.*
The morn that warns th' approaching day. . *The Lament.*
The tither morn, ... *S. The tither morn* †
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.
The Whistle. 13.
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn, *There's naethin like* †
thy gay morn of life o'ercast, ... *To Chloris.*
That lov'st to greet the early morn, *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; *S. Wha is that at* †
And langs the night frae e'en to morn, *S. Up in the morning.*
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Mornin [morning].

Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
In cog or bicker, . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
S. What can a young †

Morning. All on a dewy morning. . *S. A Rose-bud by* †
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning. . . . . *Ib.*
The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,
Sae early in the morning. . . . *Ib.*
Awake the early morning. . . . . *Ib.*
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning. . . . . *Ib.*
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning. . . . . *Ib.*
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, *A Winter Night. 10.*
Her voice is the song of the morning *S. Adown winding Nith* †
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
S. Awa wi' yr witcheraft †
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
S. Bonie Bell.
like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
And morning Poossie whiddan seen, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Such was my life's deceitful morning, *S. I dream'd I lay* †
One morning by the break of day, *S. It was the charming* †
"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
"That melts the fogs in limpid air, *Lament for Glencairn.*
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Lam., on leaving Nat. Land.
As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Like Phœbus in the morning, . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
When purple morning starts the hare, *S. Now rosy May* †
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye; . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, *S. O bonnie was yon rosy* †
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, *S. O Logan, sweetly* †
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
At morning dawn and parting day. *S. O were my love* †
She's fresher than the morning dawn *S. On Cessnock banks* †
She's sweeter than the morning dawn . . *Ib., Sett. II.*
When pale the morning rises keen, ... *Ib.*
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow; . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Frae morning sun 'till dine: . *S. Shld auld acquaintce* †
Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning, . . . *Ib.*
They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd; . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
S. The small birds †
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
S. There's auld Rob †
What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning: . . . *S. Thine am I* †
O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, . . *To J. S., 15.*
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny *To Terraughty.*
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
S. True hearted was he †
Her look was like the morning's eye, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early, [*re.*] . *S. Up in the morning.*
My morning raise sae clear and fair, . *V.s, under Grief.*
The morning it was foggie; . . *S. What will I do gin* †
The hunter lo'es the morning sun, *S. When o'er the hill* †
Her blush is like the morning, . . *S. Young Peggy* †
Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
S. Where are the joys †
As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Moro [El Morro, a fort of Cuba, taken by the British, 1762, just before the Havana surrendered].

And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
The Jolly Beggars, S.I.

Morrow. Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow,
S. Ay waking, O †
And blythely awaukens the morrow; *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
And sigh for this life's latest morrow. *On Death of fav. Child.*
Cheerless night that knows no morrow. *S. Raving winds* †
And blythe awakes the morrow, . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie; *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow; . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, *To Terraughty.*

Mortal, *adj.*

O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low! . *Lament for Glencairn.*
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around? . . *On Lincluden.*
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . *Tam Samson's El. 7.*
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd beed; . . . *Ib. 11.*
As open pussie's mortal foes, . . . *Tam o' Shanter, 17.*
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Nae mortal wight can tell: . . *The Election Ballads, I.*
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that. . *The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.*
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin, . *To a Medical Gent.*

Mortal, *s.*

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
We're frail backsliding mortals merely, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*

A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
if these mortals, the critics, should bustle, *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, *Reproof by Himself.*
While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . . *The Lament.*
A woe that no mortal can cure. *S. The winter it is past* †
By all on high adoring mortals know! . . *To Clarinda.*

Mortar.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; *To Capt. Riddel.*

Mortgaging.

Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Morton. There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
The Belles of Mauchline.

Moses. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ; *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amaleks ungracious progeny ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Moss. your moss-traversing Spunkies *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
'Mang moors an' mosses many, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
O'er yon moss amang the heather ; *Braw lads of G. Water.*
Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
S. The heather was bloom. †
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, *The Twa Herds. 15.*

Moss-oak. a swirlie, auld moss-oak, . *Halloween. 23.*

Mossgiel.

For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. [*v.* Rob] *O leave novels* †

Mossy. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Where the mossy riv'let strays, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil. *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
S. The heather was bloom. †
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell :
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors; . . . . *Ib.*

Most. The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God. *A Winter Night. 11.*
Who know them best despise them most.
On Window at Stirling.
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. *On an empty Fellow.*

Mostly. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season.
Impromptu.

Moth. Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages. . *To J. S., S.*

Mother.

And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
A Winter Night. S.
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. *Blest be M'Murdo* †
The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young ; . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
He's tell'd her father and mother baith, *Katharine Jaffray.*
"The mother may forget the child
"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
Lament for Glencairn.
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me! . . . . . *Ib.*
O bless her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears! . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, *S. O whistle.* †
Protect and guard the mother plant, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Reclined on the lap of thy mother, *On Death of fav. Child.*
"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; *Scots Prologue.*
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed : *Tam o' Shanter, 19.*
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie : *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake. *Ib.*
A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ; . . *Ib. 8.*
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, ... *Ib.*
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear ! . . *The Farewell.*
An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le. . . *The Inventory.*
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion : . *The Ordination. 14.*
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
S. The Sons of old Killie.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling ! *S. When wild War's* †

Motion.

The Queen of love could never move
With motion more enchanting . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
The clouds' uncertain motion [type of woman],
S. Deluded swain †
Like harmony her motion ; . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Motive. Common motives lang sinsyne, . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Motley, Motely.

motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

Mottie [full of motes, dusty].

All in this mottie, misty clime, . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*

Mou, Mou' [mouth].

Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like succar-candie. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou ! . . *Halloween. 10.*
O, what a feast her bonie mou ! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
And ither some will prie their mou, . *S. John, come kiss.*
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Commend me to the Barn yard,
And the Corn-mou, man ; . . *S. The Ploughman* †
For it's like a haumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou ;
S. The Posie.
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, *S. The Taylor he cam* †
A whiskin beard about her mou', . . *S. Willie Wastle* †
An' ay my heart came to my mou, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Moulder.

There moulders here a gallant heart ;
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.

Mouldering, -'ring.

Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
Lament for Glencairn.
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v.A.15]
Tam Samson's El.
Cold—mould'ring in the clay? . . . . *To Ruin.*
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Mouldy. O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Mound.

Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Mount.

As I came o'er the Cairney mount, . *S. As I came o'er* †

Mount, *to.* And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast ;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
When I mount the Creepie-chair, *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
That slowly mount the rising steep ; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
O mount and go, Mount and make you ready :
O mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady.
S. The Captain's Lady.
Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
The Kirk's Alarm.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, *The Vowels.*

Mountain. When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
S. Adown winding Nith †
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
S. Bonie Bell.

While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
S. Here's a health to them †
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane, *Jenny M'Craw* †
O'er the mountains he is gane; *S. Jockey's taen the parting* †
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Lament. on leaving Nat. Land.
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
The Plover loves the mountains; *S. Now westlin winds* †
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Or up the heathy mountain, . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand, *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
And misty mountain, gray; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
There, mountains to the skies were tost: *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
The snaws the mountains cover, *S. The young Highl. Rover.*
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
S. Their groves of †
Tho' mountains rise and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between; . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; *S. When o'er the hill* †
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, . *Ib.*

Mountain-side.
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, . *Ib., Sett. II.*

Mountebank.
He rails at our mountebank squad, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Mounted. All mounted in good order, *Katharine Jaffray.*
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg. *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, *The Fête Champetre.*
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
S. There's a youth †

Mourn, *to.*
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, . *A Vision.*
Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn. . . *Blue Bonnets.*
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
El. on Capt. M. H., 2.
Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens; . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee; . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood; . . . *Ib. 7.*
And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; . . . *Ib.*
Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; . . . *Ib. 8.*
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, . . *Ib. 9.*
Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; . . *Ib. 12.*
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light;
Mourn, Empress of the silent night:
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn; . . . . *Ib. 14.*
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, *El. on Year 1788.*
My loss I mourn but not repent it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,
S. Here's a health to ane †
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
to mourn The miseries of Man. *Man was made to mourn.*
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn! . . . . . *Ib.*
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn. . . . . *Ib.*
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn? . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn! . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn! . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,
S. O Logan! †
How I would mourn when it was torn, *S. O were my love* †
Come, mourn wi' me! . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
On Death of R. Dundas.
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare.
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
On Death of fav. Child.
"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case! *The Death of Maillie.*
My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing! . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn *S. The gloomy night* †
And now a widow I must mourn
The Pleasures that will ne'er return;
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream! . . *The Lament.*
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow. . . . . *Ib.*
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low! . *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
S. The small birds †
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; *To W. Creech.*

Mourn'd.
That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd *Tam Samson's El., 8.*
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; . . . *Ib. 12.*
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
Why am I loth †

Mournful, -fu'.
The last, sad, mouruful rites bestow! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. 7.*
Is drowned amid the mournful scream, . *On Lincluden.*
The mournfu' sang I here enclose, . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Mourning.
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed: . *Poor Maillie's El..*
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed; . . *Tam Samson's El.*
That had been blear'd with mourning; *S. When wild War's* †

Mourn'st,
Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date; *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Mousie [*dim. of* **mouse**].
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, . . *To a Mouse.*

Mouth.
Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . *S. Donald Brodie* †
And past the Mouth o' Cairn. . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Re-echo'd from each mouth! *The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.*
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, . *The Twa Dogs.*
They take religion in their mouth; *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Mouth, *to.*
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.
The Queen of love could never move
With motion more enchanting. . *. S. As I gaed up by* †
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her? *S. Come, let me take thee,* †
Could artful numbers move thee, *S. Could aught of song,* †
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
O Thou, in whom we live and move, . *Grace after Dinner.*
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, *S. How lang and dreary* †
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' Lover's hymns: *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. . . . *On Lincluden.*
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
While joys above my mind can move, *S. The day returns* †
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man. . *The Fête Champetre.*
Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves; . . *V.s below Picture.*
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her, . *S. When first I saw* †

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, *S. When I think on* †

Moving.

One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Mow. To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
S. My father was a farmer †
No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow,
S. The Poor Thresher.

M'Pherson.

M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree. . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

M'Quhe.

And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'—e, *The Twa Herds. 12.*
M'Q—e's pathetic manly sense, ... *Ib. 17.*

Much. To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is ev'ry great man's faith;
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her [fortune], O.
S. My father was a farmer †
Much specious lore, but little understood; . . *Sketch.*
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Much-lov'd. For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Much-wrong'd.

And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
The Election Ballads. VI.

Muchkin, Mutchkin [an English pint].

Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,
Ought less is little, *S. There's naethin like* †
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, *The Ordination. 14.*

Muck.

Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] *Tam o' Shanter.*

Muckle *v.* **Meikle.**

Muffle. When Winter muffles up his cloak, *Tam Samson's El..*

Muffled. Dark-muffl'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain;
A Winter Night. 6.
The muffled murtherer of Charles *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Mug. A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*

Muir. Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Ep. Jr. Esopus.

Muir [moor].

They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
Altho' my bed were in yon muir, . *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan'; . . *The Holy Fair.*
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me; . . *S. The lovely lass* †
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, *The Twa Herds. 7.*
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack; *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Muirfowl [moor-fowl].

Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v.A.15]
Tam Samson's El.

Muirhead. Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;
The Election Ballads. III.
And by our banners march'd Muirhead, . . *Ib. V.*

Muirhen. The Muirhen lo'es the heather;
S. O gie my love brose †

Muirkirk.

They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.*

Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk].

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins, *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Multiply. I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number. *Nature's Law.*

Multiplying. With multiplying joys, . . *Nature's Law.*

Mungo.

Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Murder.

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! *A Winter Night. 7.*
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
S. Caledonia.
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
I murder hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav.
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
As murder at his thrapple shor'd; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
No murders or rapes worth the naming. *To Capt. Riddel.*

Murder, *to.*

To murder men, and gie God thanks! *V. on Nat. Thanks.*

Murder-aiming. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
On seeing wounded Hare.

Murder-shout.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, . . *Halloween. 20.*

Murderer. A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Tam o' Shanter. 11.

Murder'd. Death has murder'd Johnie; *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Murdering, -'ring.

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . *A Winter Night. 5.*
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
S. Now westlin winds †
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle, . . *Poem on Life.*
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; . . *The Ordination. 4.*
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle! . . *To a Mouse.*

Murderous. Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
S. By yon castle wa' †

Murky.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, *S. The gloomy night* †

Murmur. And now in fainting murmurs die; *On Lincluden.*
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Murmur, *to.*

'Then never murmur nor repine; . *The Vision. D. II. 21.*

Murmur'd.

Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still,
Come kiss me at your leisure. . *S. As I gaed up by* †

Murmuring.

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, *S. Afton Water.*
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
S. The small birds rejoice †

Murray. For Murray's light horse are to muster
The Election Ballads. III.
And there will he Murray Commander, . . . *Ib.*
And hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored; . . . *Ib.*
Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands; *Ib. IV.*
The Murray's noble name! . . . . . *Ib. V.*
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers. . . . . *Ib.*
The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, ... *Ib.*

Murther [murder].

God won't accept your thanks for murther!
V. on Nat. Thanks..

Murtherer.

The muffled murtherer of Charles *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Muscle. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.

Muse, the Muses.

The muse should tell, in lahor'd strains,
O Mary how I love thee. . . *S. Could aught of song* †
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
Ep. to H. Parker.
And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
Inspire my Muse, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her. . . . . *Ib. 9.*
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart. . . . *Ib. 13.*

My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing : . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. *Ib. 5.*
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse : *Ib.*
My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sell ! *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Thea come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! . . . . *Ib.*
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
" No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . *On W. Chalmers.*
O thou, my Muse ! guid, auld Scotch Drink ! *Scotch Drink. 2.*
Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason ! . . . . *Ib. 14.*
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. *Scots Prologue.*
Where are the Muses fled, that should produce
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce ? . . . . . *Ib.*
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, . . *Ib.*
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The Muse, poor hizzie !
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy. . . . . *Ib.*
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie : . . . *Ib.*
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir, ... *Ib.*
But here my Muse her wing maun cour ; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Alas ! my roupet Muse is haerse !
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care ; *S. The Highland Lassie.*
An' thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
I never drank the Muses' Stank,
Castalia's burn an' a' that, ... *Ib. S. VII.*
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse.
S. The Sons of old Killie.
I took her for some Scottish Muse, . *The Vision. D. I. 9.*
'In me thy native Muse regard ! . . . *Ib. D. II. 2.*
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
They are the muses. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse. . . . . *To Chloris.*
With every muse to rove : . . . . . *Ib.*
As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. *To J. S., 24.*
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
To Miss Graham.
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
To R. G. of F., 5.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train, ... *Ib. 8.*
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns, *To R. Graham.*
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums ? *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, ... *Ib.*
The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, . *To W. Simpson.*
By far my elder brother in the muses,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Muse-inspirin'.
muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Muse, *to.*
Of Phillis to muse and to sing. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
To muse some favourite Scottish theme, *As on the banks* †
O tell me, does she muse on me ! . *S. Behold the hour* †
As hopeless I muse on thy charms, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my Charmer. . *S. Now westlin winds* †
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
S. O were I on Parnass. †
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, *S. The lazy mist* †
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, [v.A.4]
The Vision.

Mus'd. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
I backward mus'd on wasted time, . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*

Music. When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
S. Adown winding Nith †
The music of her pretty foot,
On my heart it did play so, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love ! . . *S. Here is the glen* †
And, hark ! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around ? . . *On Lincluden.*
To gie them music was his charge : . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
The Petition of Br. Water.
The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me : . . *S. The last time I* †
And joy and music pouring forth,
In ev'ry grove, . *The Vision. D. II. 14.*

Music-notes.
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns : *S. My Lord a-hunting* †

Musie [*dim. of* **muse**].
My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Ironic satire, sidelins skelented,
On my poor music ; . . *To W. Simpson.*

Musing.
Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me : *Musing on the roaring* †
Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
On seeing wounded Hare.
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . *S. Streams that glide* †
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood) [v.A.4] . *The Vision. D. I.*
When musing in a lonely glade, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
S. Wae is my heart †

Musing-deep.
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, . *The Vision. D.II.*

Musings.
And wake the soul to musings high. . . *On Lincluden.*

Musket. Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Muslin-kail [broth made of vegetables and water without beef].
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, . . . *To J. S., 24.*

Muster. For Murray's light horse are to muster
The Election Ballads. III.
Did muster a' their powers. . . . . *Ib. V.*
To muster o'er each ardent Whig . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, *The Whistle. 7.*

Mustering. Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see ! *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast : *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*

Musty. (O Ferguson ! thy glorious parts,
Ill-suited laws dry, musty arts ! *To W. Simpson. 4.*

Mutchkin *v.* **Muchkin.**

Mute. Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Mutrie. M[utrie] and you were just a match.
The Ordination. 10.

Mutter.
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches, *Lns add. to J. Rankin.*
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer. . . *On Lincluden.*

Mutt'ring.
I started, mutt'ring blockhead ! coof ! *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Mutual.
Health and Peace, with mutual rays, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

A mutual faith to plight, . . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . *The Lament. 3.*
We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join, ... *S. To Mary.*

Mutual-kindling.

To mark the mutual-kindling eye. . . . *The Lament.*

Muve [move].

Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could muve. *S. I do confess†*
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . *Searching auld†*

Muvin [moving].

These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans *Searching auld†*

Muzzl'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent, *El. on Year 1788.*

Myra. Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Myrtle. Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles; *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, *S. Their groves of†*

Mysel [myself].

Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright, . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; *S. And O for ane and twenty†*
wi' a' my pow'r, I set mysel, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.*
I took the way that pleas'd mysel, . . . *Ib. 31.*
I winna blaw about mysel, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel! . . *S. My heart was ance†*
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play. . . *S. O were my love†*
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'! . . . . . *Ib.*
I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, . . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
So touched, bewitched,
I rav'd ay to mysel: . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horse-men back to Forth, man. *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
He tald mysel by word o' month, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Wi' girnan spite, . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-rankling sorrow. . . *Verses under Grief.*

Mysie. And tak a look o' Mysie; *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Mysterious. owning heaven's mysterious sway, *Frag. of Ode.*

Mystery. Might there bave learnt new mysteries of his art; *The Vowels.*

Mystic.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Masons' mystic word an' grip, ... *Ib. 14.*
The Brethren o' the mystic level . . *Tam Samson's El..*
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

Mystical.

May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre. *S. The sons of old Killie.*

Na [not, no].

Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
He does na fail his part in either. . . . . *Ib.*
But sneer na British-boys awa: . . . *A Dream. 14.*
I wat he was na slaw, man; . . . *A Fragment. 2.*
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be, . *S. Ah, Chloris†*
Come weel, come woe, I care na by, *S. Behind yon hills†*
But 'tis na love like mine. . . *S. Behold, my love†*
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . *S. Bonie wee thing†*
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†*
I was na fou, but just bad plenty; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
'My name is Death, But be na fley'd.' . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Their fate we should na censure, *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
And ken na how to wair't: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
'Mair spier na, nor fear na,' . . . . . *Ib.*
I care na by how few may see, . *S. First when Maggie†*
An' she be na noddin too! . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†*
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron . . . *Halloween. 13.*
I was na past fyfteen: . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie! } *S. How lang and dreary† S. When I think on†*
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; *S. I gaed a waefu'†*
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, . *S. It is na, Jean†*
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel *Katharine Jaffray.*
O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, *S. O Lassie, art thou†*
Ye are na Mary Morrison. . . . *S. O Mary, at thy†*
If love for love thou wilt na gie, ... *Ib.*
I care na wealth a single flie; . . . *S. O Phely†*
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. . . *S. O poortith cauld†*
O steer her up, and be na blate, . . *S. O steer her up†*
Ye would na been sae shy; . . . . *S. O Tibbie!†*
But troth I care na by. . . . . *Ib.*
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; . . . . . *Ib.*
I would na gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark; . . . . *Ib.*
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; *S. O whistle†*
And come, as ye were na coming to me, [*re.*] . . *Ib.*
We are na fou, we're nae that fou, *S. O Willie brew'd†*
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, . . . *Poem on Life.*
Was na Robin bauld, . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Frae door tae door. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Yet darena for your anger; . . *S. Sweet Ja's the eve†*
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. . . . . *Ib.*
Fair play, he car'd na bails a boddle. . . . . *Ib.*
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel, *Tam Samson's El..*
I kend na how to tell . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
na bred to barn and byre, ... *Ib.*
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.
And wist na o' my fate. . . *The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
He wist na where he was gaun, O. *S. The Cooper o' Cuddy†*
An he get na hell for his baddin,
The deil gets na justice ava. *The Election Ballads. III.*
A place where body saw na'; . . *The gowd. Locks of A.*
Black [Russel] is na spairan: . . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Like him there is na twa, Jamie; . . *S. The Laddies by†*
I kend na where to lodge till day:
S. The lass that made the bed.
O wrang na my virginity! . . . . . *Ib.*
And ay she wist na what to say; . . . . . *Ib.*
The lassie thought na lang till day. . . . . *Ib.*
Twa Dogs that were na thrang at hame, *The Twa Dogs.*
The fient a pride na pride had he, ... *Ib. 3.*
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; . . . . *Ib. 35.*
Yet wist na what her ail migbt be, *S. There was a lass†*
She had na will to say him na: . . . . . *Ib.*
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Na faith ye yet! . . . . . *To a Louse.*
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . *To a Mouse.*
I hae na ony fear. . . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
We cam' na here to view your warks, *V.s on Window, Carron.*
Your porter dought na hear us; . . . . . *Ib.*
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
S. Wandering Willie.
'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that, . . *What ails ye now†*
My mind it was na steady, . . *S. When first I came†*
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do tbe thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry†*
Let na this o' thee be tauld. . . . . *Ib.*

Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thon'lt refuse me. . . . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Nabob.
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let this subject alane. *The Election Ballads. III.*
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first ; . . . . *Ib.*

Nae [no]. an' that's nae flatt'rin, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
He's just—nae better than he should be. . . . *Ib. 4.*
But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ; . . . . *Ib. 6.*
And Och ! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29.] . . . *Ib.*
I'll warrant theo, ye're nae Deceiver, ... *Ib. 9.*
So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, . . . *Ib. 12.*
So, nae reflection on Your Grace, ... *A Dream. 3.*
my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, . . *Ib. 6.*
An' did nae less, in full Congress, ... *A Fragment.*
like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', man ; . . . *Ib. 5.*
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle *A Guid New-year* † *10.*
But what he said it was nae play, ... *A Vision.*
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . . . . *Ib. 2.*
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, . . . *Ib.*
Ye're aiblins nae temptation. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
With nae proportion wanting, . . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . *As on the banks* †
"Nae hitter blast," the sp'rit replies,
"It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, ... *Ib.*
Ye'll do nae gude at a'. . . . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O : . *S. Behind yon hills* †
Nae purer is than Nanie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
An' bas nae care but Nanie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Nae ither care in life have I, ... *Ib.*
Nor nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ; . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Altho' his daddie was nae laird, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
I was bred up at nae sic school, . . . *S. Ca the ewes.*
To love they thought nae crime, Sir ; *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew ; . . . *Ib. 23.*
I tell nae common tale o' grief, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . *El. on Year 1788.*
Nae waur than he did, honest man ! . . . . *Ib.*
Tho' it should serve nae other end *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Wha bae nae check but human law, ... *Ib. 3.*
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther we can fa', . . . *Ep. to Davie, 3.*
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Tak this excuse for nae epistle. . . . . *Ib.*
I am nae Poet, in a sense, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
An' hae to Learning nae pretence, ... *Ib.*
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, *Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.*
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
And bade me mak nae clatter ; . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
An' Mary, nae donbt, took the drunt, . . *Halloween. 9.*
I wat she made nae jaukin ; . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Sometime when nae ane see'd him, . . . *Ib. 17.*
Thon'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry ; . *S. Here's to thy health* †
Nae time hae I to tarry. . . . . *Ib.*
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. . . . . *Ib.*
Nae travel makes him weary. . . . . *Ib.*
Of gude advisement comes nae ill. . *S. In simmer when* †
He bas nae love to spare for me : . . . . . *Ib.*
Jenny was nae ill to gain, ... *S. Jockey fou* †
Let her lo'e nae man but me ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Nae the meat, but appetite . . . . . *Ib.*
Fancy only kens nae cheat. . . . . *Ib.*
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ; *Lament for Glencairn.*

Nae ray of fame was to be found : . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Nae ruder visit knows, . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ; *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer. . . *S. O Logan !* †
And time nae langer spill, jo : . . *S. O steer her up* †
I wad never had nae care, . . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
S. O when she cam ben †
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie ; . *S. O whistle* †
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be, . . . *Ib.*
We are na fou, we're nae that fou, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
'Twad been nae plea ; . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
The feint a pride, nae pride had he. *On Dining with Daer.*
I am nae stranger to your fame. . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Nae bombast spates of nonsense swell ; . . . . *Ib.*
She was nae get o' moorlan tips, . . *Poor Maillie's El..*
She was nae get o' runted rams, [v.A.19] . . . *Ib.*
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ; . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] . . *Ib. 12.*
Nae thonght, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares tae gie ns joy or grievin' : *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, *S. She's fair and fause* †
Ae market-day thou was nae sober ; . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Nae man can tether time or tide ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, ... *Ib.*
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
He has nae thonght bnt how to kill
Twa at a blow. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
The Brigs of Ayr.
I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, . *Ib.*
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Bnt nae ane could their fancy please,
The Election Ballads. I.
O there had been nae play ; . . . . . *Ib. V.*
Nae wonder that it pride him ! . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
There's peace an' rest nae langer ; . . . . *Ib. 14.*
Waesncks ! for him that gets nae lass, . . . *Ib. 25.*
In days when riding was nae crime . *The Inventory.*
I ha'e nae wife ; and that my bliss is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ; . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. *The Kirk's Alarm. 13.*
She could ca' us nae waur than we are. . . *Ib. 18.*
Nae joy nor pleasnre can she see ; *S. The lovely lass of I.* †
Spare them nae day. . . . . *The Ordination. 5.*
nae reflection on your lear, ... *Ib. 9.*
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, *S. The Taylor fell* †
Nae real joys we know, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
Bnt he wad stan't, as glad to see him, *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
Nae cauld nor bunger e'er can steer them, . . *Ib. 27.*
They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, . . *Ib. 29.*
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
This waly boy will be nae coof, . *S. There was a lad* †
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware [v.A.7] *To a Haggis.*
And hade nae better. . . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin: *To J. S. 19.*
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ; . . *Ib. 28.*
Nae Poet thonght her worth his while, *To W. Simpson. 7.*
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here ! *S. Wha is that at my* †
'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, . *What ails ye now* †
My only beast, I had nae mae, . *S. What will I do gin* †
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †
I could wish nae man to get ye,
Save it were my very sel. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
We's mak nae din about your tocher ; . . . . *Ib.*
Then nae ither man can get ye, ... *Ib.*

Naebody [nobody].
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me . . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

I'll partake wi' naebody; . . . . . *S. Naebody.*
I'll gie Cuckold to naebody. . . . . *Ib.*
There, thanks to naebody; . . . . . *Ib.*
I'll borrow frae naebody. . . . . *Ib.*
I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; . . *Ib.*
I'll tak dunts frae naebody. . . . . *Ib.*
I'll be sad for naebody; Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody. . . . . *Ib.*
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, *S. O Whistle,* †
Let nae body name wi' a jeer; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
Naebody sings. . . *To W. Simpson. S.*
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Nae mair [no more].

When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
I heard nae mair, ... *A Winter Night. 10.*
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Nae mair then, we'll care then, . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, [*re.*]
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*
Nae mair at present can I measure, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
Now we're married, spier nae mair. *S. First when Maggie* †
Nae mair my Dearie smiles; . . . . *Fragment.*
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends* †
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, *S. Here's to thy health* †
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice, ... *S. Jockey fou* †
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The wretch whase Doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell; *S. Now Spring has clad* †
For pity's sake, sweet hird, nae mair!
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor).
On B.'s Horse Impound..
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . *S. Sae flaxen* †
An' fash nae mair. . . . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest! [v.A.15] *Tam Samson's El.*
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter, *The Kirk's Alarm. 13.*
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair. . *Ib. 14.*
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle . . . *Ib. 10.*
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; . . . . *Ib.*
But here alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
S. The Catrine woods †
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, *The Ordination. 3.*
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, . . . *Ib. 6.*
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, . . . *Ib. 7.*
Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair, ... *Ib. 9.*
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter: . . . *Ib. 13.*
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard,
S. There grows a bonie brier †
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Then Jamie, I shall say nae mair, . . . *To J. S., 29.*
They durst nae mair than he allow'd, . . *To W. Creech.*

Naething, -in [nothing].

It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.*
There's naething here but Highland pride,
Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
But never tempt th' illicit rove
Tho' naething should divulge it: *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by, *Ep. to J. R.*
O gat ye me wi' naething? . . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
To winn three wechts o' naething; . . *Halloween. 21.*
I said, there was naething I hated like men,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I hae naething to lend, ... *S. Naebody.*
I've little to spend, and naething to lend, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man. . . . . *Ib.*
He gaped wide, but naething spak, *The Death of Mailie.*
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naetbing! . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*
How I had spent my youthful' prime,
An' done nae-thing, . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips o' Anna. , *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang the heather bells, . *There was a lass* †
There's naethin like the honest nappy! *There's naethin like* †
An' naething, now, to big a new ane, . . *To a Mouse.*
naething but a 'moonshine matter;' *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Nag. Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, *Add. to the Deil. 9.*

Nagie [*dim. of* nag].

And wanton nagies nine or ten. . *S. There was a lass* †

Naig [nag].

And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg; . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
For we're not to be bought or sold
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. . . . *Ib. III.*

Naigie [*dim. of* Naig].

And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie. . . *S. Hee balou* †

Nail. But some day ye may gnaw your nails, *A Dream. 10.*
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't; . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Nail, *to.* 'I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin'. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*

Nail't.

Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6] *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

Naïveté. Sweet naïveté of feature, *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Naked.

And raging bend the naked tree; *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost, *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
Ep. to Davie. 7.
The honest, open, naked truth:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
The trees now naked groaning, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! *To R. G. of F., 3.*
In naked feeling, and in aching pride, ... *Ib.*
When winds rave thro' the naked tree; *To W. Simpson. 13.*

Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name! *A Bard's Epit..*
K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
A name not Envy spairges) . . . . *A Dream. 7.*
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour dark the selfish aim, *A Winter Night. 8.*
An' tease my name in kintry clatter: *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name!
Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Their royal name low in the dust! . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Far kend an' noted is thy name; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases; . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk
S. Awa, whigs, awa.
I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
It spak right howe—'My name is Death,'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles As A B C. *Ib. 20.*

'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name; . . . *Ep. to Davie. S.*
O, how that name inspires my style! . . . *Ib. 11.*
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.
In some bit Brugh to represent
A Baillie's name? . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 11.*
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name! *Epit. for R. A.*
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,
Epit. on Holy Willie.
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die! *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
For using thy name offers fifty excuses. . . . . *Ib.*
bold Balmerino's undying name, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
G-d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
Fondly he'll repeat her name; *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
And Katharine Jaffray was her name, *Katharine Jaffray.*
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Tho' glory's name may screen us; *Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, *S. My Collier Laddie.*
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number. . . . *Nature's Law.*
The man that fears thy name, . . *New Psalmody.*
Because ye hae the name o' clink, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, ... *Ib.*
And ay I muse and sing thy name, *S. O were I on Parnass.*†
"While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The very name of Douglas blasted, *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name . . . *Ib.*
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes; . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; . . *Ib.*
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it. . . . . *Ib.*
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name; . . *Ib.*
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Reproof by Himself.
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . *Scotch Drink.*
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . *Ib.*
Wae worth the name, [v.A.25] . . . . . *Ib.*
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? . . *Scots Prologue.*
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name. . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While Rab his name is. . . . . *Ib. 24.*
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason. . . . . *Ib. P.*
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
When B[alliantyne] befriends his humble name,
The Brigs of Ayr.
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name; . . *Ib. 13.*
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: . *Ib. 15.*
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.
The Election Ballads. III.
The Murray's noble name! . . . . . *Ib. V.*
The Douglas and the Heron's name, ... *Ib.*

Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
he quat his name, Forswore it, every letter,
The Fête Champetre.
"My name is Fun—your cronie dear, . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
The promis'd Father's tender name; . . *The Lament.*
Lovely Jessy be the name; . . . . *The Toast.*
I watna what's the name o't: . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . *The Twa Dogs.*
And names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en, . . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
Farewel even to the Scotish name, . . *S. The Union.*
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone. [v.A.4] . *The Vision.*
'Of these am I—Coila my name; . *The Vision. D. II. 11.*
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name, ... *Ib. 16.*
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
The Vowels.
That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name:
To a yng Lady.
Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; . . *To J. S., 5.*
Nae heathen name shall I prefix . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Critics—appalled, I venture on the name, *To R. G. of F., 4.*
Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. *To W. Simpson.*
To set her name in measur'd style; . . . . *Ib.*
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . . . . *Ib.*
Happiness is but a name, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F.-C..*
Keep the name of man in mind, ... *Ib.*
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear; [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Name, *to.*
And dear was she I darena name, *S. O may thy morn* †
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
An' warn him—what I winna name [v.A.3]
The Death of Mailie.
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
"But yet I canna name ye." . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
Let nae body name wi' a jeer; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
The first I'll name they ca'd him Cæsar, *The Twa Dogs.*
that cursed set, I winna name, . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
An' name the airles an' the fee, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee; *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Named. If man thou would'st be named,
Despise the silly creature. *S. Deluded swain* †
Sir, in that circle you are nam'd; *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Nameless. Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
On Death of R. Dundas.
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
He to the nameless ghastly wretch assign'd. *The Vowels.*
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
In your unletter'd, nameless faces! . . *To J. S., 27.*

Nancy.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy, *Auld comrade* †
Where now my Nancy's path may be! *S. Behold the hour* †
One of two must still obey, Nancy, Nancy;
S. Husband, husband †
My spouse Nancy? [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
Nothing could resist my Nancy: . . *S. One fond kiss* †
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
S. There grows a bonie brier †
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
S. There's a youth †
I thought upon my Nancy, [*re.*] . *S. When wild War's* †

Nane (none).
There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man. *A Bottle and Friend.*
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, . . *A Dream. 12.*

If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him! . . *A Farewell.*
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my Dearie. . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
But pleasure they hae nane for me *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Say thou lo'es nane before me; . . . . . *Ib.*
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 5.*
Thought nane wad ken. . . . . *Ep. to J. R., 7.*
For pity ye have nane; . . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane [no religion].
Epit. on J. Dove.
straught or crooked, yird or nane, . . . *Halloween. 5.*
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.
S. Here's a health to them †
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.*
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, *S. I'll aye ca' in* †
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
S. My Lord a-hunting †
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, ... *S. Naebody.*
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better. . . *S. O gie my love brose* †
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly . . . . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo. . . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them. *On W. Cruickshanks.*
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel, but her's sae far awa; . . *S. Sae far awa.*
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black? *The Election Ballads. V.*
But entrance found he nane, man: *The Fête Champetre.*
I've nane in female servan' station, . *The Inventory.*
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, *The Twa Dogs. 2.*
Nane else came near it. . . . *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
S. There's auld Rob †

Nanie, Nannie.

And I'll awa to Nanie, O [*re.*] . *S. Behind yon hills* †
But to me its delightless,—my Nanie's awa'. [*re.*]
S. My Nanie's awa'.
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, ... *Ib.*
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, ... *Ib.*
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
S. Wandering Willie.

Nanse. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Nap. Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
S. Awa, whigs, awa.

Nappy [ale].

While we sit bousing at the nappy. . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: . . . *Ib. 6.*
An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy; . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . . . *Ib. 20.*
There's naethin like the honest nappy! *There's naethin like* †

Narrate.

To witness what I after shall narrate; *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Narration.

Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
An' hear the sad narration: . . . *Halloween. 20.*

Narrow.

Above the narrow, rural vale: . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
in the narrow house o' death *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture o' this mind! . . *On seeing seat of Lord G.*
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
On Death of fav. Child.
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10].
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*
lik stream foaming down its nin green, narrow strath;
S Yon wild mossy mountains †

Natal.

We solemnize this sorrowing natal day. . *Frag. of Ode.*
Give me Maria's natal day! *Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour. . *The Vision. D. II. 11.*
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn, . . *To Terraughty.*

Natch [a notch; any weapon that makes a notch].

Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch. *What ails ye now* †

Nation. Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire.
To rule this mighty nation; . . *A Dream. 5.*
And save the Honour o' the nation! *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*
And crook'ry the first in the nation: . *Extem. to Mr. S.*
Kings and nations, swith awa! . *S. Louis, what reck I* †
Or nations to adore you, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
The flow'r of ancient nations; . . *Nature's Law.*
an ancient nation fam'd afar, . . *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
as grateful nations oft have found . . . . . *Ib.*
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, *Scots Prologue.*
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise: . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Or hast been exiled from thy nation, . . *The Hermit.*
An' pour your creeshie nations; . . *The Ordination.*
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [*re.*] *S. The Union.*
Far wanders nations over. . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
In shoals and nations; . . . . . *To a Louse.*

Native.

Here justice from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
He learned to fear in his own native wood. *S. Caledonia.*
Burnet, lovely from her native skies; *El. on Miss Burnet.*
To reach their native, kindred skies,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18.
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
And from my native shore: . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy, . *S. I do confess* †
My love and native land fareweel, . *S. It was a' for* †
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Her native grace so void of art; . *S. My Mary's face* †
Her lovely form, her native ease, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Dare invade your native right, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
in its native air And rural grace; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
My native land sae far awa. . . . *S. Sae far awa.*
We'll send him o'er to his native shore
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! . . . . *Ib.*
Why desert ye your auld native shire? *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And he whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land [v.A.4] . . *The Vision.*
'In me thy native muse regard! . . . *Ib., D. II. 2.*
With native worth, and spotless fame, . . *To Chloris.*
Richly deck thy native stem; . . . *To Miss C.*
O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Native, *s.* Good sense and taste are natives here at home;
Prologue, at Th., D..
Or the ruthless native's way.
Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil: *S. Streams that glide* †
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †

Natural.

And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. *S. There's a youth* †

As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. *Tragic Frag.*

Nature.

It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

We bless thee, God of Nature wide, *A Grace before Dinner.*

'Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, *A Winter Night. 9.*

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †

Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me! . . . . . *Ib. 7.*

For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings. . . . *S. Behold my love* †

Old time and nature their changes tell, . . *S. Bonie Bell.*

The voice of Nature prizing. . . *S. Could aught of song* †

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn *El. on Capt. M. H., 2.*

Nature's sturdiest bairns, ... *Ib. 3.*

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.*

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire; . . . . . *Ib. 13.*

The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ib., Ap. 21st, 15.

When nature her great master-piece designed,
Ep. to R. Graham.

Nature well pleased pronounced it very good; . . *Ib. 3.*

(Nature may have her whim as well as we, . . . *Ib.*

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, . . . *Ib. 4.*

Where man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. *Ib. 5.*

Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, *Epit. on W— —.*

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Frag. inscr. to Fox.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O: *S. Green grow the Rashes.*

when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
S. John Anderson, †

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree, . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change; . . *S. Let not woman* †

Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan? . . . . . *Ib.*

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
Man was made to Mourn.

yon lordling's slave, By Nature's law design'd, . . *Ib.*

This darling child of nature, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law, *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Great Nature spoke, with air benign, . . *Nature's Law.*

Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current; . . . . . *Ib.*

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; . . *Ib.*

The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . *S. Now rosy May* †

While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, ... *Ib.*

And view the charms of Nature; *S. Now westlin winds* †

For Nature made her what she is, *S. O poortith cauld,* †

Nature's gifts to all are free: . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

All on Nature you depend, ... *Ib.*

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel; . . . . . *Ib.*

Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Fate oft tears the bosom chords,
That Nature finest strung: . . . *Sad thy tale* †

The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies: *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy. *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †

Nature gladdening and adorning; . . . . . *Ib.*

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole; *S. Streams that glide* †

The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie.
The Brigs of Ayr.

All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; . . . *Ib.*

But Nature sicken'd on the e'e. . *S. The Catrine woods* †

Or nature aught of pleasure give; . *S. The day returns* †

When Nature's face is fair, . . . *The Holy Fair.*

Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

To Nature's God and Nature's law,
They gave their lore, [v.A.4] *The Vision.*

I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye. . . *Ib., D. II. 13.*

Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning. . . . *S. Thine am I* †

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union, . . *To a Mouse.*

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, . . . *To J. S.*

Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself. . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Spurning nature, torturing art; . . . . . *Ib.*

(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . . *To R. G. of F..*

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; . . . *Ib.*

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! *To W. Simpson.*

Let me fair Nature's face descrive, ... *Ib.*

All nature list'ning seem'd the while, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, ... *Ib.*

Her air like nature's vernal smile; . . . . . *Ib.*

woman, nature's darling child! . . . . . *Ib.*

The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.
S. Wandering Willie.

Beauty's of a fading nature, . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

She, wi' coy and fickle nature,
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, ... *Ib.*

Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]?
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste: . . *Ib.*

And look through Nature with creative fire; . . *Ib.*

Naughty. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
The Rights of Woman.

Near.

As dear an' near my heart I set thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

His worthy fam'ly far and near, . . *Auld comrade* †

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

nor cankert care E'er mair come near him.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 5.

your curst wit, when it comes near it, . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*

Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, *S. Forlorn, my Love* †

O wert thou, Love, but near me,
But near, near, near me; . . . . . *Ib.*

Nought of ill may come thee near, *S. Hark! the mavis'* †

I was fow When I came near her, *Holy Willie's Prayer. S.*

My last hour I am near it; . . *S. Husband, husband* †

When trystin time draws near again; . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †

The day is near the dawia; . . . *S. Landlady, count* †

The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
S. Last May a braw wooer †

The happy hour may soon be near, *S. The noble Maxwells* †

That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †

Friends so near my bosom ever, . . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Near and more near the thunders roll: . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Ye'll mend or ye win near him. *Tam Samson's El., Epit.*

New-christening towns far and near,
The Election Ballads. III.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
S. The Posie.

To see my lad sae near me. . . *S. The tither morn* †

Nane else came near it. . . . *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And never drink be near his drouth! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . . *To J. S., 16.*
Lord be near ye, ... *To Terraughty.*
Tells hughtin-time is near, . . *S. When o'er the hill* †
And grim, surly winter is near? . *S. Where are the joys* †
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . *S. Young Jamie* †

Nearer. That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Are so much nearer Heav'n. . *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*

Nearest. She thro' the yard the nearest taks. *Halloween. 11.*
"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae; . . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
The Rights of Woman.

Nearhand.
'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the batching bred, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, ... *Ib. 18.*
He saw her days were near hand ended, *The Death of Mailie.*

Nearly.
And by fell death was nearly nicket: *Friend of the poet,*†*P.S.*

Neat. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, . . *Halloween. 3.*
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . *S. Handsome Nell.*
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, *S. When first I saw* †

Nebbit. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
The Election Ballads. III.

Necessity.
Strong Necessity compels. . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.
To Dr. Blacklock.

Neck. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, . *A Dream. 8.*
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Add., sp. by Fontenelle.
Adown her neck and bosom hing; . *S. Her flowing locks* †
And round that neck entwine her! . . . . *Ib.*
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
S. O Mally's meek.
Tho' hy the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, . . *Ib. 11.*
For drink I would venture my neck;
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
I flang my arms about her neck, . . .
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Neck-bane [neck-bone].
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.

Nectar. Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . *S. O Phely,* †

Neebor, Neebour [neighbour].
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' faults and folly! . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
S. Last May a braw wooer †
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . *Poor Mailie's El..*
When neebors anger at a plea, . . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, , . . *Ib. 7.*
'Twas but some neebor snoran Asleep *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie Lark, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; . . *To J. S., 5.*
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Need, the poor man's friend in need, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need; , *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we bad need. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Sma' need has he to say a grace, , . *The Holy Fair. 25.*
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need, . . *To a Haggis.*
See him, the poor man's friend in need, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Need, *to.* Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry. *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! [*re.*] . *Ib.*
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate; . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
(For none that knew him need be told) . . *Epit. for R. A.*
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her [fortune], O.
S. My father was a farmer †
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, *S. My love she's but* †
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on?
Scots Prologue.
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, . . *Ib.*
Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. . . . *Ib. 10.*
Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to bead me,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Ammunition you never can need; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Fair maid, you need not take the hint, *To Miss Ainslie.*

Needful, -fu'.
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink. . . *Auld comrade* †
The lead and huoy are needful to the net:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; *To J. S., 5.*

Needle. The Mother wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e;
The Election Ballads. IV.

Needless. But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.
Extem. on Commens. of Thomson.
but needless here is cantion, . . *The Rights of Woman.*
Mony words are needless, Katie, *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Needna [need not].
For me! sae laigh I need na bow, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
(ye need na tak it ill) . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
At kith or kin I needna speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
'Ye needna yoke the plough, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.*
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*
Ye need na look sae high. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Thou need na jouk behint the ballan,
A chiel sae clever; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
For Comedy abroad he need na toil, . *Scots Prologue.*
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 21.*
The vera thought o't need na fear them. *The Twa Dogs. 27.*
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, . . . *Ib. 29.*
Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht; *The Vision. D. I. 8.*
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, . . *To a Mouse.*
I need na vaunt, ... *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Ne'er.
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow, *A Guid New-year* † *9.*
My passion I will ne'er declare, . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. *S. By Allan stream* †
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
S. Come, let me take thee †
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I, [*re.*]
S. Comin thro' the rye †
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 14.*
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; . . . *Ib. Epit.*
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. . *El. on Year 1788.*
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended; . . *Ep. to Young Friend, 9.*
Your heart can ne'er be wanting! . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Auld age ne'er mind a feg; . . . *Ep. to Davie, 2.*
And joys that riches ne'er could buy; . . . . *Ib. 8.*
Ne'er thiokan they wad fash me for't; . *Ep. to J. R., 8.*
I'se ne'er bid better. . . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. . *Epit. on a Wag.*
An' here his body lies fu' low
For saul he ne'er had ony. . . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab! *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.
S. Gloomy December.
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
S. Green grow the Rashes.
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g, Again upon her. . . *Ib.*
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. . . . *Ib. 8.*
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. *S. How lang and dreary* †
I'll ne'er prig for red or white; . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
S. My father was a farmer †
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O; . . . . . *Ib.*
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O. . . . . *Ib.*
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither! . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, *S. O steer her up* †
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her. *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †
See those hands ne'er stretch'd to save,
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, *On Scot. Bard gone to W. I.*
Wi' him it [coin] ne'er was under hidin; . . . *Ib.*
And ne'er a ane mistak' her: . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, *Poem on Life.*
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.
Ronalds of Bennals.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely! *S. O saw ye my Phely.*
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.) . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! *Tam Samson's El.*
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your hack,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastet moorlan toop; . *The Death of Mailie.*
O ne'er a ane but tway. . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean . . . . *Ib.*
Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground, . . *Ib. VI.*
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest. . . . . *The 1st Ps.*
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day. . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; . *The Inventory.*
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
The deil would ne'er abide her. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
The Kirk's Alarm. 11.
I'll ne'er forget that happy night, . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
The gentles ye wad neer envy them! . *The Twa Dogs. 28.*
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, ... *Ib. 4.*
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"
The Whistle.
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend, *Ib. 9.*
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle.
Your thick plantations. . . *To a Louse.*
It ne'er cam i' their heads to douht it, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
S. Twas na her bonie blue †
I ne'er was here before; . . . . *V.s to Landlady.*
I'll ne'er gang by your door. . . . . *Ib.*
I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better.
What ails ye now †
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Ne'er-a-bit.
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk. . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Negleckit, Negleket [neglected].
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But then, to see how ye're negleket,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket! *The Twa Dogs. 12.*
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken; . . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*

Neglect.
now a prey to insulting neglect, *Monody, on a Lady. Epit.*
Mischance, mistake, or hy neglect,
S. My father was a farmer †

Neglect, *to.*
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect, . . *A Dream. 8.*
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 5.
Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect. . . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*

Neglected.
But now 'tis despised and neglected: *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Neglecting. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess! . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*

Neighbour.
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, *Add. to Toothache.*
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours: . . . . . *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
And o'er her neighbours shine, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Neighbourhood.
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
The Belles of Mauchline.

Neighbouring.
How lofty, sweet Aftoa, thy neighbouring hills,
S. Afton Water.

Neist *v.* **Niest.**

Nell.
Nell had the Fause-house in her min', [*re.*] *Halloween. 10.*
I'll love my handsome Nell. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

Nelly. He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . *Halloween. 6.*
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, *S. Handsome Nell.*
The youthful blooming Nelly lay, [*re.*]
S. On a bank of flowers †

Nerve.
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, *Add. to Tooth-ache.*
thro' each nerve the rapture dart, . *S. By Allan stream* †
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained. *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . *The Lament.*
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, *The Vision. D. II. 16.*
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Nerved. nerved with thundering fate, . . . *Liberty.*

Nervous.
M'[Gi]ll's close nervous excellence, *The Twa Herds. 17.*

Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted, . . *A Dream. 4.*
Within the hush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest, . . . *S. A Rosebud by* †
in Mis'ry's squalid nest, . . . *A Winter Night. 8.*
The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
And at night she'll return to her nest back again. . *Ib.*
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [*v.* A. 15]
Tam Samson's El..

to screen the birdie's nest, . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
S. The Posie.
But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
S. There was a lass and †
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, *To W. Creech.*
A whaup's i' the nest. . . . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

Nestled. The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
El. on Miss Burnet.
And nestled thee close to that bosom. *On Death of fav. Child.*

Nestling, *s.*
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

Nestling. While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
S. On Cessnock banks †

Net. The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
He took my heart as wi' a net, . *S. My heart was ance* †

Netherplace.
But Queen N[etherplace], of a diff'rent complexion,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

Netherton. Or to the N-th-rt-n repair
And turn a Carpet-weaver *The Ordination. 9.*

Nettle.
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, *Monody, on a Lady.*

Neuk, Newk [nook, corner).
The benmost neuk beside the ingle, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk. *Friend of the Poet* † *P.S.*
Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-hroo;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, ... *Halloween. 10.*
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk, *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] *Tam o' Shanter.*
Go, fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,
Tam Samson's El. Per C.
While some are cozie i' the neuk, . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out, *encore.* . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
in the neuk, Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; *Ib. R. III.*
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e . *To Miss Ferrier.*
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Never.
Thou never brainy't, an' fetch't, an flisket,
A Guid New-year † *12.*
In cart or car thou never reestet; . . . . *Ib. 14.*
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, ... *Ib.*
May never worse be sent; . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name! *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it; . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
They never wi' her can compare; *S. Adown winding Nith* †
A dream of ane that never wauks. *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
And break it shall I never, O! . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r,
Can I forget it?—Never. . . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
never ranging, still unchanging, . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
But never tempt th' illicit rove, *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled? . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee. . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man; *El. on Death of R. Ruiss.*
Never mair to taste delight.
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . . *Frae the friends* †
As they wad never mair part, . . . *Halloween. 8.*
Altho' thou maun never be mine, *S. Here's a health to ane* †
She never lets me weary, Sir, . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Ill may we never see! . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
Man was made to Mourn.
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
I'll never see him back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss't it yet, . *S. My love she's but* †
I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer, . . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear, *S. Musing on the roaring* †
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent. . . . *Nature's Law.*
Ye'se never scorn me. . . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
Can never make them eerie. . *S. O poortith cauld* †
O that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care, . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
O never look down, my lassie at a', *S. O when she cam ben* †
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. . . . . *Ib.*
Pity's flood there never rose. . . *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Hands that took—but never gave. . . . . *Ib.*
A' ye wha live and never think, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. . *S. One fond kiss* †
His heart will never get aboon! . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,
Ronalds of Bennals.
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, . . . *Ib.*
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir, . *Second Ep. of Davie.*
And never brought to mind? *S. Shld auld acquaintnce* †
That something in us never dies: *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*
And live as those who never die. . . . . *Ib.*
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Never bound by winter's chains! . *S. Streams that glide* †
A better never lifted leg, . . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Speak out an' never fash your thumb.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
(Deil na they never mair do guid, ... *Ib. 16.*
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! . . *Ib. 7.*
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
O never, never Scotia's realm desert, . . . *Ib. 21.*
I know her heart will never change, *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion, . . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Ammunition you never can need; . *The Kirk's Alarm. 17.*
Scenes, never, never to return! . . *The Lament. 10.*
We never had sic twa drones; . *The Ordination. 10.*
He never was known for to idle or lurk; *The Poor Thresher.*
And I never repine at my lot in the least, . . . *Ib.*
But how it comes, I never kent yet, . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
Then never murmur nor repine; . *The Vision. D. II. 21.*
May Boreas never thrash your rigs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never.
S. Thou hast left me †
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't! . . . . *To a Mouse.*
And never drink he near his drouth! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy . *To J. M'Murdo.*
For me, an nim I never fash; . . . *To J. S., 5.*
In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . . *Ib. 27.*
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! [*re.*] . . *To Miss C.*
In equanimity they never dwell, . . *To R. G. of F., 8.*
May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him! . *To W. Creech.*
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
S. Twas na her bonie blue †
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest, . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
S. Wandering Willie.
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
S. What can a yng lassie †
Forget him shall I never: . . *S. When wild War's* †
Fain promise never more to disobey; . *Why am I loth* †
Bliss he never must enjoy? . . . *S. Why, why tell* †
Never after to forsake me, . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Your waters never drumlie!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
departed joys, Departed never to return.
S. Ye banks and braes †

Never-ceasing. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil; *Ep. to Davie. 6.*

Never-ending.
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Never-halting.
I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed, . . *To J. S., 10.*

New. May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see, . . *A Dream.*
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine; . . *Friend of the Poet* †
To thy new lover hie, ... *S. Had I a cave* †
Her braw, new, worset apron . . . *Halloween. 13.*
And faith, to me, 'twas really new! *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
O sing a new song to the L—, . . *New Psalmody.*
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Ronalds of Bennals.
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
S. Saw ye my Phely.
How this new Play and that new Sang is comin?
Scots Prologue.
I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
New Brig was huskit in a braw, new coat, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours. . . . . *Ib.*
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; . . *Ib. 5.*
And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
The Election Ballads. III.
And your life like the new driven snaw,
The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
Or tell what new taxation's comin, . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, *The Twa Herds. 11.*
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; *The Vowels.*
And every new cork is a new spring of joy; *The Whistle.*
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
S. There's a youth †
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
S. There's auld Rob †
An' naething, now, to big a new ane, . . *To a Mouse.*
For hoons accorded, goodness ever new, *To R. Graham.*
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
S. What can a yng lassie †

New-born.
By her inspir'd, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

New Brig. New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

New-ca'd [newly calved].
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 1.

New-christening. New-christening towns far and near,
The Election Ballads. III.

New-come. It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

New-cutted.
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

New-driven.
And your life like the new driven snaw, *The Kirk's Alarm. 4.*
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
S. There's a youth †

New Holland.
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside New Holland, . *To W. Simpson.*

New Jerusalem.
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa'! . . . *To W. Creech.*

New-light [doctrines opposed to orthodoxy].
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion: *The Ordination. 14.*
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
And new-light herds could nicely drub, ... *Ib. 8.*
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's liein'. . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Ye had me write you what they mean
By this new-light, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, ... *Ib.*
An' some, their New-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd. . . . . *Ib.*
An' when the new-light hillies see them,
I think they'll crouch! . . . . *Ib.*

New-year.
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! *A Guid New-Year* †
On new-year's night, when we were fou, *S. Duncan Gray* †
I come to wish you all a good new year! *Prologue, at Th., D..*
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
In cog or bicker, . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*

New-York.
But at New-York, wi' knife an fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man. . . *A Fragment. 3.*

Newk *v.* **Neuk.**

Newlin [newly].
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven. [*re.*] *S. The auld man* †

Newly. O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June; *S. A Red, Red Rose.*
With fleeces newly washen clean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Newly-gathered.
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

News. 'Come, gies your news! *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.*
'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now'
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!' . . . *Ib. 23.*
The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
So gratefu', back your news I send you, . . . *Ib.*
When Love and Beauty heard the news, *The Fête Champetre.*
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't. *S. The noble Maxwells* †
There's news, lasses, news, Gude news I've to tell,
S. There's news, lasses †
Till some bit callan bring me news
That you are there, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir.
To Capt. Riddel.

Next. The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And next my heart I'll wear her, *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. *The Whistle. 13.*

Nibble. Has cost thee monie a weary nibble ! *To a Mouse.*

Nibbling.
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, *The Death of Mailie.*

Nice.
The nice yellow guineas for me. *S. Awa' wi' yr. witchcraft* †
We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, *Impromptu.*
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice, . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ; . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, . *Scotch Drink. 14.*
The corps is no nice of recruits ; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
I doubt it's hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi' Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Nicest. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Nicely.
Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
An' O sae nicely's we will fare ! *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
And new-light herds could nicely drub, *The Twa Herds. S.*

Nicholson. Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
El. on Peg Nicholson.

Nick [a name for the devil].
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*
O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him ! . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's. . *Ep. to J. R.*
Ah ! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, . . . *Poem on Life.*
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen ?
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger ; . . *To a Painter.*

Nick [a notch cut into anything ; "Crummie's nicks," natural markings on cows' horns].
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*
Like scrapin' ont auld Crummie's nicks, *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Nick, *to* **[cut through, break, sever sharply].**
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.

Nickan [cutting].
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Nicket [cut ; cut off].
And by fell death was nearly nicket : *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Nickie, Nickie-ben [familiar names for the devil].
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben ! . *Add. to the Deil.*

Nick-nackets [cnriosities].
He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets :
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Nicol. Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, [*re.*] *For W. Nicol.*

Nidsdale. And there frae the Nidsdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwell's in droves,
The Election Ballads. III.
Nidsdale rade, Astray upon Nidside. . . . *Ib. V.*

Niest, Neist [next].
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin !' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine. . . . *S. My wife's a winsome.*
The game shall pay, owre moor an' dail,
For this, niest year. . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
An' niest, my yowie, silly thing, . *The Death of Mailie.*
The niest came in a sodger hoy, *The Election Ballads. I.*
niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat ;
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, . . . *Ib. R. IV.*
Niest day their life is past enduring. *The Twa Dogs. 32.*
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting. . *S. As I cam o'er* †
Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, *The Holy Fair. 17.*
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye . . *To Terraughty.*

Nieve [the fist].
The cudgel in my nieve did shake, . *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves *Halloween. 23.*
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
But just the pouchie put the nieve in, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
His nieve a nit ; . . . . . *To a Haggis.*
Clap in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle ; . *Ib.*
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, *S. Willie Wastle.*

Nievefu' [a fist-full].
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17.*

Niffer [an exchange].
Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd
And shudder at the niffer, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*

Niger [a negro].
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a niger ; . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Nigh. Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel,
Nigh unto death ; *Letter to J. Goudie.*
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, . . *Poem on Life.*
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, *Poor Mailie's El.*
Life's meridian flaming nigh, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Night.
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. *A Dream. 10.*
Ae night, at tea, began a plea, , . . *A Fragment.*
Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
And not less anxious sure this night than ever,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow,
S. Ay waking, O ! †
Laoely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin ;
S. Ay waukin, O !
The night's baith mirk and rainy, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
And [age has] nights o' sleepless pain ! *S. But lately seen,* †
Ne'er sae murky blew the night *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' ;
S. Contented wi' little, †
Which lately on a night befel, *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
On new-year's night, when we were fou, . *Duncan Gray* †
Empress of the silent night : . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 14.*
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 18.
'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
'This vera night ; . . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 4.*
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night ! . . . . *Ib. 16.*
'Twas ae night lately, in my fun, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 7.*
To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas ! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Farewell, dear mistress †
Gane is the day and mirk's the night, *S. Gane is the day* †
Upon that night, when Fairies light, . . *Halloween.*
Amang the rocks an' streams To sport that night. [*re.*] *Ib.*
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee ; *S. Here's to thy health,* †
I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thon hast left in night,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie ; *S. How lang and dreary* †
For oh, her lanely nights are lang ; . . . . *Ib.*
And nights are lang in winter, Sir,
S. I'm o'er young to marry.

Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow :
Inprom. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
When day is gane, and night is come, . *S. It was a' for* †
I think on him that's far awa'.
The lee-lang night, and weep, ... *Ib.*
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
And spen't at night fu' brawlie : . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, *S. My heart was ance* †
Gentle Night, do thou befriend me ;
S. Musing on the roaring †
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
S. My Nanie's Awa.
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
S. Now westlin winds †
O let me in this ae night, . . . *O Lassie, art thou* †
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, *O Logan ! sweetly* †
the mirk night o' December, . . *S. O May thy morn* †
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.
S. O merry hae I been †
By night, by day, a field, at hame, *S. O were I on Parnass.*†
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ; . . *S. O were my love* †
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie. *S. O Willie brew'd* †
And mony a night we've merry been, ... *Ib.*
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean. . . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
One night as I did wander, . . . *S. One night as I* †
And ushers the long dreary night ; *Poet. Add to Tytler.*
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here !
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow. *S. Raving winds* †
That merry night we get the corn in, . *Scotch Drink. 9.*
Or dark as misery's woeful night *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky :
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*
And find at night a sheltering cave, *S. Streams that glide* †
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ; . . . *Ib. 5.*
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane, . *Ib. 7.*
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . . . . *Ib.*
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand. . . . . *Ib, 8.*
That night enlisted in the core, ... *Ib. 15.*
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore : *Ib.*
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! . . *Ib.*
But O ! I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
from the shades of death's deep night, . . . *Ib. VI.*
And spent the chearful, festive night ;
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd. . . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, *S. The gloomy night* †
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh : . . . *The Hermit.*
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, *The Holy Fair. 27.*
Ae night at e'en a merry core . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
An' made the bottle clunk To their health that night.
Ib. R. VII.
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie O' boot that night. . *Ib.*
An' thus the Muse suggested His sang that night. . *Ib.*
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay. . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night. . . *The Lament.*
The darksome night did me enfauld,
S. The Lass that made the bed.

The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa' ; *The night was still* †
The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow ; *S. The noble Maxwells* †
Farewel our night o' sorrow. . . . . *Ib.*
It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
She ay shall bless that happy night, ... *Ib.*
That happy night was worth them a', ... *Ib.*
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie. . . . . *Ib.*
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
S. The Taylor fell †
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless. *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, . *Ib. 32.*
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ; . . . *Ib. 33.*
An' darker gloamin brought the night : . . *Ib. 35.*
Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night.
The Whistle. 14.
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
S. There's auld Rob M.†
Thickest night surround my dwelling ! . *S. Thickest night* †
What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning : . . . *S. Thine am I* †
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night ; *To Clarinda.*
In Paisley John's that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm ; *To Gav. Hamilton.*
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
To R. G. of F., 7.
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night ! . *To W. Simpson.*
And sweet is night in autumn mild, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, *S. Up in the morning.*
Here this night if ye remain, . . . *S. Wha is that at* †
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
S. What will I do gin †
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, *S. When o'er the hill* †
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
Night, where dawn shall never break, ... *Ib.*
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a' : . *S. Young Jockey* †

Night-troubled.
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
S. There's auld Rob M.†

Nighted. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction. *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Nightly.
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
And a' my nightly dream, . . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
Nae nightly bogle make it [the bower] eerie ;
S. By Allan Stream †
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, . . *Halloween. 25.*
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away. *S. How can my poor heart* †
Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
S, On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the questions targe them tightly ; . . *The Inventory.*
With Woe I nightly vigils keep, . . . *The Lament.*
when my nightly couch I try . . . . . *Ib. S.*
Keep watchings with the nightly thief : . . . *Ib.*
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. Twas even—the dewy* †

Nimble. That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Nine.
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a week. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20*

Nine, the. As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen. *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.
who court the tuneful nine . . *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Nine, Nines, to the [to perfection].
Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
'Twad please me to the Nine. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Nine-pin. They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Nine-tail, Nine-tail'd.
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! *The Ordination. 11*

Ninety-five.
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' Christ and ninety-five, . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Nip. (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.) . . . *To Chloris.*

Nipt. Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
On Death of fav. Child.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Nit [nut].
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, . *Halloween. 2.*
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, ... *Ib. 9.*
She gies the Herd a pickle nits, ... *Ib. 21.*
His nieve a nit; . . . . . *To a Haggis.*

Nith. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, . . *A Vision.*
Adown winding Nith I did wander, [re.]
S. Adown winding Nith †
the banks of winding Nith, . . . *As on the banks* †
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
But now she's floating down the Nith, [re.]
El. on Peg Nicholson.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
The hoatmen on Nith's gentle stream, . . *On Lincluden.*
Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
On seeing wounded Hare.
But sweeter flows the Nith to me, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, ... *Ib.*
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith
The Election Ballads. I.
Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg' o' Nith, . . . *Ib.*
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; *S. The Laddies by* †
To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes, . . . *Ib.*
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
S. True hearted was he †

Nithside.
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

No. An' saying aye or no's they bid him: *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

No [not]. Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, . . *Auld comrade* †
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain; *S. Duncan Davison.*
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
It's no in titles nor in rank; [re.] . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
I'se no insist; . . . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 15.*
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate *Ib., Ap. 21st, 14.*
And no neglect. . . . . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*
no to roose you, Ye may be proud, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*
She's no the Lass for me. . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
And no for ony guid or ill . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
She'll no be half sae saucy yet. . *S. My love she's but* †
O this is no my ain lassie, . . *S. O this is no my ain* †
It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, . . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him; . . *S. The auld man* †
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
S. The Cotter's Sat. Night. S.
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . *The Death of Mailie.*
That what is no sense must be nonsense. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
The corps is no nice of recruits; . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
and there we'll no be seen, *S. There grows a bonie brier* †
ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, . . *To a Louse.*
Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, . . *To a Mouse.*
You'll tak it no uncivil: . . . . *To a Painter.*
But no sae weel a stranger. . . . . *Ib.*
It's no I like to sit an' swallow, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
I get it no ae day in ten. . . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
An' may a bard no crack his jest . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, . . . *Ib.*
My memory's no worth a preen; . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Up in the morning's no for me, . *S. Up in the morning.*
'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that, . *What ails ye now* †

No more. At present we will ask no more, . . *A Grace.*
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.
A Verse on being Hosp. Entertained.
Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Till fears no more had sav'd me: *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
We part to meet no more! . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; . *Frag. of Ode.*
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love;
And we desire no more. . . *Grace after Dinner.*
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander, . *Ib.*
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, *Ib.*
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, . *Ib.*
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more. . . . *Ib.*
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know. . . *S. Let not woman* †
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
On seeing wounded Hare.
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed! . . . *Ib.*
Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Sonnet, on Death of R..
The Wretched have no more to fear: *S. The gloomy night* †
I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes. . . *To J. S., 21.*

Noble. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; *A Ded. to G. H.*
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver; . . . . *A Dream. 11.*
That day, ye was a jinker noble, . *A Guid New-year* † *7.*
Thou was a noble Fittie-lan', ... *Ib. 11.*
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish sim. *A Winter Night. S.*
And gie their hides a noble curry, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Architecture's noble pride . . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
I view that noble, stately Dome, ... *Ib. 6.*
I threw a noble throw at ane; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*
If thou a noble sodger art, . . *El. on Capt. M.H., Epit.*
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
a hero bold, Of noble enterprise, . . *John Barleycorn.*
My noble master lies in clay; . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Must thou, the noble, generous, great, ... *Ib.*
To meet with noble youthful Dare, *On dining with Daer.*
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
That Architecture's noble art is lost! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns. . . . . *The Calf.*

Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Here's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown, . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
The Murray's noble name! . . . . . *Ib. V.*
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Come, will ye court a noble lord, . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes, ... *Ib.*
In many a noble squadron; . *The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.*
The noble Maxwells and their Powers
S. The noble Maxwells †
To follow the noble vocation; . *S. The sons of old Killie.*
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's beaty. *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
three noble chieftains, and all of his blood, . *The Whistle.*
Let's sing about our noble sels; . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . *V.s under Picture.*
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves. . . . . *Ib.*

Noble-minded.

Not high-born, but noble-minded, . . *S. Sweetest May* †

Nobleman.

A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, *S. The Poor Thresher.*
One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; . . *Ib.*
The Nobleman hearing him what he did say, . . *Ib.*
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall. . . *Ib.*
But such Noblemen there's but few to be found. . . *Ib.*

Nobler. I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number. . *Nature's Law.*
To sing auld Coil in nobler style . . . . . *Ib.*
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
The Brigs of Ayr.
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, . . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, . . *To Chloris.*

Nobles. While Nobles strive to please Ye, . *A Dream. 9.*
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
But why should we to nobles jouk? *The Election Ballads. II.*

Noblest. As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
El. on Miss Burnet.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
S. Green grow the Rashes.
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The noblest breast adores them maist, . *S. Women's Minds.*

Nobly.

Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, *A Guid New-year* † *18.*
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, . *Frag. of Ode.*
The generous purpose, nobly dear, *S. My Mary's face* †
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find. . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Or nobly fling the gospel club, . . *The Twa Herds. 8.*

Nocht [nothing].

But nocht in all-revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me. . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely* †
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, Oh, she is sae far awa. . . *S. Sae far awa.*
And nocht could him quail, . *S. There was a bonie lass* †

Nod. An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod. . . *S. There's news, lasses* †
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Why am I loth †

Nod, *to.* Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon, *Add. to the Deil. 5.*

Nodding, -in. We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at hame;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Deil tak Kate An' she be na noddin too! . . . . *Ib.*
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Noddle.

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle,
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
My barmie noddle's working prime, . . *To J. S., 4.*

Noise. Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, *A Fragment. 6.*
Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, *New Psalmody.*
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise; . *The Inventory.*
With a' his noise an' cap'rin; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
To see them come round me with prattling noise,
S. The Poor Thresher.
the Reaper's rustling noise, . . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; *To J. S., 14.*

Noiseless. With noiseless step and taper bright, *On Lincluden.*

Noisy. What are their noisy pleasures?
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy, . . *The Hermit.*
The noisy domicile of pedant pride; . . *The Vowels.*

None. 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.*
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Monody, on a Lady.
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver. . . . *New Psalmody.*
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
For a lalland face be feared none, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*

Nonsense. Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v. A. 6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
For it was a' but nonsense: . . . . *Halloween. 14.*
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Does nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Scots Prologue.
That what is no sense must be nonsense. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Nook. I sidling shelter'd in a nook, *On dining with Daer.*
To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Seek the chimney-nook of ease. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Noon. There [on thy hills] daily I wander as noon rises high,
S. Afton Water.
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At sultry noon, my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
And gaudy shew at sunny noon; . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd. . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, *To R. G. of F., 9.*
In the pride of sunny noon; . . *S. Turn again, thou* †
At noon the fisher seeks the glen, *S. When o'er the hill* †

Noontide.

And dares the public like a noontide sun. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The merle, in his noontide bower, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray; *S. O were my love* †
cold successive noontide blasts . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
The village glittering in the noontide beam
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Noosing.

Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —,

Nor [though, than].
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Norland [north-land].
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
S. Here's a health to them †
Erskine, a spunkie norland billie;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.

Nor-west.
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*

North, Lord [the Statesman].
For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, . . *A Fragment. 6.*
N-rth, F-x, & Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', . . . *Ib. 9.*
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*

North. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights, *A Vision.*
He fir'd a fiddler in the north . . *S. Amang the trees* †
The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the North, *S. Caledonia.*
Is he south, or is he north? . *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.*†
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its highlands to me?
S. Out over the Forth †
The chase gaed frae the north, man; *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
As to the north I bent my way, *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky, *The Vision. D. II. 13.*
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . *The Whistle.*
He's comin frae the North that's to fauey me,
S. There grows a bonie †
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw: . . . . *Winter.*

Northern.
From some of your northern deities sprung: . *S. Caledonia.*
(What breast of northern ice but warms?) . *Frag. of Ode.*
luckless fortune's northern storms . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Nose.
And hand their noses to the grunstane; *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
. . . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*
If Venus yet had got his nose off; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; *Poor Mailie's El..*
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
Tam o' Shanter. 17.
While by their nose the tears will revel, *Tam Samson's El..*
When by the plate we set our nose, . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, *To a Louse.*
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose; . . . *To J. S., 25.*
I'll cock my nose aboon them a', . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Her nose and chin they threaten ither; *S. Willie Wastle.*

Nostrum.
In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poosion'd nostrum; . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Note.
That gars the notes of discord squeel, *Add. to Toothache.*
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe: *S. It was the charming* †
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang. . *Lament for Glencairn.*
The mavis mild wi' many a note, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. . *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could waukeu! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . . *S. Sensibility,* †
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A. 10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note;
The Election Ballads. III.
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man. . *The Fête Champetre.*
And roar every note of the damn'd. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . . *To Clarinda.*

Note, *to.*
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard. *The Vision. D. II. 10.*
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Noted.
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; *The Whistle. 10.*
Far kend an' noted is thy name; . . *Add. to the Deil. 3.*

Noteless.
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, *A Bard's Epit.*

Nothing. 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; . . *Ib.*
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
Epig. on —.
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Nothing could resist my Nancy: . . *S. One fond kiss,* †
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Notice. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread
Are notice takin! . . . *To a Louse.*
See wha taks notice o' the bard! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Notic'd, -'t.
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' *Halloween. 13.*
I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day, *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Notion. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion, By night or day. *The Holy Fair. 19.*
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion: . . . *To a Louse.*
This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent; . . *To J. S., 7.*

Notit [noted].
Day an' date as under notit, . . . *The Inventory.*

Nought.
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Trembling I dow nought but glowr, *S. Blythe hae I been* †
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
And a' your views may come to nought,
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
And nought but peat reek i' my head, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: . . . . . *Ib.*
Nought of ill may come thee near, *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
Nought but griefs with me remain. *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whitefoord.
Is nought to what poor she endures *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could waukeu! *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh. *S. Oh, open the door* †
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
I marked nought uncommon. . *On dining with Daer.*

But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!' . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

He hated nought but—to be sad, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

And nought but his labour to keep them up all.
The Poor Thresher.

Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

An' nought but his han'-daurk, ... *Ib. 10.*

And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
S. There's auld Rob †

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, . . *To a Mouse.*

We heard nought but the roaring linn, *S. What will I do gin* †

Nourish. It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Novel. O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, *O leave novels* †

November.

chill November's surly blast . *Man was made to Mourn.*

November hirples o'er the lea, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.

I married with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November; . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Now. And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!
Prologue, at Th., D..

Now's the day, and now's the hour, . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †

Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die. . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Now an' then.

And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee, ... *Halloween. 18.*

Nowt, Nowte [cattle].

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . *El. on Year 1788.*

Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . . *The Calf.*

For we're not to be bought or sold
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that.
The Election Ballads. II.

Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. . *The Inventory.*

To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Number. And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw, *Add. to Toothache.*

I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number. . . . *Nature's Law.*

Number, *to.* Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Only to number out a villain's years! . *To R. Graham.*

Number'd.

Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*

The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

when ye're number'd wi' the dead, . . . *The Calf.*

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd; . . *The Dean of Fac..*

When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
S. The small birds †

Numbering.

Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy. . . . *S. Sleep'st thou* †

Numbers.

Could artful numbers move thee, *S. Could aught of song* †

My wailing numbers. . . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
To Miss Graham.

Numerous, -'rous.

O' a' the num'rous human dools, . . *Add. to Toothache.*

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
Remorse. A Frag.

Nuptial.

Are frae their nuptial labors risen: . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Nurse. That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Nursing.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Nursling.

I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

Nurst. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst; *A Guid New-year* † *15.*

nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed. . . *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Nut-brown.

Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, *S. As I gaed up by* †

Nymph.

Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

O. In rueful apprehension enter'd O, . . *The Vowels.*

Oak.

And stately oaks their twisted arms,
Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †

As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Oar. Suspend their dashing oars to hear *On Lincluden.*

Oath. And they hae sworn a solemn oath *[re] John Barleycorn.*

By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, *To Clarinda.*

Obedience. If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience; *S. Husband, husband* †

To give obedience due: . . . . *Nature's Law.*

Obedient. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient. *Ep. to J. R.*

Obey. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest. *A Prayer under Anguish.*

"One of two must still obey, . *S. Husband, husband* †

The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Object.

Sweet early object of my youthful vows, *Once fondly lov'd* †

Objection. An' if ye mak' objections at it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Oblige. Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Which will oblige your humble debtor,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †

Obliging. Obliging Vulcan fell to work, . *To J. Taylor.*

Oblivion. And to dark Oblivion join thee! *S. Raving winds* †

O' boot [to boot] *v.* **Boot.**

Obscure. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Lament for Glencairn.

all obscure, unknown, and poor, *S. My father was a farmer* †

For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.
Ronalds of Bennals.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that, . *S. The Honest Man.*

Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . *To J. S., 19.*

Observation.

On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations; . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

Guid observation they will gie them; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Observe.

Observe wha's standing wi' him. . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Observ'd.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us, *The Lament.*

Observin.

Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . *To J. S., 19.*

Occasion.

Discount what scant occasion gave, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*

Occupation. O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The Poet's occupation? *S. Lovely Davies.*

I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation: . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Ocean. The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's swell; *S. Bonie Bell.*

The billows on the ocean [type of woman] *S. Deluded Swain* †

A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide, *S. From thee, Eliza* †

Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; . *S. Let not woman* †

Louis what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean? . . *S. Louis what reck I* †

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me: *S. Musing on the roaring* †

O'er life's rough ocean driven, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

like ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

And Tweed rins to the ocean . . . *S. The Union.*

Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between; . . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. . *To W. Simpson,*

Och! And och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v. A. 29] *A Ded. to G. H.*
But Och, mankind are unco weak, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
But Och! it bardens a' within, ... *Ib. 6.*
But Och! that night, amang the shaws, *Halloween. 24.*
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Och, ho! the day! . . . . . *Searching auld* †
But Och! they catch'd him at the last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.

Ochils. Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise, . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Ochiltree [parish in mid division of Ayrshire].
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray; . . *To W. Simpson. 13.*

Ochon! [alas! oh sorrow!].
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie! *The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Ochon, O, Donald Oh! . . . . . *Ib.*

Ochtertyre [Mr. Ramsay's place, near Stirling].
By Ochtertyre grows the aik. . . *S. Blythe was she* †

October. October twenty-third, A ne'er to be forgotten day,
On dining with Daer.
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thon was nae sober; . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Odd. They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.*
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Odin.
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, *S. Caledonia.*

O'er. An' I'll kiss thee o'er again; *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
"Is o'er ayont the water:" . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
I'm o'er young to marry yet, . . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
I'm o'er young, my mammy says, ... *Ib.*
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; . *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

O'er-arching.
Bewitchingly o'er arching
Twa langhing een o' bonie blue. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
The Brigs of Ayr. S.

O'ercast. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray:
Blest be M'Murdo †
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
S. Sleep'st thou, †
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, . . . *Winter.*

O'ercome.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times *The Holy Fair. 17.*
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

O'erflow. Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
S. No Churchman am I †
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. S.

O'erflowing. Come, let us sweep them off, said they,
Like an o'erflowing river. *New Psalmody.*

O'er-gang [to over-go, to master].
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
S. O ay my wife she dang.

O'erhang. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Tbrush, *S. Now westlin winds* †
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

O'erhanging.
Ye ragged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, *El. on Miss Burnet.*

O'erhung. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhnng wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
To Mary in Heaven.

O'erlabour'd.
See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile, . *Man was made to Mourn.*

O'erlay [a cravat, or neckcloth].
And I will dress his o'erlay; . . *S. The Ploughman* †

O'erlook.
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', . *On dining with Daer.*
Propriety's cold, cautions rules
Warm fervour may o'erlook; . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

O'ermatching.
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard. . *The Vision. D. II. 21.*

O'erpay. Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!
In vain wild Prudence †

O'erpower'd. Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;
S. My father was a farmer †
When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

O'er-side. Heave Care o'er-side! . . . *To J. S., 11.*

O'erspread.
Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

O'erword [any word frequently repeated; the refrain of a song].
But prudence is her o'erword ay, . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. . *The night was still* †

Offence. The offence is loving thee: *S. Turn again, thou* †
Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Why am I loth †

Offended.
Thee, dear maid, have I offended? *S. Turn again, thou* †

Offer. But thonght I might hae waur offers, [*re.*]
S. Last May a brav wooer †
Tak me, Katie, at my offer, . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Offer, *to.*
And if he offers to rebel,
Just heave him in [to hell]. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
I'm tauld he offers very fairly, . . *Auld comrade* †
And offers, bliss to give and to receive. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Off'ring. To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

Office. I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . *The Hermit.*

Offspring.
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
But come, all ye offspring of folly so trne,
Monody, on a Lady.
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Oft. oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, *S. Afton Water.*
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
And oft a more endearing band, . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; . . . . *Ib.*
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, *S. Fate gave the word* †
Though oft I turned the wistful eye, *Lament for Glencairn.*
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
Monody, on a Lady.
He oft has wrought me meikle wae; . *S. O lay thy loof* †
Who for her favour oft had sn'd, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
On seeing wounded Hare.
Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
On the Duke of Queensberry.
as gratefnl nations oft have found . *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
how oft with panting fear, ... *Ib.*
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . *Ib.*
Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Natnre finest strung: . . . *Sad thy tale* †
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
Oft have I met your social band,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Oft, honor'd with supreme command, . . . *Ib.*

Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us,
The Lament. 9.

Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side, . *To W. Simpson. 11.*

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
Why am I loth †

Oft-attested. The oft-attested Powers above : *The Lament. 3.*

Often. I'll often greet this surging swell;
Yon distant isle will often hail; *S. Behold the hour †*

Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever; . . . *S. Thou hast left me †*

Oil. And gie their hides a noble curry,
Wi' oil of aik. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion, Like oil, some day.
The Ordination. 14.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
The Whistle. 7.

Oil'd. But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee. *Scotch Drink. 5.*

Old. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore : *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

old time then was young. . . . . *S. Caledonia.*

Her grandsire, old Odin, ... *Ib.*

So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
Epig. on Capt. Grose.

The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
Extem. on W. Smellie.

That, like th' old Hebrew walking switch, eats up its neighbours: . . . . . *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*

Old winter with his frosty beard,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland! . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
Lns on Back of Bank-Note.

The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..

I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
S. No Churchman am I †

But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs, . . *Ib.*

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair; . . *Ib.*

But mete his cunniog by the old Scots ell; . . *Sketch.*

To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
Prologue, at Th., D.

old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible. *Reproof by Himself.*

I see the old, bald-pated fellow, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

old Scotia's melting airs, . . . *The Brigs of Ayr.*

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, . . *The Dean of Fac.*

Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, . . *The Farewell.*

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, *S. The gloomy night †*

Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band
The Petition of Br. Water.

But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; . . *Ib.*

What aspects old time in his progress has worn;
S. The lazy mist †

Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
S. The sons of old Killie.

Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another, . . *Ib.*

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . *The Whistle.*

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, . . *Ib.*

And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines. . . *Ib.*

In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set, . *Ib.*

Older.

You're one year older this important day, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Olfact'ry.

No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Olio. Or olio that wad staw a sow, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Oliphant. But Oliphant aft made her [Common-sense] yell,
The Ordination. 2.

Olive.

Peace, thy olive wand extend, *S. How can my poor heart †*

Omen. Like some portentous omen; *On dining with Daer.*

Omnipotent.

In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here? . . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Omnipotence.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave; . . . *Sad thy tale, †*

Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, *Scots Prologue.*

In all th' omnipotence of rule and power. *To R. G. of F..*

O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
Why am I loth †

Omniscient. Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.

On. O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †

Caledonian, on wi' me. . . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e †*

Once. Know thy form was once a treasure. *Blue Bonnets.*

Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells't. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.*

The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! . . *S. Here is the glen †*

Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birth-day.

And winter once rejoic'd in glory. . . . . *Ib.*

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
Monody, on a Lady.

What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam: . . *Ib.*

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Once fondly lov'd †

Stuart, a name once respected, . *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

I once was by Fortune carest,
I once could relieve the distrest; . *S. The sun he is sunk †*

And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them.
The Brigs of Ayr.

I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when;
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.

One. True it is, she had one failing,
Had ae woman ever less? *Lns under Pict. of Miss B.*

One fond kiss, and then we sever;
One farewell, alas, for ever! . . . *One fond kiss †*

Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; . . *Ib. 7.*

One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

One and all cry out, amen! . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

One-and-twenty.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

One more.

I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than he the death of twenty. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*

One, two, three.

Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three.
The Jolly Beggars. R.V.

Onie *v.* **Ony.**

Onions.

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions! . . . *The Ordination. 12.*

Onlie. They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. [*re.*]
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †

Only. And fare thee weel, my only Luve! *S. A red, red Rose.*

His only son for Hornbook sets, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*

A title, and the only one I claim, . *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*

Who riches only prize, ... *S. How cruel are †*

And thou, my last, best, only friend, *Lament for Glencairn.*

Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.
Monody, on a Lady.

I only live to love thee. . . *S. O were I on Parnass. †*

Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, *S. Wandering Willie.*

Only known to wandering swains, *On scaring Water-fowl.*

My chief, amaist my only pleasure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v. A. 10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.

Why urge the only, one request,
You know I will deny! . . *S. Talk not of Love †*

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Fit only for a doited Monkish race, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*

For Johnie is my only jo, . . . *S. The cardin o't.*

The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

He only hears and sees the war, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Onward.

Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, *To W. Simpson. 11.*
With careless step I onward stray'd, *S. Twas even—the dewy †*

Ony, Onie [any].

And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him. . . *A Farewell.*
Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk, . . . *A Fragment. 5.*
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie *A Guid New-Year †*
like ony wabster's shuttle, . . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! . . *S. Blythe was she †*
ony whiggish whingin sot, . *Et. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony. *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I. . . . *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
For saul he ne'er had ony. . . *Epit. on Wee Johnie.*
Gars ony dress look weel. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
And no for ony guid or ill . . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Like ony common weed and vile. . . *S. I do confess †*
Gi'e me love at ony price ; . . . *S. Jockey fou †*
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. . *S. O that I had ne'er †*
Wha follows ony saucy quean . . . *S. O Tibbie! †*
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, *Scots Prologue.*
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead ; . . *Tam Samson's El..*
Than ony ermine ever lap, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
That ye'ar I was the wnest man
O' ony man alive. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
An' sour as ony slaes : . . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
As light as ony lambie, ... *Ib.*
Or ony stronger potion, ... *Ib. 19.*
As saft as ony flesh is. . . . . *Ib. 27.*
As fast as ony in the dwalling. . . *The Inventory.*
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error. . . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Gif ye hae ony luve for me, *S. The lass that made the bed.*
I'se ay be there, And be as canty's ony. *S. The tither morn †*
eats a dinner, Better than ony Tenant-man *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. . . *Ib. 33.*
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
I hae na ony fear. . . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, . . . *To Mr. Renton.*
Syne pale like ony lily, ... *S. When wild War's †*
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony hodie ; . . *S. Willie Wastle †*
Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
They're better just than want ay On onie day. *A Dream. 14.*
out owre a stank, Like onie bird. . *A Guid New-Year †*
I daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the foul Thief onie place, . . *Halloween. 14.*
But he was gleg as onie wumble, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
I lo'e him best of onie yet. . . . *S. The cardin o't.*
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop ; . *The Death of Mailie.*
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me,
S. There grows a bonie †
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch ; . . . . *To a Haggis.*
As plump an' gray as onie grozet ; . . . *To a Louse.*
Not dreadin' onie body, ... *S. When first I came †*

Ony where. Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where *To J. S., 29.*

Ope. Lord Gregory ope thy door. . . *S. O mirk, mirk †*

Open.

With open arms the Stranger hail ; *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
As open pussie's mortal foes, . . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
The honest, open, naked truth :
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett ? *The Election Ballads. II.*
I made an open fair confession, . . *What ails ye now †*

Open, *to.* Oh, open the door, some pity to shew,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh ; *S. Oh, open the door †*
[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Open'd.

Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
S. Oh, open the door †
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him, . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Opening, -'ning.

The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, . *S. Behind yon hills †*
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ; . . . *Delia, an Ode.*
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . . *S. O Phely †*
Just opening on its thorny stem :
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebnds bent the dewy spray ; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
I thank thee, author of this opening day !
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
No heels to bear him from the opening dun ; *To R. G. of F., 3.*
While bees delight in opening flowers ; *S. Where Cart rins †*

Openly. Wha fain would openly rebel, *The Twa Herds. 14.*

Opera. At Operas an' Plays parading, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Opera-girl.

The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls ; *Kind Sir, I've read †*

Opinion. We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,
Solicited or no ; . . . . *Symon Gray †*
But there's Mornlity himsel,
Embracing all opinions ; . . . *The Ordination. 12.*
If ye should doubt the truth o' this
It's Bessy's ain opinion ! . . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle, . *To a Mouse.*

Oppose. To oppose great Nature's plan ? *S. Let not woman †*
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose ; . *To Clarinda.*

Oppos'd.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Oppress. Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress ! *Ep. to Davie. 6.*

Oppressed, -'d, Opprest.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
Despondency, an Ode.
And much-oppressed and bruised she was ;
As priest-rid cattle are, . . *Et. on Peg Nicholson.*
Wi' care nor thrall opprest. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The poor, oppressed, honest man *Man was made to Mourn.*
With love and sleep oppress'd. *S. On a bank of flowers †*

Oppression. See stern oppression's iron grip,
A Winter Night.
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
S. By yon castle wa' †
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on poverty his cruel eyes ; *On Death of R. Dundas.*
By oppression's woes and pains, . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e †*
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression. . . *What ails ye now †*

Oppressor.

I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, *Lns on Back of Bank Note.*
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, *Tragic Frag..*

Or [before, ere].

But or the day was done, ... *A Dream. 15.*
wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. *A Guid New-Year † 13.*
He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming *S. I dream'd I lay †*
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
O would, or I had seen the day . . . *S. The Union.*
Ye'll see't or lang, . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.*
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow. . . . *S. The weary pund.*

Orange. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. *To Mary.*

Orator. Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
And orator Bob is its [the church's] ruin. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Orb. For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Et. on Capt. M. H., 14.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, . . *The Lament.*
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! *To R. Graham.*

Orcades.
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, *S. Caledonia.*

Ordained. And laws for Scotland's weel ordained:
On Window at Stirling.
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen? . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Order.
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order; . *Ep. to Young Friend. S.*
In order, on the clean hearth-stane, . *Halloween. 27.*
All mounted in good order. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
In decency and order, O; . *S. My father was a farmer†*
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: . . . *Ib. 11.*
Till Order bright, completely shine,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,
And set them a' in order . . *S. The noble Maxwells†*
And knapsack a' in order; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Whose sovereign statute is order; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*
'To lower Orders are assign'd,
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind, *The Vision. D. II. 7.*
Then please sir, to lea'e sir,
The orders wi' your lady. . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Ordered. The ordered system fair before her stood,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Ore.
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! *El. on Miss Burnet.*

Orient. Fair the face of orient day, . *Delia. An Ode.*
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
S. How pleasant the banks†
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Streams that glide in orient plains, *S. Streams that glide†*

Ornament. Each Gothic ornament display. *On Lincluden.*
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Orphan.
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! *S. O Logan! sweetly†*
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Orra [superfluous, odd].
To drink their orra dudies: . . *The Jolly Beggars. R.I.*

Orthodox.
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Well fed on pastures orthodox, . . *The Twa Herds.*

Orthodoxy.
Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
An' Orthodoxy raibles, ... *The Holy Fair. 17.*
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city! . . *The Ordination. 10.*
Then orthodoxy yet may prance, . . *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Osnaburg.
For you, right rev'rend O ——,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter. . . *A Dream. 12.*

O't [of it].
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
Wha gae the whigs the power o't! *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Fient haet o't . . . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.*
Tho' dinna ye he speakin o't; . . . . *Ib. 30.*
Ha, ha the girdin o't: . . . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Ha, ha, the wooing o't; . . *S. Duncan Gray cam' †*
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
But whistle o'er the lave o't. [*re.*] . *S. First when Maggy †*
For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . . . *For W. Nicol.*
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't [*re.*]
Friend of the poet †
A pint o' the best o't, . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †*
An' he made unco light o't; . . . . *Halloween. 16.*
I'll be wed come o't what will, . *S. In simmer when †*
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [*re.*]
S. My love she's but †

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't; . . *S. My wife's a winsome.*
Its pride, and a' the lave o't; . . *S. O poortith cauld†*
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. [*re.*]
S. O wha my babie-clouts†
Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
The Brigs of Ayr.
The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . . *S. The cardin o't.*
May whistle owre the lave o't. [*re.*] *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
The view o't gies them little fright. . *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, . . . *To a Louse.*
I'm weary sick o't late and air! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. *S. When wild War's†*

Othello. start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Other.
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft? . . . *Ib. S. III.*

Others. To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own! . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each add the others,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.*
Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others;
Remorse. A Frag..
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.
Let others love the city, ... *S. Sae flaxen†*
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.

Otherwhere. There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where. *Ep. to Davie. 7.*

Otway.
O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, *Scots Prologue.*

Ought [aught, anything].
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
Sonnet, on Author's Birthday.
Ought he can lend he'll not refus't. *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Ere ought thy manly courage shake; *S. Highland Laddie.*
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? *Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†*
while ought's there, Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
Second Ep. to Davie.
Enough of ought ye like but grace; . . *The Inventory.*
Ought less is little, ... *There's naethin like†*
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Ought.
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man: *A Bottle and Friend.*
those paths Of life I ought to shun;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly, . . *The Inventory.*

Oughtlins [anything in the least].
The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, *Kind Sir, I've read†*

Ourie [shivering].
I thought me on the ourie cattle, . . *A Winter Night*

Oursel, -sels, -sell [ourselves].
That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselves united: . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,†*
They [Misfortunes] let us ken oursel; . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum; . *S. O May thy morn†*
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
The Election Ballads. II.
An' sun oursells about the dyke; *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*

Forby turn-coats amang ourscl, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourscls as others see us! . . . *To a Louse.*

Ourselves.
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame! *Man was made to Mourn.*

Out and in.
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in, . . *The Twa Herds, 6.*

Out-cast [a quarrel].
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel. . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*

Outdo. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.

Outgush'd. They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Out-Irish.
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze; *Ep. fr. Esopus*

Outlandish.
A race outlandish fills their throne; *On Window at Stirling.*
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? *Scots Prologue.*
A tight outlandish Hizzie, braw, . . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*

Outler [outlier, unhoused, lying in the fields at night].
The Deil or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon: . . . . *Halloween. 26.*

Outlet.
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, . *A Winter Night.*

Outlive. Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Sent to a Gent. offended.

Outlustred. Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
S. The heather was blooming †

Out o'er.
The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill, *S. As I gaed up by* †
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. *S. Duncan Davison.*
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

Out owre [out over].
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay. . *A Guid New-year* †
An' could hae flown out owre a stank, ... *Ib. 3.*
Than let them ance out owre the water; *Add. of Beelzebub.*
The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, . . . *Ib. 6.*
'I wad na mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard! . . . *Ib. 10.*
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: . . *Halloween. 5.*
An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high . . . *Ib. 7.*
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre . . . *Ib. 19.*
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, ... *Ib. 20.*
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . *Scotch Drink. 17.*
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
The Ordination. 6.

Out-rival'd.
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe. *S. It was the charming* †

Outshine. Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: *Sketch.*

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . . *Young Peggy* †

Outshining. Has lustre outshioing the diamond to me;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Outshone.
His rays were outshone, and hut marked where she lay.
S. The heather was blooming †

Outspak [spoke out].
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

Out-spreading. yon moors, Out-spreading far and wide,
Man was made to Mourn. 3.

Outstretching.
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Out-thieve. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Overhang. The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Man was made to Mourn.

Overthrow. Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow.
The Election Ballads, VI.

Overtook.
He overtook her in the wood, *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Overwhelming.
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin. . . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep. . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*

Owe. Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
S. My Sandy gied †
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. . *Remorse. A Frag..*
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see
To their gratis grace and goodness. . *The Dean of Fac..*
For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
The Ordination. Mott..

Owl. Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.*

Own. And damn a' Parties but your own; *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own! . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . . . *Poet. Inscrip.*
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . *Sketch.*
'All hail! my own inspired Bard! . *The Vision. D. II., 2.*
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
The Vowels.
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own; *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Own, *to.* The pow'rs you proudly own? *A Winter Night. 8.*
"Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine! *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her? *S. Come, let me take thee* †
The wretch that would a Tyrant own, *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Tho' I mann own, as monie still,
As far abuse me. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Who hut owns their magic sway, . *S. My Mary's face* †
O wha will own he did the faut? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
With grateful pride we own your many favors:
Prologue, at Th., D..
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Yet deviating own I must,
For so approving me. . . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Own'd. Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied. . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
"Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely,* †
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, *What ails ye now* †

Owning. owning heaven's mysterious sway, *Frag. of Ode.*

Owre [too].
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, . *A Bard's Epit.*
Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . *El. on Year 1788.*
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
Holy Willie's Prayer.
whyles, but ay owre late, . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
'Twad he owre lang a tale to tell, . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd; *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
To W. Simpson. 17.
And winna say owre far for thrice, . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

Owre [over; *v. also,* **Out owre].**
wad rair't an' risket, An' slypet owre. *A Guid New-Year* †
To watch and premier owre the pack vile!
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead, *Add. to the Deil. 9.*

And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
S. Again rejoie. Nature †
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O. . *S. Behind yon hills* †
And hing us owre the ingle, ... *Ep. to Davie.*
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail, *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
Or torrents owre a linn, man; *Extem. in Court of Session.*
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, . . *Halloween.*
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him, ... *Ib. 8.*
An' owre the threshold ventures ; . . . . . *Ib. 22.*
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin, ... *Ib. 24.*
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays. . . . *Ib. 25.*
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea. [*re.*] . *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush, *On W. Chalmers.*
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, *Poor Mailie's El..*
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem, . . *Scotch Drink. 2.*
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, . *Tam Samson's El.*
'L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ; . . *Ib.*
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr.
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank! . . *Ib.*
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; . . . *Ib.*
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, . *Ib.*
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch : . *The Death of Mailie.*
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,
The Election Ballads. I.
Are springan owre the gutters. . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
May whistle owre the lave o't. [*re.*] *The Jolly Beggars, S. V.*
Then owre again the jovial thrang
The Poet did request. . . . . *Ib. R. VIII.*
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
S. The lass that made the bed.
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . *The Ordination. 3.*
I kiss'd her owre and owre again, . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl. . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
owre the wee bit cup an' platie, ... *Ib. 33.*
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . . . . *Ib.*
A reekit wee deevil looks awer the wa',
S. There liv'd ance a earle †
owre his French ragout, ... *To a Haggis.*
Poor devil ! see him owre his trash, ... *Ib.*
ye strunt rarely, Owre gawze and lace ; . *To a Louse.*
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ; . . . *To J. S.*
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, . . . *Ib. 13.*
to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, . *To W. Simpson. 8.*
Bum owre their treasure. . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Clean heels owre body, ... *What ails ye now* †
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't ! . . . . *Ib.*
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Owrehip [striking with a forehammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip].
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, . *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Owsen [oxen].
I had sax owsen in a pleugh, . . *S. O gude ale comes* †
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, *S. There was a lass* †
And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary O : . *S. When o'er the hill* †
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Ox. So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
To R. G. of F., 7.

Oxter'd [supported by another putting his arm under your armpit].
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
S. O ken ye what Meg †

Pace. Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace. . *To J. S., 13.*

Paced. I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

Pack [intimate, familiar; "pack an' thick," on very intimate terms].
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ; . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Pack.
To watch and premier owre the pack vile ! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 5.*
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Hornie's turnin' chapman,
He'll buy a' the pack. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad, *Ib. VI.*
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
S. The Kirk's Alarm.
And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
S. There liv'd ance a earle †
So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack, . . . *Ib.*
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Pack [twelve stones of wool].
To scores o' lamb's, an' packs of woo' !
The Death of Mailie.

Pack, *to.*
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
May a' pack aff. . . . *The Twa Herds. 17.*

Packed, -'t.
If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Now there, they're packed aff to hell, *The Ordination. 12.*

Paddy. Paddy Burke, like ony Turk. . *A Fragment. 5.*

Pagan.
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Or some auld pagan heathen, . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*

Page. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, . . *Sad thy tale* †
The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. II.*
That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name :
To a young Lady.
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages. . . *To J. S., 8.*
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, *To R. G. of F., 5.*
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor ; *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Pageant. The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Paid *v.* **Pay'd.**

Paidle [to wander about in a weak, aimless way; to paddle or walk in shallow water or in mud].
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O ! *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, . . *The Inventory.*

Paidlet [paddled]. We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
S. Should auld acquaintance †

Paidlin [useless].
He was but a paidlin body, O ! . *The deuks dang o'er.*

Pain, Pains. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an plunge the Kirn in vain ;
Add. to the Deil. 10.
For oh ! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. *Blest be M'Murdo* †
And nights o' sleepless pain! . . . *S. But lately seen* †
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain ;
S. Contented wi' little †
Could aught of song declare my pains, *S. Could aught of song* †
You, hustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ; . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 14.*
Laden with years and meikle pain, *Lament for Glencairn.*
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O ;
S. My father was a farmer †
My pains o' hell on earth are past, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh. *S. Oh, open the door* †

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it ; *Poem on Life.*

Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! *Scotch Drink. 15.*

By oppression's woes and pains, . . *Scots wha ha'e* †

Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, *S. Talk not of Love* †

The sole reward that crowns my pain. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, . . . *The Lament.*

Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, . . . *Ib.*

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain ; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains. *The Vision. D. II. 9.*

And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ; *S. There was a lass* †

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy! . . . *To a Mouse.*

They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ; . . . *To J. S., 17.*

They took nae pains their speech to balance,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Pain, *to.* They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
S. My Nanie's awa.

Painch [paunch].

An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own is past my comprehension. . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm : . *To a Haggis.*

Pain'd,

And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
S. The lazy mist †

Painful. Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
S. Gloomy December.

O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Paint. Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Here History paints with elegance and force,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! *Scots Prologue.*

Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.

Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow ;
The Vision. D. II. 19.

You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark, . . . *To a Painter.*

Painted.

The high-arched windows, painted fair, *On Lincluden.*

In window fair, the painted pane . . . . . *Ib.*

Painting.

Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise ; *S. It was the charming*].

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The Vision. D. II. 18.

Pair. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair. . . *A Gude New-Year* † 6.

Age and Want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair!
Man was made to mourn.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes ; . . *On W. Chalmers.*

O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

The parent-pair their secret homage pay, . . *Ib. 18.*

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

A pair o' trusty lairds, . . . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Wish'd unison between the pair, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;

And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you. . . *To J. S., 2.*

Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. *Ib. 29.*

Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair [Youth, Love] ;
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Pair'd.

When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*

Paisley. Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

In Paisley John's, that night at e'en, *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Paitrick [a partridge].

ye whirring paitrick brood ; . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*

Paitrick's scraichan loud at e'en, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*

An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', . *Ep. to J. R., 7.*

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a' ; . *Tam Samson's El., 7.*

The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Palace. All hail thy palaces and tow'rs *Add. to Edinburgh.*

The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings ; . . . *S. Behold, my love* †

But cheerful still, I am as well,
As a monarch in a palace, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †

But now unroof'd their palace stands, *On Window at Stirling.*

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace *The Hermit.*

Yon palace and yon gardens fine! *S. The Highland Lassie.*

By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
S. Their groves of †

The palace rising on his verdant side: *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Palaver. And host up some palaver. . *On W. Chalmers.*

Pale. While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,
A Ded. to G. H., 10.

Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . . . *Fragment.*

Beneath the moon's pale beams ; . . . *Halloween.*

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

When he grew wan and pale ; . . *John Barleycorn.*

How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened ;
Monody, on a Lady.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan, . . *S. My heart was ance* †

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, *S. Oh, open the door* †

She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh ; . . . *Ib.*

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
S. On Cessnock Banks † *Sett. II.*

Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
On Death of R. Dundas.

That glistens on the pale moonbeam, . . *On Lincluden.*

pale terror roar'd . . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

A sight pale envy to convulse) . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Awa, thou pale Diana! . . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, . . *The Lament.*

As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. *S. The lazy mist* †

Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . *The Vowels.*

Syne pale like ony lily, . . . *S. When wild War's* †

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Pale-fac'd.

Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd ; [v.A.20] *A Vision.*

Paler.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light ! *To R. Graham.*

Pales. That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, . *A Dream. 10.*

Palmer.

Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate ; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Palmers. Might fire even holy Palmers ; *On W. Chalmers.*

Palsied. the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. *Liberty.*

Paly [pale]. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Pamper'd.

pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side. *A Winter Night. 7.*

Pamphlet. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
Extem. in Court of Session.

Pan. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, [*re.*]
S. O gin ye were dead.

And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
S. What can a yng lassie †

Pane. In window fair, the painted pane . *On Lincluden.*

Panegyric.
But not for panegyric I appear, . *Prologue at Th., D.*
Or labour hard the panegyric close, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me; *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Pang. Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, *Add. to Toothache.*
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; *S. Could aught of song* †
For misery ever choled a pang. *On Window of C. Inn, F..*
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs . . *Poem on Life.*
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; *Remorse. A Frag..*
By the pangs of lovers slighted; . *S. Stay, my charmer* †
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, *The Lament.*
Full many a pang, and many a throe, ... *Ib.*
Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure:
S. The Winter it is past †
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? *Why am I loth* †
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . *S. Young Jamie* †

Pang, *to* **[to cram].**
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge. . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*

Panic. O, what a panic's in thy breastie! . *To a Mouse.*

Panmuir. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
Or in his en'mies hands, man:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Panting. Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Pantry. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!) *To W. Simpson.*

Paper [newspaper].
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
To Capt. Riddel.

Paper.
Sae I gat paper in a blink, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 6.*

Parade.
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart. . *The Twa Dogs. 31.*

Parading.
At Operas an' Plays parading, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Paradise. Ye cam to Paradise incog, *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The desart were a paradise, If thou wert there,
S. O wert thou in †
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter, . . *The Fête Champetre.*

Parasite.
The parasite [Flatt'ry] empolsoning her [Luxury's] ear,
A Winter Night. 8.

Parcel. If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.
The Election Ballads. III.
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [*re.*] . *S. The Union.*

Parch'd.
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! . *Delia. An Ode.*

Pardon.
Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
Thy pardon I sincerely beg, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*

Pardon, *to.*
But spare and pardon my false Love, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) . *The Inventory.*
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Pardon this freedom I have ta'en, ... *Ib.*
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Parent.
And bless the parent's evening ray . *S. A Rosebud by* †
If he's a parent, lass or boy, . . *Auld comrade dear* †
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
El. on Miss Burnet.
How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize, ... *S. How cruel* †
Up to a Parent's wish. . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Parent, filial, kindred ties? . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
On Death of fav. Child.
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
The Parents partial eye their hopeful years; . . *Ib. 5.*
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? . *Ib. 10.*
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war. *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Parent-earth.
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
And resign to Parent Earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth. . . *To Miss C.*

Parent-pair. The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

Parentage. Her parentage humble as humble can be;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Parental. bereft Of my parental care; . *The Farewell.*
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Paris. In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':
The Belles of Mauchline.

Parish.
Who called her verse, a parish workhouse *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. *S. Scroggam.*

Parishen [the parish].
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen. . . *The cardin o't.*

Park. There lives a lass in yonder park, . *S. O Tibbie* †
But ca them out to park or hill, . *The Death of Mailie.*

Park. Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park. *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*

Parley. Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †

Parliament. An' dousely manage our affairs
In Parliament, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Whom will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that? *The Election Ballads. II.*

Parliamentin.
Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Parlour. He in the parlour hammer'd. *On dining with Daer.*

Parnassus. An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*
O were I on Parnassus hill; *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus, . . *Poem on Life.*
For me, I'm on Parnassus brink, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
The Whistle. 11.
Nae heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus; . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Parnassian. Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Parritch, Porritch [porridge].
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine. . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Parritch-pat [porridge-pot].
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Parson.
An' wat ye what the parson did [*re.*] *S. O wat ye what my* †

Part.
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it . . . . *A Dream. 4.*
In my last plack thy part's he in't, . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
And had sae fortify'd the part, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.*
Less fit to play the part, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him. . *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
That [latest] throb, Eliza, is thy part, *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
He bade me act a manly part, *S. My father was a farmer* †
That feeling heart but acts a part, . . *O leave novels* †
Again, again that tender part, *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †

While down the wretched vital part is driven!
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
But I hae ane will take my part, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
ye'll find him snug in Some eldritch part,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
To tak their part, . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22.*
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
The Henpecked Husband.
My part in him thou'lt share, . . . *The Farewell.*
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part. . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
sweetly female every part, . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Part, *to.*
But fate has will'd, and we must part! *S. Behold the hour* †
Is this thy plighted, fond regard
Thus cruelly to part, . . . *S. Canst thou leave me* †
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 19.*
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
We part—but by these precious drops,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
We part to meet no more! . . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part, . . . *Halloween. 8.*
I can die,—but canna part, . . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
Sae droops our heart when we maun part *S. Lovely Davies.*
O sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa; . . . *S. Sae far awa.*
Swift from this desart let me part,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to bid us part; *S. The day returns* †
From thee, my Jeany, must I part! . . *The Farewell.*
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth? . . *The Lament.*
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †
And curst be the cause that shall part us! . . *To Mary.*
Ae kind blink before we part; . *S. Turn again, thou* †

Partake. I'll partake wi' naebody; . . *S. Naebody.*
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it, . . *S. When wild War's* †

Parted.
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . *Halloween. 28.*
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, ... *S. It was a' for* †
When frae her thou hast parted, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. . *S. One fond kiss,* †
When frae my Jeany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
Since my true love is parted from me.
S. The Winter it is past †
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted. . *S. When wild War's* †

Partial. Still anxious to secure your partial favor,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last! . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, . . *S. One fond kiss,* †
The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; *To R. G. of F., 2.*

Particular.
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Parting.
O what is death but parting breath? *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair. [*sc.*]
S. Gloomy December.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour; . . *Ib.*
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear, Jessy.
S. Here's a health to ane †
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss . *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
At morning dawn and parting day. . *S. O were my love* †
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e; *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
To live one day of parting love! . *To Mary in Heaven*
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
S. Wandering Willie.
Our parting was fu' tender;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Partly.
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Partner.
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
There lies the dear partner of my breast, *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Partridge.
The partridge loves the fruitful fells; *S. Now westlin winds* †
As flies the partridge from the brake, *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Parts.
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
An thank him kindly? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts! . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man.
Ep. to R. Graham.
whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . . *To W. Simpson.*
"As far surpassing other common villains,
"As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more."
Tragic Frag..

Party. And damn a' Parties but your own; *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
Expect me o' your party, ... *To ——.*

Party-matches.
The Men cast out in party-matches, *The Twa Dogs. 32.*

Pass. About to beg a pass for leave to beg; *To R. G. of F..*

Pass, *to.* O, pass not by! . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
I set me down, to pass the time, . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither, . . *Epit. on a Wag.*
In ev'ry hour that passes, O: *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.*
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The weary winter soon will pass, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
The coward slave, we pass him by, *S. The Honest Man.*
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time,
To Rev. J. M'Math.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay; . . . *S. Wha is that at* †
And pass the heartless day. . . . . *Winter.*

Passenger.
Stop, passenger! my story's brief, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Passing. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.*
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Or why regard the passing year? . . . . . *Ib.*
And, like a passing thought she fled,
In light away. . *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
With talents passing most of my compeers, *Tragic Frag..*
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Passion. Thou know'st that thou hast formed me,
With Passions wild and strong;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say I wish thee well. . . . *S. Ah! Chloris* †

With passions so potent and fancies so bright,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, . *Ib.*
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show bim. *Ib.*
Licentious passions burn; . *Man was made to Mourn.*
But when compar'd with real passion
Poor is all that princely pride. *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion. *The Sons of old Killie.*
By Passion driven; . . . *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
Passion's birth and infants' play . . . *To a Kiss.*
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Those headlong furious passions to confine; *Why am I loth* †

Passive. heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Past. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past, . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, . . *The Lament.*
This past for certain, undisputed; *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. . . *To a Mouse.*
I past the mill, and trysting thorn, *S. When wild War's* †
Has thy Prime unheeded past? . . . *Blue Bonnets.*
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
S. Contented wi' little †
When past the show'r, and every flow'r
The garden is adorning: . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The past was bad, and the future hid;
S. My father was a farmer †
Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
My pains o' hell on earth are past, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
The past returns, the present flies; . . *On Lincluden.*
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . *S. Raving winds* †
Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . *S. The gloomy night* †
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past. *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last
S. The winter it is past †
Those records dear of transports past, *To Mary in Heaven.*
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone. *When clouds* †

Paste. And in paste gems and frippery deck her [life];
Poem on Life.

Pastime. To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
On seeing wounded Hare.

Pasture,
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, *S. Caledonia.*
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty; . . *The Ordination. 6.*
Well fed on pastures orthodox, . . *The Twa Herds.*

Pasture, *to.*
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture . . . . *A Dream. 6.*
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: *S. Caledonia.*

Pat [pot]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat, *A Fragment.*
Till something held within the pat, . . *Halloween. 12.*
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
It puts but little in your pat; . . . *The Inventory*

Pat [put],
I there wi' Something does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st, 5.*
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 4.*
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in: . . . . *Halloween. 21.*
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, . . . *The Inventory.*

Patch. Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Patch, *to.* The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Patent-bliss.
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss
To hold a Fête Champetre. . . *The Fête Champetre.*

Path. those paths of life I ought to shun;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
The stream adown its hazelly path, . . . *A Vision.*
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
The path of man to shun it; . . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Amid life's thorny path o' care. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
On Death of R. Dundas.
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! . . *The Lament.*
Never Boreas' hoary path, ... *To Miss C.*
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
To R. G. of F., 9.
Again in Folly's path might go astray; . *Why am I loth* †
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Pathetic.
M'Q[uh]e's pathetic manly sense, . *The Twa Herds. 17.*
Or Job's patbetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Pathless. The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
S. O Lassie, art thou †

Pathos. That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Patmos. How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Patriarchal. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

Patrician.
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire,
May to Patrician rights aspire! . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Patriot. "My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, . . . *Ib.*
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! *Ib.*
The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that.
The Election Ballads. II.
Around it a' the patriots dance, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
'Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart: *The Vision. D. II. 4.*
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce: *The Whistle. 18.*

Patriot-heat.
An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it? *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.*

Patriot-lore. 'To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
'And grace the hand, *The Vision. D. II. 5.*

Patriot-name. Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Patriotic. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Patron. Its just sic Poet an' sic Patron. *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me, - - -
He's just—nae better than he should be. . . . *Ib. 4.*
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor poet, . *Ib.*
The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd;
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
"The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
The Brigs of Ayr.
And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a Kirk, ... *The Calf.*

Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], *The Ordination. 8.*

Patronage. Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off thy holy hill; . . . *New Psalmody.*
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, *Scots Prologue.*
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin. . . *The Ordination. 8.*
Or Patronage intrusion, ... *Ib. 14.*
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Patronize.
Then patronize them wi' your favour, *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days! *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, *Scots Prologue.*

Pattle *v.* **Pettle.**

Paughty [haughty].
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter, . . . *A Dream. 12.*
Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*

Pauky *v.* **Pawky.**

Pause. Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
To round the period an' pause, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
No pause the dire extremes between, . *The Tears I shed.*

Pause, *to.* Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave. *A Bard's Epit..*
It's slightest touches, instant pause *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

Pausing. Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, *To J. S., 15.*

Paw. That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws. *The Twa Herds. 12.*

Pawky, -ie, Pauky [sly, mischievous].
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . *S. O this is no my ain* †
Her panky smile, her kittle een, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Dear S[mith] the sleest pawkie thief, . . . *To J. S.*

Pawn. Tho' I should pawn my plough an' graith,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 7.
Gude ale gars me - - pawn my shoon, *S. O gude ale comes* †
For worth and honour pawn their word, *The Fête Champetre.*

Pawn'd. Pawn'd in a gin-shop Quenching holy drouth.
The Election Ballads. IV.
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Pay. That he intends to pay your debt, . *A Dream. 7.*
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
'His only son for Hornbook sets,
'And pays him well, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
For this, niest year. . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
Half-a-crown a-piece Will pay for their fleece, *Johnny Peep.*
No mercenary Bard his homage pays; *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*
The parent pair their secret homage pay, . . *Ib. 18.*
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; . . . *The Inventory.*
But Charlie gat the spring to pay
For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. *S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.*
My Pegasus is poorly shod,—
I'll pay you like my master. . . . *To J. Taylor.*
You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow, ... *V.s under Grief.*

Pay [to beat].
And new-light herds could nicely druh,
Or pay their skin, . . *The Twa Herds. 8.*

Pay'd, -'t, Paid.
ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow *A Gude New-Year* † *9.*
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
'An's weel pay'd for't; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee. . . . *Ep. to J. R. 9.*
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, *Tam Samson's El.*
I've paid enongh for her already, . . . *The Inventory.*
Sol paid him with a sonnet. . . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Peace.
May Health and Peace with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Ye've gien auld Britain peace, . . . *A Dream. 6.*
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.
There will never he peace till Jamie comes hame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, . . *S. Caledonia.*
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Till the Fates nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love, and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends* †
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hail design. . . *Friend of the Poet* †
I tint my peace and pleasure; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Then in my bosom try, What peace is there! *S. Had I a cave* †
Peace, thy olive wand extend, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Content and love bring peace and joy, *S. In simmer when* †
The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, . . *Nature's Law.*
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
S. O ay my wife she dang.
But soon may peace bring happy days, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
O Mary, can'st thou wreck his peace,
Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. O Mary, at thy Window †
Ye wreck my peace between ye; . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
this scene of peace and love, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . *S. One fond kiss,* †
the numerous ills that hurt our peace, *Remorse. A Frag..*
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace? . . *Ib.*
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
When the vanquish'd foe Sues for peace and quiet,
S. The Captain's Lady.
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
My peace with these, my love with those
S. The gloomy night †
There's peace an' rest nae langer; . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
But the Peace it redne'd me to beg in despair,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning Peace! . . . *The Lament.*
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know! *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! *S. There was a lass* †
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . *To Chloris.*
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, *To Miss Graham.*
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyless day? . . . . . *To Ruin.*
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine won'd gladly die! *S. Turn again, thou* †
In wildest fury hae made hare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *V.s, under Grief.*
And gentle Peace returning, . . *S. When wild War's* †
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among? *S. Where are the joys* †
While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Wr. in Heriotlage at F.C.

Peaceful, -fu'.
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale, . *A Winter Night. 7.*
And peaceful' raise its ingle reek, . . *As on the banks* †
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast, . *S. Highland Mary.*
From peaceful slumber she arose, *S. It was the charming* †
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The little floweret's peaceful lot *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
And life's poor season peaceful spend. . . . . *Ib.*
O yield me now a peaceful grave, . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Peach.
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Pearl. An' down the briny pearls rowe *Poor Mailie's El..*
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
On every blade the pearls hung ; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Pearly.
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, *S. It was the charming* †
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

Peasant. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low ;
S. No Churchman am I †
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, . . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Pease.
' The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.*
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. *The Death of Mailie.*

Peat. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal : . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And nonght but peat reek i' my head, ... *Ib.*
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Pebbled. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Pechin [fetching the breath short, panting].
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin ; . . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Peck. E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, *El. on Year 1788.*
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck ; . . *Halloween. 17.*
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck. . . *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . *S. O Willie brew'd* †

Peculiar. Still take her, and make her,
Thy most pecnliar care ! . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*

Peculiarly. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Pedagogic.
In all his pedagogic powers elate, ... *The Vowels.*

Pedant.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
The noisy domicile of pedant pride ; . . *The Vowels.*
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . . . *Ib.*
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . . . *Ib.*
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, . . *Ib.*

Pedlar. And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Peebles, Rev. Dr. Wm.
There's D[unca]n deep, and P——s, shaul,
The Twa Herds. 10.
For [Peebles], frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum : . . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Peel. And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin, . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Peel, *to.* See, how she peels the skin an' feil,
As ane were peelin onions ! *The Ordination. 12.*
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket ;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Peelin. As ane were peelin onions ! . *The Ordination. 12.*

Peep. Here am I, Johnny Peep ; . . . *Johnny Peep.*
And so Johnny Peep gets free. . . . . *Ib.*

Peep, *to.* When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
S. Adown winding Nith †
O were my love yon vi'let sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray ;
S. O were my love †
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
S. The Posie.

Peep'd. Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ; *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
S. The heather was blooming †

Peeping.
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Peer. The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
S. No Churchman am I †
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . *On dining with Daer.*
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of R.
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the a— of a peer. *The Election Ballads. III.*
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer ;
S. The Posie.

Peer, *to.*
And ne'er a ane to peer her. . *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
And such a leg ! my Bess, I ween,
Could only peer it ; . *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Peerage.
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', . *On dining with Daer.*

Peerest.
Peerest to meditate the healing leap : *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Peerless. Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast. . *The Toast.*

Peevish.
But truce with peevish, poor complaining ! . *To J. S., 20.*
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Peg.
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, *The Ordination. 7.*

Peg. But pretty Peg, my dearie. . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare, *El. on Peg Nicholson.*

Peg-a-Ramsey.
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
Gat grist to her mill. . . . *S. Cauld is the e'enin* †

Pegasus. My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het ; . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
My Pegasus I'm got astride, . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, *The Kirk's Alarm.*
With Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying, *To J. Taylor.*
Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . . . . . *Ib.*
My Pegasus is poorly shod . . . . . *Ib.*

Pegasean. Jenny, my Pegasean pride ! *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Peggy. My bonie Peggy Alison. [*re.*] *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [*re.*]
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known ! *S. Now Spring has clad* †
But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, *S. Now westlin winds* †
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wond'ring eyes. [*re.*] *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy ; *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, [*re.*] *S. Young Peggy* †

Peghan [the stomach].
Yet ev'n tha ha' folk fill their peghan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Pell and mell.
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Pen. By word, or pen, or pointed steel ! *A. Ded. to G. H., 14.*
dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrau owre my pen. . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.
Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen : *Poem on Life.*
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
When your pen can be spared, *P. S. to* "*The Kirk's Alarm.*"
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna ! *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
My pen I here fling to the door, . . . *To J. S., 21.*

Pence. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Pendent. Or ruins pendent in the air, [v.A.4]
The Vision. D. I.

Penn'd. And some great lies were never penn'd.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, *To W. Simpson.*

Penny. We hae pennies to spend, . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
I can win my five pennies in a day. *S. My Collier Laddie.*

I hae a penny to spend, ... *S. Nacbody.*
I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three; . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me. . *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
The Kirk's Alarm.
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. *S. There's a youth* †
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
S. What can a yng lassie †

Penny-fee [wages].

My riches a's my penny-fee, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
A' for a penny fee, jo? . . . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
S. There grows a bonie †

Penny-wheep [small beer].

Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*

Pennyworths.

But pennyworths again is fair, . . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*

Pension. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor: . *A Dream. 3.*
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Wi' them wha grant them:
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Pensive.

Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, *A Winter Night. 6.*
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, . *On Lincluden.*
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul, . *S. Streams that glide* †
The robin pensive Autumn chear,
In all her locks of yellow. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
In pensive walk. . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! *To W. Simpson. 14.*
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang! . . . . *Ib. 15.*

Pensivelie.

Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest. . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*

People.

But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People. . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, . . . *Ib. 15.*
The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree, . *S. It was the charming* †
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Some people tell me gin I fa', . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

Per cent.

Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11.*

Perching. the perching red-breast shrill, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Perdition.

And he wha acts the traitor's part
It to perdition sends, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Perfect. And no a perfect kintra cooser. *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner. . . *To a Haggis.*

Perfection. Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle! [v.A.31]
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Perfidy. Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate! . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Perform'd.

She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and { *S. I dream'd I lay* †
perform'd but ill; { *S. Tho' fickle Fortune* †

Perfume.

Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume. . *On Poet's Daughter.*
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
S. Their groves of †

Perfume, *to.*

An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*

Period. My periods that decyphering defy, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast, . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*

Perish.

Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. *Spoke extem. to yng Lady.*
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
The Whistle. 16.

Perished.

Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, *Frag. of Ode.*
And perish'd mony a bonie boat, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Perjur'd.

Curse on his perjur'd arts! . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.*

Perjury. Laugh o'er thy perjury . . *S. Had I a cave* †

Permission. Who has no will but by her high permission;
The Henpecked Husband.

Permit. Ere we permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †
A last request, permit me here, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*

Perplex.

That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Persecute.

They persecute you all your future days *Ep. to R. Graham, 5.*

Persecuted.

Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.*

Persecution.

Small beer persecution. . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*

Persevering.

You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Per se.

'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Person.

Nor person to befriend me, O; *S. My father was a farmer* †
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Personal.

Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. . . *Extem., To Mr. S.*

Persuaded. I once was persuaded a venture to make;
S. No Churchman am I †

Persuasion.

Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the harley. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Pert.

Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . *Sketch.*

Perth. She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Peruse.

Peruse them an' return them quickly; . *Auld comrade* †
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Perusing.

Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston; . *Auld comrade* †

Perverse. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h,
The Henpecked Husband.

Pet. The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was Laird himsel. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*
An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . *The Death of Mailie.*

Peter. As ye disown yon panghty dog,
That bears the keys of Peter, . . *A Dream. 12.*
Dear Peter, dear Peter, ... *To Mr. P. Stuart.*

Petition.

And see his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
And in their dear petitions place him:
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.

Petitioner.

And your Petitioner shall ever . *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*

Petrify. But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Petted. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
S. Last May a brave wooer †

Petticoat. Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Petticoatie [*dim. of* petticoat].

She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye. . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †

Pettle, Pattle [a plough-staff, or small spade with a long shaft to enable the ploughman clear away the earth adhering to the plough.]

I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle. . . . . *The Inventory.*

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle! . *To a Mouse.*

Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle
Ye'll see't or lang,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.

Phely. O Phely, happy be that day, [*re.*] . *S. O Phely* †

So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*

O saw ye my dear, my Phely? [*re.*] *S. Saw ye my Phely.*

Phemie.

But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. [*re.*] *S. Blythe was she,* †

Philadelphia. Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, mao; *A Fragment. 3.*

Philibeg [a kilt].

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

But had ye seen the philibegs
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.

Phillis. Of Phillis to muse and to sing. [*re.*]
S. Adown winding Nith †

Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? . . *Blue Bonnets.*

But did you see my dearest Phillis,
In simplicity's array; . . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

Phillis the fair, [*re.*] . . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.
S. Wae is my heart †

Philomel. Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell! *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Philosopher.

Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! *Auld comrade dear* †

Philosophers have fought an' wrangled, ... *Ib.*

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour, ... *To W. Creech.*

Philosophic.

She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

An' raise a philosophic reek,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Philosophy.

Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Phineas.

Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, *The Ordination. 4.*

Phiz. Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk, *Add. to the Deil. 17.*

Phœbe. Phœbe, in her midnight reign, *A Winter Night. 6.*

Phœbus.

When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, *A Winter Night.*

When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
S. Adown winding Nith †

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent, . . *S. As I came o'er* †

While Phœbus sunk beyond Ben-ledi; *S. By Allan stream* †

As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen. . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
Lament of Mary of Scots.

Like Phœbus in the morning, . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light. . . *S. O were my love* †

When rising Phœbus first is seen, . *S. On Cessnock banks* †

When Phœbus sinks behind the seas; . . . . . *Ib.*

May, When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene, . *Ib., Sett II.*

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning, *S. Sleep'st thou,* †

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
S. The heather was blooming †

saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.
The Lament.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
S. The Posie.

Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
The Whistle. 13.

So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. *Ib. 16.*

Phosphorus.

The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

Phrase. In shepherd's phrase will woo: *S. Behold, my love,* †

In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.

tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, . . . *Scots Prologue.*

'Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes, *The Vision. D. II. 12.*

Phrase, *to* **[flatter].**

To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns: . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Phraisin' [flattering].

Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, *To W. Simpson.*

Physically.

An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Physician.

Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician,
To see her w-t-r; . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Physics.

Law, physics, politics, and deep divines: *Ep. to R. Graham.*

Pibroch. 'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
S. Amang the trees †

Pick. the pick and the wale O' lasses *Ronalds of Bennals.*

An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, *The Ordination. 6.*

the pick o' his band, . . *S. There liv'd ance a carle* †

Picking. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.

Pickle [a small quantity; a single grain].

A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . . *Auld comrade* †

She gies the Herd a pickle nits, . . . *Halloween. 21.*

But her tap-pickle maist was lost, ... *Ib. 6.*

Pickle. In what a pickle thou hast left us! *El. on Year 1788.*

Pictish. Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Picture.

"When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
"Their woody picture in my tide: *S. As on the banks* †

Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Picture o' the great Clanronald; . . . *S. Hee balou* †

My face was but the keekin' glass
And there ye saw your picture. *In Defence of a Lady.*

Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind! . *On seeing Seat of Lord G.*

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled, . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Pictur'd.

Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Pidgeon.

Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, [*re.*] *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*

Pie. An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd Drinkers. *Scotch Drink. 20.*

Pie-bald. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Piece. My Sandy brak a piece o' gond, *S. My Sandy gied* †

To gather matter for a serious piece; . *Scots Prologue.*

Pier. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, *S. My bonie Mary.*

The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

Pierce.

Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*

What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro', *Despondency, an Ode.*

Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Pierc'd. 'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.

'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
'Of a kail-runt. . . . . *Ib. 17.*

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart: *S. Fate gave the word,* †

Piercin. His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow; *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Piety. The piety of ancient days! . . . *On Lincluden.*

And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. *To Miss Graham.*

Pigmy.
A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Pike, Pyke [to pick].
The hungry bike did scrape and pike *S. Amang the trees* †
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*

Pile. And, hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around? . *On Lincluden.*
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Pile, *to.* Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
A Winter Night. 9.

Pilfer'd.
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Pill. Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap and pill. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.*
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses. . . *Poem on Life.*

Pillar. I'm here a pillar in thy temple, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*

Pillow.
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa. . *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Pillow, *to.*
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Pillow'st.
Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillows't thy head,
On Death of fav. Child.

Pilot. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, *A Fragment.*

Pimp.
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Pin. And ay she shook the temper-pin. *S. Duncan Davison.*
For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.
The Kirk's Alarm.
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need, . . . *To a Haggis.*
And screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair, ... *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*

Pinch.
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,. *What ails ye now* †

Pinch, *to.*
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead, . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*

Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus; *To Miss Ferrier.*

Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man, *The Tree of Liberty.*
O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine; . . . . *To Mary.*
Give me the cot below the pine, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †

Pine [pain, uneasiness].
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: *Scotch Drink. 5.*

Pine, *to.*
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! *A Winter Night. 9.*
"In weary being now I pine, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, *Lns on Fergusson.*
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine, . . *The Hermit.*
Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, . . *The Lament.*

Pining. Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state: . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*

Pinion. To shun impelling ruin
A while [the dove] her pinions tries; *S. How cruel* †
The flutt'ring gory pinion! . . *S. Now westlin winds* †

Pinioned.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Pink.
O dinna think my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee: . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
S. The Posie.

Pint [a Scotch pint is two English quarts].
They'll step in and tak a pint *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank* †
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane
As yell's the Bill. . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
That set him to a pint of ale, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
A pint o' the best o't, And twa pints mair.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring. . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
O Willie, come sell your fiddle
And buy a pint o' wine: . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Pint-stoup, -stowp [a measure containing two quarts].
And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine; *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
An' there the pint-stowp clatters; . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*

Pious. O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Epit. for Author's Father.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd. . *The Dean of Fac.*
O a' ye pious godly flocks, . . . *The Twa Herds.*

Pipe. Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, . *A Fragment. 7.*
Aod [Caledon] to her pipe was singing; O
S. Amang the trees †
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt, . . *Halloween. 13.*
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; . . *The Lament.*
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Pipe, *to.*
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Piper. The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
The piper loud and louder blew; . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
Till piper lads were wae and weary,
S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
There came a piper out o' Fife, . *There came a piper* †

Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies. . . *S. Sensibility* †

Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision: *The Dean of Fac.*

Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire. *The Dean of Fac..*

Pissed. An' p—d wi' dread, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*

Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.

Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
To your black pit; *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim, . . . *John Barleycorn.*
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*

Pit [put]. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; *Ep. to J. R., 13.*
She pits hersel an' Rob in; . . . . *Halloween, 10.*
An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To pit some havins in his breast! . *The Death of Mailie.*
An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension. . *The Twa Dogs, 9.*

Pit-a-pat. My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
S. When first I saw †

Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch? *What ails ye now* †

Pitcur. The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, *S. Killiecrankie.*

Piteous. Maggie's was a piteous case, *S. Duncan Gray* †
Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face! *The Vowels.*

Pith. At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed; *A Guid New-Year* † *9.*
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r, ... *Ib. 12.*
The pith of sense and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*

And gloriously she'll whang her,
Wi' pith this day. . . *The Ordination. 3.*
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration; . . . . . *S. The Union.*

Pitt, Pit [the statesman].

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pit,
When taxes he enlarges, ... *A Dream. 7.*
The toolzie's tough 'tween Pitt an' Fox, *El. on Year 1788.*
Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
A Garter gie to Willie Pit; . . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Pity. This boasted Honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, *A Winter Night. 9.*
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me! . . . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?
S. Canst thou leave me †
That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.*
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd. *El. on Capt. M. H., 2.*
A look of pity hither cast, ... *Ib., Epit.*
Pity the best of words should be hut wind! *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Epit. for Author's Father.
Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me! *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
What pity, in rearing so heauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'. *S. My Nanie's Awa.*
For pity's sake, this ae night, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Take pity on my weary feet, ... *Ib.*
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown; *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be. . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
S. O stay sweet warbling †
Pity's flood there never rose. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, *S. Oh open the door* †
In his breast no pity dwells, . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
On seeing wounded Hare.
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Prologue, at Th., D..
To anger them a' is a pity, ... *S. Tam Glen.*
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
For pity's sake, forgive me! . . . . *S. The last time I* †
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
That he from our lasses should wander awa';
S. There's a youth †
pity's notes, in luxury of tears, . . *To Miss Graham.*
For pity, bide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise. *S. Turn again, thou* †
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.
S. Wae is my heart †
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
S. What can a yng lassie †
Take pity on a sodger. . . . . *S. When wild War's* †
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Pity, *to.* Gude pity me, because I'm little, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case, *Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.*
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Pity our Kirk also; . . . . . *New Psalmody.*
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo. . . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
'Tis thine to pity and forgive. *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
If thou refuse to pity me, . . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure:
S. The winter it is past †
Pity my sad disaster! . . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity; *Tragic Frag..*
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Pitied.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, *The Tree of Liberty.*
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Pitying. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan; . *Add. to Toothache. 2.*
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe
Epit. for Author's Father.
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, . *S. My Mary's face* †
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Pityless.

While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats. . . *A Winter Night. 5.*

Pizarro. Between Almagro and Pizarro; *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Placad [a public proclamation].

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, . *A Fragment. 7.*

Place. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your bumble debtor: . . *A Dream. 3.*
Because we've stang'd her through the place,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, *Add. to Toothache.*
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie! *S. By Allan stream* †
I've dar'd his [death's] face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again! . . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne, say, I was a fautor. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
'I daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul Thief onie place, . . *Halloween. 14.*
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
To a' this place. . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.*
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
On seeing wounded Hare.
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place? . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
The Belles of Mauchline.
But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
And, agonising, curse the time and place *The Brigs of Ayr, 9.*
Retrieve its doom and take its place. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
A place where body saw na'; . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t,
The Kirk's Alarm.
My blessings on that happy place, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, *The Twa Dogs.*
But whalpet some place far abroad, ... *Ib. 2.*
And gat him friends in ilka place; . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Their galloping thro' public places, . . . *Ib. 31.*
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, . . . *To a Haggis.*
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
On sic a place. . . . *To a Louse.*
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day. . . *To J. S., 18.*
Where is thy place of blissful rest? *To Mary in Heaven.*
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa! . . . . *To W. Creech.*

Place, *to.*

Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: *S. O this is no my ain* †
And in their dear petitions place him:
On Scot. Bard gae to W.I.
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; *S. The Posie.*
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above, *Ib.*

Placed, -'d.
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
A Winter Night. 7.
- - - lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd, *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
in life where-ever plac'd, . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd; *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Placid.
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly: . *S. The gloomy night* †

Plack [a small copper coin, equal to the third part of an English penny].
No, stretch a point to catch a plack; . *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*
In my last plack thy part's he in't, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, . *El. on Year 1788.*
For monie a Plack they [the lasses] wheedle frae me,
Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st, 17.
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! . . . *Ib. 20.*
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] *Scotch Drink.*

Plackless [penniless].
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, . . *Scotch Drink. 16.*

Plague.
And ranked plagues their numbers tell, *Add. to Toothache. 5.*
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
And other Poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life; . . . *Nature's Law.*
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Plague, *to.*
To plague you with this draunting drivel, . *Poem on Life.*

Plaid.
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, *S. Behind yon hills* †
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
And ye may rowe me in your plaid, ... *Ib.*
And rowed his Highland plaid about her. *S. Donald Brodie.*
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit,
To wear the plaid, . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*

Plaiden [a kind of coarse woollen cloth differing from plaid and flannel].
To warp a plaiden wab; . . . *S. My heart was ance* †
To warp a wab o' plaiden; . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*

Plaidie [*dim. of* plaid].
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [*rc.*] *S. As I came o'er* †
Amang the heather, in my plaidie, *S. Montgom.'s Peggy.*
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee . . *S. O wert thou in* †
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. *S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*

Plain. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie! . . . *A Vision.*
Plain truth to speak; . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. . *Ib. 10.*
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Plain, *s.* Dark-mufflid, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain;
A Winter Night. 6.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his [death's] face, . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,
S. My Harry was a gallant †
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . *Nature's Law.*
waving grain, wide o'er the plain, *S. Now westlin winds* †
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh; *S. Oh, open the door,* †
In these savage, liquid plains, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
On seeing wounded Hare.
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, . . . *Ib.*
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, . . *Ib.*
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
Streams that glide in orient plains, *S. Streams that glide* †
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich ananas blow! . . . . *The Farewell.*
I see it driving o'er the plain; . *S. The gloomy night* †
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, . *S. The Highland Lassie.*
'Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill; . *The Vision. D. II. 8.*
lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, . *To W. Simpson.*
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
S. Twas even—the dewy †
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . *S. Young Jamie* †
My Jockey toils upon the plain, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Plaint. Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day.
The Ordination. 11.

Plaintive. When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole *A Winter Night. 6.*
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . . *To Clarinda.*

Plaister [plaster].
O how they fire the heart devont
Like cantharidian plaisters . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Plaister, *to* **[to plaster].**
Her [Britain's] broken shins to plaister; . *A Dream. 6.*

Plan. Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man! *El. on Year 1788.*
But wilily he [Satan] changed his plan, *Epig. on A. Turner.*
'The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
''Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.
Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan,
Ep. to R. Graham.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
To oppose great Nature's plan? . . *S. Let not woman* †
Here Douglas forms wild Shaksperean into plan,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink,
Second Ep. to Davie.
Some useful plan, or book could make,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
The Rights of Woman.
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect. . *The Vision. D. II. 22.*
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her first plan, . . . *To J. S., 3.*
Gae fa' upo' anither plan, . . . *What ails ye now* †
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
S. What can a yng lassie †
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? *Why am I loth* †

Planet. And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray. *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †

Plant.
Protect and guard the mother plant, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: *Scots Prologue.*

Plant, *to.*
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. *Spoke extem. to yng Lady.*
She plants the forests, pours the flood;
S. Streams that glide †
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*

Plantation. Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations. *To a Louse.*

Planted. Let him be planted in my place,
Syne, say, I was a fautor. *S. Had I the wyte* †

Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind? *Man was made to Mourn.*

Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right;
Tam o' Shanter. 5.

On ilka brow she's planted a horn, *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †

Plashy.
Plashy sleets and beating rain, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

Plate [a large pewter plate placed at the door or gate of a church for the collection].
When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Platie [*dim. of* plate].
owre the wee bit cup an' platie, . . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Play. But what he said it was nae play, . . *A Vision.*

Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me; . *S. Blythe hae I been* †

When a' the lave gae to their play, . *S. Duncan Gray.*

May still your life from day to day,
Nae "lente largo" in the play. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*

I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet. . . . . *Ib. 11.*

O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*

How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin?
Scots Prologue.

Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . . . *Ib.*

Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

O there had been nae play; . *The Election Ballads. V.*

And mickle mirth and play. . *S. The last braw bridal* †

At Operas an' Plays parading, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

The Curlers quat their roaring play, *The Vision. D. I. 1.*

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, . . *Ib. D. II. 17.*

Passion's birth, and infants' play . . . *To a Kiss.*

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. . . . *To J. S., 15.*

Play, *to.* And still the clap plays clatter. *Add. to Unco Guid.*

The music of her pretty foot,
On my heart it did play so, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

Than I, no lonely Hermit . . .
Less fit to play the part, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, . . *Halloween. 25.*

He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Holy Willie's Prayer, 11.

Would play anither Charles the twalt: *Kind Sir, I've read* †

And I myself the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play. . *S. O were my love* †

The silvery moonbeams trembling play: . *On Lincluden.*

The warl' may play you monie a shavie; *Second Ep. to Davie.*

And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! *The Ordination. 11.*

The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play; . *The Vision. D. II. 23.*

Played, -'d.
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune. . . *S. A red, red Rose.*

When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. *S. As on the banks* †

Ao' play'd on man a cursed brogue, *Add. to the Deil. 16.*

'It just play'd dirl on the hane, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*

I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, . . . *Ep. to J. R. 6.*

He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †

Play'd me sic a trick, ... *S. Robin sure in hairst.*

(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!) *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part *The Election Ballads. VI.*

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, . . . *The Inventory.*

And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Sic game is now owre aften play'd; . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him. . *There came a piper* †

This game was play'd in monie lands, *To W. Simpson P.S.*

O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Playful. In playful bands disporting. . *S. Young Peggy* †

Playing. She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Plea. Ae night, at tea, began a plea. . . *A Fragment.*

No other plea I have, But, Thou art good;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, *Kind Sir, I've read* †

'Twad been nae plea; . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

When neebors anger at a plea, . . *Scotch Drink. 13.*

So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell: . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Plead. My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*

Pleading. Heroes in Cesarean fight
Or Ciceronian pleading. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Pleasant. How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
S. Afton Water.

Simmer's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
S. Ay waukin, O.

A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e, ... *S. Handsome Nell.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
S. How pleasant the banks †

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; *S. Now westlin winds* †

The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather: *S. The noble Maxwells* †

There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone,
When clouds in skies †

Please. Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;
A Ded. to G. H., 2.

While Nobles strive to please Ye, . . *A Dream. 9.*

And if it please thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent; . . *A Grace before Dinner.*

They'll mak what rules and laws they please. *Add. of Beelzebub.*

But what your Lordships please to gie them! . . *Ib. 3.*

'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailins. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me; . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

'Aqua-fontis, what you please,
'He can content ye. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.*

On braes when we please then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune; . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.

And if it please thee, Pow'r above, *Grace after Dinner.*

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me, . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.*

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†

Can please a lassie better. . . *S. O gie my love brose* †

That ye can please me at a wink, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?
Sonnet, on Death of R..

But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing. . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

'Twad please me to the Nine. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but tway. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel. . . . . *Ib.*

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Churches built to please the Priest.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.

To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.
The Ordination. Mott.

She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye. . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*

Then please sir, to lea'e sir,
The orders wi' your lady. . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

'To please us a', I've just ae ither. . . *What ails ye now* †

I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
S. What can a yng lassie †

The leafless trees my fancy please, . . . *Winter.*

Pleased, –'d.

I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did Death. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.*

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3.*

Nature well pleased prononnced it very good ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.

I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*

Long, long be pleas'd to spare ; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul ; *Ib. 17.*

Which pleased them ane and a', man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

'While ye [Powers] are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, . . . *To J. S., 24.*

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of ava, *What ails ye now* †

Cnrse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Pleasing. Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Why am I loth †

Pleasure.

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [Want],
A Ded. to G. H., 16.

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ; . . . *A Dream. 10.*

The pride, the pleasnre o' the wood, *S. A Rosebud by my* †

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*

When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure and love. *Adown winding Nith* †

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van, *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*

I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !
S. An' I'll kiss thee, yet †

With "Mary, when shall we return,
"Sic pleasure to renew ?" . . *S. As down the burn* †

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †

Since thou then deny'st the pleasure,
Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn. *S. Blue Bonnets.*

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many ;
S. By Allan stream †

Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ; . . . *Ib.*

Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain ;
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again !"
S. Contented wi' little †

But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me
S. Craigie-burn Wood.

the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, . . . *S. Deluded swain* †

But ah ! those pleasnres, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste, . . *Despondency, an Ode, 4.*

When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze, . . . *Ib. 5.*

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*

Nae treasnres, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang ; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*

Nor make our scanty Pleasnres less,
By pining at our state : . . . . . *Ib. 7.*

There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
The Lover and the Frien' ; . . . . . *Ib. 8.*

ye whom social pleasure charms, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.*

And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere, . *Ib. Ap. 21st, 18.*

Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*

Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting where withal to live ; *Ep. to R. Graham 3.*

But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribnte distingnish'd—to bestow! . . *Ib. 5.*

A' pleasnre exile me, , ... *S. Eppie Adair.*

When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasnres but nnvail Despair. . *S. Frae the friends* †

And pleasure is a wanton trout, . . *S. Gane is the day* †

I tint my peace and pleasure ; . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasnre,
S. Gloomy December.

Snch the pleasures I enjoy'd ; . *S. I dream'd I lay* †

My cheerless snns no pleasure know ;
Imprmt., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

. . . . while rosy pleasnre
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, *Innocence* †

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine ! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

I grant him [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasnres,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..

Or yonthful Pleasure's rage ? *Man was made to Mourn.*

In Pleasnre's lap caresf ; . . . . . *Ib.*

From pomp and pleasure torn ; . . . . . *Ib.*

What are their noisy pleasures ? . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

Gae seek for pleasnre whare ye will,
But here I never miss't it yet. . *S. My love she's but* †

In vain I've roam'd for pleasnre, *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasnre find, *S. Now westlin winds* †

O why should Fate sic pleasnre have,
Life's dearest bands nntwining ? . *S. O poortith cauld,* †

Glories in his heart humane—
And creatnres for his pleasure slain.
S On scaring Water-fowl.

Nor ever pleasnre glad thy cruel heart !
On seeing wounded Hare.

Life's social haunts and pleasnres I resign,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure ! . *S. One fond kiss,* †

Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure ; . . *Poem on Life.*

Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasnre's chain ;
Prologue. sp. by Woods.

Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ; . *S. Raving winds* †

What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow : . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew ; . *S. Scenes of woe* †

My chief, amaist my only pleasnre, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasnre,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . *S. Sensibility,* †

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasnre,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasnre :
Tam o' Shanter. 6.

But pleasnres are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ; . . . . . *Ib. 7.*

Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel ? *The Contented Cottager.*

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasnre spare,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

Or nature aught of pleasnre give ; . *S. The day returns* †

If sae their pleasure was. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

And now a widow I must mourn
The Pleasnres that will ne'er return ; *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*

If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where. . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, . . . *The Lament.*

Nae joy nor pleasnre can she see ; . . *S. The lovely lass* †

O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys !
S. The Poor Thresher.

But a' the pleasnres e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a' *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are nnmber'd wi' care ?
S. The small birds †

Was keepet for His Honor's pleasnre ; . *The Twa Dogs.*

Snre great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? . . *Ib. 27.*

'Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, *The Vision. D. II. 17.*

Gay Pleasnre ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ; *The Whistle. 13.*

Turn away thine eyes of love.
Lest I die with pleasnre. . . . *S. Thine am I* †

Where Pleasure is the magic wand, . . *To J. S., 12.*
And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a pleasure can afford, ... *To Ruin.*
But every joy and pleasure's fled, Willie's awa! *To W. Creech.*
And I, wi' pleasure, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure. *To W. Simpson.*
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture.
That thy presence gies to me. . *S. Turn again, thou* †
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,
S. Wae is my heart †
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd *S. When wild War's* †
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
S. Where are the joys †
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
S. Will ye go and marry †
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C..
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures? . . . . *Ib.*

Pledge.

I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. . *S. My Sandy gied* †
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
These were the pledges of my love! . . *The Lament.*
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, . . . *To a Kiss.*
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, *To Chloris.*

Pledge, *to.*

And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; . *S. Come, let me take* †
How aften didst thou pledge and vow, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,"
"To be my ain dear Willy. . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee. [*re.*]
S. One fond kiss, †
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!" . . . *To a Lady.*

Pledged, -'d.

And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.
S. Caledonia.
I wat they pledged their faith, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Pledging. And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Plenish'd. A mailin plenish'd fairly; *S. When wild War's* †

Plenty. An' gie you lads a plenty: . . *A Dream. 14.*
They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.
'The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty; . . . . *Ib.*
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine; . . *Friend of the poet* †
And plenty of bacon each day in the year: . *Impromptu.*
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. . *S. In simmer when* †
The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty, *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Farewell then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa'; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . . . *The Ordination. 6.*

Pleugh, Plew [plough].

My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a'; *A Guid New-year* † *15.*
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, *S. Behind yon hills* †
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
'Ye needna yoke the pleugh, ... *Ib. 24.*
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 7.
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart, ... *Ib. 13.*
I had sax owsen in a pleugh, . *S. O gude ale comes* †
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand . . . . . *Ib.*
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye. . . *Ib. 8.*
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Pleugh-pettle [a plough-staff; *v.* **pettle].**

Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.*

Pliant.

subtile Litigation's pliant tongue *On Death of R. Dundas.*

Plight. A mutual faith to plight, . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand; . . . . *To Mary.*

Plighted.

Is this thy plighted, fond regard *S. Canst thou leave me* †
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †
And thy attentions plighted. *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
By the faith you fondly plighted; . *S. Stay, my charmer* †
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . . *The Lament.*
The plighted husband of her youth? . . . . *Ib.*
We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, . . . *To Mary.*
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Pliskie [a trick).

(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!) *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Pliver [plover].

To speet him like a Pliver, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Plodding.

Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Plot.

'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
I was suspected for the plot; . . . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*

Plot, *to.* No Statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
S. No Churchman am I †

Plough.

My horny fist assume the plough again; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
They took a plough and plough'd him down, *John Barleycorn.*
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
The Brigs of Ayr.
The sword would help to mak a plough, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang, . . *To J. S., 9.*

Plough, *to.*

For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
S. My father was a farmer †
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
S. The Poor Thresher.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor; *S. When wild War's* †

Ploughboy. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

Plough'd.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd, . *S. O can ye labour lea* †

Ploughman. In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
Ib.
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing. *Ib.*
An stumpan on his ploughman shanks, *On dining with Daer.*
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman. . . . . *Ib.*
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, *Scotch Drink. 10.*
The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, . . *S. The Ploughman* †
Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry Ploughman; . . . . *Ib.*
Commend me to the Ploughman. . . . . *Ib.*
My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, . . . *Ib.*
I will wash my Ploughman's hose. . . . . *Ib.*
I will mak my Ploughman's bed, ... *Ib.*
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the Ploughman laddie dancin. . . . . *Ib.*
I never gat my coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman. *Ib.*
The tither was a ploughman's collie, . *The Twa Dogs. 4.*

Ploughman-chiel.
The hrawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Plough-share. Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Plover. Ye whistling plover; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*
The Plover loves the mountains; *S. Now westlin Winds* †
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Plumage.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
S. The heather was blooming †
In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill: . *Ib.*

Plume.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Plume, *to.*
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Plummet.
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.

Plump.
A' plump and strapping in their teens, *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
As plump an' gray as onie grozet; . . *To a Louse.*

Plumpet [plumped].
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, . . . *Halloween. 26.*

Plunder.
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . *S. When wild War's* †

Plunder'd.
They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
S. Caledonia.
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,
By gallows knaves? *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Plunderer.
Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes, *Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Plundering.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke; *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*

Plunge. Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
Wi' a plunge . *Halloween. 26.*

Plunge, *to.*
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
Add. to the Deil. 10.

Plunged, -'d.
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
And [Love] plung'd me deep in woe. *S. Talk not of Love* †

Plush. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
Tam o' Shanter. 13.

Ply. Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
As busy Trade his labours plies; . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
She, tardy, hell-ward plies. . . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
'As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply. . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*
The dinner being over, the claret they ply, *The Whistle. 12.*

Ply'd. Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The Vowels.

Plying. On foot [Apollo] the way was plying. *To J. Taylor.*

Poacher-Court.
Somehody tells the Poacher-Court, . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*

Pock [a small bag, a wallet].
The auld guidman raught down the pock, *Halloween. 17.*
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Poesy, -ie.
And even th' abuse of poesy abused! . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Poet. It's just sic Poet and sic Patron. *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
The Poet, some guid Angel help him, ... *Ib. 3.*
The Poets too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, . . *A Dream. 2.*
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet! . . *Ib.*
So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
I am nae Poet in a sense, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing and christens it—a poet.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Friend of the poet tried and leal, . . *Friend of the poet* †
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The Poet's occupation? . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
And other Poets sing of wars, . . *Nature's Law.*
Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, *On B.'s Horse Impound..*
deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; *Poem on Life.*
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, *Reproof by Himself.*
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Let other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, *Scotch Drink.*
Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame,
Will hauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? *Scots Prologue.*
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack. . . *Ib.*
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B[urns] came by, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The Poet did request,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, . . *Ib.*
Give the poet's darling flame, . . . *The Toast.*
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, *The Whistle. 3.*
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, . . . *To a Lady.*
And with them take the poet's prayer; *To a young Lady.*
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet; *To Capt. Riddel.*
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve. . . . *To Chloris.*
"There's ither Poets, much your betters, . *To J. S., S.*
Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? *To R. G. of F.*
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. . . . *Ib. 5.*
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! . . . *Ib. 9.*
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet) . . . *To Terraughty.*
Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour, . . . *To W. Creech.*
Nae Poet thought her worth his while, *To W. Simpson.*
The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learnt to wander, . . . *Ib.*
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee, . . *S. Turn again, thou* †

Poetic. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; *Ep. to H. Parker.*
With more poetic fire. . . . . *Nature's Law.*
That I might catch poetic skill, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
The Brigs of Ayr.
No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, ... *The Lament.*
They bind the wild, Poetic rage
In energy, [v.A.4] . . *The Vision. D. II.*
Laurel-boughs, To garland my poetic brows! *To J. S., 9.*
King David o' poetic brief, . . . *What ails ye now* †
Poetic ardours in my hosom swell, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Poetry. O Thou whom Poetry abhors, *Epig. on E.'s Martial.*

Poind [*pronounced* **Pind**; **to distrain, to seize a tenant's effects for rent unpaid**].
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Poin'd. While they're only poin'd and herriet
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit.
Add. of Beelzebub.

Point. No—stretch a point to catch a plack; *A Ded. to G. H. S.*
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*
In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither. *Ib.*

Point, *to.* But point the Rake that taks the door;
A Ded. to G. H., 8.
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
In vain wild Prudence †
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave. . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Anticipation forward points the view;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? . *Ib. 10.*
And points to ruin and disgrace, . . . *The Farewell.*
Or point the inconclusive Page
Full on the eye. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. II.*

Pointed.
By word, or pen, or pointed steel! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, *John Barleycorn.*
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame! *Man was made to Mourn.*

Pointer.
While pointers round impatient burn'd, *Tam Samson's El., 8.*

Pois'nous. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . *To Miss C.*

Poison. An' his heart is rank poison," *Epit. on Walter S—.*
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
To R. G. of F..

Poison, *to.*
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel pay'd for't; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.*

Poison'd.
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, . *O leave novels* †
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation: . . *The Holy Fair. Mott.*
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poisoned tooth to fasten. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Poker. I made a poker o' the spin'le, . . *The Inventory.*

Poland.
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Polar.
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Pole. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, *A Bard's Epit.*
Or turn the pole like any arrow; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line; . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate* †

Polecat.
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. *To R. G. of F..*

Polish. But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart. . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love. . . *Sketch.*

Polish'd. The polish'd jewel's blaze *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
With Arts most polish'd blaze. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
S. The lass that made the bed.
in far less polish'd days . . . *The Rights of Woman.*
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace. . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play: . . *Ib. D. II. 23.*
when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Politesse. The frank address, and politesse, *O leave novels* †

Politics. And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Law, physics, politics and deep divines: *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
In politics if thou would'st mix, *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter, . . . *The Fête Champetre.*
When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man! . . . . *Ib.*

Polled. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Polly. O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart. [*re.*] *S. Polly Stewart.*

Polycrate.
'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: . *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Pomp.
From pomp and pleasure torn; *Man was made to Mourn.*
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, *S. Mark yonder pomp* †
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
The Cotter's Sat Night. 17.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, . . *Ib. 19.*
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art.
The joy can scarcely reach the heart. *The Twa Dogs. 31.*

Pompous. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail;
El. on Miss Burnet.
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Ponder. I pray an' ponder butt the house, *Auld comrade* †
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree-root: . . . *One night as I* †
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Pondering.
On the hopeless Future pondering, . *S. Raving winds* †

Pond'rous.
The pond'rous wall and massy bar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command: . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

Ponotaxi. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

Pool. "And stately oaks their twisted arms,
Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †
Cauld is the e'enin blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool, . *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; *S. Gane is the day* †
But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, . . . *Halloween. 26*
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Your hearts are just a standing pool, . . *To J. S., 26.*

Poor. He downa see a poor man want: *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Of our poor sinfu', corrupt Nature: . . . . *Ib. 6.*
the poor man's friend in need, ... *Ib.*
Be to the poor like onie whunstane, ... *Ib. 8.*
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, . . . *Ib. 13.*
Make you as poor a dog as I am, ... *Ib. 16.*
For who would humbly serve the poor? . . . *Ib.*
by a poor man's hopes in Heaven! . . . . *Ib.*
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! . . . *Ib. 9.*
As for the jurr, poor worthless body, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
To scaud poor wretches! . . . . *Add. to the Deil.*
An' let poor, damned bodies bee; . . . . . *Ib.*
Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Assist poor Simson a' ye can, . . *Auld comrade* †
Comin thro' the rye, poor body, *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; . *S. Duncan Gray* †
If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16,

The poor wee thing was little hurt; . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should* . . . *Ib. 5.*
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, . . *Ib.*
The poor man weeps—here G— N sleeps, *Epit. for G. H.*
Poor silly body see him; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, *Frag., incsr. to Fox.*
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet, . *Ib.*
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor ponches. *Friend of the poet* †
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, . . *Halloween. 4.*
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt, ... *Ib. 9.*
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . . . *Ib. 26.*
How can my poor heart be glad. *S. How can my poor heart* †
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice: . . . . *S. How cruel are* †
My poor heart then break it must, *S. Husband, husband* †
We may be poor, my Rob and I,
Light is the burden love lays on; *S. In simmer when* †
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
why all this sneering 'Gainst poor Excisemen?
Lns on Window, K.'s A., D..
See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile, . *Man was made to Mourn. S.*
And see his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn, ... *Ib.*
The poor, oppressed, honest man . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, . . *Ib. 11.*
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride. *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
all obscure, unknown, and poor, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
That make the miser's treasure poor:
S. O Mary, at thy window †
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor . . . . *S. O Phely.* †
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken! . *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †
Ye geck at me because I'm poor, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
The deil a ane would spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I. . . . . *Ib.*
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee: *On Scot. Bard gae to W. I.*
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure? *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*
And life's poor season peaceful spend. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
poor wanderer of the wood and field,
On seeing wounded Hare.
"The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye, . . . *Poem on Life.*
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Poor Mailie's dead! . . . . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as prond as them a' man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
But spare poor Sensibility
The ungentle, harsh rebuke. *Rusticity's ungainly* †
The poor man's wine; . . . . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, ... *Ib. 16.*
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses! . . . . *Ib. 18.*
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd Drinkers. . . *Ib. 20.*
God help us —we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
Scots Prologue.
The Muse, poor hizzie! . . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
On this poor being all depends; . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . *S. Streams that glide* †

As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. . . . *Ib. 18.*
for poor auld Scotland's sake . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Thus dung in staves.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face. . . . . *Ib. 23.*
mony a huntit, poor Red-coat *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, . . . *Ib. 6.*
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll. . *Ib.*
My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, *The Death of Mailie.*
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed. . *Ib. IV.*
We dare be poor for a' that! . . *S. The Honest Man.*
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gutscraper; . . . . . *Ib. R. VI.*
Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
Upon his hunkers bended, ... *Ib.*
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
S. The lazy mist †
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,
S. The Poor Thresher.
This poor man was seen to go early to work, . . *Ib.*
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; . . *Ib.*
What tho' it be possible we do live poor, . . . *Ib.*
O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys! . . *Ib.*
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow:
S. The sun he is sunk †
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
What way poor bodie's liv'd ava. . . . . *Ib.*
wee, blastet wonner, Poor, worthless elf, . . . *Ib. 9.*
what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, ... *Ib.*
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock. . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, ... *Ib. 13.*
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! . . *Ib. 14.*
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk. . . . *Ib. 26.*
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow. . . . . *S. The weary pund.*
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, *The Whistle.*
And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Poor devil! see him owre his trash, . . *To a Haggis.*
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body. . . *To a Louse.*
At me, thy poor earth-born companion, . *To a Mouse.*
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! . . . *Ib.*
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; *To J. S., 19.*
But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . . *Ib. 20.*
Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . . . *To J. Taylor.*
We poor sons of metre
Are often neglecki't, ye ken; . . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! . . . *Ib. 3.*
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), *To R.G. of F.*
See him, the poor man's friend in need, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, *To W. Creech.*
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
On my poor Musie; . . . . *To W. Simpson. 2.*
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, . *Tragic Frag..*
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
S. What can a young lassie †
A poor and honest sodger. . . *S. When wild War's* †
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, ... *Ib.*
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, ... *Ib.*

Poorest. the poorest wretch in life, *The Henpecked Husband.*

Poorly. 'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low! *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
My Pegasus s poorly shod . . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Poortith [poverty].

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ; *Ep. to Young Friend.*

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Maj. Logan.

The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race.
Wha count on poortith as disgrace . . . . *Ib. 7.*

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' twere na for my Jeanie. . *S. O poortith cauld* †

In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . *The Twa Dogs. 15.*

Poosie-Nansie's [a change-house in Mauchline].

In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Poosion'd [poison'd].

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poosion'd nostrum ; . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Poossie [a hare].

And morning Poossie whiddan seen. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*

Pop ! Whee, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
Tam o' Shanter. 17.

Pope. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.*

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Squire Pope but husks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters : . . . . . *Ib.*

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Poplar.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Poppy.

But pleasures are like poppies spread.
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Populace. Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Pore. While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead. . . *To a Haggis.*

Pore, *to.* Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ; *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Porritch *v.* **Parritch.**

Port. Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves ; . *V.s, below Picture.*

Port. And Port was celestial glory. *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*

And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him ! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" *What ails ye now* †

Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals ; *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*

Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Portentous.

Like some portentous omen ; . . *On dining with Daer.*

Porter.

But when we tir'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us : *V.s, on Window. Carron.*

Come house about the porter ! . . *The Ordination. 13.*

Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion! . *Nature's Law.*

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest ! . *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Portuguese.

If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss : . *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Position.

For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions. *Frag., inscr. to Fox.*

Possess. May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart ; *S. Polly Stewart.*

Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.

Possession.

So may ye get in glad possession, - - -
The coins o' Satan's coronation !
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †

Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
The Henpecked Husband.

Possest. The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest ;
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †

Possible.

What tho' it be possible we do live poor, *The Poor Thresher.*

Post. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor : . . *A Dream. 3.*

Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Wi' them wha grant them :
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.

Posterity.

And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland ! . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Posy. The sacred posy—Libertie . . . . *A Vision.*

But Whigs cam like a frost in June
And wither'd a' our posies. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. [*re.*] *S. The Posie.*

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, . *Ib.*

Pot. A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman, [*re.*]
S. O gin ye were dead.

To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Thus dung in staves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire. . *The Dean of Fac..*

Potatoe.

Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*

Potatoe-bing [a potatoe-heap].

Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith *The Brigs of Ayr*

Potence.

And for thy potence vainly wisht,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.

Potent. With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.

Potentate.

For you, young Potentate o' W[ales], . . *A Dream. 10.*

Potion. Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses. . *Poem on Life.*

Or ony stronger potion, ... *The Holy Fair. 19.*

They sip the scandal-potion pretty ; . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Potosi. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts
S. My father was a farmer †

And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor Kings regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, *The Vision. D. II. 21.*

Pou [pull].

To buro their nits, an pou their stocks, . . *Halloween. 2.*

To pou their stalks o' corn ; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*

Pouch [pocket].

My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
S. Contented wi' little, †

the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches. . *Friend of the poet* †

Although his pouch o' coin were clean, . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch,
To W. Simpson. P.S..

Pouchie [*dim. of* **pouch**].

But just the pouchie put the nieve in, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Pouk [to pluck].

The weans hand out their fingers laughin,
And pouk my hips. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.*

Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
S. Caledonia.

Pouncing.

Pouncing poor Redcastle
Sprawlin' like a taed. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Pound.

That one pound one, I sairly want it ; . *Friend of the poet* †

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Pour. White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †

And pours his vengeance in the burning line, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour, . *Ib.*

And [Pleasure] pours her cup luxuriant ; . *Innocence* †

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
S. O Lassie, art thou †

May He who gives the rain to pour,
On Birth of Posth. Child.

And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!
On Death of R. Dundas.

But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. . *Scotch Drink. 4.*

In twining hazel bowers,
His lay the linnet pours; . . . *S. Sleep'st thou,*†

Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
Sonnet, on Death of R..

That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.
Ib.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] *Ib.*

She plants the forest, pours the flood; *S. Streams that glide* †

Before him Doon pours all his floods; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
The Election Ballads. VI.

When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. . . . . *Ib.*

An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*

An' pour your creeshie nations; . . *The Ordination.*

An' pour divine libations For joy this day. . . . *Ib.*

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
'They ardent, kindling spirits pour; *The Vision. D. II. 5.*

'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame. . . . *Ib. 16.*

'Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
'Warm on the heart. . . . *'Ib. 19.*

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour, ... *To W. Creech.*

The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Pour'd. 'The liquid fire of strong desire
'I've pour'd it in each bosom; *Nature's Law.*

While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
The Vision. D. I. 14.

Pouring. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
The Brigs of Ayr.

And joy and music pouring forth,
In ev'ry grove, . *The Vision. D. II. 14.*

Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread; . . . . *To Ruin.*

Pourtray'd.

I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Pouse [a push].

I gi'e their wames a random pouse, *What ails ye now* †

Pouther, Powther [powder].

by my ponther an' my hail, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*

Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
O' ponther an' lead, *Tam Samson's El., 13.*

They downa bide the stink o' powther;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Your hearts are the stuff, will be pouther enough,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Pouthered.

Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . *On W. Chalmers.*

Pouthery [powdery].

Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, *A Winter Night, 10.*

Poverty. Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.

Poverty's low barren vale, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*

And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, *On Window of C. Inn, F..*

My poverty keeps me in awe, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

in lone poverty's dominion drear, *Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.*

By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Where's he for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that? *S. The Honest Man.*

An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Pow [the head, the skull].

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age; . . . *S. But lately seen* †

Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, *S. Donald Brodie* †

Yet blessings on your frosty pow, . . *S. John Anderson* †

She brak it o'er my pow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, *S. To daunton me.*

Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
He canty claw! . . . *To W. Creech.*

Powder.

She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

Power, -'r.

While recollection's pow'r is giv'n, *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*

which Powers above prevent, ... *Ib.*

An' spread abreed thy well-filled brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r, *A Gude New-Year* † *12.*

The pow'rs you proudly own? . . *A Winter Night. 9.*

Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! . *Add. to Edinburgh.*

Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; *Add. to the Deil. 3.*

And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't! *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me! . . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †

To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.*

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! . . . . . *Ib. 9.*

O, had I power like inclination, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

The cruel powers reject the prayer . . *Fragment.*

Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . . *Frag. of Ode.*

if it please thee, Pow'r above, . *Grace after Dinner.*

Powers celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair, . *S. Highland Mary.*

When winter rules with boundless power,
S. How can my poor heart †

Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . . . . *Liberty.*

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.

The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration; . . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender; . . . . . *Ib.*

Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn? *Man was made to Mourn.*

But the present hour was in my pow'r,
S. My father was a farmer †

All you who follow wealth and power . . . . *Ib.*

Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, *Nature's Law.*

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, . . . *Ib.*

As little reckt I sorrow's power, *S. Now Spring has clad* †

"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
"To be my ain dear Willy. . . . *S. O Phely,* †

The powers aboon will tent thee, . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
O Thou dread Pow'r †

Had ne'er sic powers alarming: *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †

Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose!
On Grose's Peregrinations.

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r . *On dining with Daer.*

Man with all his powers you scorn; *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Now half-extinct your powers of song, *On Death of Lap-dog.*

May powers aboon unite you soon, . *On W. Chalmers.*

Where first I felt their power. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, *Poet. Inscription.*

It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . *Ib.*

Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

See approach proud Edward's power, *S. Scots wha ha'e* †

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, . . *S. Somebody.*

Sic flights are far beyond her [my Muse's] pow'r;
Tam o' Shanter. 16.

Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power) *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a Stot! . . . . . *The Calf.*
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Thy power is all prevailing! . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame, . . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
lust and pride. The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
The Hermit.
What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! . *The Lament.*
The oft-attested Powers above; . . . . . *Ib.*
The noble Maxwells and their Powers
Are coming o'er the border, . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
For Heresy is in her pow'r, . . . *The Ordination. 3.*
Ye Pow'rs who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
S. The Sons of old Killie.
And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds. *The Twa Herds. 15.*
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration; . . . . . *S. The Union.*
'Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
'Held ruling pow'r: *The Vision. D. II. 11.*
In all his pedagogic powers elate, . . . *The Vowels.*
Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . *To a Haggis.*
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us! . . . *To a Louse.*
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . *To J. S., 21.*
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power. . *To R. G. of F.*
thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, . . . *To Ruin.*
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me, *Why am I loth* †
For all unfit I feel my powers be, ... *Ib.*
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil; . . . *Winter.*
Ye powr's of honour, love, and truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her; . . . *S. Young Peggy* †
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen; . . . . . *Ib.*

Powerful. But powerful love enslaves the man:
S. A Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
He felt the powerful high behest, . . . *Nature's Law.*

Powerless.
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. *Liberty.*

Pownie [a pony].
Or die a cadger pownie's death, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7.*
An' pownies reek in plough or braik, . . *Ib., Ap. 21st.*

Powt [a poult, a chicken].
An' the wee powts begun to cry. . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*

Pow't [pulled].
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail . . . . . *Halloween.*

Powther *v.* **Pouther.**

Poz [sure].
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Practice. [Smith] opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals; *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns. . . *To W. Simpson..*

Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
S. Afton Water.
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew no higher praise. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. *The capt. Ribband.*
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise. . *Ib. 13.*
Together hymning their Creator s praise, . . *Ib. 16.*
But praise he blest, my mind's at rest, *S. The tither morn* †
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound. . . . *To Clarinda.*
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Praise, *to.*
I bless and praise thy matchless might, *HolyWillie's Prayer. 2.*
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find, . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
Him it's only justice to praise. *The Election Ballads. III.*
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns: . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Prais'd. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Praising.
While praising and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high. *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

Prance. How thou wad prance, an' snore. an' scriegh,
A Guide New-Year † *S.*
On sprightly coursers prance; . . . *Halloween.*
Then orthodoxy yet may prance, *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Pranc'd.
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, *A Guid New-Year* † *6.*

Prank.
O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! *Scotch Drink. 18.*
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks? *V. on Nat. Thanks..*

Prank, *to.* Or [Spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Prate.
For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
The Election Ballads. I.

Prattling. The lisping infant, prattling on his knee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
The prattling things are just their pride, *The Twa Dogs. 17.*

Pray. I had amaist said, ever pray. *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
I pray an' ponder hutt the house, . . *Auld comrade* †
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, *El. on Year 1788.*
This freedom, in an unknown frien,'
I pray excuse. . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away. . *S. How can my poor heart* †
And pray, a' gude things may attend you!
Kind Sir, I've read †
What are they pray? but spiritual Excisemen.
Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.
With earnest tears I pray, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While Rab his name is. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
I pray with holy fire: . . *The Election Ballads. VI*
Anither sighs an' prays: . . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
Then let us pray that come it may, *S. The Honest Man.*
And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
That you do maintain them so well as you do.
The Poor Thresher.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
S. The Sons of old Killie.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. *To a young Lady.*
And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
A' gude things may attend you! . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? *Why am I loth* †

Pray'd.
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, *The JollyBeggars. R. VI.*
Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, *S. Duncan Gray* †
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night. . . *Halloween. 22.*
He vow'd, be pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Prayer. Learn three-mile pray'rs, an half-mile graces,
A Ded. to G. H., 9.
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir, . . . *Ib. 13.*
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
A Winter Night. 9.
When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, ... *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
Thou Being, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
But, oh! Eliza, hear one pray'r,
For pity's sake, forgive me! *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

The cruel pow'rs reject the prayer . . *Fragment.*
L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
Nor hear their pray'r; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move. *S. I do confess* †
to Jove his prayer preferred; *Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, *New Psalmody.*
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere. . . *O Thou, dread Pow'r* †
That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. *On Lincluden.*
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer. . . . . *Ib.*
And ward o' mony a prayer, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. . . . . *Ib.*
In vain assail him with their prayer, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
To yon a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Shall be my prayer when far awa.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre. *The Fête Champetre.*
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer . . *The Hermit.*
But, O Maria, hear my prayer, . . *S. The last time I* †
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
S. The Sons of old Killie.
But if ye wish her grateful pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis! . . . . *To a Haggis.*
And with them take the poet's prayer; *To a young Lady.*
The prayer still, you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r! . . . . . *To Ruin.*
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Prayin.

For prayin I hae little skill o't; . *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*

Preach.

The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin' o't. *S. My love she's but* †
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
Prologue, at Th., D..
Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
To preach an' read? . *Tam Samson's El..*
A text for infamy to preach; . . . . *To W. Creech.*

Preacher.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, *Auld comrade* †
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Preaching.

But still the preaching cant forbear, *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Precede.

The hoary morns precede the sunny days, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Precept. The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Precious.

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Man was made to Mourn. 4.
And still his precious self his dear delight: . . *Sketch.*
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Precipice. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Pree'd *v.* **Prie'd.**

Preen [a pin].

My memory's no worth a preen; . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Prefer.

A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †

Preferred.

to Jove his prayer preferred: *Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.*

Prefix. Nae heathen name shall I prefix *To Miss Ferrier.*

Premier.

What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Premier, *to.*

Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier owre the pack vile! *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Prent [print].

To try my fate in guid, black prent; . . *To J. S., 7.*

Prent, *to* **[to print].**

And, faith, he'll prent it. . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Prentice. truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
He's there but a prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Prenticeship.

My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Prepare. Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
S. No Churchman am I †

Prepar'd.

Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, . *Poet. Inscrip.*
For the future be prepar'd, . *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C..*

Presage. With every kindliest, best presage,
Of future bliss, *To a Young Lady.*

Presbyt'ry.

L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.*

Presbyterial.

Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid lib'ral band is found Of public teachers,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Presence.

In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear! *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven; . . *S. Anna, thy charms* †
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly? . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
S. True hearted was he †
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me. . *S. Turn again, thou* †

Present. At present we will ask no more, . . *A Grace.*
Nae mair at present can I measure, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
S. My father was a farmer †
The past returns, the present flies; . . *On Lincluden.*
The present only toucheth thee: . . . *To a Mouse.*

Present, *to.*

Ye did present your smoutie phiz, *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
"Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him, . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*

Presently. Till presently he hears a squeak, *Halloween. 19.*
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor sneban . *The Holy Fair. 22.*

Preserve.

But gude preserve us frae the gallows, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her! . . *Halloween. 22.*
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
The Lord preserve us frae the devil! . . *Poem on Life.*
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect; . *The Vision. D. II. 22.*

Preside. The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside, . . . *The Hermit.*

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
S. The Sons of old Killie.

Presided.
Presided o'er the Sons of light: *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*

Press.
Coffins stood round, like open presses, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Press, *to.* And yellow Autumn presses near, *S. Bonie Bell.*
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"
Prologue at Th., D..
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Remorse. A Frag..
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Tell them, and press it on their mind, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Pressed, -'d, Prest.
Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
S. Adown winding Nith †
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Man was made to Mourn.
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care [v.A.28]
S. No Churchman am I †
I'll grasp thy waist and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly; *S. Now westlin winds* †
The springing lilies sweetly press'd, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
On seeing wounded Hare.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
While here I wander, prest with care, *S. The Gloomy Night* †
When round the Tinkler prest her, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me. . *S. The tither morn* †
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, *To Mary in Heaven.*
Though prest with care and sunk in woe,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

Pressing.
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, . *To W. Simpson.*
Accept the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin': . . *V.s, under Grief.*

Presumption.
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Pretence.
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
An' hae to Learning nae pretence, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Pretend.
Nor meikle speech pretend, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, *The Whistle. 9.*

Pretending. Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, *A Winter Night. 8.*

Pretension. Pretensions rather brassy, *The Dean of Fac..*

Pretty. But pretty Peg, my dearie. *S. As I gaed up by* †
The music of her pretty foot, ... *Ib.*
O dinna think my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee: . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
All for to court this pretty maid, . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
Her pretty ancle is a spy, ... *S. Sae flaxen* †
I vow it's unco pretty: . . . . *The Ordination. 11.*
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Prevailed.
Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,
For so thou hadst appointed; . . *New Psalmody.*
The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Prevailing.
Thy power is all prevailing! . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; [v.A.23]
The Vision. D. II. 6.

Prevent. which Pow'rs above prevent, *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Prey. Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, *A Winter Night. 8.*
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.*
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of grief and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Monody, on a Lady.
now a prey to insulting neglect, ... *Ib. Epit.*
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey; . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel. *S. O leave novels* †
Marking you his prey below, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, *On Death of R. Dundas.*
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies. . . . *S. Sensibility* †
The devil the prey will despise. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And sieze the prey: . . *To J. S., 18.*

Price. Give me love at any price; . . *S. Jockey fou* †
The deil a ane would spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. *Scotch Drink. 14.*

Prick the louse [a term of contempt for a tailor].
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flae. . . *What ails ye now* †

Prickly.
All in its rude and prickly bower, *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †

Pride.
That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride; *A Gude New-Year† 6.*
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood. *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Architecture's noble pride . . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
"Ye might hae seen me in my pride, *As on the banks* †
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . . . *S. But lately seen* †
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; *S. Caledonia.*
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish? *S. Could aught of song* †
the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth, . *Ib.*
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, . . *Ib.*
There's naething here but Highland pride,
Ep. on being neglected at In. Inn.
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride. . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Jenny, my Pegasean pride! . . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows.
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
Epit. for Author's Father.
So fell the pride of all my hopes, *S. Fate gave the word,* †
Some [nits] start awa, wi saucy pride, . . *Halloween. 7.*
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
S. How pleasant the banks †
"His country's pride, his country's stay:
Lament for Glencairn.
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
My pride and my darling to be? . . *S. Leezie Lindsay.*
A haughty lordling's pride; . *Man was made to mourn. 3.*
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride. *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
To quell the Wicked's pride; . . *New Psalmody.*
Its [the warld's] pride, and a' the lave o't; *S. O poortith cauld* †
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
On Scot. Bard gae to W. I.

Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . . *On Lincluden.*
The pride of all the flowery scene,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett I.*
The gentle pride, the lordly state, *On dining with Daer.*
The feint a pride, nae pride had he, ... *Ib.*
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
" Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, *On W. Chalmers.*
With grateful pride we own your many favors:
Prologue, at Th., D..
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
Ronald's of Bennals.
Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride, . . . *Ib.*
In pride of beauty's light; . . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
a' the pride of Spring's return . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
The Belles of Mauchline.
Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: . . *Ib. 12.*
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art, . . *Ib. 17.*
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, . . . *Ib. 18.*
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, . . *Ib. 21.*
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, *S. The day returns* †
A dame wi' pride enough, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And she spak up wi' pride, ... *Ib.*
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
In beauty's pride array'd; . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
S. The heather was blooming †
lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
The Hermit.
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
In flaming summer-pride, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
ance whan in my wooing pride . . *The Inventory.*
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low! *S. The sun he is sunk* †
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there, *The Tree of Liberty.*
The feint a pride na pride had he, . . *The Twa Dogs.*
The prattling things are just their pride, . . *Ib. 17.*
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends. *The Vision. D. II. 18.*
The noisy domicile of pedant pride; . . *The Vowels.*
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . *The Whistle.*
The flower and pride of a' the glen; *S. There was a lass* †
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from every side:
To R. G. of F., 3.
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon; . *S. Turn again, thou* †
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! . *S. What will I do gin* †
Proclaim it the pride of the year. . *S. Where are the joys* †
to me more dear, Than all the pride of May: . *Winter.*
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . *S. Young Jamie* †

Pride, *to.* That purity ye pride in, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
Nae wonder that it pride him! . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Pridefu'. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, *Halloween. 9.*
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Prie [to taste].
And ither some will prie their mou, . *S. John, come kiss.*

Prie'd, Pree'd [tasted].
Roh, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou, . . *Halloween. 10.*
For ay he pree'd the lassies mou, . *S. The Taylor he cam* †

Prief [proof]. For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts. *To J.S.*
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn. . *To Terraughty.*

Priest.
As a' the priests had seen me get thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Where'er that place he priests ca' hell,
Add. to the Toothache.
And ance she bore a priest; . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
And the priest he rode her sair: . . . . . *Ib.*
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
Nay, what are Priests? those seeming godly wisemen:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests.
On dining with Daer.
The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. *S. Scroggam.*
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] *Tam o' Shanter.*
Churches built to please the Priest.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
To R. G. of F..
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And the Priest shall say, Amen. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Priesthood. As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black? *The Election Ballads. V.*

Priestie [*dim. of* **priest**].
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . *On W. Chalmers.*

Priest-like. The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Priest-rid.
And much oppressed and bruised she was;
As priest-rid cattle are. . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*

Priest-skelping [priest-slapping].
Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Prig. And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
S. No Churchman am I †

Prig, *to* **[to entreat].**
I'll ne'er prig for red or white; . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †

Priggin [haggling].
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Prime. My barmie noddle's working prime, . *To J. S., 4.*

Prime, *s.* Has thy Prime unheeded past? . *Blue Bonnets.*
Thou golden time o' youthful prime, . *S. But lately seen* †
" Fall in hold manhood's hardy prime! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Thy glorious, youthful prime! *Man was made to Mourn. 4.*
Look not alone on youthful Prime, ... *Ib.*
It ne'er should flourish to its prime, *The Tree of Liberty.*
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing, *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [*re.*]
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n. *To Miss L., with* " *Beattie.*"

Primrose.
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
S. Afton Water.
The primrose banks how fair; . *S. Behold, my love,* †
The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
S. By Allan stream †
The primrose down the brae; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, *S. The Posie.*

The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
S. The small birds †

Primsie [demure, precise].
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie : . . . *Halloween. 9.*

Prince. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
El. on Miss Burnet.
The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls ; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes ; . *S. Lovely Davies.*
among the princes chief In our Jerusalem, *New Psalmody.*
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn ; . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise ! . . . *Ib. VI.*
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ; . *S. The Honest Man.*

Princely. The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ; *S. Behold, my love,* †
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride. . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
And whose that generous princely mien *V.s below Picture.*

Printed. Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Prison.
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
A prison built by kings, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Prisoner.
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa, *S. Among the trees* †

Pristine. the dome, in pristine pride, . . *On Lincluden.*

Private. Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And private was the chamber : *S. O May thy morn* †
Nor even the man in private life forgot :
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs ; *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
May bliss domestic smooth his private path ; *To R.G. of F., 9.*

Priviledge. But for the glorious priviledge
Of being independant. *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*

Prize.
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize ! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
There, welcome, win and wear the prize, *S. Talk not of Love* †
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize, *The Whistle. 8.*
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field, *Ib. 9.*
But glory is the sodger's prize, . *S. When wild War's* †
To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Prize, *to.* How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize, . *S. How cruel* †
Let her lo'e nae man but me ;
That's the tocher gude I prize, . . . *S. Jockey fou* †

Prizing. Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of Nature prizing.
S. Could aught of song †

Problem. All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.

Proceed. Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
For shame! gie o'er—proceed no further *V. on Nat. Thanks..*

Procession.
To hold our grand procession ; . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Proclaim. While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Now he [Death] proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead ! *Tam Samson's El., 10.*
No, no ! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year. *S. Where are the joys* †

Proclaim'd.
'Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. *To Mary in Heaven.*

Procure.
Go, for yoursel procure renown, . *S. Highland Laddie.*

Prodigal.
O Man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time ! . *Man was made to Mourn. 4.*
your fathers, prodigal of life, [v. A. 12] . . *Scots Prologue.*
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Prodigious.
But oh ! prodigious to reflect,
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck ! . *El. on Year 1788.*

Produce.
Where are the Muses fled, that should produce
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce ? *Scots Prologue.*
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
The Rights of Woman.
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce : *The Whistle. 18.*

Profane.
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
But mair profane. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Profess.
Would I could guess, I do profess, *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Profession. We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks :
Scots Prologue.
But I am a fool by profession. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
I' the way of our profession. . . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Proffer. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Proffer, *to.* And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

Profound. A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd :
Extem. on W. Smellie.
lost in thought profound, . . . *On Lincluden.*

Progeny. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Progress. Matron [Summer] oft. delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn ;
S. The lazy mist †

Project.
as the boughs all temptingly project, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Prologue. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
And last, my prologue-business slily hinted. . . *Ib.*

Prolong.
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong ; *On Lincluden.*

Promise. But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party. . . . *To —.*

Promise, *to.*
An' if she promise auld or young To tak their part,
Tho' hy the neck she should be strung She'll no desert.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 22.
Fain promise never more to disobey ; . *Why am I loth* †

Promised -'d. And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
Friend of the poet † *P.S.*
She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
S. I dream'd I lay †
She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
S. My love's a winsome †
Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle ;
S. Robin shure in hairst.
The promis'd Father's tender name ; . *The Lament. 3.*
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy ! . . . *To a Mouse.*

Prone. Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Prone-descending.
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
From prone-descending showers. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Pronounce.
But [Judges] of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.
To Capt. Riddel.

Pronounc'd.
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command. . . . . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.*

Proof. Let time mak proof; . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 7.*
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. . . *Extem., To Mr. S.*
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . . *S. Sweetest May* †
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; *The Election Ballads. III.*
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof *The Vision. D. I. 6.*
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof. *S. There was a lad* †

Prop.
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Prop, *to.*
But build a castle on his head,
His scull will prop it under. . . *Epig. on a Coxcomb.*
Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, *Nature's Law.*
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Proper.
But I maturely thought it proper, . *A Ded. to G.H., 12.*
after proper purpose of amendment, . *Remorse. A Frag..*
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. . . . *Ib.*
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The Belles of Mauchline.
And still my delight is in proper young men;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Come, let a proper text be read, . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Property. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
A Winter Night. 8.

Prophane.
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*

Prophesied. She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Tam o' Shanter. 3.

Prophet. Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:
The Whistle. 17.

Propitious. Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs,
Nature's Law.
Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd; . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
This day's propitious to be wise in. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Propless. Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.

Propone [lay down, propose].
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*

Proportion.
With nae proportion wanting, . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion, . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them. *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
Which I in just proportion have abused . *Tragic Frag.*

Propose.
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
'To mak a sang?' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*

Propriety.
Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm Fervour may o'erlook; . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Propt. Was timmer-propt for thrawin: *Halloween. 23.*

Prosaic. An' sriechan out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
A creeping cauld prosaic fog . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Prose. Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In Prose or Rhyme. *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
Whom Prose has turned out of doors, *Ep. on E.'s "Martial."*
A land unknown to Prose or Rhyme; *Ep. to H. Parker.*
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it; . . . *Ib.*
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.
In rhyme or prose or baith thegither, . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 7.*
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose!
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . *Poor Mailie's El..*
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose? *The Brigs of Ayr.*
What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away. . . . *To J. S., 25.*

Prose, *to.* 'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.*

Prose-folk. tho' dull prose-folk, latin splatter In logic tulzie,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Prospect.
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma prospect of relief, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
I hackward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! *To a Mouse.*

Prosperous.
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, *S. How can my poor heart* †
The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Prostrate. Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay! *S. Sensibility* †

Protect. May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!
S. Here's a health to them †
Guardian angels! O protect her, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
May heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
Protect thee frae the driving shower, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Protect and guard the mother plant, ... *Ib.*
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect. . *The Vision D. II. 22.*
Your impudence protects you sairly: . . *To a Louse.*

Protected.
A fig for those by law protected! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Protection.
Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection; . . . . *A Dream. 8.*
Powers celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection: . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Protest.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me, . *S. O whistle,* †

Proud. owre proud to snool, . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide; *A Winter Night. 8.*
I should be proud to meet you there;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple fate allows ye . . . . *Ib. 13.*
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Were I a Baron proud and high, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
saucy queen That looks sae proud and high. *S. O Tibbie!* †
Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Man, your proud usurping foe, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
My stomach's as proud as them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
See approach proud Edward's power, *S Scots, wha ha'e* †
Lay the proud usurpers low, ... *Ib.*
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Or proud imperial purple. . . . . *Ib.*
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree;
The Brigs of Ayr.
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
S. Their groves o' †
We'll a' be proud o' Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces; *The Holy Fair. 10.*
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you. . . *To a Medical Gent.*
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

I trow it made me proud; . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Proud-nodding.
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Prouder.
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †

Proudest. Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Fragment of Ode.
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, . . *Liberty.*
Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, *Poet. Inscription.*

Proudly. The pow'rs you proudly own? *A Winter Night. 9.*
That proudly cock your cresting cairns;
El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, *S. The Banks of Nith.*

Prove. And who wou'd to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: *S. Caledonia. 6.*
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? *Ep. fr. Esopus,*
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; . *Frag. of Ode.*
Thy goodness constantly we prove, *Grace after Dinner.*
They may prove as bad as I am. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
S. Oh, open the door, †
He'll prove you fully, . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, *S. She's fair and fause* †
But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove: . *S. Talk not of Love* †
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, . . . *The Calf.*
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, . *What ails ye now* †

Proved, -'d. She [Nature] prov'd to be no journey-work,
S. John Anderson, †
I found that old Solomon proved it fair, *No Churchman am I* †
'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
S. The small birds rejoice †
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd;
S. Wae is my heart †

Proven.
Has proven to its [the Kirk's] ruin: . *The Ordination. S.*

Proverb. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
Prologue, at Th., D..

Proverb'd. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more? *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Proveses [Provosts].
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Provide.
O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want! . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

Provided.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided; *The Twa Dogs. 16.*

Providence.
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger. *Ep. on being neglected at In. Inn.*

Province.
To mark where England's province stands *S. The Union.*

Proving.
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain; . . *To a Mouse.*

Provoke.
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
S. Caledonia.
We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Provok'd.
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, *S. Caledonia.*

Provoking. wi' hoast-provoking smeek, *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Provost [the chief magistrate of a royal burgh].
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Prowling. Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
S. Caledonia. 5.

Prude. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lns under Pict. of Miss B..

Prudence.
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!
S. Here's a health to them †
Prudence, with decorous sneer, . *In vain wld Prudence* †
Let Prudence' direst hodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all! . . . *Ib.*
But prudence is her o'erword ay, *S. O poortith cauld* †
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him;
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am? . . . . . *Ib.*
I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able, *S. Tho. fickle fortune* †
Let Prudence bless enjoyment's cup, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Prudent. prudent, cautious, self-controul *A Bard's Epit.*
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? *Ib. 5.*
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Prussian. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
Kind Sir, I've read †

Prying, -in.
Whiles, in the human bosom pryin, *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Pu' [to pull, gather].
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May [*rr.*] *S. The Posie.*
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear; . . *Ib.*
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, *Ib.*
The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, . *Ib.*
The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, *Ib.*

Public.
And dares the public like a noontide sun. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Thou art the life o' public haunts; . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
Their galloping thro' public places, *The Twa Dogs. 31.*
A candid lib'ral hand is found
Of public teachers, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Pu'd [pulled, gathered].
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine; . . *S. Behold, my love* †
How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy! *S. I do confess* †
And pu'd the gowans fine; . *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.

Puddin-race [pudding-race].
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race! . . *To a Haggis.*

Puddock-stool [a toad-stool, a mushroom].
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Puff'd. Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Puir [poor].
Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, . *On B.'s Horse Impound.*
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care, . . . *Ib.*
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir, ... *Ib.*
Or frae puir man a blessin wan, . . *S. The Laddies by* †
For what?—to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Puke.
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Pull. Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*

Pulse. Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop, *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow, *On Death of Sir J. Blair.*
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high, . *The Lament.*
'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Tells the ardent lover. . . . . *S. Thine am I* †

Pulteney. Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;
The Election Ballads. VI.

Pumps. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Pun' [pounds].
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least. . *The Inventory.*

Punch.
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . . *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Pund [pound].
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, *A Guid New-year 15.*
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow; . . *S. The weary Pund.*
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow. . . . . *Ib.*

Punish. And punish each transgression; *The Ordination. 5.*

Puny. And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves. . *To J. S., 16.*

Pupit [pulpit].
Ye ministers, come mount the pupit, . *El. on Year 1788.*

Puppy.
For puppies like you there's but few. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Purblind.
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision: . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Purchase. It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest; *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; *The Election Ballads. III.*

Pure.
How fair and how pure is the lily. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. *S. Gloomy December.*
Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
While larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air, ... *S. Phillis the Fair.*
How true is love to pure desert, . . . *S. Sae far awa.*
Friendship's pure and lasting joys . *S. Talk not of Love* †
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean. *S. There was a lass* †
The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, . *S. The Posie.*

Purely. A cool spectator purely! *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Purer.
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O. , *S. Behind yon hills* †
But purer was the lover's vow *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Purest.
When purest in the dewy morn; . *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Purge.
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch-ncres. [v.A.13]
The Twa Dogs. 23.

Purg'd. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision, . *The Dean of Fac..*

Purity. That purity ye pride in, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died. . . *Epit. on Miss Lewars.*

Purple.
When purple morning starts the hare, . *S. Now rosy May* †
O were my love yon lilac fair,
With purple blossoms to the spring; *S. O were my love* †
Or proud imperial purple. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Purpling.
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Purpose.
The generous purpose, nobly dear, . *S. My Mary's face* †
after proper purpose of amendment, . *Remorse. A Frag..*
He cam on purpose for to court me, . *S. The auld man* †

Purse. There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
S. No Churchman am I †
Noosing with care a bursting purse, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; *The Election Ballads. II.*
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me. . *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
He draws a bonie, silken purse
As lang's my tail, . . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*
My purse is light, I've far to gang, *S. When wild War's* †

Purse-proud.
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11.*
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*

Pursie [*dim. of* purse].
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
For mony a pursie she had hooked, *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

Pursue.
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The Wretch, already crushed low . *A Winter Night. 9.*
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horse-men back to Forth, man
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
S. The lazy mist †
Nor idle texts pursue; . . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*
My savage journey, curious, I pursue, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn*

Pursued. And long pursued me with her eye.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Pursuing. The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies, *S. How cruel* †
And furious Whigs pursuing! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . *S. The gloomy night* †

Pursuit. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit, *A Bard's Epit.*

Pursy. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
S. No Churchman am I †

Push. And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push abont the jorum; *S. O May thy morn* †

Push'd. They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Pussie [a hare].
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose; *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*

Put. 'Gudeman', quo he, 'put up your whittle,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10..
The witching cursed delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Put clods upon his head, . . . *John Barleycorn.*
To put a young thing in a fright, *S. O wat ye wat my* †
My father put me frae his door, *S. Oh how can I be blythe* †
Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
To put us daft; . . . *Poem on Life.*
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
Ronalds of Bennals.
But just the pouchie put the nieve in, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Put life and mettle in their heels. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
My mither she bade me put him to bed, *S. The auld man* †
I put him to bed and he swore he wad wed, . . . *Ib.*
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your buke, . . *The Inventory.*
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, *What ails ye now* †

Puzzle. All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Pye.
My mither she bade me gie him some pye, *S. The auld man* †
I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, . . *Ib.*

Pyet [a magpie].
To cast my een up like a Pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er, *Auld comrade* †

Pyke *v.* **Pike.**

Pyle [a single grain].

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ; *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*

Quack. Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
The Rights of Woman.

Quaffing.

Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted an' they sang ; *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing ; . . *Ib. S. III.*

Quagmire. Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake. *El. on Capt. M. H. S.*

Quaick [quack].

wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, *Add. to the Deil. S.*

Quail. And nocht could him quail, *S. There was a bonie lass* †

Quaint. No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. *The Lament.*

Quake. Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight h—es. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Quaking, -in.

Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
My very heart an' saul are quakin', *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*

Qualification. For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ; *The Dean of Fac..*

Quality. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
But without some better qualities
She's no the lass for me. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

Quantum.

I wave the quantum o' the sin ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Quarrel.

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
How easy can the barley-brie
Cement the quarrel! . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
An' so the quarrel ended ; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Quarry.

'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
'O' hard whin-rock. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Quart. But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
The Whistle. 16.

Quarter.

Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter : *The Ordination. 13.*
An', large upon her quarter
Come full that day. . . *A Dream. 13.*
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter ; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Quarter basin. A mickle quarter basin. *S. Gat ye me,* †

Quarters. Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.

Quat [quit].

Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, . *Auld comrade* †
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen : . . . *Poem on Life.*
Your friendship sir, I winna quat it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Then I maun rin amang the rest An' quat my chanter; *Ib.*
I shall say nae mair, But quat my sang, . *To J. S., 29.*

Quat [quitted].

But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
The Fête Champetre.
The Curlers quat their roaring play, . *The Vision. D. 1.*

Quaukin [quaking].

Guid L—d! but she was quaukin'! . . . *Halloween. 12.*

Quean [a young woman].

Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water ; *S. Donald Brodie.*
Wha follows ony saucy quean . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Now, Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens, *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
I see her yet, the sonsy quean,
That lighted up my jingle ; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quean ; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Quebec.

But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man, . . *A Fragment. 2.*

Queen. In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection . . *A Dream. 8.*
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
The Queen of love could never move
With motion more enchanting . *S. As I gaed up by* †
And we will live like king and queen, *S. Duncan Davison.*
One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
But Queen N——, of a diff'rent complexion, . . *Ib.*
Content and love bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne? *S. In simmer when* †
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I was the Queen o' bonie France, ... *Ib.*
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain. . . . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
O that's the queen o' woman-kind, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. *S. O wert thou in* †
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. *On an empty Fellow.*
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
S. On Cessnock banks †
The Q——, and the rest of the gentry. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! *Scots Prologue.*
O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! *The Lament.*
And Queen of Poetesses ; . . . . *To a Lady.*
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Queen, *to.* That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity :
Prologue, at Th., D..

Queensberry.

But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt. *On Duke of Queensberry.*
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled,
The Election Ballads. VI.
But cautious Queensberry left the war, ... *Ib.*

Queer. wi' funny, queer Sir John, . *A Dream. 11.*
Yet, scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle
I'm unco queer. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Their capon craws and queer ha ha's. *S. Amang the trees* †
Von mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Queerest. The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Quell. To quell the Wicked's pride ; . *New Psalmody.*
That charm that can the strongest quell,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Quench.

To quench their lowan drouth. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
Some rascal's prudefu' greed to quench, *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Quenched.

quenched in darkness like the sinking star, . . *Liberty.*

Quenching.

Pawn'd in a gin-shop
Quenching holy drouth. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Quentin.

And Quentin o' lads not the worst. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Question. But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
Prologue, at Th., D..
And many a question he ask'd him at large,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Questions [the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Divines. "Getting his questions," preparing his lessons, or speech].

The billie is gettin his questions,
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.
The Election Ballads. III.
I on the questions targe them tightly ; . . *The Inventory.*

Quey [a cow from one year to two years old].

The Deil or else an outler Quey, . . *Halloween. 26.*

Quick.
Was quick to learn and wise to know, . *A Bard's Epit.*
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
The dancers quick and quicker flew ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
S. The lazy mist †

Quicken.
Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken. *To W. Creech.*

Quicker. But souple Donald quicker flew, *S. Donald Brodie* †

Quickly.
Peruse them an' return them quickly ; . *Auld comrade* †
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath.
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
But I call'd her quickly back again,
S. The lass that made the bed.
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me : . . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Quiet. But bamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie. *A Guid-New-year* † *5.*
Long quiet she reign'd. . . . . *S. Caledonia.*
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, . . *The Hermit.*
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. *The Rights of Woman.*
In quiet let me live ; . . . . . *To Lord G.*
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ; . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Quill. I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, *The Twa Herds. 14.*
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw; . . *To W. Creech.*

Quire *v.* **Choir.**

Quirk. Ye'll catechize him every quirk, *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Quit.
Nor quit for me the trembling spray, *S. O stay, sweet warbl.* †
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

Quite. Than quite refuse our law, man. . *A Fragment.*
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . . *The Dean of Fac.*

Quo' [quoth). 'Gudeman,' quo' he, put up your whittle,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head, . . . *Ib. 12.*
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer, [*re.*] *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
Jenny M'Craw.
Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak, . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof [*re.*] *S. There was a lad* †
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, *S. There's news, lasses* †
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay [*re.*] *S. Wha is that at my* †
Quo' I, 'I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better.' . *What ails ye now* †
"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no, ... *Ib.*
'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that, ... *Ib.*
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, . *S. When wild War's* †
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd, ... *Ib.*

Quod [quoth).
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Quondam.
'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Quorum.
managing St. Stephen's quorum; *Kind Sir I've read* †
The dearest o' the quorum [*re.*] . *S. O May thy morn* †
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken. *On dining with Daer.*

Quotation. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,
In vain wild Prudence †

Quote.
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Quoted.
He quoted and he hinted, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*

Quoth.
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn, *S. As down the burn* †
"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance, *As on the banks* †
- - - Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now, Quoth I, . *Ib. 23.*
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die? . . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 6.*
"L—d, G-d," quoth he, "I have it now, *Lns to J. Ranken.*
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me; . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't ; . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, *S. The weary pund.*
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, *S. When wild War's* †

Rab [*dim. of* Robert].
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, . . . *Halloween. 6.*
Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, ... *Ib. 16.*
While Rab his name is. . *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Race. Down the zodiac urge the race, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.
Who life and wisdom at one race begun, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Our race of existence is run. . *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races, *The Twa Dogs. 31.*
Reluctant, E stalk'd in ; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face! *The Vowels.*
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, . *To J. S., 18.*
Perhaps related to the race : . . . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
There's monie waur been o' the Race [of kings],
And aiblins ane been better . . . . *A Dream. 3.*
the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, . . *A Fragment.*
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.*
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The warly race may riches chase, *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
For here thou hast a chosen race ; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
'Go on, ye human race! . . . . . *Nature's Law.*
Conscious, blushing for our race, . *On scaring Waterfowl.*
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story ! *On Duke of Queensberry.*
A race outlandish fills their throne;
An idiot race, to honour lost ; . . *On Window at Stirling.*
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
Fit only for a doited Monkish race, ... *Ib. 8.*
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race! . . . *Ib. 9.*
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man : *The Tree of Liberty.*
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . *The Vision. D. I.*
She boasts a Race, To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace. . . . *Ib. 15.*
'They Scotia's Race among them share ; . *Ib. D. II. 4.*
'Explore at large Man's infant race, . . *Ib. 10.*
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from spray to spray. . . . *To Clarinda.*
The warly race may drudge an' drive, *To W. Simpson. 16.*

Racer Jess.
There racer Jess, an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkan at the entry. . . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Rachel.
Coila's fair Rachel's care to day, . *Sketch, New-Yr's Day.*

Rack. Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Racked, -'d.
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Racking.
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines! . *Add. to Toothache.*

Rade [rode).
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
Astray upon Nidside. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye : . *S. When first I came* †

Radiant.
But now his radiant course is run, . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe. *S. It was the charming* †
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Raep *v.* **Rape.**

Rafters. Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Rag. Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
First, niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat;
The Jolly Beggars. R.I.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, . *Ib. S. I.*
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy, . *Ib. S. II.*

Rage.
Not all your rage, as now, united shows
More hard unkindness [than Man's], *A Winter Night. 7.*
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The Wretch, already crushed low, ... *Ib. 9.*
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Sinks in time's wintry rage. . . . *S. But lately seen* †
To show their deadly rage. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
Or youthful Pleasure's rage? . *Man was made to Mourn.*
The gentle look that rage disarms; . *S. My Mary's face* †
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Such is the rage of Battle. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
They bind the wild, Poetic rage
In energy, [v.A.4] . . *The Vision. D. I.*
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!
To R. G. of F., 5.

Rage, *to.*
While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . . . . *Liberty.*
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Ragged. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver: *A Dream. 11.*
thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, *A Winter Night. 9.*
The followers o' the ragged Nine, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*
Mark our jovial, ragged ring! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Here's our ragged Brats and Callets! . . . . *Ib.*
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Amang the heathy hills and ragged woods
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Raging.
And raging bend the naked tree; *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
raging fortune's withering blast [*pr.*] *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Tho' raging winter rent the air: . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb..*
And I maun cross the raging sea, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . *Why am I loth* †

Ragings. What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop: *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*

Ragout.
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
owre his French ragout, ... *To a Haggis.*

Ragweed [the plant ragwort].
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, *Add. to the Deil. 9.*

Raible [to rattle nonsense].
An' Orthodoxy raibles, ... *The Holy Fair. 17.*

Rail. No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
S. No Churchman am I †
He rails at our mountebank squad, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Railing. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lns under Pict. of Miss B.

Rain. Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. *S. As I came o'er.*
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
S. As I was a-wand ring †
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
Plashy sleets and heating rain, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
That long has stood the wind and rain: *Lament for Glencairn.*
And shield me frae the rain, jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
O tell na me of wind and rain, ... *Ib.*
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
May He who gives the rain to pour, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, *S. The gloomy Night* †
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
S. To daunton me.
And bail and rain does blaw; . . . . . *Winter.*

Rainbow. Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Rainy.
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O: *S. Behind yon hills* †
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

Rair [to roar].
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake. *El. on Capt. M. H., S.*
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Rairan [roaring].
But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairan. . . . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Rair't [roared; 'wad rair't," would have roared].
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
A Gude New-Year † *12.*

Raise.
When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storm an' tempests raise you up, *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Let other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, *Scotch Drink.*
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise: . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a', *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
An' raise a philosophic reek, ... *Ib. P.*
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! *Ib. 21.*
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath *The Holy Fair. 18.*
Thinking the story himself he did raise, *S. The Poor Thresher.*
It raises man abcon the brute. . *S. The Tree of Liberty.*
How could you raise so vile a bustle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
Some rhyme to court the conntra clash,
An' raise a din: . . . . *To J. S., 5.*

Raise, Rase [rose].
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise *A Fragment. 9.*
"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, . *As on the banks* †
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
S. The lass that made the bed.
The Taylor rase and sheuk his dnds, *S. The Taylor he cam* †

Raised. Which rais'd us baith: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.*
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. . . . *On Lincluden.*
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame, . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Raising.
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high, *Despondency, an Ode, 3.*

Raisins. Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Raize [to madden, inflame].
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day. . . *A Guid New-Year* † *2.*

Rake.
But point the Rake that taks the door; *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Rake, *to.*
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure. . *To Terraughty.*

Rak'd.
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools . *Add. to Toothache.*
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft.
Behint the Chicken cavie : *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Rakish.
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. . *O leave novels* †
Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel. . . . . *Ib.*

Rallied.
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied. *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*

Rally. Ere we permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Ram.
She was nae get o' runted rams, [v. A. 19] *Poor Mailie's El.*
Especial, rams that cross the breed. . *The Ordination. 5.*

Rambling. The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rambling squad : *To J. S., 28.*

Ramfeezl'd [fatigued, overspent].
The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 3.*

Ramgunshoch [rugged, surly, crabbed].
our ramgunshoch, glum goodman . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Ramsay. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ; *To W. Simpson.*

Ram-stam [headlong, thoughtless].
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . . *To J. S., 28.*

Ran. An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin' ! *A Gude New-Year* † *7.*
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, ... *Ib. 8.*
For thus the royal Mandate ran, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.*
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' n', . . . *Halloween. 22.*
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
S. O gin ye were dead.
Bright ran thy line, O G—— . . . *On same Lord G.*
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, So ended in a mire. . *Ib.*
Auld Aire ran by before me, . . . *One night as I* †
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed : . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail. . . . . *The Inventory.*
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, *The Tree of Liberty.*
The justling tears ran down his honest face ! *The Vowels.*
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; *The Whistle. 13.*
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?
Why am I loth †

Randie [boisterous, quarrelsome].
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Randie, -y [a scold, shrew].
And hann'd the cruel randy, . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Reif randies I disown ye ! . . *S. Louis what reck I* †

Random.
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin. . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting
It may be little minded ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
Wha dearly like a random-splore ; *On Scot. Bard gane to W.I.*
Knowledge, on a random tramp, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
beneath the random bield O' clod or stane,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
Has blest me with a random-shot
O' countra wit. . . . *To J. S., 6.*
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . *What ails ye now* †

Random, at. Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, . . *S. O Phely,* †

Rang. Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang. *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
S. The last braw bridal †
Except where green-wood echoes rang
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Range.
Look abroad through Nature's range, *S. Let not woman* †

Range, *to.* Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
S. Now bank and brae †
I could range the world around,
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, *S. The Highland Lassie.*
I wha sae late did range and rove, . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Ranged, -'d.
In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The Luggies three are ranged : . . . *Halloween. 27.*
We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

Ranging.
Whyles, ranging like a roarau lion, . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
never ranging, still unchanging, . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*

Rank, *adj.* "An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies. . . *Epit. on Walter S.*
O for some rank, mercurial rozet, . . . *To a Louse.*

Rank, *s.*
Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, *A Guid New-Year* †*3.*
Thro' bostile ranks and ruin'd gaps *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest ; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
The words came skelpan, rank and file, . . . *Ib. 11.*
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . *Halloween.*
And thieves of every rank and station, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
She talks of rank and fashion. . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
One rank as well's another ; . *On dining with Daer.*
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses ! . . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks : *Scots Prologue.*
Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The Election Ballads. VI.
The Tory ranks are broken. . . . . *Ib.*
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, *S. The Honest Man.*
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind, *The Vision. D. II. 7.*

Rank, *to.*
Could rank my rig and lass ; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowte. . . . . *The Calf.*
What flock wi' M[ood]y's flock could rank, *The Twa Herds.*

Ranked, -'d.
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw, . . *Add. to Toothache.*
The glittering spears are ranked ready, *S. My bonie Mary.*
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts. . *What ails ye now* †

Ranken.
"There's just the man I want in faith,"
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. *Lns to J. Ranken.*
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
Lns while on Death-bed.

Rankling, -in'.
I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-rankling' sorrow. . . *Verses under Grief.*
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds :
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Rant [a jollification ; uproar, tumult, outrage].
in your wicked, druken rants, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ? *Scotch Drink. 8.*
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants, . . *What ails ye now* †
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, ... *Ib.*

Rant, *to* **[live wastefully].**
While Coofs on countless thousands rant, *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

Ranted [made boisterously merry].
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted an' they sang ; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Ranter [a roving, frolicking fellow].
Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. *Auld Comrade* †
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter. *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Rantin [boisterous mirth].
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise ; . *The Inventory.*

Ranting, -an [making merry].
When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
The young anes rantan thro' the house *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Ranting, -in, -an [jolly, merry].
'An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat, . . . *Halloween. 15.*
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman. . *S. O gin ye were dead.*
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
Lament him a' ye rantan core, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had. . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . . *The Twa Dogs.*
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, ... *Ib. 19.*
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, ... *Ib. 26.*
Rantin' rovin' Robin! . . . *S. There was a lad* †

Rantingly [with great glee].
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ; . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

Rap. But hark! a rap comes gently to the door ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Rape.
No murders or rapes worth the naming, *To Capt. Riddel.*

Rape, Raep [a rope].
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
The Election Ballads. III.
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, . *The Ordination. 13.*

Rapid. Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Rapier. An' draws a roosty rapier. *The Jolly Beggars R. VI.*

Raploch [coarse].
Tho' rough an' raploch he her measure,
She's seldom lazy. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Rapt. rapt in meditation high, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Rapture.
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. *S. By Allan stream* †
In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters ; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But folly has raptures to give. *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.*
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ; . . *Ib. 13.*
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna! *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
Round and round take up the Chorus,
And in raptures let us sing . . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me. . *S. Turn again, thou* †
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ; *S. Twas even—the dewy* †

Rapture-giving.
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Raptured, -'d,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
An' all the soul of Love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour, . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
the Lover's raptur'd hour . . . . . *The Calf.*
How have the raptur'd moments flown! *The Lament. 4.*
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene :
S. To Mary in Heaven.
O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, *S. Why, why tell thy* †
Then raptured sip and sip it up. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Rapturous. the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †

Rare. Mally's rare, Mally's fair. . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft; . . . *Poem on Life.*
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup! . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . *The Ordination. 7.*

Rarely.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ; . . . *A Dream. 10.*
Her heart was beating rarely : . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
I canna say but ye strunt rarely, . . . *To a Louse.*

Rarer.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

Rascal.
And rascals whyles that do him wrang, *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I'd take the rascal hy the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'[Quh]e, *The Twa Herds. 12.*
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Rase *v.* **Rose.**

Rash. For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Monody, on a Lady.
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, *Reproof by Himself.*
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? *The Rights of Woman.*
Or some rash aith, ... *The Vision. D. I. 6.*
I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Rash [a rush].
Green grow the rashes, O ; . *S. Green grow the rashes.*
As feckless as a wither'd rash, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Rash-buss [a bush of rushes].
Ye, like a rash-buss stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh. . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*

Rashy [rushy].
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, *S. The Highland Lassie.*

Rate.
Wha rate the wearer hy the cleak, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Rattle.
He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
Prologue, at Th., D..
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Rattle, *to.*
List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, *A Winter Night. 3.*
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.*
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will out-rival the dart : *Extem. pinned to Coach.*
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses! . . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle, . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Then hack I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle! *There's nacthin like* †

Rattl'd.
Or ratt'l'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. . *A Dream. 10.*
A ratton ratt'l'd up the wa', ... *Halloween. 22.*

Rattling, -in, -an. I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.]
S. And O for ane and twenty †
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [re.] . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee. . *Scotch Drink. 5.*
The rattling showers rose on the blast ; *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon ; . . . . . *Ib. 26.*

Ratton, -an [a rat].
A ratton rattl'd up the wa', ... *Halloween. 22.*
Satan, Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, . *Poem on Life.*
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
An seek the benmost bore : . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin. . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Ratton-key.
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Raucle [rash ; stout ; fearless].
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22.
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

Raught [reached].
The auld guidman raught down the pock. *Halloween. 17.*

Ravage.
And bid wild war his ravage end, *S. How can my poor heart* †
By early Winter's ravage torn ; . *S. The gloomy night* †

Rave. cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave,
S. Husband, husband †
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ; *S. I dream'd I lay* †
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . *S. Streams that glide* †
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave. *S. The gloomy night* †
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Howling tempests o'er me rave! . . *S. Thickest night* †
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ; *To W. Simpson. 13.*
His sad complaining dowie raves. . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Rav'd. So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel :
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
To W. Simpson. P.S..

Raven.
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, *S. Her flowing locks* †
Your locks were like the raven, . *S. John Anderson,* †
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies, *S. How cruel* †
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail. . . *New Psalmody.*
We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.
The Poor Thresher.

Raving.
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup. . *Add. to Toothache.*
And mix'd ber wailings with the raving storm.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Raving winds around her blowing, . *S. Raving winds* †
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . . *The Twa Dogs. 4.*

Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.
El. on Miss Burnet.
The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young ; . *S. Fate gave the word,* †

Raw [a row].
coost their claise Behind him in a raw, . *A Fragment. 9.*
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw, . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw ; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Then aff to B—gb—'s in a raw, . . *The Ordination.*
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw ! . . . *To W. Creech.*

Rax [to stretch].
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, . . *A Dream. 8.*
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather; *A Guid New-Year † 18.*
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw, . . *The Ordination.*

Raxan [stretching].
Their raxan conscience, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Rax'd [stretched, extended].
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Ray. May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ; *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
And bless the parent's evening ray, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray. . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
That only ray of solace sweet . . *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, . *Halloween. 25.*
Nae ray of fame was to be found : *Lament for Glencairn.*
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray : *S. O were my love* †
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Blooming in the sunny ray ; . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . *S. Streams that glide* †
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
The Brigs of Ayr.
There ever bask in uncreated rays, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.*
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were ontshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
S. The heather was blooming †
I joyless view thy rays adorn, *The Lament.*
The faintly-marked distant hill : . . *The Lament.*
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, ... *Ib.*
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, ... *Ib.*
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning ! . *To J. S., 15.*
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Reach. To reach their native, kindred skies,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.
When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
The joy can scarcely reach the heart. *The Twa Dogs. 31.*

Reach'd. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle,
(He reach'd nae higher) *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*
At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported ; . *S. When wild War's* †

Read, *to.*
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover. . . *S. Could aught of song* †
And nought but peat reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read ? . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
S. Here's a health to them †
Let simple maid the lesson read, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
when you read the simple artless rhymes, *Once fondly lov'd* †
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed : *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
To preach an' read ? *Tam Samson's El..*
The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Read.
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
I've read it o'er and o'er, ... *Symon Gray* †
Come, let a proper text be read, . . *The Ordination. 4.*
Still, as in Scottish story read, . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Your news and review, Sir, I've read
through and through, Sir, . . . *To Capt. Riddel.*

Reader. Reader attend . . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers then are sure to lose me. *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie ; *Epit. on Wee Johnie.*
Reader, dost value matchless worth ?
Lns on Window, F.'s-C. Her..

Readily, I readily and freely grant, . *A Ded. to G.H., 5.*

Reading.
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, . *The Hermit.*

Ready. Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, . *A Dream. 2.*
The yellow corn was waving ready : *S. By Allan stream* †
' Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.
The ready measure rins as fine, . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
And horse and servants waiting ready,
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
The glittering spears are ranked ready, *S. My bonie Mary.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus : *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
O mount and go, Mount and make you ready ;
S. The Captain's Lady.
An' soon I made me ready ; . . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
With the ready trick and fable . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
An' cut you up wi' ready slight, . . . *To a Haggis.*

Ready-witted.
O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], . *Ep. to J. R.*

Real. Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan : . *Auld comrade* †
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear! . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 15.*
But when compar'd with real passion ;
Poor is all that princely pride. . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger. . . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them ; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
Nae real joys we know, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
' But give me real, sterling Wit, . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Reality.
I start and see The ruined sad reality ! . . *On Lincluden.*

Really.
And faith, to me, 'twas really new ! *Kind Sir. I've read* †

Realm.
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . *S. Highland Mary.*
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Ream [cream].
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Ream, *to* **[to cream, froth, foam].**
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem, . . *Scotch Drink. 2.*
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in ! . . . *Ib. 9.*
But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Ream'd [frothed, foamed].
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Reaming [creaming, foaming].
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Reap. To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
S. My father was a farmer †

Reaper.
by the reaper's nightly beam, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
the Reaper's rustling noise, . . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*

Rear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear, *A Winter Night. 7.*

Rear'd.
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd ; [v.A.20] *A Vision.*
An ancient Borough rear'd her head ; *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form. . . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Rearing.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him !
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Reason.
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason ;
A Dream.
Who feel by reason and who give by rule, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason ! . *Scotch Drink. 14.*
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason ? . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, *To Clarinda.*

Reason, *to.*
Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs ;
Remorse. A Frag..

Reasoning.
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss ! *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Reave.
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an steal, *The Death of Maillie.*

Rebel. To cowe the rebel generation, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man :
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ? *The Rights of Woman.*

Rebel, *to.* And if he offers to rebel,
Just heave him in. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Wha fain would openly rebel, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*

Rebellion.
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ; *S. Caledonia. 5.*
Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.

Rebuke. The ungentle, harsh rebuke. *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Rebute [a rebut, repulse].
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . *S. O steer her up* †

Recalling.
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang ; *S. Sae flaxen* †

Receding. though from the world receding, *The Hermit.*

Receipt. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt ; *To Mr. Renton.*

Receive.
And offers, bliss to give and to receive. *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Receivin.
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin.
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ; *Scotch Drink. 5.*

Reck. And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' Adviser ! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Louis what reck I by thee, . . *S. Louis what reck I* †
When I, what reck, Did least expect, *S. The tither morn* †

Reckless.
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken. *The Vision. D. I. 9.*

Reckon.
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
S. Their groves of †

Reckon'd.
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was ; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Reckt.
As little reckt I sorrow's power, *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Recline.
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †

Reclined.
Reclined on the lap of thy mother, *On Death of fav. Child.*
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
On Death of Sir J. Blair

Recognise.
I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my Master dear, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*

Recoiling.
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D.I.*
As deep recoiling surges foam below, *Wr. by Fail of Fyers.*

Recollection.
While recollection's power is giv'n, . *A Ded. to G. H. 16.*
Keen Recollection's direful train, . . . *The Lament.*

Recompence.
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn ! *Man was made to Mourn.*

Reconcile.
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Reconcil'd.
to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Records. Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;
Reproof by Himself.
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Recount. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Recover'd. If she had recover'd her hearing;
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Recreation.
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation; . . . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

Recruit. The corps is no nice of recruits; *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Rectangle.
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose. *S. Caledonia. 6.*

Red *v.* **Rede.**

Red [advised].
But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Red. O my Luve's like a red, red rose, . *S. A red, red Rose.*
brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. *S. Gane is the day* †
An' twa red cheeket apples, . . . *Halloween. 21.*
I'll ne'er prig for red or white; . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
My Lady's white, my Lady's red, . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
O gin my love were yon red rose, . *S. O were my love* †
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
On Death of R. Dundas.
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
niest the fire, in auld, red rags, *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play; . *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
Turned o'er in one humper a bottle of red, *The Whistle. 14.*
Or fell, red smeddum, ... *To a Louse.*
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . *S. To daunton me.*
And rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e, . . *Ib.*
And Ettrick banks now roaring red
While tempests blaw; . . *To W. Creech.*

Red-breast. The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Red-brown.
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, *To W. Simpson. 10.*

Redcastle.
But we winna mention Redcastle, *The Election Ballads. III.*
Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed. . *Ib. IV.*

Red-coat. "The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man. . . . . *Ib.*

Redden'd. She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose
Syne pale like ony lily, *S. When wild War's* †

Red-rusted.
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Red-wat-shod [red-wet-shod].
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dy'd! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Red-wud [very angry, stark mad].
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.*
A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie; . . *The Inventory.*

Rede [counsel].
And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' Adviser! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*

Rede, Red, *to* **[to counsel].**
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right,
S. A Masterton's bonie Anne.
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', ... *Ib.*
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, *S. My heart was ance* †
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it: *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
S. The heather was blooming †
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! . . *To J. S., 7.*

Redeem. Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.
Monody, on a Lady.

Redemption.
Enthusiasm's past redemption, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Redoubled. Dulness, with redoubled sway *Symon Gray* †

Redoubtable. Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Redress. Wrongs injurious to redress, *S. Thickest night* †

Reduc'd. But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

Re-echo'd.
Shook with a thunder of applause
Re-echo'd from each mouth! *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Reed. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
S. Again rejoicing nature †
The shepherd stops his simple reed, *S. Behold, my love,* †
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed! . . *Poor Mailie's El.*
I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. *To W. Simpson.*
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Reedy. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Reek [smoke].
"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,
"That slowly curling clamb the hill. . *As on the banks* †
Hid in an atmosphere of reek, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And nought but peat reek i' my head, ... *Ib.*
An' raise a philosophic reek, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The Brigs of Ayr.
I sat and eyd the spewing reek. . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Reek, *to* **[to smoke].**
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Reeket, -it [smoked, smoky].
Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Reeking, -in, -an [smoking].
brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.*
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
In cog or bicker, . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,
Anither sang. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich! . . *To a Haggis.*

Reeky, -ie [smoky; "Auld Reekie," Edinburgh].
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, . . *To W. Creech.*

Reel. Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Oh leeze me on my rock and reel;
S. The Contented Cottager.

Reel [a lively dance].
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick; . *Add. to Toothache.*
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
S. Amang the trees †
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches. . *Friend of the poet* †
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
"There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †

Reel, *to.*
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake. . *El. on Capt. M. H., S.*
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
They make your youthful fancies reel, . *O leave novels* †
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Reel'd. They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Tam o' Shanter. 12.
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Reeling.
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Reestet [dried, singed, withered].
Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . *Add. to the Deil. 17.*

Reestet [stood restive].
In cart or car thou never reestet, *A Gude New-Year † 14.*

Refined, -'d.
Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of Nature prizing. . *S. Could aught of song †*
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste, . . *To Chloris.*
She showed her taste refined and just
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."

Refinement.
when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts,
S. You wild mossy mountains †

Reflect.
But oh! prodigious to reflect,
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . *El. on Year 1788.*

Reflected.
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter; *S. The Fête Champetre.*

Reflection.
So, nae reflection on Your Grace, . . . *A Dream. 3.*
nae reflection on your lear, . . . *The Ordination. 9.*

Reft. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted, . . *A Dream. 4.*
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us! *El. on Year 1788.*

Refuse.
Ought he can lend he'll not refus't. *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man. . . *A Fragment.*
Oh! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie? . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue. . . *S. I gaed a waefu' †*
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
If thou refuse to pity me, . . *S. Sweet fa's the eve †*
Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell; *The Election Ballads. I.*
Nor thou the gift refuse, ... *To Chloris.*
Say na thou'lt refuse me. . . *S. Wilt thou be my †*

Refus'd. Could I for shame refus'd her, *S. Had I the wyte †*

Regard.
But cast a moment's fair regard *Add. to the Unco Guid. 3.*
Is this thy plighted, fond regard *S. Canst thou leave me †*
Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Others now claim your chief regard; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
I am a Bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, *The Vision. D. II. 21.*

Regard, *to.* Who, equal to the hustling strife,
No other view regard! *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, [fortune] O.
S. My father was a farmer †
Or why regard the passing year? *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
As thy constant slave regard it; . . *S. Sweetest May †*
Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes; . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
'In me thy native muse regard! . *The Vision. D. II. 2.*

Regarded.
By whom true love's regarded, . *S. When wild War's †*

Regarding. For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer †

Regardless. Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!
A Winter Night. 8.
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O. *S. My father was a farmer †*

Regeneration.
It's just a carnal inclination,
And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29] *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

Regent. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, baff-shackl'd Regent,
El. on Year 1788.

Regiment. The Regiment at large for a husband I got;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Regimental. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Region. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
On Death of fav. Child.

Regret.
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame! *Man was made to Mourn.*

Rehearse.
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . . *To Clarinda.*
a' your doings to rehearse, . . *Add. to the Deil. 19.*

Reid [the Scotch metaphysician].
Reid, to common sense appealing. . . *Auld comrade †*

Reif [reaving, thieving: "reif randies," thieving beggars; *v. also* Rief].
Kings and nations, swith awa!
Reif randies I disown ye! . . *S. Louis what reck I †*

Reign. Phœbe, in her midnight reign. *A Winter Night. 6.*
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, *S. Caledonia.*
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . *S. Lovely Davies.*
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . *S. The last time I †*

Reign, *to.* She reigns without control. . *S. Handsome Nell.*
I reign in Jeanie's bosom. . . *S. Louis what reck I †*
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign, . *S. O wert thou in †*
Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole: *S. Streams that glide †*
Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright:
The Lament.
Another happy reigns. . . . . *To Clarinda.*
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . . . *Ib.*

Reigned, -'d. Long quiet she reign'd; . *S. Caledonia.*
Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, *On Window at Stirling.*
And reign'd resistless king of love. . *S. Young Jamie, †*

Reign'st. O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
O Thou dread Pow'r †
O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! *The Lament.*

Rein. 'The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein;
The Vision. D. II. S.

Reins. And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, . *S. It was a' for †*

Reject. The cruel powers reject the prayer . *Fragment.*

Rejected. Loves and graces all rejected, *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Rejoice. All Creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell. . *S. Bonie Bell.*
In love and freedom they rejoice, *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers. *S. Now Spring has clad †*
The birds rejoice in leafy how'rs, . *S. O Logan! sweetly †*
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven! . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r †*
While birds rejoice on every spray;
S. On Cessnock banks, † Sett II.
Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a'; . *Tam Samson's El., 7.*
"We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
O happy day! rejoice, rejoice! . *The Ordination. 13.*
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
S. The small birds rejoice †
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
S. The young Highl. Rover.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; *S. Where Cart rins †*
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s."†

Rejoic'd.
But lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day, . . *S. But lately seen †*
And winter once rejoic'd in glory.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger-laddie,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, *S. Twas even—the dewy †*

Rejoicing, -in'. Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
S. Again rejoicing Nature.

The conscious sun out o'er yon hill,
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . *S. Bonie Bell.*
The bees rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
He, rising, rejoicing
Between his twa Deborahs, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, *Tragic Frag..*

Relate.
And truth I shall relate, man; *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Related. Perhaps related to the race: *A Ded. to G. H.*

Relation. No two virtues, whatever relation they claim - - -
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Relations.
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, *S. Caledonia.*

Release. In bliss till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye Frae Care *A Dream. 9.*

Relent. Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her, *S. Young Peggy* †

Relenting.
Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! *A Winter Night. 9.*
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Relentless. "Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Relic. strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Relief. For relief a sigh she brings; . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Ease frae toil, relief frae care; . *S. Frae the Friends* †
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
But oh! [death's] a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn! *Man was made to Mourn.*
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief.
The Kirk's Alarm.
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night. . . *The Lament.*
So dawning day has brought relief *S. The noble Maxwells* †
We thought ay death wad bring relief, *The Twa Herds. 13.*
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find. . . . . *To Clarinda.*

Relieve.
'A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'
A Winter Night. 9.
I know thou doom'st me to despair
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Sma' siller will relieve me. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles, . . . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me; . *S. The last time I* †
I once could relieve the distrest; *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Relieved.
She's from a world of woe relieved, *On Poet's Daughter.*

Religion.
When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
What was his religion, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; *To Clarinda.*
They take religion in their mouth; *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
All hail, Religion! maid divine! . . . . . *Ib.*

Relinquish.
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Relique.
The reliques of the vernal quire; *Lament for Glencairn.*

Relish. Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Remain. But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe; *El. on Capt. M. H. 11.*
Nought but griefs with me remain.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain. . . . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
The bitter little that of life remains:
On seeing wounded Hare.
How little of life's scanty span may remain; *S. The lazy mist* †
Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay; . . . *S. Wha is that at* †

Remained.
Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained;
The Whistle. 5.

Remaining. Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our Sang. *To J. S., 20.*

Remains. Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains.
Epit. for Author's Father.

Remarkin.
"Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!" . *The Holy Fair. 6.*

Remead [remedy].
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 14.*
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead! . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead? . *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Remember.
An' L—d, remember singing Sannock, . *Auld comrade* †
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
S. Gloomy December.
But thou remembers we are dust, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
But, L—d remember me and mine . . . *Ib. 16.*
"But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
"And a' that thou hast done for me!"
Lament for Glencairn.
Remember him for me! . . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember. [*re.*] . *S. O May thy morn* †
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
I, with a much indebted tear,
Shall still remember you! . . . . *The Farewell.*
And now, remember Mr. A-k-n, . . . *The Inventory.*
"You shon'd remember
"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, . . *What alls ye now* †
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger. . . *S. When wild War's* †

Remember'd. Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Once fondly lov'd, †
O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd. . *The Dean of Fac..*

Remembrance.
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unvail Despair. . *S. Frae the friends* †
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! . *The Lament.*
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. . . . *Ib.*
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! . . . *Ib.*
Remembrance oft may start a tear, . *V.s, under Grief.*

Remnant.
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story! . *On Duke of Queensberry.*

Remonstrate.
As Something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*

Remorse.
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame! *Man was made to Mourn.*
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; *Remorse. A Frag..*
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here. . . . *The Hermit,*
Remorse's throb, or loose desire; . . . . . *Ib.*

Remove.
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
S. The Posie.
Oh! you that are in love, and cannot it remove
S. The winter it is past †

Removed. From friendship and dearest affection removed;
Monody, on a Lady.

Rend. And thunders rend the howling air,
S. How can my poor heart †
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done. . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
when the storm the forest rends, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
To Mary in Heaven.
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Render'd. Ye hae render'd moments dear; *S. Scenes of woe* †

Renew.
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howcket dead. *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
With "Mary, when shall we return,
"Sic pleasure to renew?" . . *S. As down the burn* †
And let us all our vows renew, . *S. Here is the glen,* †
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.
S. How pleasant the banks †
The bowl we maun renew it; . . . *On W. Stewart.*
And Art can ne'er renew it, . . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Scenes that former thoughts renew; . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Renewed, -'d.
When merry May its bloom renew'd. . *S. O were my love* †
The jovial contest again have renewed. *The Whistle. 5.*

Renewing.
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Why am I loth †

Renown.
Go, for yourself procure renown, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown.
The Election Ballads. IV.

Renown'd. As men, as christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Rent. Tho' raging winter rent the air; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Rent, *s.*
Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents: . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Rent-roll.
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

Repair. Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair. . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Repair, *to.*
Then through the dews I will repair, . *S. Now rosy May* †
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
On Death of R. Dundas.
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.*
Or to the N-th-rt-n repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . *The Ordination. 9.*
To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
The Whistle. 10.

Repast.
And deal from iron hands the spare repast; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Repay. Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion; *S. O poortith cauld,*†

Repeat.
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
Fondly he'll repeat her name; *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †

Repeated.
Repeated, successive, for many long years, *S. Caledonia.*

Repel. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
S. Caledonia.

Repell'd.
And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*

Repent.
My loss I mourn, but not repent it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*

Repentance.
And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance? . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
"Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Add. sp by Fonteneille.
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Repine.
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To hear and not repine! *A Prayer under Press. of Anguish.*

O why the deuce should I repine, . . *Extem. Ap. 1782.*
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, Love. . *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Sair, sair may I repine; *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
And I never repine at my lot in the least.
S. The Poor Thresher.
'Then never murmur nor repine; *The Vision. D. II. 21.*

Reply.
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.
Ep. fr. Esopus.
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . *The Vowels.*

Reply, *to.* And the distant-echoing glens reply. *A Vision.*
"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies, . *As on the banks* †
"An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another [reptile] replies. . . . *Epit. on Walter S.*
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
The Whistle.

Reply'd.
The tod reply'd upon the hill, . *S. What will I do gin* †

Repose.
The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, *S. Caledonia. 5.*
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
There seek my lost repose, . . . *S. Had I a cave* †
Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose; . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Beck'ning thee to long repose; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Repose, *to.*
Repose us in the silent dust. . . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Repos'd.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him; . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Represent.
In some bit Brugh to represent
A Baillie's name? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11.*
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Representative.
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*

Reproach. Save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . . *Poet. Inscription.*
He need na fear their foul reproach
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Reprobation. To save them from stark reprobation,
The Election Ballads. III.

Reptile.
"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees,
"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" *As on the banks* †
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Sic a reptile was Wat, . . . *Epit. on Walter S—.*
"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries: . . . . . *Ib.*
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
S. How pleasant the banks †
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf! . . . . . *To Miss C.*

Repulse.
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, *Sketch. New-Yr's-Day.*

Reputation.
Her reputation is complete, . , . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie.
The Election Ballads. IV.
What is reputation's care? . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Request. Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny! *S. Talk not of Love* †
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
A last request permit me here, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request: , , . *To a Mouse.*
(Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . *Winter.*

Request, *to.* Sir, as your mandate did request, *The Inventory.*
The Poet did request,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Requested.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn ; *Spoke extem. to yng Lady.*

Requiem.
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. *The Whistle. 3.*
And every bird thy requiem sings ; . . *To Miss C.*

Requit. But, in requit,
Has blest me with a random shot
O' countra wit. . *To J. S., 6.*

Requited. By my love so ill requited ; *S. Stay, my charmer* †

Resemble. The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God. *A Winter Night. 11.*
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine ! . . . . . *Winter.*

Resentment.
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Reserve. A heapet stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. *A Guid New-Year* † *17.*
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Reserv'd. Hail Poesie ! thou Nymph reserv'd !
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Reside. And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
S. Afton Water.
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Resign. If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, *El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.*
'This lower world I you resign ; . . . *Nature's Law.*
Its joys and griefs alike resign. . *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Gladly how would I resign thee [Life], . *S. Raving Winds* †
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
And resign to Parent Earth
The lovliest form she e'er gave birth. . . *To Miss C.*
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign ! *Winter.*

Resigned.
With soul resolved, with soul resigned ; . *Poet. Inscription.*
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ; . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Resist. Resist the crumbling touch of time ; . *On Lincluden.*
Nothing could resist my Nancy : . . *S. One fond kiss* †

Resisted.
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*

Resistless.
And all resistless charming, . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Resistless desolation ; . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
And reign'd resistless king of love. . . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Resolve.
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine ! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man ! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Resolve, *to.*
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, balf to whore no more ; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
His awful chair of state resolves to mount. . *The Vowels.*

Resolved, -'d.
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O. . *S. My father was a farmer* †
With soul resolved, with soul resigned ; . *Poet. Inscription.*
Resolv'd to meet some ither day. . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, . . . *To Ruin.*
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression. . . . . *What ails ye now* †

Resolutely. And resolutely keep its [Honor's] laws,
Uncaring consequences. *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

Resort.
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, *S. Caledonia.*

Resound.
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
S. Afton Water.
"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
Tam o' Shanter. 17.
The trembling earth resounds his tread, . *To a Haggis.*
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Resounded.
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Respect. To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection . . *A Dream. 8.*
In respect for the love and affection he'd showed her,
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but to save the expence. . *Ib.*
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit has won him respect. *The Election Ballads. III.*
And served me with due respect ;
S. The lass that made the bed.

Respect, *to.*
But, oh ! [ye maggots] respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. . . *The Book Worms.*

Respected. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient. *Ep. to J. R. 13.*
Stuart, a name once respected, *Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.*
Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. *Ib.*

Respecting.
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Respects.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it, . *Auld comrade* †

Respectueuse.
Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,
To sentimental sister Susie, . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*

Respekit [respected].
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, *The Twa Herds, 4.*

Responsive.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Rest. There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3.
The Q[ueen], and the rest of the gentry, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Tak a' the rest, ... *Scotch Drink. 21.*
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life ;
The Poor Thresher.
If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Rest.
Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. *S. Ay waking, O* †
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest ; . . *Ep. to Davie 5.*
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest, ... *Ib. 9.*
An honest man here lies at rest, . . *Epit. on a Friend.*
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest. . . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest : . . *S. Highland Mary.*
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
Jenny M'Craw †
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest : . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest ! *Man was made to Mourn.*
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . *S. Now rosy May* †
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
S. O ay my wife she dang.
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, *S. O lay thy loof* †
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest ! . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †

She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
His bosom ill at rest. . . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
On seeing wounded Hare.
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
On Death of fav. Child.
But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
S. Out over the Forth †
There, low be lies, in lasting rest: [v.A.15] *Tam Samson's El.*
And little fishes' caller rest: . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: . . *Ib. 18.*
For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
All creatures retired to rest, . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Her cares for a moment at rest: . . . . . *Ib.*
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know! . . . . . *Ib.*
When a' to rest are gaun, O. . . *S. The Taylor he cam* †
But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, *S. The tither morn* †
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest. . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
S. The winter it is past †
And love will break the soundest rest. *S. There was a lass* †
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Then I mann rin amang the rest . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Where is thy place of blissful rest? *To Mary in Heaven.*
But peace attuue thy gentle soul to rest, *To Miss Graham*
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . *To R. G. of F..*
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! . . . . *Ib. 7.*
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest, . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.
S. Wae is my heart †

Rest, *to.* Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . *S. O were my love* †
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here? *Sketch. New-Yr's-Day.*
Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
S. Wandering Willie.
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day. . . . . *Winter.*
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will! . . . . . *Ib.*

Restless. I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain. *Despondency, an Ode, 2.*
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, *S. How lang and dreary* †
O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin. . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*
Fame a restless, airy dream; . *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Restoration. A joyful noise, even for the king
His restoration. . . *New Psalmody.*

Restore.
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends* †
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Restored. And now thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also; . . *New Psalmody.*

Restricked [restricted].
The real, harden'd wicked,
Are to a few restricked; . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*

Restriction. Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;
Lns on Back of Bank Note.
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aquavitæ; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Resume. "I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Resurrection.
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Retire. The sun from India's shore retires
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
"Let me, O Lord! from life retire, . . *The Hermit.*

Retired.
All creatures retired to rest, . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Retreat. No shelter or retreat, . . . *S. How cruel* †
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
From prone descending showers. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Retreat, *to.* While summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Retreating. The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Retrieve.
Retrieve its doom and take its place. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Return. a' the pride of Spring's return *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The Election Ballads. III.
Alas! can I make it no better return! *S. The small birds* †

Return, *to.*
With "Mary, when shall we return,
"Sic pleasure to renew?" . . *S. As down the burn* †
Peruse them an' return them quickly; *Auld comrade* †
The soger frae the wars returns, . . *S. It was a' for* †
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
I've seen you weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return; *Man was made to mourn. 3.*
As annual it returns, ... *Nature's Law.*
Sae may it on your heads return! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie! . . . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
The past returns, the present flies; . . *On Lincluden.*
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
On Death of fav. Child.
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Return, ye moments of delight, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
The day returns, my bosom burns, *S. The day returns* †
Again thou say'st 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!' . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps..*
An' echos back return the shouts; . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And now a widow I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Scenes, never, never to return! . . . *The Lament.*
As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, *The Twa Dogs. 19.*
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
S. The young Highl. Rover.
So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And all the tribute of my heart returns, *To R. Graham.*
Return sae dowf and weary O: . *S. When o'er the hill* †
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return. . . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Returned, -'d.
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . *On Lincluden.*
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! *Tam Samson's El., 8.*
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
S. The young Highl. Rover.

Returning.
All Creatures joy in the sun's returning, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
For ever bar returning peace! . . *The Lament, 2.*
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
S. The small birds rejoice †
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . . *V.s below Picture.*
And gentle Peace returning, . . *S. When wild War's* †

Reveal.
howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, *Prologue, at Th., D..*
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; *To Miss Graham.*

Revel. The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn; *S. Behold, my love,* †

Revel, *to.*
While by their nose the tears will revel, *Tam Samson's El..*

Revenge.
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Bring our Banish'd hame again; . *S. Frae the friends* †
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Wanr nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain, ... *Ib.*

Revere.
The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
This ivied cot revere! . . *Lns on Window F.'s C. Her.*
Virtne alone who dost revere, . . *Poetical Inscription.*

Revered, -'d.
Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; . . *Ib.*
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

Reverend, -'rend.
For you, right rev'rend O[snaburg],
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, . . *A Dream, 12.*
I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Began the rev'rend sage; . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And, in your lug, most reverend J—, . . . *The Calf.*
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
The rev'rend grey-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
To W. Simpson, P.S.

Reverence, -'rence.
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Epit. for Author's Father.
Wi' reverence be it spoken; . . *On dining with Daer.*

Reverence, *to.* Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.

Reverential.
With deep-struck reverential awe, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Rev'rently.
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.*

Rever'st. Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Lns sent to Sir J. Whiteford.

Revers'd. Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Review.
Your news and review, Sir,
I've read through and through, Sir, . *To Capt. Riddel.*

Review, *to.*
When a' my works I did review, . *A Ded. to G. H., 12.*

Reviewer.
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
To Capt. Riddel.

Revisit. And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Reviving.
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Revolution.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
But trnce with kings, and trnce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
The Rights of Woman.

Reward.
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,
An aching broken heart, *S. Canst thou leave me thus* †
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward: *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!
In vain wid Prudence †
And lo! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion! . . . . *Nature's Law,*
Could I the rich reward secure, *S. O Mary at thy window* †
Yourself, you wait your bright reward. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
The Brigs of Ayr.
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, . . . *Ib. 3.*
And would you ask me to resign,
The sole reward that crowns my pain. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
(The Patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
'I come to give thee such reward,
'As we bestow. . *The Vision. D. II. 2.*
These be thy guardian and reward; . *To a young Lady.*

Reward, *to.*
For its faith and truth reward it. . . *S. Sweetest May* †

Rewarded. I am the man—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded. *S. When wild War's* †

Rhetoric.
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues; . *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Rheum.
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Rheumatics.
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; *Add. to Toothache.*

Rhyme. Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, *A Dream. 2.*
I winna ventur't in my rhymes. . . . . *A Vision.*
quoth my man of rhymes. . . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In Prose or Rhyme. *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em, [poverty, care] *Ib.*
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
A land unknown to prose or rhyme; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither, *Ib., Ap. 21st. 7.*
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to perse:
Fragment, insc. to Fox.
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . *Nature's Law.*
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire: . . . . . *Ib.*
Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
when you read the simple artless rhymes, *Once fondly lov'd* †
Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . *Poor Mailie's El..*
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The other day, When you sent me some rhyme, *Symon Gray* †
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? *The Brigs of Ayr.*
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
But stringing blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing. . . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
'Thy rudely-carol'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes, . . *Ib. D. II., 12.*
if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, *The Whistle. 17.*
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle! *There's naethin like* †
But to conclnde my silly rhyme, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Jnst now I've taen the fit o' rhyme, . . *To J. S., 4.*
'Grant me but this, I ask no more,
'Ay rowth o' rhymes. . . . *Ib. 21.*
And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
A' gude things may attend you! . *To Miss Ferrier.*
To you I dedicate the hour In idle rhyme.
To Rev. J. M'Math.
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, *What ails ye now* †

Rhyme, *to.*
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done. . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
'So dinna ye affront your trade,
'But rhyme it right. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.*
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . *To J. S. 5.*
I rhyme for fun. . . . . *Ib.*
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. *Ib. 25.*

Rhyme-composing.
Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing ' brither! *To W. Simpson.*

Rhyme-inspiring.
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses. . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Rhyme-proof. That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Rhymer.
But just a Rhymer like by chance, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . *On dining with Daer.*
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr.

Rhyming, -in.
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins fly chapters ; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure; . *Ib. 14.*
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink, . . *Ib.*
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead ! *Tam Samson's El. 12.*
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . . *The Twa Dogs.*
And doubly curse the luckless rhymieg trade. *To R. G. of F..*

Rhymin-ware. An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,
Wi' ane anither. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.*
I've sent you here some rhymin ware, *Ep. to J. R. 5.*

Ribbon, Ribban, Ribband.
Although a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress compleater: . . . *A Dream. 12.*
Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
We'll sew a green ribban rouod about his hat,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, *S. The capt. Ribband.*
The Ribband shall its freedom lose, ... *Ib.*
For why, a lord may be a gouk,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. II.*
His ribband, star, and a' that, . *S. The Honest Man.*
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
S. There grows a bonie †
They gied me rings and ribbons fine ; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Rich. drooping rich the dewy head, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Say, you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Yet rich in kindest, truest love, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
maiden May, in rich array, . . . *S. But lately seen* †
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest : . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Were this the charter of our state,
On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st, 14.*
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, . . *S. I do confess* †
Clarinda, rich reward ! o'erpays them all!
In vain wld Prudence †
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest. . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O ;
S. My father was a farmer †
But now I've found a treasure
Too rich for a king to buy. . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Could I the rich reward secure, *S. O Mary at thy window* †
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
The Election Ballads. III.
Where rich ananas blow ! . . . . *The Farewell.*
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.
The Kirk's Alarm.
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,
S. Their groves of †
Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure: . . . . *S. Thine am I* †
Warm-reekin, rich ! . . . . . *To a Haggis.*
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. *To Miss Graham.*
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur. . *To R. G. of F., 3.*
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, *S. When wild War's* †
How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Not Gowrie's rich valley, *S. Yon wild mossy mountains* †

Rich-clust'ring. See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise :
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Richard. And there will be wealthy young Richard.
The Election Ballads. III.

Richardton.
Bold Richardton's heroic swell ; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Richer. "Still richer breathes and fairer blows, *S. O Philly,* †
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers ; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
A richer dye has graced them ; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Riches. Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
My riches a's my penny-fee, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
And joys that riches ne'er could buy ; . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize, ... *S. How cruel* †
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
What care I in riches to wallow, . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! *The Twa Dogs. 14.*

Richest.
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! *El. on Miss Burnet.*

Richly.
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, . *Scotch Drink. 2.*
But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Richly deck thy native stem ; . . . *To Miss C.*

Richly-gleaming.
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves ; *S. Streams that glide* †

Ricket.
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Rickle [*dim. of* **rick**; **a small heap**; **a small rick of grain, not higher than a man can reach, set up in the field**].
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Riddell. Riddell, much lamented man !
Lns, on Window in F.'s C. Her..
th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. *Sonnet, on Death of R..*

Riddle.
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Ride. Should rue this hasty ride, . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Ride, *to.* An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air! *A Gude New-Year* † *6.*
The ship rides by the Berwick-law, . *S. My bonie Mary.*
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
Ronalds of Bennals.
The hour approaches Tam mann ride ; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Wi' winged spurs did ride, . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
I like a blockhead boost to ride, . . . *The Inventory.*
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ; . . . . *Ib.*
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Riding, -in.
An' warn him ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3]
The Death of Mailie.
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
In days when riding was nae crime . . *The Inventory.*

Rief [reaving ; *v. also* **Reif].**
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief, . . . *To J. S.*

Rifled. Rifled ilka charm about her. . *S. Donald Brodie* †

Rig [a ridge].
I'll flit thy tether, To some hain'd rig,
A Guid New-Year † *18.*
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ; . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, . . *Halloween. 16.*
O gear will buy me rigs o' land, . *S. In simmer when* †
The stibble rig is easy plough'd, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Could rank my rig and lass ; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie,
S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Amang the rigs o' barley : [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs' wi' Annie.
Ib.
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . *S. The tither morn* †
I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane ; . *S. There's news, lasses* †
May Boreas never thrash your rigs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, . . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Rigg'd. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter ; . *A Dream. 13.*

Riggin [the top or ridge of a house].
Or kirk deserted by its riggin, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin. . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Right, *adj. adv.*
Faith, you and A[pplecros]s were right *Add. of Beelzebub.*
To bring them to a right repentance? . . . . *Ib. 2.*
At my right-hand assign'd your seat, ... *Ib. 5.*
Right on ye scud your sea-way ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right *S. A Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
It spak right howe,—' My name is Death,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted ! . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
With passions so potent and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Right fear't that night. . . . . *Halloween. 11.*
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
He turn'd him right and round about, . *S. It was a for* †
She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
S. My Love's a winsome †
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver. . . . *New Psalmody.*
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',
S. O when she cam ben †
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
S. Should auld aquaintance †
Tam had got planted unco right ; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, . . *Ib. 11.*
In formless jumble, right an' wrang, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
A blackguard smuggler, right behint her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.
Some fell for wrang and some for right,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, . . . *The Calf.*
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland Lassie O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place? *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
busy bleth'ran Right loud . . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right . . *Ib. 16.*
I set her down, wi' right good will, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
right an' tight in thack an' raep. . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*
Are handed round wi' right guid will ; . . . *Ib. 20.*
His acre's till'd, he's right enough ; . . . *Ib. 30.*
right pensivelie, I gaed to rest. . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it, . . . *To a Louse.*
My sooth ! right hanld ye set your nose out, . . *Ib.*
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
That, wielded right, Maks Hours like Minutes, *To J. S., 12.*
To right or left, eternal swervin, ... *Ib. 19.*
a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Is grown right eerie now she's done it, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
An' stay ae month among the Moons
An' see them right. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
"If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
" Should ever prove your sp ritual foe, *What ails ye now* †
She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Right, *s.*
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire,
May to Patrician rights aspire ! . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
They !—they he d——d ! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? . . . . *Ib*
And wha wad betray Old Albions rights,
May they never eat of her bread!
S. Here's a health to them †
Supported is his right : . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Dare invade your native right, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
On Death of R. Dundas.
if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
The royal right of Albany. . *S. The bonie Lass of Alb..*
For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
The Election Ballads. I.
Yet luckily roars in the right. . . . . *Ib. III.*
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
Wi' equal right and fame, . . *Ib. V.*
Right to the wrang did yield :
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right *The Holy Fair. 15.*
He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.
S. The Poor Thresher.
And even children lisp the Rights of Man ;
The Rights of Woman.
The Rights of Woman merit some attention. . . *Ib.*
One sacred Right of Woman is protection. . . . *Ib.*
Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, . . . *Ib.*
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! . . *Ib.*
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
S. The small birds †
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
In the cause of right engaged, . . *S. Thickest night* †
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Right, *to.*
My fathers have fallen to right it ; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Righted.
For never hut hy British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted. *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Righteous.
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither : . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*

Righteousness.
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Rightful, -fu'. Thy fair-won, rightful spoil.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand ; [*re.*] . *S. It was a' for* †

Rightly. Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.

Right Worshipful.
By our Right Worshipful anointed. . *To a Medical Gent.*

Rigid.
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither: . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature: . *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*

Rigour.
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Rigwoodie [*lit.* **ridge-withe; a rough rope or chain, originally a withe, laid over the saddle to support the cart-shafts; resembling a rigwoodie**].
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, . *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Rill. Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
S. Afton Water.
Von wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
S. Damon and Sylvia.
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear; . . *Delia. An Ode.*
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill. . . . *The Lament.*
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
S. The lazy mist †

Rimpled. And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Rin [**to run**].
The water rins o'er the heugh. . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
The ready measure rins as fine, . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit: . . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . . *Halloween.*
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin.
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: . . . . *Ib.*
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, . . *S. O Phely,* †
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;
S. O whare did ye get †
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' th' first she meets! . . . *Ib. 17.*
Their hauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin, ... *Ib. P.*
tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town:
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . *The Death of Mailie.*
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †
We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.
The Ordination. 14.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean . . . *S. The Union.*
Then I maun rin amang the rest . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle! . . *To a Mouse.*
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, *S. Where cart rins* †

Ring. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring.
Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
My Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. . . . . *Ib.*
Mark our jovial, ragged ring! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Sae merrily they danced the ring, *The night was still* †
And in token of favour he gave him a ring,
The Poor Thresher.
But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze. . . *Ib.*
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Ring, *to.*
Makes woodland echoes ring; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Till hlock an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
The Brigs of Ayr.
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
The Whistle.
But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
While all around the woodland rings, . . *To Miss C.*

Ringlet.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Sae flaxen were her ringlets, . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Rink [**a term in curling, the course of the stones**].
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need: . *Tam Samson's El. 5.*

Rinnan, -in [**running**].
An' young an auld come rinnan out, . . *Halloween. 20.*
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
To pass the time, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Riot. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, . . *The Hermit.*
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
The Rights of Woman.
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; *The Whistle. 13.*
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
I'e true "Loyal Nat.s."

Riot, *to.* Or else neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess! . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! . . *To Clarinda.*
Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! *To Miss C.*

Rip. I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Ripe. Her lips are like the cherries ripe. *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Ripen. "O! why has Worth so short a date?
"While villains ripen grey with time!
Lament for Glencairn.

Ripen'd. ripen'd fields, and azure skies, *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
"I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!
To Clarinda.

Rip'ning.
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn; . *S. The gloomy night* †

Riper.
How ill exchang'd for riper times, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string: *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Riplin-kame [**a comb for dressing flax**].
He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Ripp [**a handful of unthrashed corn**].
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: *A Guid New-Year* †
Wi' taets o' hay, an' ripps o' corn. . *The Death of Mailie.*

Ripple [**a weakness in the back and reins**].
But now she's got an unco ripple, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Rise. 'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
'In pensive walk. *The Vision. D. II. 15.*

Rise, *to.*
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . *A Fragment. 8.*
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise. . *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
There daily I wander as noon rises high, *S. Afton Water.*
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too must rise. . . . *Epit. on a Laird.*
If ever he rise, it will he to be d—'d.
Extem. on "the Marquis."
Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Above the world on wings of love I rise,
In vain wld Prudence †
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise; . *S. It was the charming* †
'Twill make your conrage rise. . . *John Barleycorn.*
Sun and moon but set to rise; . . *S. Let not woman* †
The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
O rise and let me in, jo. . . . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he! . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Never to rise again, Oh! . . . *S. Oh, open the door,* †
When pale the morning rises keen,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell *Scots Prologue.*
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. *Tam Samson's El., Epit..*
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise; *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.*
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while, . . *Ib. 20.*
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger. . . . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
He rises when he likes himsel; . . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*
But now a rumour's like to rise,
A whaup's i' the nest. . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
Gif I rise and let you in, . . . *S. Wha is that at* †

Risen.
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: *A Ded. to G.H., 14.*

Rising.
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, . *A Winter Night. 8.*
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The hirks of Aberfeldy. . . *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.*
His hristling beard just rising in its might, *Extem. on W. Smellie.*
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. *S. Gane is the day* †
Now on the rising gale swell high, . . . *On Lincluden,*
When rising Phœbus first is seen, . *S. On Cessnock banks* †
That slowly mount the rising steep; . . . . . *Ib.*
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
Still rising by the plummet's law, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan; . . *The Holy Fair.*
The palace rising on his verdant side; *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*
Adore the rising sun, ... *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Risked. He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body, *The Jolly Beggars. S. II.*

Risket [made a noise like the tearing of roots].
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't, an' risket, *A Guid New-Year. 12.*

Rite.
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Rival.
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place? . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
A hint o' a rival or twa, man, . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . *S. The last time I* †

Rival, *to.*
Delighted, rival other's lays: *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Rivalship.
Its rivalship just i' the job. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Rivan [riving].
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Rive. 'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew'; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.*
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back. . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
He rives his father's auld entails; . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums. . . . *To a Haggis.*

Riven.
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

River. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; *S. Afton Water.*
With linked hands we took the sands,
Down by yon winding river; . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
that unknown river, Life's dreary bound! . . *Ib. 15.*
Or drowned in the river Forth? *Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Come, let us sweep them off, said they,
Like an o'erflowing river. . . . *New Psalmody.*
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, *S. Of a' the airts* †
By a river hoarsely roaring . . . *S. Raving winds* †
Or like the snow falls in the river, . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green, *S. The Posie.*
Here, rivers in the sea were lost; . *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, *S. True hearted was he* †
No more a-winding the course of yon river, *S. Where are the joys* †
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Rivulet. -let.
Where the mossy riv'let strays, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains, *On Death of R. Dundas.*

Road. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
An' tak the road! . *A Gude New-Year* † *8.*
We took the road ay like a Swallow: . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. *S. Contented wi' little* †
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road, . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road. . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But O the road was very hard, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
in fair virtue's heavenly road, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.*
Three hizzies early at the road, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a weary body, ... *Ib. 6.*
While Common-Sense has taen the road, . . *Ib. 16.*
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in, . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; *To J. S., 10.*
I see ye upward cast your eyes
Ye ken the road . . . . . *Ib. 28.*

Roam.
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
When in distant lands I roam; . . *S. Highl. Mary.*
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; *Monody, on a Lady.*
Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam? *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Roam'd.
In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Roaming. The breezes idly roaming, *S. Deluded Swain* †
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; . *To J. S., 14.*

Roar.
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye: *S. Behold the hour* †
strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
A boundless ocean's roar; . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar; *S. Had I a cave* †
As set the warld in a roar
O laughin' at us; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
Listening to the doubling roar, *S. How can my poor heart* †
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry; *S. My bonie Mary.*
And loud the tempest's roar: . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, *On Scot. Bardgne to W. I.*
to the whistling blast and waters' roar, *On Death of R. Dundas.*
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. *Once fondly lov'd* †

Bold may she brave grim danger's loudest roar,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.
Sonnet on Death of R..
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
like ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour,
Against the Buchan Bullers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
'Tis not the surging billow's roar, . *S. The gloomy night* †
For her I'll dare the billows' roar; *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
He ended; and the kehars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar. *The Vision. D. I 14.*
mid the venal Senate's roar, ... *Ib. II. 5.*
'Delighted with the dashing roar; . . . *Ib. 13.*
Across the Atlantic's roar? . . . . . *S. To Mary.*
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Roar, *to.* There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; . . . *Halloween.*
Trumpets sound and cannons roar, - -
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
Whar damned devils roar and yell,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.
And now what seas between us roar,
S. How lang and dreary †
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" . . *Ib. 16.*
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need; . *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
And the bonie Lass of Albany. *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
To hear you roar and rowte, ... *The Calf.*
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Yet luckily roars in the right. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, *S. The gloomy night* †
And roar every note of the damn'd. . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
And roars frae bank to brae; . . . . . *Winter.*

Roar'd. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, *Halloween. 20.*
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
S. Shld auld acquaintance †
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd
As murder at his thrapple shor'd; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Then staggering, an' swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Roaring, -in, -an.

Whase distant roaring swells and fa's. . . . *A Vision.*
Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, . *S. Bonie Lassie* †
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
boundless oceans, roaring wide, . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me:
S. Musing on the roaring †
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [*re.*] . *S. Rattlin, roarin Willie.*
By a river hoarsely roaring . . . *S. Raving winds* †
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Yet luckily roars in the right. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad, . . *Ib. VI.*
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it [hell] roaran, . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The Curlers quat their roaring play, . *The Vision. D. I.*
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave. . . *S. Thickest night* †
Ettrick banks now roaring red . . . *To W. Creech.*
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
S. Wandering Willie.
We heard nought but the roaring linn. *S. What will I do gin* †
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Roast.

(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . *Poem on Life.*
'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, . *To J. S., 22.*

Roast, *to.*

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

Roasting, -in.

My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, *Auld comrade dear* †
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Rob. Yours, saint or sinner, Rob The Ranter. *Auld comrade* †
She pits hersel an' Rob in; [*re.*] . . . *Halloween. 10.*
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.*
We may be poor, my Rob and I, . *S. In simmer when* †
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. . . *O leave novels* †
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel. . . . *Ib.*
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel. . . . . *Ib.*
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel. . . . . *Ib.*
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
And Rob and Allan came to see; . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Rob, *to.*

But hawks will rob the teader joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; *S. There was a lass* †

Robb'd. And robb'd bim at once of his hopes and his life:
S. Caledonia. 5.

Robe. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
That holy robe, O dinna tear it! . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. *S. The day returns* †
How many a robe sae gaily floats! *The Fête Champetre.*
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. *To R. G. of F..*
wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Robert.

Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, *The Whistle. 4.*
Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained, . . *Ib. 5.*
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines. . . *Ib. 6.*
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, . . *Ib. 9.*
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, . . *Ib. 14.*
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; . *Ib. 16.*

Robie.

But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, *S. In simmer when* †
Young Robie was the brawest lad, *S. There was a lass* †

Robin.

Now Robin lies in his last lair, *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man; . . . . . *Ib.*
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . *On dining with Daer.*
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! . *Ib.*
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] . . . *Ib.*
Wha met me but Robin. . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Was na Robin bauld. . . . . *Ib.*
Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle; . . . *Ib.*
I doubt it's hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi' Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
Robin was a rovin' boy, ... *Ib.*
Rantin' rovin' Robin! . . . . . *Ib.*
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin. . . . . *Ib.*
I think we'll ca' him Robin. . . . . *Ib.*
We'll a' be proud o' Robin. . . . . *Ib.*
So leeze me on thee, Robin. . . . . *Ib.*
So blessin's on thee, Robin! . . . . . *Ib.*

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;
S. There's auld Rob †

Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" *What ails ye now* †

Robin, *the.*

\- - - the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The Brigs of Ayr.

The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

The robin pensive Autumn chear,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Robinson ["a preacher, a favourite with the few"].

Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
To preach an' read? . *Tam Samson's El.*.

Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair, . *The Ordination. 9.*

Rock. And the rocks melt wi' the sun; *S. A red, red Rose.*

The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*

Dark as the frowning rock his brow, . *As on the banks* †

I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*

Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night. . . *Halloween.*

I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*

At Varico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. . *Lns. on Mrs. Kemble.*

Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock. . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

And [Winter] binds the mire like a rock; *Tam Samson's El.*

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, *The Hermit.*

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin; *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

\- - - when the L—d makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins, . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Rock [a distaff].

For wi' the rock she wad him knock, *S. Duncan Davison.*

Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; *S. The Contented Cottager.*

She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it o'er my pow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Rock, *to.*

The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . *S. My bonie Mary.*

Rocked.

Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, *A Winter Night. 2.*

Rockin [a social gathering to which the women took their rock or spinning-gear].

On Fasteneen we had a rockin, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*

Rocking.

And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
A Winter Night. 8.

Rockingham.

Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game; . *A Fragment. 6.*

Rocky. Has laid your rocky bosom bare, *As on the banks* †

Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; . . *Halloween. 25.*

Surging on the rocky shore; . *S. How can my poor heart* †

And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Or in the glens and rocky caves, . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Rod.

High wields her balance and her rod; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*

Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, . . . *The Ordination. 8.*

And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
Why am I loth †

Rode. And rode thro' thick and thin; *El. on Peg Nicholson.*

And the priest he rode her sair: . . . . . *Ib.*

Roe. Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, [*re.*]
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
S. Sleep'st thou, †

Rogue. That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie. . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [*re.*] . *S. The Union.*

Rogueish. An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [*re.*]
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*

'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een. . . . . *Ib.*

with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Roll. And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
On Death of R. Dundas.

Near and more near the thunders roll: *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years! . *To R. Graham.*

Rolling.

Across the rolling, dashing roar, . . *S. Behold the hour* †

I guess by the dear rolling ee; *S. Here's a health to ane* †

The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
S. Out over the Forth †

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
S. The bonie Lass of Alb..

Roman. Be-north the Roman wa', man. *A Fragment. 8.*

So ran the far-fam'd Roman way. . . . *On Lord G.*

She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, *Scots Prologue.*

The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . *The Vowels.*

Romantic.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Rome.

Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, *Scots Prologue.*

M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw; . . *To W. Creech.*

Ronalds. But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Rood.

Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', *A Guid New-year* † *11.*

Roof.

thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, *A Winter Night. 9.*

Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . . *On Lincluden.*

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

To swear by a' yon starry roof, . . *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Roofless. As I stood by yon roofless tower, . . *A Vision.*

Rooks. For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. *O leave novels* †

Room. "But I maun lie before the storm,
"And ithers plant them in my room.
Lament for Glencairn.

O Fortune! they hae room to grumble!
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.

For her too scanty once of room! . . *The Lament.*

Roomy.

I tent less, and want less
Their [the Great-folk's] roomy fire-side; . *Ep. to Davie.*

Roon [a shred, a remnant].

Woor hy degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Roose [boast]. Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Roose, *to* **[to praise, extol].**

To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*

But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*

'Roose you sae weel for your deserts, . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 5.*

no to roose you, Ye may be proud, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*

For de'il a hair I roose him. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Roos'd, Rous'd [praised, extolled].

I'm rous'd by Craigen-Gillan! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then! *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*

He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . *S. Young Jockey* †

Roost. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
A Winter Night. 5.

Roosted. So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Roosty [rusty].
An' draws a roosty rapier. . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Root. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root. . *A Bard's Epit..*

The cavern wild with tangling roots, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below. . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*

Rooted. But late she flourished, rooted fast,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Even rooted foes admire? . . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Rootless. And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast. . . *The 1st Ps.*

Rope. Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Rory More. "I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rory More,
The Whistle. 8.

Rosa.
While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Rose, *s.* O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June; *S. A red, red Rose.*
And bonie bloom'd our roses; . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Fair the tints of op'ning rose; . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers. *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
And roses blaw in ilka bield; . . *S. In simmer when* †
No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
The lily's hue, the rose's dye, . *S. My Mary's face* †
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
"As on the brier the budding rose
"Still richer breathes and fairer blows, . . *S. O Phely* †
O gin my love were yon red rose, . . *S. O were my love* †
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose. . . *On a bank of flowers* †
Here lies a rose, a budding rose, . *On Poet's Daughter.*
And blooms a rose in Heaven. . . . . *Ib.*
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew,
The morning rose may blow; . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
And my fause luver staw the rose, ... *Ib.*
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
S. The Posie.
'Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
'The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
S. The Winter it is past †
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . *S. To daunton me.*
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . . *To J. S., 16.*
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
S. True hearted was he †
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. . . . . *Ib.*
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse an' doublet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †
She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose *S. When wild War's* †
the bees humming round the gay roses, *S. Where are the joys* †
To see the rose and woodbine twine; *S. Ye banks and braes* †
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . . . . . *Ib.*
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi me. . . . . *Ib.*

Rose. Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul, . *A Winter Night. 6.*
When, from the eddying deep below,
Up rose the Genius of the stream. . *As on the banks* †
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Pity's flood there never rose. . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
The paly moon rose in the livid east,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The rattling showers rose on the blast; . *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
The sun rose clear and bright; *The Election Ballads. V.*
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Rose-bud. A Rose-bud by my early walk, *S. A Rose-bud by* †
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day. . . . . *Ib.*
The Rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
S. Adown winding Nith †
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy, . . *S. I do confess* †
Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
In tears the rose-buds steeping: *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, . . *To Miss C.*

Roslin. In Roslin's fairest bower *S. My Love's a winsome* †

Rostrum. Ascends the holy rostrum: . *The Holy Fair. 10.*

Rosy. The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy hanquet loves to sip; . *Delia. An Ode.*
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
S. How pleasant the banks †
- - - while rosy pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath. *Innocence* †
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . *S. Now rosy May* †
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye: . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
O bonie was yon rosy brier, . *S. O bonie was you rosy* †
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
For sparkling was the rosy wine, . *S. O May thy morn* †
Unto these rosy lips to grow: . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, . . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
She put the cup to her rosy lip,
S. The lass that made the bed.
O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Fill me with the rosy wine, ... *The Toast.*
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Take away these rosy lips, . . . *S. Thine am I* †
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
The rosy dawn, the springing grass, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Rot. And rot the dyvors i' the jails! *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Rotten, -an.
But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.
Extem. pinned to Coach.
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bite o't's rotten. . . . . *For W. Nicol.*
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
S. O meikle thinks my love †
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v. A. 16]
Tam o' Shanter.
The crest, an auld crab-apple
Rotten at the core. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Rouge.
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;
Monody, on a Lady.

Rough. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road, . *Despondency, an Ode.*
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 8.*

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], . *Ep. to J. R.*
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Her way may lie thro' rough distress! . *The Lament. 5.*
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
The Rights of Woman.
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
To a Mountain-Daisy.
bout a house that's rude an' rough, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
in her rough imperfect line . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Rough-shod.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Roun' [round].
Or whom in a' the country roun',
The best deserves to fa' that? *The Election Ballads. II.*

Round.
The happy tenants share his rounds; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard, that's far awa.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n, *To Miss L.,with "Beattie."*

Round, *to.* To round the period an' pause,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Round about.
He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore, . . . *S. It was a' for* †
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
S. O gin ye were dead.

Round and round.
Are round an' round divided, ... *Halloween. 7.*
And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round; . . *John Barleycorn.*
Round and round take up the Chorus,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.

Rounded. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Roupet, Rupit [hoarse, as with a cold].
An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse!
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Rouse. Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
And Harley rouses all the god in man.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'Some rouse the Patriot up to hare
Corruption's heart: *The Vision. D. II. 4.*
An' rouse their holy thunder on it *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; *S. When o'er the hill* †

Roused, -'d.
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; . . *A Vision.*
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruined sad reality! . . . . . *On Lincluden.*
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Rous'd *v.* **Roos'd.**

Rousing. A cottage-rousing craw. . *A Winter Night. 10.*
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
A rousing whid at times to vend, [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Rout. Or for Colean, the rout is taen, . . *Halloween.*
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Or by Madrid he takes the rout. . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Routh *v.* **Rowth.**

Routhie [plentiful, well-filled].
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: *S. In simmer when* †

Routine.
To wheel the equal, dull routine. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Rove. But never tempt th' illicit rove, *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Rove, *to.*
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove *S. By Allan stream* †
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Frae my best Belov'd I rove, . . *S. Frae the friends* †
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, . . *Halloween.*
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love; *S. How can my poor heart* †
For whare'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
May rove their sweets amang; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Fickle man is apt to rove: . . . *S. Let not woman* †
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
S. Now westlin winds †
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, ... *Ib.*
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
S. The gloomy night †
Does the train-attended Carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
S. The Posie.
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
With every muse to rove: . . . . *To Chloris.*
Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang, . . *To J. S., 9.*
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O. . *S. When o'er the hill* †
For there, wi' my Lassie, the day-lang I rove,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, . . *S. Young Jamie,* †
I wha sae late did range and rove, ... *Ib.*

Rov'd.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
For there he rov'd that broke my heart, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Rover.
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over. . *S. The young Highl. Rover.*

Roving, -ln. I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, *Ep. to J. R., 7.*
'When roving through the gather'd hay, *S. O Phely, happy* †
Robin was a rovin boy, - -
Rantin' rovin' Robin! . . . *S. There was a lad* †
When roving through the garden gay,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Row.
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . *S. Come boat me o'er* †

Row, Rowe [to roll, to wrap].
Ca' them [the ewes] whare the burnie rowes,
S. Ca' the Ewes.
And ye may rowe me in your plaid, ... *Ib.*
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, *S. Of a' the airts* †
An' down the briny pearls rowe . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v. A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
S. Wandering Willie.

Rowed, -'d, -'t [rolled, wrapped].
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [*re.*] *S. As I came o'er* †
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
And rowed his Highland plaid about her. *S. Donald Brodie* †
While down his cheeks the sant tears row'd;
S. My Sandy gied †
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the Sea. *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Rowing [rolling].
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Rowtan [lowing].
The Kye stood rowtan i' the loan; . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Rowte [to low, bellow].
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.
To hear you roar and rowte, ... *The Calf.*
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, *The Ordination. 6.*

Rowth, Routh [plenty, abundance].
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . *Poem on Life.*
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . *S. She's fair and fause* †
And there was routh o' driok and fun,
S. The last braw bridal †
'Grant me but this, I ask no more,
'Ay rowth o' rhymes. . . *To J. S., 21.*

Royal. Your royal nest, beneath your wing, *A Dream. 4.*
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, ... *Ib. 13.*
Ye royal Lasses dainty, ... *Ib. 14.*
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Their royal Name low in the dust! . . . . . *Ib.*
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . *S. Amang the trees* †
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.*
His royal heart was firm and true, *S. Highland Laddie.*
Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The feeling heart's the royal blue, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wand'rer were royal. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.*
Where royal cities stately stand; . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
This lovely maid's of royal blood *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
The royal right of Albany. . . . . *Ib.*
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass were the king of the brutes. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Rozet [rosin].
O for some rank, mercurial rozet, . . . *To a Louse.*

Ruddy. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 11.

Rude. An' swoor fu' rude, . . . *A Fragment. 9.*
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 8.*
O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], . *Ep. to J. R.*
his caustic wit was biting, rude, . *Extem. on W. Smellie.*
All in its rude and prickly bower, *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
By autumn wild, and winter rude! . *S. O were my love* †
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
Prologue, at Th., D..
A time when rough rude man had naughty ways;
The Rights of Woman.
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
To Capt. Riddel.
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough, *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Rudely. God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes, *The Vision. D. II. 12.*

Rudeness. Quite sick of merit's rudeness, *The Dean of Fac..*

Ruder.
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, . *S. Now spring has clad* †

Rue. Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme, [*re.*]
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [*re.*] *Ib.*

Rue, *to.* And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it. *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
S. Caledonia.
Should rue this hasty ride, . . . *Ep. to Davie. II.*
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
I rue the day I sought her O, [*re.*]
S. My love she's but a lassie †
Ilk action may he rue it; . . . . *On W. Stewart.*
Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow.
The Election Ballads. VI.
O meikle do I rue, fause love,
O sairly do I rue, . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Rue on thy despairing lover, . . *S. Turn again, thou* †
'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
'Tho' I should rue it. . *What ails ye now* †

Rued. For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Monody, on a Lady.

Rueful, -fu'.
"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,
Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; . *As on the banks* †
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
And rueful thy alarms: . . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, *The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.*
In rueful apprehension enter'd O, . . . *The Vowels.*

Rueing.
Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . *The Whistle.*

Ruffian.
And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare.
Unscathed by ruffian hand! . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
On Death of R. Dundas.
So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; *To Miss Graham.*

Ruffl'd,
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin' cane, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*

Ruffum. Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. [*re.*] *S. Scroggam.*

Rugged.
Grim-risiog o'er the rugged rock, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Ruin. When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
A Ded. to G. H., 10.
The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars:
S. By yon castle wa' †
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin. . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
The snowy ruin smokes along,
With doubling speed and gathering force, *Fragment of Ode.*
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries; . . . . *S. How cruel* †
ruins, hoar and grey, Ruins yet beauteous in decay,
On Lincluden.
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
Remorse. A Frag..
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!
Scots Prologue.
The herryment and ruin of the country; *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace, . . . *The Farewell.*
And orator Bob is its [the church's] ruin. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Has proven to its [the Kirk's] ruin: *The Ordination. 8.*
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
S. The small birds †
Or ruins pendent in the air, [v. A. 4] . *The Vision. D. I.*
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, . . *S. Thickest Night* †
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Thy wee-hit housie, too, in ruin! . . . *To a Mouse.*
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
"Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. *Tragic Frag..*
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Wantonness has been my ruin; *S. Wantonness for ever* †

Ruin, *to.*
'They'll ruin Johnie!' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.*
O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Ruined, -'d. Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, *A Vision.*
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon, . . *Add to the Deil. 5.*
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'. . . . . *Ib. 16.*
They'd conquered and ruin'd a world beside; *S. Caledonia.*
I start and see The ruin'd sad reality! . . *On Lineluden.*
Your ruin'd formless bulk o' stane and lime,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink! . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Rule.
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule. *A Bard's Epit..*
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.
Add. of Beelzebub.
My Son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither; *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
Who feel hy reason and who give by rule,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Propriety's cold cautious rules . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; *To J. S., 19.*
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, . . . *Ib. 26.*
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power. *To R. G. of F..*
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie, . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Rule, *to.* Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation; . *A Dream. 5.*
O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
When winter rules with boundless power,
S. How can my poor heart †
Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole; *S. Streams that glide* †
Yerl Galloway long did rule this land,
The Election Ballads. V.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly, . *The Inventory.*
The star that rules my luckless lot, . . *To J. S., 6.*
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; *Why am I loth* †

Ruled, -'d.
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman. *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . *Halloween.*
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*

Ruling. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. *Ib.*
Where once the Campbell's chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r: . *The Vision. D. II. 11.*
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . *The Whistle. 15.*

Rumble John.
Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Ruminate.
There ruminate with sober thought; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Rumour. But now a rumour's like to rise,
A whaup's i' the nest. *V. s to J. Ranken.*

Rump.
The carlin claught her by the rump, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

Run, *to.* Yet runs, himself, life's mad career, *A Bard's Epit.*
While the sands o' life shall run. . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow, *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, ... *Ib. 19.*
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, *S. The gloomy night* †

Run. But now his radiant course is run, *El. on Capt. M. H.*
The measur'd time is run! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
Our race of existence is run. . *S. Farewell, thou fair day* †
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun. . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
'Till my last weary sand was run, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
We twa ha'e run about the braes, *S. Shld auld acquaintance* †
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Go bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Run deils [downright devils].
Run deils for rantin' an' for noise; . . *The Inventory.*
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither. *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Rung [a cudgel].
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it: . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
S. O gin ye were dead.
She's just a devil wi' a rung; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Rung. While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
The Brigs of Ayr, 11.
Harmonious concert rung in every part, . . *Ib. 12.*

Runkl'd [wrinkled]. yon runkl'd pair, *The Holy Fair. 5.*

Running.
A running stream they dare na cross. *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
S. The winter it is past †

Runt [the stem of colewort].
A runt was like a sow-tail . . . . . *Halloween. 4.*
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt, ... *Ib. 9.*
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . *The Ordination. 6.*

Runted.
She was nae get o' runted rams,
Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]
Poor Mailie's El..

Rupit *v.* **Roupet.**

Rupture.
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . *The Holy Fair. 18.*

Rural.
'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Above the narrow, rural vale: . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
in its native air And rural grace; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Thy rural loves are nature's sel; . . . . . *Ib.*
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation; . . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Rush'd. They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Rushes. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
El. on Miss Burnet.
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
On seeing wounded Hare.

Rushing. Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, . . *A Vision.*

Russel [Rev. J., minister of the Chapel of Ease, Kilmarnock].
Black [Russell] is na spairnan: . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her: . . *The Ordination. 2.*
M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
That Heresy can torture; . . . . . *Ib. 13.*
O, M—y, man, and wordy R—ll, . *The Twa Herds. 3.*
What herd like R—ll tell'd his tale, ... *Ib. 7.*

Russet.
Her ancient weed was russet gray, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Has fated me the russet coat, ... *To J. S., 6.*
Be thou clad in russet weed, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Russians.
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Rust. But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man. . *A Fragment. 4.*

Rusted. I saw that honour's sword was rusted; *The Hermit.*
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Rustic. a Bard of rustic song, . . *A Bard's Epit.*
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, *A Winter Night. 7.*
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn; . *S. Behold, my love,*†
" The friendless Bard and rustic song,
" Became alike thy fostering care. *Lament for Glencairn.*
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
The Brigs of Ayr.
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, . . . *Ib.*
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death, . . *Ib. 13.*
thy hardy sons of rustic toil, . *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.*
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her; *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Artisan; *Ib. D. II. 7.*
To mark the embryotic trace,
Of rustic Bard; . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard. *Ib. 21.*
But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, . . . *To a Haggis.*
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, ... *Ib.*
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang. . . . *To J. S., 9.*
I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. *To W. Simpson.*

Rusticity.

Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind; . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Rustle.

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles . . . *The Farewell.*

Rustling.

Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan. . . *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:
S. Caledonia.
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale, *El. on Capt. M. H., 6.*
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, *S. Now westlin winds* †
the Reaper's rustling noise. . . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play; . . . . *Ib. 23.*

Rusty.

Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Ruth.

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Ruthless.

She trusts the ruthless falconer . . . *S. How cruel* †
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.
Or the ruthless native's way, . . *S. Streams that glide* †
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
The Brigs of Ayr.
And He whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land. [v.A.4] . *The Vision. D. I.*
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!
To R. G., of F. 5.

Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye. . . . . *Ib.*

Ryke [to reach].

Let me ryke up to dight that tear, . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*

Rysin [rising].

And blude red wine's the rysin Suo. *S. Gane is the day* †

Sab [to sob].

But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab. . . *S. My heart was ance* †

Sacerdotal. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Sack. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty sack;
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Sackville.

S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, . . *A Fragment. 5.*
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier owre the pack vile! *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Sacred. The sacred posy—Libertie! . . . *A Vision.*
The sacred vow he ne'er should sever. *S. By Allan stream* †
at Friendship's sacred ca' . *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
famed for martial deed and sacred song, . . *Liberty.*
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-book.
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent. . . . *Nature's Law.*
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. . . *Ib.*
By sacred truth and honour's hand! *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause
The League and Covenant.
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
The Rights of Woman.
Renson drops headlong from his sacred throne, *To Clarinda.*
That sacred hour can I forget, . *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
To Miss Graham.

Sacrifice. And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice: . . *S. How cruel* †

Sacrilegious.

By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it! . . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Sad.

The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances, . . *Ib. 16.*
The victim sad of Fortune's strife, ... *Ib.*
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see! . . *Add. to Toothache.*
When Nature all is sad like me! *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Our sad decay in church and state, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
S. Gloomy December.
An' hear the sad narration: . . . . *Halloween. 20.*
"Sad will I be, so bereft, . . *S. Husband, husband* †
"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Waes me! she's in a sad condition; *Letter to J. Goudie.*
They pain my sad hosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
I'll be sad for naebody; . . . . . *S. Naebody.*
I start and see The ruined sad reality! . *On Lincluden.*
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
On Death of R. Dundas.
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . *Poor Mailie's El..*
O sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa; . . *S. Sae far awa.*
Sad thy tale, thou idle page, ... *Sad thy tale* †
Now a sad and last adieu. . . . *S. Scenes of woe,* †
When frae my Jenny parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
He hated nought but—to be sad, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: . *The Lament. 3.*
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
S. The small birds rejoice †
I car'dna by, Sae sad was I, . . *S. The tither morn* †
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
S. The Winter it is past †
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of
woe, ... *Ib.*
Pity my sad disaster; . . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!) . . *To W. Simpson. 5.*
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
S. True hearted was he †
But sorrow and sad sighing care. . *S. Where are the joys* †
His sad complaining dowie raves. . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Saddle.
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ; . . *The Inventory.*

Sadly. Thee Ferintosh ! O sadly lost! *Scotch Drink. 19.*
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost! . *The Twa Brigs. 7.*
To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Sadness.
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, *The Whistle. 11.*

Sae [so].
when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
For me! sae laigh I need na bow, ... *Ib.*
thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day. . . *A Dream.*
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy, . . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist . . . . . *Ib.*
by thy een sae bonie blue, . . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. . *S. As I came o'er* †
" Shaded my streams sae clear and cool ; *As on the banks* †
" It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, ... *Ib.*
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, . *Auld comrade* †
Lesley is sae fair and coy, . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae mann Death. . . . *Ib. 12.*
had sae fortify'd the part, ... *Ib. 17.*
It was sae blunt, ... *Ib.*
whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, . . *Ib. 23.*
Sae blythe and merry's we will be, . *S. Duncan Davison.*
That live sae bien an' snug : . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
Ep. to J. L— k, Ap. 1st, 4.
An' sae about him there I spier't ; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Quo' she, ' Ye ken we've been sae busy *Ib., Ap. 21st, 3.*
Rouse you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly, ... *Ib. 5.*
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, . . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part: . . . . . *Ib.*
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Extem. in Court of Session.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ; . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Sae craftilie she took me ben, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
I dighted ay her een sae blue, ... *Ib.*
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs, . . . *Halloween. 3.*
A runt was like a sow-tail Sae bow't . . . . *Ib. 4.*
In wrath she was sae vap'rin, ... *Ib. 13.*
He was sae sairly frighted . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
He was sae fley'd an' eerie : . . . . . *Ib. 19.*
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . *S. Handsome Nell.*
sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly. *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
Fairies dance sae cheery. . . . . *Ib.*
Sae brawly's he could flatter ; . *S. Here's his health.*
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry ; . *S. Here's to thy health* †
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it : . . . . . *Ib.*
'Cause he's sae gifted ;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
Yet has sae mony takin' arts, ... *Ib. 11.*
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie. *S. How lang and dreary* †
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . *S. I do confess* †
Amang its native briers sae coy, ... *Ib.*
It was her een sae bonie blue. [*re.*] . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me : *S. In simmer when* †
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest. . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad !
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . *S. Killiecrankie.*
I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; . . . . . *Ib.*
May I but be sae bauld . . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
The sun shines on sae brawlie? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Weel buskit up sae gaudy ; . . . . . *Ib.*
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, ... *Ib.*
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wantон swims. . . . . *Ib.*
She'll no be half sae saucy yet. . . *S. My love is but* †
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
S. My Nanie's awa'.
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, . . *Ib.*
How pure, amang the leaves sae green ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it.
S. O ken ye what Meg †
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining ? . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Her een sae bonie blue . . . . . *Ib.*
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am ? . . . . . *Ib.*
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonie. . . . . *Ib.*
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . *S. O this is no my ain* †
O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy ; . . . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
That looks sae proud and high. . . . . *Ib.*
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ; . . . . *Ib.*
Ye need na look sae high. . . . . *Ib.*
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
S. O wat ye wha that lo'es †
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
S. O were I on Parnass. †
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, *S. O wert thou in* †
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
S. O when she cam ben †
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. . . . . *Ib.*
That's blinking in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Was e'er puir Pnet sae befitted, . *On B.'s Horse Impound.*
Sae far I sprackled up the brae . *On Dining with Daer.*
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . *On W. Chalmers.*
Thou's half sae welcome's thou art . *On W. Stewart.*
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear, . *Poor Mailie's El..*
O sell your fiddle sae fine ; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. . . . *Ib.*
But for her sake sae far awa ; [*re.*] . *S. Sae far awa.*
Sae flaxen were her ringlets, ... *S. Sae flaxen* †
Her smiling, sae wyling, ... *Ib.*
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her fautless form and graceful air ; . . . . *Ib.*
Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Why is nutlandish stuff sae meikle courted? . *Scots Prologue.*
Wha sae base as be a slave ? . . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
Ye speak sae fair ; . . . . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? . . *S. Tam Glen.*
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, . . *Ib. 11.*
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang. *S. The auld man* †
How can ye blume sae fair! . . *S. The Banks of Doon.*
And I sae fu' o' care! . . . . . *Ib.*
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate. . . . . *Ib.*
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve;
And sae did I o' mine . . . . . *Ib.*
But the body he was sae doited an' blin,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. *S. The day returns* †
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O. . . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
In Galloway sae wide. . . . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
If sae their pleasure was. . . . . *Ib.*
But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean . . . . *Ib.*
Sae knit in alliance are kin. . . . . *Ib. III.*
A boy no sae black at the bane; . . . . . *Ib.*
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done; . . . . . *Ib. V.*
It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Feeding on yon hill sae high, ... *Ib.*
To see a scene sae gay, ... *The Holy Fair. 2.*
Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, [*re.*] *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' meo, for a' that. . . *S. The Honest Man.*
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, . . *The Inventory.*
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . . . *Ib.*
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; . . . . . *Ib.*
Sae dinna put me in your buke, ... *Ib.*
Between themsels they were sae busy:
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare! . . . . *Ib. S. V.*
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, ... *Ib.*
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly sbe was drunk: . . . . . *Ib. R. VII.*
And dinna sae uncivil be; *S. The lass that made the bed.*
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, ... *Ib.*
Sae merrily they danced the ring, . *S. The night was still* †
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
S. The Posie.
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . *S. The tither morn* †
To see my lad sae near me. . . . . *Ib.*
I card'na by, sae sad was I, ... *Ib.*
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, ... *Ib.*
Then chance and fortune are sae guided, . . *Ib. 16.*
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
Sae hale and hearty every shank, ... *Ib. 5.*
That bites sae sair, ... *Ib. 16.*
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,
S. Th. Menz.s bonie Mary.
I doubt it's hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi' Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
And ay she sang sae merrile; *S. There was a lass, and* †
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
S. There's auld Rob †
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: *S. Tibbie Dunbar.*
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady! . . . *To a Louse.*
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, . . *To a Mouse.*
But no sae weel a stranger. . . . . *To a Painter.*
To daunton me, and me sae young, *S. To daunton me.*
If sae he, ye may be Not fitted otherwhere.
To Gav. Hamilton.
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; . *To J. S., 2S.*
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him. . . . . *Ib.*
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. *S. Blythe was she* †
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, *S. Up in the morning.*
My morning raise sae clear and fair, *Verses under Grief.*
What mak ye sae like a thief? . *S. Wha is that at my* †
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld. . *What ails ye now* †
Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? . *Ib.*
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, *S. When first I saw* †
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, ... *Ib.*
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie. . . *S. When I think on* †
Return sae dowf and weary O: . *S. When o'er the hill* †
It makes my heart sae cheery O, ... *Ib.*
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, . *S. When wild War's* †
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Ye're a wanter, sae am I; . . . . . *Ib.*
That nipt my flower sae early!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
those rosy lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! . . . *Ib.*
That dwalt on me sae kindly! . . . . . *Ib.*
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; *S. Ye banks and braes* †
And I sae weary fu' of care! . . . . . *Ib.*
And fondly sae did I o' mine. . . . . *Ib.*
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . . *S. Young Jamie* †
He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; *S. Young Jockey* †

Safe. And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art: *S. Now Spring has clad* †
And [Heaven] send him safe hame to his babie and me.
S. O whare did ye get †
And send me safe my Somebody. . . . *S. Somebody.*
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone-descending showers. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Return him safe to fair Strathspey, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

Safeguard.
Whare the trees and the branches will be our safeguard.
S. There grows a bonie †

Safely.
Sound and safely may he sleep, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
And Honour safely back her [Truth]. *On W. Chalmers.*

Safer. Ye're safer at your spinning wheel; *O leave novels* †

Safe's [save us!]
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Saft [soft).
She's saft at best an' something lazy,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
She laid me in a saft bed, [*re.*] . *S. O wat ye what my* †
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . *S. O were my love* †
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is. . . . *The Holy Fair. 27.*
women sonsie, saft an' sappy, . *S. There's naethin like* †

Saftest [softest).
There the saftest sweets enjoying, . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Sage, *adj.*
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville.
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . *Auld comrade* †
Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
Prologue, at Th., D..
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises! . *Tam o' Shanter. 4.*
And sage Experience bids me this declare
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: . *Ib. 15.*
worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, *The Whistle. 15.*
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, *To R. G. of F., 7*
Saws of experience, sage and sound. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Sage, *s.*
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? . *Epit. on Miss Lewars.*

Began the rev'rend Sage ; . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Sages their solemn een may steek,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
M'Lanchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*
And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D.II.*

Sagitarre [the constellation Sagitarius].

To canter with the Sagitarre, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Said. I had amaist said, ever pray, *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*
a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay : . *A Dream. 2.*
But what he said it was nae play, ... *A Vision.*
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ; . . *Ib.*
Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
S. Adown winding Nith †
And love said, laughing in her looks,
Come kiss me at your leisure. *S. As I gaed up by* †
She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever!"
S. By Allan stream †
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too must rise. [*re.*] . . *Epit. on a Laird.*
I said, there was naething I hated like men,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I said he might die when he liked for Jean ; . . . *Ib.*
But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell ; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Come, let us sweep them off, said they,
Like an o'erflowing river. . . . *New Psalmody.*
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison. . *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. *Spoken Extem. to yng Lady.*
Till on that hairst I said before, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
What farther clishmaclaver might been said, . *Ib. 11.*
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, *The Death of Mailie.*
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry, *S. The lass that made the bed.*
Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
'And wear thou this'—She solemn said, *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light ;
The Whistle. 16.
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen ?
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
" O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, . . *Ib.*
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me ; *What ails ye now* †
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', ... *Ib.*

Sail.

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely : . . . . *A Dream. 10.*
" There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." *S. Behold the hour* †
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Then top and maintop croud the sail, . . *To J. S., 11.*

Sail, *to.*

But, in the teeth o' baith [wind and tide] to sail,
It maks an unco leeway. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*

Sailing.

Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

Sailor.

Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing, *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
When absent from my sailor lad ? *S. How can my poor heart* †
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, ... *Ib.*
The sailor [returns] frae the main, . . *S. It was a' for* †
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. . *The Twa Dogs.*
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant sailor. . . . *S. Where Cart rins* †
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,
And I gied it to the sailor. . . . . *Ib.*
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the sailor. . . . . *Ib.*
I'll love my gallant sailor. . . . . *Ib.*

Saint.

Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. . *Auld Comrade* †
Show many a saint and martyr there. . . *On Lincluden.*
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. . *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Would make a saint forget the sky ; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint !
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Saint Johnston.

Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.
S. O whare did ye get †
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston, . *S. The Ploughman* †

Saint Stephen.

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man, . *A Fragment. 6.*
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
The billie is gettin his questions,
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.
The Election Ballads. III.
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, [*re.*]
The Fête Champetre.

Sair [sore].

Your sair taxation does her fleece, . . . *A Dream. 6.*
Led him a sair faux pas, man : . . *A Fragment. 7.*
Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
A Guid New-Year † *16.*
Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair ; . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
They snool me sair, and haud me down,
S. And O for ane and twenty †
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her [his wife's] head,
When it was sair ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*
Slighted love is sair to bide, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
And the priest he rode her sair : . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Forjesket sair, with weary legs, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write. . . . . *Ib. 2.*
'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
'An something sair.' . . . . . *Ib. 3.*
Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode ; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk ; *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night. . . . *Halloween. 8.*
They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ; . . . *Ib. 23.*
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
S. Here's his health in water.
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, *S. How lang and dreary* †
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ; *S. In simmer when* †
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Sair I fecht them [Want and Hunger] at the door,
S. O that I had ne'er †
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody ; . . . *S. Somebody.*
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
" I saw the battle sair and teugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it. . . . . *Ib.*
Sair, sair may I repine ; . *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
For mony a heart thou hast made sair, . *S. The lovely lass* †
An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense] :
The Ordination. 2.
As lately, F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin : . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters, *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes,
The Twa Dogs. 29.

And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
That bites sae sair, . *The Twa Herds. 16.*

Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, . . *To W. Creech.*

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
S. Twas na her bonie blue †

I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene ; . . *Verses under Grief.*

O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd ;
S. Wae is my heart †

'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't! . *What ails ye now* †

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour : *S. When first I saw* †

Sair-won [hard-earned].

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.

Sair, *to* **[to serve].**

If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.*

For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair. *Second Ep. to Davie.*

But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †

Your clerkship he should sair, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us! . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*

Sair't [served].

I'd better gaen an' sair't the king, . . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*

Sairie [poor, sorry, feeble].

Some sairie comfort still at last, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*

Sairly [sorely]. An' curse your folly sairly, *A Dream. 10.*

That one pound one, I sairly want it ; . *Friend of the poet* †

'He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. *Halloween. 16.*

For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
On Scot. Bard gae to W.I.

And, Oh, I find it sairly, O! . . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*

O sairly do I rue, . . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Your impudence protects you sairly : . . *To a Louse.*

The drift is driving sairly ; . . *S. Up in the morning.*

And sairly thole their mither's ban, . *What ails ye now* †

Sake. I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake! *Add. to the Deil. 21.*

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*

For my sake this I beg it o' you, . . *Auld comrade* †

Rair for his sake. . . . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 8.*

Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, *Ep. to J. R., 3.*

for my lost darling's sake, . . *S. Fate gave the word* †

Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
S. Here's his health in water.

But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.

The sun took delight to shine for its sake ;
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. O Mary, at thy window †

For sake o' Willie Chalmers. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

But for her sake sae far awa ; . . *S. Sae far awa.*

For the sake of Somebody. [*re.*] . . . . *S. Somebody.*

for poor auld Scotland's sake . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
The Election Ballads. VI.

I for thy sake must go! . . . . . *The Farewell.*

"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
"Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
The Holy Fair. 4.

The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone! . . *The Lament.*

But for their sake my heart doth ache,
With many a bitter throe : *S. The sun he is sunk* †

That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. . *S. When wild War's* †

Sal-alkali. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.

Sale. I wish her sale for her gude ale,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †

Sall [shall].

An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, . *S. Ca' the ewes.*

And ye sall be my dearie. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
S. I'll ay ca' in †

And stownlins we sall meet again. . . . . *Ib.*

Sallied.

When out the hellish legion sallied. *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*

Sallow. In grief thy [Autumn's] sallow mantle tear ;
El. on Capt. M. H., 13.

With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Sal-marinum. True Sal-marinum o' the seas ;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.

Salt.

And aye the salt tear blinds her ee ; *S. The lovely lass of I.* †

Salute. Syne to salute her wi' a kiss,
I flang my arms about her neck.
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Salvation.

For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*

Same. But till my last moments my words are the same,
S. By yon castle wa' †

Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same. *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*

The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
Extem. on W. Smellie.

From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same. . *The 1st ó V.s of 90th Ps..*

Ye're ay the same kind man to me, . *S. John Anderson* †

How aft her fate's the same, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
S. Wandering Willie.

Sample.

Yet I am here a chosen sample, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*

If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.
The Election Ballads. III.

Samson. Tam Samson's dead! [*re.*] *Tam Samson's El..*

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, . . *Ib., Epit.*

Tam Samson's livin! . . . . . *Ib., P.C.*

Sanctified.

And hey for the sanctified Murray, *The Election Ballads. III.*

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Sanction.

And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. *To Miss Graham.*

Sand. While the sands o' life shall run. *S. A red, red Rose.*

With linked hands we took the sands,
Down by yon winding river ; . *S. As I gaed up by* †

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

'Till my last weary sand was run, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †

Glowing here on golden sands, . *S. Streams that glide* †

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ; . . . *To John M'Murdo.*

That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Sandy. Low, in a sandy valley spread, *The Vision. D. I. 15.*

Sandy [*dim. of* Alexander].

My Sandy gied to me a ring, . *S. My Sandy gied* †

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O ; [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
S. There grows a bonie brier †

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Sang [a Song].

"God save the king "'s a cukoo sang
That's unco easy said ay : . . . . *A Dream. 2.*

'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
S. Amang the trees †

I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [*re.*]
S. And O for one and twenty †

Mirth or sang can please me ; . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many ;
S. By Allan stream †

I gi'e them [sorrow and care] a skelp as they're creeping alang
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
S. Contented wi' little †

Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon. . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At sang about. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*
There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, ... *Ib. 3.*
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel, . . . *Ib. 6.*
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
'To mak a sang ?' . . . . *Ib. 10.*
Yon sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, . . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*
A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
I tint my whistle and my sang, . . . *S. Gat ye me* †
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, . *Halloween. 28.*
Hark ! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ; *S. Hark! the mavis* †
as he tuned his doleful sang, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Has gart me change my sang. . *S. My heart was ance* †
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage ? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame. . . . . *Ib.*
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang ; *S. Sae flaxen* †
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin ?
Scots Prologue.
The lav'rock, to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy ; . . . . *S. Sleep'st thou* †
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Or sing a sang at least. . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain ; . . . . *Ib.*
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,
Anither sang. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
And we hae sangs to sing ; . . *S. The Carls of Dysart.*
Fame and high renown, For an auld sang
The Election Ballads. IV.
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ; *The Fête Champetre.*
An' thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, . . *Ib. R. VIII.*
She sang a sang o' liberty, . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
After some dog in Highland sang, . *The Twa Dogs.*
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang. . . . *To J. S., 9.*
I shall say nae mair, But quat my sang, . . *Ib. 29.*
The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you ; . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang ! . . *To W. Simpson.*

Sang.

He sang wi' joy his former day, ... *A Vision.*
When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. *As on the banks* †
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
Lns while on Death-bed.
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, *S. The Catrine woods* †
Thro' faded groves Maria sang, ... *Ib.*
Wi' quaffing, and laughing,
They ranted an' they sang ; . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
The belis they rang, and the carlins sang,
S. The last braw bridal †
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa'. . *The night was still* †
She sang a sang o' liberty, . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ; . *S. The weary Pund.*
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie ; . *S. There was a lass* †
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ; . . . . *Ib.*
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, *To Mary in Heaven.*
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, . *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine. . *S. Ye banks and braes* †
And through the wood ye sang, lassie ; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Sank.

"As through the cliff he sank him down ; *As on the banks* †
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ? . *S. When wild War's* †

Sannock [*dim. of* **Sandy**].

An' L—d, remember singing Sannock, . *Auld comrade* †

Sans culottes.

While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Sapling.

By cruel hands the sapling drops, *S. Fate gave the word,* †

Sappho.

In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Sappy. women sonsie, saft an' sappy, *There's naethin like* †

Sarah.

Or hauding Sarah by the wame ? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †

Saratoga. Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man. *A Fragment. 4.*

Sark. Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, *S. The Union.*
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command ; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Sark [a shirt].

Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*
To dip her left sark sleeve in, . . *Halloween. 24.*
I would na gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark : . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
S. O when she cam ben †
My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Ronalds of Bennals.
My drunkit sark sleeve, as ye ken ; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
And linket at it in her sark ! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen ! . . *Ib. 13.*
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, ... *Ib. 15.*
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches), . . . *Ib.*
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark !" . . *Ib. 16.*
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, ... *Ib. 19.*
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
"I'll get my Sunday's sark on, . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me :
S. The lass that made the bed.
In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Twice a lily flower will he him sark and cravat ;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Sarket [shirted, provided with shirts].

While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
Is a' th' amount. . *The Vision. D. I. 5.*

Sark-neck [shirt-neck].

There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Sat. The dew sat chilly on her breast, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs ! *Add. to Edinburgh.*
I sat me down upon a craig, . . . *As on the banks* †
But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ; . . . *Halloween. 11.*
Sat working at his loom ; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
I sat beside my warpin-wheel, ... *Ib.*
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
S. O Mary at thy window †
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree-root : . . . *One night as I* †
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ; . . *Ib. 11.*
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] *The Twa Dogs.*
For sae I sat, and sae I sang, *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.*
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
S. The heather was blooming †
Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie ; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*
There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe ; . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Satan.
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
Epig. on —.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . *Epig. on A. Turner.*
So whip I at the summons, old Satan came flying;
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load. . . . . *Ib.*
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither. . *Epit. on Rul. Elder.*
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schuliu of your weans; . *On a Schoolmaster.*
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, . . . *Poem on Life.*
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled,
The Election Ballads. IV.
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your hilly Satan sair us! . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*

Satire.
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
On my poor musie; . *To W. Simpson.*

Satisfy'd.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, *A Winter Night. 9.*

Saturday.
Inform him [death], and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him. . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Sauce.
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, *On dining with Daer.*
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Saucy.
Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride, . *Halloween. 7.*
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
S. Last May a braw wooer †
She'll no be half sae saucy yet. *S. My love she's but a lassie* †
Wha follows ony saucy quean . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',
S. O when she cam ben †
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock. . . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*
Now, I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O mony a saucy quean; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Saugh [the willow].
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle. . *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
To Dr. Blacklock.

Saul [soul].
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
His saul has ta'en some other way, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony. . . . *Epit. on wee Johnie.*
My vera heart an' saul are quakin', *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e. . *S. O this is no my ain* †
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on . . . *Poem on Life.*
Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body, . . *The Holy Fair, 20.*
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright . . *Ib. 21.*
For Britain's guid his saul indentin . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire; . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Saumont, Sawmont [salmon].
An' wintle like a saumont-coble, . *A Gude New-Year* † *7.*
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*

Saunt [saint]. Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou; . . . *Ep. to J. R. 2.*
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing,
O' Saunts; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd, . . *Scotch Drink. 8.*
Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt. . *Ib.*
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . *To a Louse.*
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts. . *What ails ye now* †
An' snugly sit amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet. . *Ib.*

Saunter.
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
When idly goavan whyles we saunter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*

Saut [salt].
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail. . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
S. My Sandy gied †
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, *Poem on Life.*
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; *Poor Mailie's El..*
The saut tear blin't his e'e; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
For a' his fresh beef and his saut, . . *S. To daunton me.*

Saut-backet [salt-bucket].
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Sautet [salted]. But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet: *A Dream. 15.*

Sauty [salt].
Alas! that e'er a bonie face
Should draw a sauty tear! . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Savage, *adj.*
Lone from your savage homes exil'd, *A Winter Night. 5.*
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender; . *S. Now westlin winds* †
In these savage, liquid plains, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
The wildest savage Tory, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Savage, *s.*
The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, . *S. Caledonia,*
Talk not to me of savages, . . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done. . . . . *Ib.*

Savannah.
Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah! . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

Save. "God save the King" 's a cukoo sang
That's unco easy said ay: . . *A Dream. 2.*
But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man. . . *A Fragment. 4.*
And save the Honour o' the nation! *Add. of Beelzebub. 2.*
Who will not sing, God save the King,
Shall hang as high's the steeple: *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Our King and our country to save, ... *Ib.*
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
While empty greatness saves a worthless name! . . *Ib.*
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,
To save their skin. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
O, bid him save their harmless lives, *The Death of Mailie.*
To save them from their sinful ways,
He lent them his name to the firm,
The Election Ballads. III.
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save; . . *Ib. VI.*
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
The Kirk's Alarm.

You save fair Jessie from the grave!
An angel could not die. . . . *To Dr. Maxwell.*
Crush the locusts, save the flower. *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*

Sav'd. But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or d—'d! . *Epit. for G. H.*
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me: *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

Saving.
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul, . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're n saint!
S. There liv'd once a carle †

Saving-fit.
But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats . *A Dream. 7.*

Saviour. His country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4]
The Vision. D. I.

Saw [an old saying, a proverb].
Saws of experience, sage and sound. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Saw [salve, plaster].
'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.

Saw [to sow].
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; . . *Halloween. 17.*
And every now an' then he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee, ... *Ib. 18.*

Saw [*pret. of* see].
(Inspired Bardies saw, man) . . . *A Fragment. 8.*
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. . . *S. Blythe was she* †
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
Et. on Miss Burnet.
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
S. Farewell, thou stream †
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
But for a modest, graceful mien,
Her like I never saw. . . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, . . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
My face was but the keekin' glass—
And there ye saw your picture. . *In Defence of a Lady.*
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, ... *S. It was a' for* †
I saw three sheep, And these three sheep saw me;
Johnny Peep.
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
S. Lady Mary Ann.
I never saw a fairer, . . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
We saw none to deliver. . . . . *New Psalmody.*
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
I sat, but neither heard nor saw: *S. O Mary, at the window* †
O saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border? . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
S. O where did ye get †
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
"I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
When first her bonie face I saw; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd, *Tam Samson's El., 8.*
"I saw the hattle sair and tengh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man . . . . . *Ib.*
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man: . . . . . *Ib.*
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
And dire the discord Langside saw, . *The Dean of Fac..*
He saw her days were near hand ended,
The Death of Mailie.
And wha is't never saw that? . *The Election Ballads. II.*
A House o' Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that. . . . . *Ib.*
Saw ye e'er sic troggin? . . . . . *Ib. IV.*
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
A place where body saw na'; . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, In state preside.
The Hermit.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted; . . . . *Ib.*
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me, . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. *S. The Laddies by* †
He saw mischief was brewin'; . . *The Ordination. 8.*
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd nva. . . *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight. . . *The Twa Herds. 7.*
And by my ingle-lowe I saw, . . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good. [v.A.4] . . . *Ib.*
The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A.4] . . . *Ib.*
"I saw thee seek the sounding shore, . . *Ib. D. II. 13.*
'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar, Struck thy young eye. *Ib.*
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love.
Ib. 14.
'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys, And lonely stalk, *Ib. 15.*
'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, . . . *Ib. 17.*
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, . *To a Mouse.*
Before I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blithe and gay, . . . *To Clarinda.*
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She took the wing like fire! . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
And saw me once supremely blest, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; . . . *To W. Creech.*
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', . *What ails ye now* †
I saw they were resolved a' On my oppression. . . *Ib.*
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ailed me, . *S. When first I saw* †
An' ay my heart came to my mou,
When ne'er a body heard or saw. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Sawin [sowing].
'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin? *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.*

Sawmont *v.* **Saumont.**

Sawney [Sandy, Alexander].
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
The Kirk's Alarm. 7.

Sax [six]. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
A Gude New-Year † *10.*
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', . . . *Ib. 11.*
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, ... *Ib. 15.*
Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.*
There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, *S. O gin ye were dead* †
I had sax owsen in a plengh, . . *S. O gude ale comes* †

Saxon. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, *A Fragment. 7.*

Saxpence [sixpence].
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; *Auld comrade* †

Say. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
What ance he says, he winna break it; . . . . *Ib. 5.*
But that's a word I need na say: . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Or say ye wisdom want, or fire, . . . *A Dream. 5.*
I canna say but they do gailies; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Say you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I've heard my rev'rend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray, . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! . . . *Ib. 6.*

My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say I wish thee well. . . . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †

I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem. . . . . *Ib.*

That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

We darena weel say't, tho' we ken wha's to blame,
S. By yon castle wa' †

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt he mine,
Say, thou lo'es naae before me; *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*

At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.

' Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; . . *Ib. 11.*

And says, ' Ye needna yoke the pleugh, . . *Ib. 24.*

Who says that fool alone is not thy due, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

I'll no say, men are villains a'; *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*

(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes. *Ep. to Davie. S.*

' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad!
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? . *Epit. on Miss Lewars.*

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.

Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, *S. Had I the wyte* †

Syne, say I was a fautor. . . . . *Ib.*

But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel: . . . . . *Halloween. S.*

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
'Will ye go wi' me Grannie? . . . . *Ib. 13.*

And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee. . . . . *Ib. 18.*

Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day! *Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birth-day.*

Says, I'll he wed come o't what will, *S. In simmer when* †

Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; *Jenny M'Craw.*

They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it be so,
S. John Anderson †

As I hear sindry say, O; . . . *Katharine Jaffray.*

And say thou'lt be my dearie O? *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †

Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
S. Last May a braw wooer †

And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
Lns on a Ploughman.

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, *S. My Collier Laddie.*

Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her O. *S. My love she's but a lassie* †

Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee."
S. O saw ye bonie L. †

Say, was thy little mate unkind, . *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †

I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
How much, how dear I love thee. *S. O were I on Parnass.* †

Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleagnin
On Grose's Peregrinations.

I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. . . . *Ib.*

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him? . *S. One fond kiss* †

Sndh thy bloom! did I say, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, - - -
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed. . *Poor Mailie's El.*

Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To yon the dotard [Time] has a deal to say,
Prologue, at Th., D..

The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day," . . *Ib.*

Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
Remorse. A Frag..

Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof.

Says [Mansfield] the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel? . . . . . *Reproof by Himself.*

Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'. . *S. Sae flaxen* †

And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'. . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

What says she, my dearest, my Phely? [*re.*]
S. Saw ye my Phely.

Wink hard, and say, "The folks bae done their best."
Scots Prologue.

But—what'll ye say! . . . . *Searching auld* †

Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, *Second Ep. to Davie.*

They flatter, she says, to deceive me, . . *S. Tam Glen.*

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten; . . . *Ib.*

They [his looks] say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie. . . *That there is falsehood* †

Say, such is royal George's will,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The Brigs of Ayr. S.

Were ye hut here, what would ye say or do! . . *Ib. 9.*

As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little, . *Ib. 10.*

I must needs say, comparisons are odd. . . . *Ib.*

' And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

And meikle he wad say. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel, ... *Ib.*

The billie is gettin his questions,
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn. . . . *Ib. III.*

I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Sma' need has he to say a grace, . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

And ay she wist na what to say;
S. The lass that made the bed.

I've little to say, but only to pray, . *S. The Sons of old K..*

Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

She had na will to say him na: . *S. There was a lass* †

But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

I canna say hut ye strunt rarely, . . . *To a Louse.*

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

'As lang's the Muses dinna fail
'To say the grace.' . . *To J. S., 2d.*

Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair, . . . *Ib. 29.*

Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, . *To W. Simpson.*

And winna say owre far for thrice, . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

But fegs, the Session says I maun . . *What ails ye now* †

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence!'
Why am I loth †

Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me, *S. Will ye go and marry* †

And the Priest shall say, Amen. . . . . *Ib.*

Lassie, say thou lo'es me; . *S. Wilt thou be my dearie* †

Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refnse me: . . . . . *Ib.*

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Saying, -in.

Were sayin or takin aught amiss:. *Kind Sir, I've read* †

An' saying aye or no's they bid him: *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's *To J. Kennedy.*

Say'st.

Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!' . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*

Scab. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,
Wi' bitter claw, *Add. to the Deil. 18.*

Highland scab and hunger; *Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.*

Scale. Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

Scan.

Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn..

Scan, *to.* Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman; *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*

Scandal.

What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal;
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Scandal-potion.
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Scandinavian.
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth . *S. Caledonia.*

Scant. For Kings are unco scant ay, . . *A Dream. 14.*
Disconnt what scant occasion gave, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a sannt,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Poor tenant-bodies, scant o' cash, . . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Scant [scarcity, scantness].
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. *S. Here's to thy health* †
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Scanty. Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state: . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense; *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*
For her too scanty once of room! . . . *The Lament.*
How little of life's scanty span may remain; *S. The lazy mist* †
There, in thy scanty mantle clad, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal - - -
'Wi' chearfu' face, ... *To J. S., 24.*

Scar [a cliff; a mark; a wound].
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar. . *A Winter Night. 3.*
And mark'd with many a seamy scar: *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; . . *Halloween. 25.*
Let other heroes boast their scars, . . . *Nature's Law.*
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Scar, *to* **[to scare].**
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me; . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*

Scarce. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
I've scarce heard aught describ'd sae weel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce through the feathers; *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
A trifle scarce worthy your care; . *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where . . *To J. S., 29.*

Scarcely. But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony. *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute; *Extem. to an Intimate.*
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied. *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg, . *The Inventory.*
They scarcely left to coor their fnds,
To quench their lowan drouth, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Scar'd, they scar'd at blows *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Scar'd from its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw: . . . *To W. Creech.*

Scarlet. In silks an' scarlets glitter; . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
S. The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Scathe [*v. also* **Skaith**].
then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole.
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.

Scatter.
That scatters blight in early spring? . *As on the banks* †
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Scattered, -'d.
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing *Lament for Glencairn.*
And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; *S. Now bank and brae* †
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . *S. The gloomy night* †
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
S. The small birds rejoice †
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Scaud [to scald].
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches! *Add. to the Deil.*
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, ... *Ib.*

Scauldin [scolding].
Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad, . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Scaur [a stream in Nithsdale].
Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, *The Whistle. 4.*

Scaur [apt to be scared].
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur. . *Add. to the Deil.*

Scawl [scold].
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl *Add. to the Deil. 18.*

Scene.
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear! . *Despondency, an Ode.*
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
The hero of the mimic scene, ... *Ib.*
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene, ... *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
this scene of peace and love, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
I view the solemn scene around, . . . *On Lincluden.*
And all the splendid scene's decayed; . . . . *Ib.*
When flow'ry May adorns the scene, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
The pride of all the flowery scene, . . . *Ib., Sett II.*
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave. . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew; [*pr.*] *S. Scenes of woe* †
O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, *Scots Prologue.*
Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, *Ib. 19.*
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L...
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
S. The gloomy night †
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay, . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
Does the sober bed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn! . . . . *The Lament.*
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
S. The lazy mist †
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, . *To Chloris.*
Twin'd amorons round the raptur'd scene:
To Mary in Heaven.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, . . . *Ib.*
I conrt, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care! . . . . *To Ruin.*
Eden scenes on crystal Jed, ... *To W. Creech.*
I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene;
V.s, under Grief.
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? *Why am I loth* †
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Scent.
How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hne
When pu'd and worn a common toy! *S. I do confess* †

Scent, *to.*
And, drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning. . . *S. A Rosebud by* †

Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air, . . *A Vision.*
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Scented. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.
S. Afton Water.

Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bowers; *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
The scented breezes round us blaw, . *S. Now rosy May* †
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms
The scented groves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
S. The Contented Cottager.
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, *S. When o'er the hill* †

Sceptic. Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's hays. *The Vision. D. II. 6.*

Scepter'd. A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances: *S. Lovely Davies.*
There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Sceptre. Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
On Window at Stirling.
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
The Election Ballads. V.

Scheme.
'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
'To stap or scar me; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
S. My father was a farmer †
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Second Ep. to Davie.
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town . *The Election Ballads. I.*
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley, ... *To a Mouse.*
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil; . . . . . *Winter.*
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Scho [she]. Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, [*re.*]
S. There was a lad †

Scholar.
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar; *The Twa Dogs.*

School. I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool, *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.
Ye Manchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither, . . *Epit. on a Wag.*
Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge: . *The Holy Fair. 19.*
An' I held awa to the school; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools, . . *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

School-boy. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. . *To J. S., 15.*

School-fellow.
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, *Auld comrade,* †

Schulin [schooling].
Gie him the schulin of your weans; . *On a Schoolmaster.*

Science.
Seeks Science in her coy abode. . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
An' in the depth of science mir'd, . . *Auld comrade* †
Mankind is a science defies definitions. *Frag., inscr. to Fox.*
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Where every science—every nobler art
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Scoff. Which fools may scoff at; . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Scoffingly. Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should be scoffingly slight it.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Scolding.
I married with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November; . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Scone [a kind of bread, thinner than a bannock].
In souple scones, the wale o' food! . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . . . *Ib.* 21.

A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Sconner [loathing].
Or fricassee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner, . . *To a Haggis.*

Sconner, *to* **[to loathe].**
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
Until they sconner. . . . *To J. S., 22.*

Scorch'd.
But love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry. *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Scorching. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones; *John Barleycorn.*
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray; *S. O were my love* †
saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
I'm scorching up so shallow, ... *Ib.*

Score.
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! *The Death of Mailie.*
Or buy a score o' hairds, man? . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
For then I had a score o' kye, *The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
And there I had three score o' yowes, ... *Ib.*
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . *To W. Creech.*
On the same sicker score I mentioned before,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
We set nought to their score: . *The Election Ballads. V.*
I see by ilka score and line, . . *S. There was a lad* †

Scorn. And hear the scorn that's in her e'e!
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn; . *S. Behold, my love* †
Then it was thy hour of scorn; . . . *Blue Bonnets.*
Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn? . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, *On Window of C. Inn, F..*
sore I feel All others' scorn . . . *Reply to a Reproof.*
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
The lalland laws he held in scorn: *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
My vows and tears her scorn excite . . *To Clarinda.*
And ye will dree the scorn, lassie; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Scorn, *to.*
I scorn him [death] yet again! *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
I ken they scorn my low estate. *S. Here's to thy health* †
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
S. No Churchman am I †
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn.
S. O bonie was you rosy †
Ye'se never scorn me. . . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Man with all his powers you scorn; *On scaring Water-fowl*
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave. . . . . *Ib.*
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Tam o' Shanter. 11.
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laurent scorns: . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Scorn'd. I scorn'd to lie; . . { *Ep. to J. R., 9.* / *What ails ye now* †

Scorner. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest.'
In vain wild Prudence †

Scornful, -fu'.
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad, . . . *The 1st Ps..*
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer . . *The Hermit.*
Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy queen; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Looks down, wi' sneering scornfu' view
On sic a dinner? . . . *To a Haggis.*
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! *S. Young Jamie* †

Scorning.
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . *To J. S., 15.*

Scorpion.
Love grasps its scorpioos—stifled they expire; *To Clarinda.*
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Scot. Ob! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . *On Miss Scott.*
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, *Scotch Drink. 16.*
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew no higher praise. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's blood rising hot,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran; . . *Ib. 13.*
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry; . . *The Dean of Fac..*
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, ... *Ib.*
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Scotch. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
A Guid New-year † *10.*
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, *On dining with Daer.*
My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
Ronald's of Bennals.
I sing the juice Scotch hear can mak us, . *Scotch Drink.*
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! . . *Ib.*
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
To W. Creech.

Scotchman. But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Scotia. Edina! Scotia's darling seat! *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes! . . *Ib. 6.*
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: . . . . . *Ib. 7.*
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
The bealsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: . . . *Ib. 13.*
From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, *Ib. 19.*
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! . . . *Ib. 20.*
O never, never Scotia's realm desert, . . . *Ib. 21.*
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, . . *The Farewell.*
To Masonry and Scotia dear! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
Old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
They Scotia's Race among them share; . *Ib. D. II. 4.*
And leave auld Scotia's shore? . . . *To Mary.*
Before I leave Scotia's strand. . . . . *Ib.*
Mark Scotia's fond returniog eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn. . . . *V.s below Picture.*
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . *V.s under Grief.*
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander. . . *S. When wild War's* †

Scotish *v.* **Scottish.**

Scotland.
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' . *A Fragment. 7.*
May twin auld Scotland o' a life . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Toothache. *Add. to Toothache.*
'Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
'Thro' Scotland wide; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word. *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand; . . *S. It was a' for* †
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland! . . . *John Barleycorn.*
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Mann lie in prison strang. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland, ... *Ib.*
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
On Window at Stirling.
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes. . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, . . *Ib. 16.*
Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . . . *Ib. 19.*
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, ... *Ib. 4.*
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle; . . . *Ib. 7.*
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs. . . . *Ib. 12.*
Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle! . . . *Ib. 15.*
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue; . . . *Ib. 22.*
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies, . . . *Ib. P.*
Scotland, my auld, respected Mither! . . . . *Ib.*
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major? . . *The Fête Champetre.*
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
The League and Covenant.
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . *The Twa Dogs.*
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, . . . *Ib.*
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring,
The Whistle.
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, . *Ib.*
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] . . *To a Haggis.*
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings, . *To W. Simpson.*
To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
S. True hearted was he †
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language].
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get,†
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; . . *Sketch.*
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; . . *Ib. 9.*
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), . . *Ib. 15.*
Her auld Scots heart was true; *The Election Ballads. I.*
In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, braid story:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Scottish, Scotish.
"To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. *As on the banks* †
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
S. Contented wi' little,†
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! *Scots Prologue.*

Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
Scots Prologue.
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame, . . . *S. The Union.*
Fareweel even to the Scotish name, ... *Ib.*
I took her for some Scottish Muse
By that same token; . *The Vision. D. I. 9.*
Still, as in Scottish story read, . . . *Ib. D. I. 15.*
Was brought to the court of our good Scotish King,
The Whistle.
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
To Miss Graham.
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . *To W. Simpson.*
Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern; . *V.s. below Picture.*

Scoundrel.
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Scour'd. Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
The Twa Dogs. 6.

Scourge.
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore:
S. Caledonia.
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges hear! . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The burden I must hear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
S. The Slave's Lament.
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai! The Vowels.*

Scowl.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
On Death of fav. Child.

Scowl, *to.*
Around me scowls a wintry sky, . *S. Forlorn, my Love†*

Scowling.
She sees the scowling tempest fly: . *S. The gloomy Night†*

Scow'r. Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
To pass the time, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Scraichan [screaming].
Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*

Scrap. Here's a little wadset
Buittles scrap o' truth, *The Election Ballads, IV.*

Scrape.
The hungry bike did scrape and pike *S. Amang the trees†*
Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.

Scraper.
A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Scrapin'.
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Scrapings.
Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 22.*

Scrawl. Sae I've begun to scrawl,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 7.

Scream.
Is drowned amid the mournful scream, . . *On Lincluden.*

Scream, *to.*
Scream your discordant joys; . *On Death of Lap-dog.*

Screaming.
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
S. Afton Water.

Screeching.
Ye jarring screeching things around, *On Death of Lap-dog.*

Screed [a tear, a rent].
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
"Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
The Holy Fair. 4.
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Screed, *to* **[to repeat glibly].**
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwalling. . . . *The Inventory.*

Screen. Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Screen, *to.*
Tho' glory's name may screen us; *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
That sunny walls from Boreas screen, *S. On Cessnock banks†*
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest: . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our country Gentry; . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
And hirks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Screen'd.
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs. *Nature's Law*

Screw. And [Heaven] screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, *The Ordination. 7.*

Screw'd.
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Screw'd-up.
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; . *The Holy Fair. 10.*

Scribble.
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 7.*

Scriechan [screeching].
An' scriechan out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Scriegh [to cry shrilly].
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
A Gude New-Year† 8.

Scrievin, Scrivin' [gliding easily, swiftly, gleesomely].
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin, . . . *Halloween. 24.*
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee. . . *Scotch Drink. 5.*
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
An' fash nae mair. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Scrimgeour. Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Scrimp [to scant, pinch, limit].
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.

Scrimpet [scanty].
To mak amends for scrimpet stature, . . *To J. S., 3.*

Scrimply [scantily].
Till half a leg was scrimply seen; . *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Scripture. Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6] . . *Ib.*
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*

Scrivin' *v.* **Scrievin.**

Scroggam.
There was a wife woun'd in Cockpen, Scroggam; [*re.*]
S. Scroggam.
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*

Scroggie [bushy].
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie. . *S. What will I do gin†*

Scrub.
He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, . *The Twa Herds. 8.*

Scud. Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way; *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar. . *The Vision. D. I. 14.*

Sculduddry [a ludicrous term denoting fornication].
Sculduddry and he will be there;
The Election Ballads. III.

Scull. But build a castle on his head,
His scull will prop it under. . *Epig. on Coxcomb.*

Sculpture. Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Sculpture, *to.*
We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Monody, on a Lady.

Sculptur'd.
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
El. on Capt. M. H., 16.
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

Scymitar.
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Scythe. An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart, . . *Ib. 15.*
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, ... *Ib. 18.*

Sea. Then up they gat the maskin-pat
And in the sea did jaw, man ; . . *A Fragment.*
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry. [*re.*] . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
up amang thae lakes and seas . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
While waters wimple to the sea ; . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;
S. Caledonia.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea, *S. Come boat me o'er.*
'True Sal-marinum o' the seas ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.*
There's wooden walls upon our seas, *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †
Who mad'st the sea and shore, . *Grace after Dinner.*
He's on the seas to meet the foe ? *S. How can my poor heart* †
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away, [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
And now what seas between us roar, *S. How lang and dreary* †
I faught at land, I faught at sea, . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ; *S. My bonie Mary.*
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea. [*re.*] . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Auld Aire ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas ; . . . . *One night as I* †
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
S. Out over the Forth †
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
S. Should auld acquaintance †
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, *S. The Banks of Nith* †
My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb..*
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. . *Ib. 8.*
And I maun cross the raging sea ; *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
They banish'd him beyond the sea, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France, *The Twa Herds. 10.*
Here, rivers in the sea were lost ; . *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
The Whistle. 4.
Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar ; *S. There was a bonie Lass* †
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . *S. To daunton me.*
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, *S. Where Cart rins* †
Or still the tumult of the raging sea : . *Why am I loth* †

Sea-fowl.
While flitting Sea-fowls round me cry, *S. Behold the hour* †

Sea-way.
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ; *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*

Seal.
While many a kiss the seal imprest, *S. By Allan stream* †
Humid seal of soft affections, . . . *To a Kiss.*

Seal, *to.*
And on thy lips I seal my vow, *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet,* †
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. *To Miss Graham.*

Sealed, -'d.
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . *S. O were my love* †
Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose ; . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
The Brigs of Ayr.
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter, . . . *The Fête Champetre.*
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause
The League and Covenant.

Seam. Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
What ails ye now †

Seam'd. Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout ; [v.A.16]
Tam o' Shanter.

Seamy.
And mark'd with many a seamy scar : *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*

Search.
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Search, *to.*
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
Monody, on a Lady.

Search'd. But vain they search'd when off I march'd
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI

Searching. Searching auld wives' barrels
Och, ho ! the day ! . . *Searching auld* †

Season.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, *S. Bonie Bell.*
We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
Impromptu.
Round and round the seasons go : . . *S. Let not woman* †
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
And life's poor season peaceful spend. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. *Scotch Drink. 14.*
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
'Twas in that season ; . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
His English style, and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season. . . . *The Holy Fair. 15.*
Beauty's of a fading nature,
Has a season, and is gane. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Seat. At my right hand assign'd your seat, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't ; . . . . *Ib.*
Edina ! Scotia's darling seat ! . . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad, . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Second. (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
He, who bore in heaven the second name,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Or nobly die, the second glorious part : . . . *Ib. 21.*

Second sight. (The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet) *To Terraughty.*

Second-sighted.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Secrecy.
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre. *S. The Sons of old K..*

Secret. A secret word or twa, man ; . *A Fragment. 8.*
" Or canker worm wi' secret sting ? . *As on the banks* †
But there is ane, a secret ane, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer. . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs ? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer. . . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious : *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation : . . *The Holy Fair. Mott.*
My secret heart's exulting boast ? . . *The Lament. 4.*

Secret.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish ; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Nor give the coward secret breath. . . . *Liberty.*
Yet I love my love in secret, . . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace ; *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
The Henpecked Husband.
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish ; . . *S. The last time I* †

Secure. The scatt'red coveys meet secure, *S. The gloomy night* †
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form : . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Secure in valour's station; . . . . *S. The Union.*
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. *To R. G. of F..*

Secure, *to.* Still anxious to secure your partial favor,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Could I the rich reward secure, *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Securely.
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Sedge. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
El. on Miss Burnet.

See. He downa see a poor man want; . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, . . . *Ib. 12.*
May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see, . . . *A Dream.*
Is sure an uncouth sight to see, ... *Ib.*
I see ye're complimented thrang, ... *Ib. 2.*
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, . *S. A Rosebud by* †
And, hy the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, ... *A Vision.*
See stern Oppression's iron grip, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailins. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
I see the Sire of Love on high, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his [Autumn's] bounty fed. *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup; . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! *Ib.*
Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
See Social-life and Glee sit down, ... *Ib. 5.*
Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
"When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
"Their woody picture in my tide: . *As on the banks* †
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . *Auld comrade* †
Sae shortly you shall see me bright, . . . *Ib.*
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story, ... *Ib.*
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him waukeu: . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me. . . . . *Ib.*
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! . *S. Come boat me o'er* †
I see the spreading leaves and flowers, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie; . . . . . *Ib.*
To see thee in another's arms, - - 'Twill he my dead, . *Ib.*
tak care o' skaith, See, there's a gully!
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart, . . *Ib. 15.*
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, . . . *Ib.*
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride. . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
To see how things are shar'd; . . . . . *Ib. 2.*
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year: . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, . . *Ib. 7.*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.*
Poor silly body see him; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Your hrnnstane devilship I see
Has got him there before ye; . . . . . *Ib.*
I care na by how few may see, . *S. First when Maggy* †
I could write,—but Meg maun see't, ... *Ib.*
How can I see him die! . . . . . *Fragment.*
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
Friend of the poet †
An' Jean, had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night. . . . . *Halloween. 8.*
In hopes to see Tam Kipples . . . . *Ib. 21.*
My dear, I'll come and see thee; *S. Here's to thy health,* †

See yonder rose-bush, rich in dew, . *S. I do confess* †
And see my bonie Jean again. . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again! . . . . *Ib.*
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree, *S. It was the charming* †
"Why did I live to see that day? . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Ill may we never see! . . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
Fy, hring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her w-t-r; . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
See how she fetches at the thrapple, ... *Ib.*
Asham'd himself to see the wretches, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Lns extm. in Lady's Pocket-book.
I see the children of affliction,
Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Let great folks hear and see. . *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.*
But see him on the edge of life, *Man was made to Mourn.*
See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile, ... *Ib.*
And see his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn, ... *Ib. 8.*
But did you see my dearest Phillis,
In simplicity's array; . . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
I'll never see him back again. *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
S. No Churchman am I †
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor: *S. O Mary, at thy* †
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see! . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair; . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
S. Oh, open the door, †
I start and see The ruined sad reality, . . *On Lincluden.*
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, *On dining with Daer.*
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, . . . *Ib.*
But wad ye see him in his glee, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And Then ye'll see him! . . . . *Ib.*
Those smiles and glances let me see,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see! . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
To see her, is to love her, . . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: *S. O this is no my ain* †
I see thee dancing o'er the green, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; *S. O whare did ye get* †
Syne up the hack-style, and let naebody see, *S. O whistle,* †
And Rob and Allan came to see; . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
But to see her, was to love her, . . *S. One fond kiss,* †
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup! . . *Scotch Drink. 10.*
When skirlin weanies see the light. . . . *Ib. 12.*
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power, *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
I see the old, bald-pated fellow, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, ... *Ib.*
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
I see the flowers and spreading trees, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Care, mad to see a man sae happy, *S. Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
I see her yet, the sonsy quean, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
To see her sittan on her arse
Low i' the dust, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Thus dung in staves, ... *Ib. 9.*
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet, . . . *Ib. 11.*

Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.*
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise; . . . . *Ib. P.*
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him; . . . . *Ib.*
To see the woodbine twine, *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.*
When shall I see that honour'd land, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Or did the hattle see, man. *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods . . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; . . *Ib. 5.*
To see each melancholy alteration; . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle. . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame . . . *Ib. 7.*
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; . . . *Ib. 8.*
in the way His Wisdom sees the best, . . . *Ib. 18.*
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. . *The Dean of Fac..*
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
The Election Ballads. II.
And ye shall see me try him. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war, ... *Ib.*
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles
I'll never see thee more! . . . . *The Farewell.*
I see it driving o'er the plain; . *S. The gloomy night* †
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly: . . . . . *Ib.*
Then in we go to see the show, . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
See, up he's got the word o' G—, ... *Ib. 16.*
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
See the smoking bowl before us, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
I see the hours, in long array, . . . *The Lament.*
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . *S. The last time I* †
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; . *S. The lovely lass* †
Their graves are growing green to see; . . . . *Ib.*
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . *The Ordination. 7.*
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city! . . . . *Ib. 11.*
See, how she peels the skin an' fell, . . . *Ib. 12.*
To see them come round me with prattling noise,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the harley. . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
S. The Slave's Lament.
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low! . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad he fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. *S. The Taylor fell* †
I didna trow, I'd see my jo . . *S. The tither morn* †
Did least expect, To see my lad sae near me. . . *Ib.*
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there, *The Tree of Liberty.*
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man; . . . . . *Ib.*
And grat to see it thrive, man; . . . . . *Ib.*
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him. . *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
But then, to see how ye're negleket. . . . *Ib. 12.*
I see how folk live that hae riches; . . . *Ib. 14*
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them. . . . *Ib. 20.*
To learn bon ton and see the worl'. . . . *Ib. 22.*
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
The Twa Herds. 3.
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't, ... *Ib. 9.*
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A. 4] . *The Vision. D. I.*
At last her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . *S. The weary Pund.*
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"
The Whistle.
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. . *Ib. 13.*
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.
S. There grows a bonie †
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, *S. There was a lad* †
I see by ilka score and line, ... *Ib.*
Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, *There's naethin like* †
I scarce could wink or see a styme; . . . . . *Ib.*
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never.
S. Thou hast left me †
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, . . *To a Haggis.*
Poor devil! see him owre his trash, ... *Ib.*
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us! . . . *To a Louse.*
An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! *To a Mouse.*
That is the thing you ee'er shall see, . *S. To daunton me.*
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you; . . . *To J. S.*
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, ... *Ib. 13.*
I see ye upward cast your eyes . . . . *Ib. 28.*
See wha taks notice o' the bard! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
(Though glad I'm to see't, man), . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart; . . . . . *To Ruin.*
See him, the poor man's friend in need, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour, . . . *To W. Creech.*
An' stay ae month amang the Muses
An' see them right. *To W. Simpson. P.S..*
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch! . . . . . *Ib.*
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
S. Wandering Willie.
To see the rose and woodbine twine; *S. Ye banks and braes* †
The slighted maids my torments see, . *S. Young Jamie,* †
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . . . . . *Ib.*

See'd [saw].

Sometime when nae ane see'd him, . . *Halloween. 17.*

Seedsman.

Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

Seeing. But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.
The Poor Thresher.

Seek.

Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, *A Bard's Epit.*
Seeks Science in her coy abode. . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share, *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure: . *S. Come let me take* †
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
There seek my lost repose, . . . *S. Had I a cave* †
'I daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul Thief, onie place, . . *Halloween. 14.*
Ithers seek they kenna what, . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss't it yet. . *S. My Love she's but* †
We seek but little, L—, from thee; . *New Psalmody.*
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. *On Lincluden.*
Swiftly seek on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs; *On scaring Water-fowl*
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
If he some scheme, like tea an' winoocks,
Wad kindly seek. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, . . *Ib. P.*
An' [Rattons] seek the benmost bore:
The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
'I saw thee seek the sounding shore, *The Vision. D. II. 13.*
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, *To a Louse.*

To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain ;
S. True hearted was he †

Or downward seek the Iodian mine ;
S. Twas even—the dewy †

At noon the fisher seeks the glen, *S. When o'er the hill* †
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. *S. Where are the joys* †
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Seem.

Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, *S. Here's to thy health* †
A heart that warmly seems to feel ; . *S. O leave novels* †
tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, . . *Scots Prologue.*
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast, . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me ; *The Holy Fair. 4.*
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care ?
S. The small bids rejoice †
My griefs it seems to join ; . . . . . *Winter.*

Seem'd. Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', ... *Ib. S.*
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ; *Man was made to Mourn.*
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
S. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known Land. *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern. [v.A.4] . . . . *Ib.*
While hack recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] . . . . *Ib.*
All nature list'ning seem'd the while, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Seeming.

Nay, what are priests ? those seeming godly wise men :
Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.

A robe of seeming truth and trust *The Holy Fair. Mott.*
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar. *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair ; . . . *Ib. D. II.*
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity : *Tragic Frag.*

Seen. An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it, . . *A Dream. 15.*
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie *A Guid New-Year* †
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, ... *Ib. 2.*
As a' the priests had seen me get thee *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
"Ye might hae seen me in my pride, . *As on the banks* †
But lately seen, in gladsome green, . *S. But lately seen* †
'Twill be my dead, that will be seen, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
And morning Poossie whiddan seen, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 10.*
And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
Are a' seen thro' . . . . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab ! [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.

As honie Lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw, . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I' th' braes o' Killiecrankie O. . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
And the days are awa that we hae seen ; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
"I've seen sae mony changefu' years, *Lament for Glencairn.*
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †

"By G—d I'll not be seen behint them, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, *Lns, on Back of Bank Note.*
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ; *Man was made to mourn. 3.*
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy ; . . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
When rising Phœbus first is seen, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonie a lass or as braw, . . *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil ? *Tam Samson's El..*
"But had ye seen the philibegs *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
The Catrine woods were yellow seen, *S. The Catrine woods* †
Or were more in fury seen, Sir, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
I've seen the day and sae hae ye,
Ve wadna been sae donsie, O.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose.
S. The deuks dang o'er.
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of n' the parishen. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
"But yet I canna name ye." . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry : . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
This poor man was seen to go early to work,
S. The Poor Thresher.
O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen ;
S. The Posie.
O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us, . . . *S. The Union.*
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ; *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,
S. There grows a bonie †
At kirk and market to be seen ; *S. There was a lass, and* †
I've seen me daez't upon a time ; . *There's naethin like* †
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . . *To J. S., S.*
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Wi' girnan spite, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
There ruminate with sober thought ;
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought !
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Seer. Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Seest. See'st thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends ?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ? . *To Mary in Heaven.*

Seine.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ; . *To W. Simpson.*

Selsin. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Seize. Some devils seize them in a hurry, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
S. How pleasant the banks †
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath ; . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Fell Despair my fancy seizes, . . *S. Raving winds* †
Haud up thy han' Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, seize the blinkers ! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Like winter on me seizes, . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

Seizan [seizing].

An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
Seizan a Stell, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.*

Seized. Dulness, with redoubled sway Has seized the wits of
Symon Gray †

Sel, Sel', Sell [self].

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Yet crooning to a hody's sel,
Does weel eneugh. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 8.*
A' forbye my honie sel', ... *S. Gat ye me* †
My Muse maun be thy honie sell ; *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Thy rural loves are nature's sel ; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'.
S. There's a youth †
Let's sing about our noble sels ; . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
I could wish nae man to get ye,
Save it were my very sel. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Seldom. Jenny's seldom dry, . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †
To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
El. on Death of R. Ruiss..
She's [the Muse's] seldom lazy. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke ;
The Poor Thresher.
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion. *S. The sons of old Killie.*

Selected.
A bard was selected to witness the fray, *The Whistle. 11.*
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee, . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Self. If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted ! *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
O Thou, whose very self art love ! . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
And, by thy beauteous self I swear, . *S. Fairest maid* †
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Remorse. A Frag..
And still his precious self his dear delight : . *Sketch.*
But all the soul of Music's self was heard?
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
By your dear self !—the last great oath I swear,
To Clarinda.

Self-approving. And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part; . . . *To Chloris.*

Self-conceited.
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
As dead's a herrin' : *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw; . . *To W. Creech.*

Self-controul.
Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root. . . *A Bard's Epit.*

Self-dependent. Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Self-enjoyment.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Self-respecting.
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art : *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*

Selfish.
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! *A Winter Night. 8.*
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.*
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. . *Sketch.*
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
With sober selfish ease they sip it up : . *To R. G. of F., 7.*
O ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer ! . . *Ib. 9.*
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Sell *v.* **Sel.**

Sell, *to.*
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon, *S. O gude ale comes* †
An' for to sell his fiddle . . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy, . *S. The Contented Cottager.*
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin. . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*
O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us, . . . *S. The Union.*
There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell.
S. There's news, lasses †
And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him ; . . *To W. Creech.*
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
S. What can a yng lassie †

Sell't, -'d [sold].
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . *A Gude New-Year* † *15.*
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane ; . *S. O gude ale comes* †

Semple-folk [folk of humble station].
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen ; . *S. Gane is the day* †

Sen' [send].
My kindest, best respects I sen' it, . *Auld comrade* †
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †

Senate.
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand, *The Vision. D. II. 5.*

Send.
will send him linkan, To your black pit ; *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
And send us from thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head ! . . . *At Globe Tav., D..*
'Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's. . *Ep. to J. R.*
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory, . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
We'll send him a year to the College yet ; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
And send my laddie back again.
S. My Harry was a gallant †
And send him safe hame to his babie and me.
S. O whare did ye get †
I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes. . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
The fumes of wine infuriate send ; . *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
And send me safe my Somebody. . . . *S. Somebody.*
An' send him to his dicing box,
An' sportin lady. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
S. The bonie Lass of Alb..
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And she wad send the sodger lad, [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
But I will send to London town
Whom I like best at hame. . . . . *Ib.*
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. . . . *Ib. III.*
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, ... *Ib. VI.*
Or will we send a man-o'-law ?
Or will we send a sodger? . . *The Fête Champetre.*
I send you here a faithfu' list, . . . *The Inventory.*
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, *The Vision. D. II. 17.*
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall *The Whistle.*
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
I send you more than India boasts
To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw : . . . . . *Winter.*

Sending, -in.
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land ! *A Winter Night. 7.*
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack : . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Senegal.
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
S. The Slave's Lament.

Sense. I am nae Poet, in a sense, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 9.*
Wha thiok that havins, sense an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack ! . , . *Ib. 20.*
'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, *Ib., Ap. 21st, 13.*
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye. . . . . *S. O Tibbie* †
I wat she was a sheep o' sense, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Ronalds of Bennals.
His solid sense—by inches you must tell, . . *Sketch.*
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense
Like haflins-wise o'ercomes him At times *The Holy Fair. 17.*
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ! . . . . . *Ib.*

That what is no sense must be nonsense. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error. . . . . *Ib.*

Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. . . . . *Ib.*

For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
The Ordination. Mott.

Each man of sense has it so full before him,
The Rights of Woman.

If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

M'Q—e's pathetic manly sense, . *The Twa Herds. 17.*

Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
The Whistle. 10.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste, . . *To Chloris.*

A creeping cauld prosaic fog
My very senses doited. . . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

My senses wad be in a creel, . . . *To W. Simpson.*

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that ; *S. Women's Minds.*

Senseless. When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Thy senseless turf adorn !
Extem. on Comments of Thomson.

Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: *S. Green grow the Rashes.*

The senseless gawky million ; . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Lies, senseless of each tugging hitch's son. *To R. G. of F., 6.*

Sensibility.

But spare poor Sensibility
The ungentle, harsh rebuke. . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ; . *S. Sensibility* †

Sent. In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye Frae Care . *A Dream. 9.*

May never worse be sent ; . . *A Grace before Dinner.*

I've sent you here by Johny Simson,
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! *Auld comrade* †

'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.

A Something to have sent you, . *Ep. to Young Friend.*

I've sent you here, some rhymin ware, . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*

If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind ; . . *Friend of the poet* †

My mither sent me to the town, . *S. My heart was ance* †

The other day, When you sent me some rhyme, *Symon Gray* †

To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright *The Holy Fair. 12.*

Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. . *The Inventory.*

To comfort us 'twas sent, man: . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Sen't [send it].

Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, . . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*

Sentence. With ladea sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise. *S. Turn again, thou* †

Sententious. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way !
Prologue, at Th., D..

Sentiment. (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Sentimental. "Dissolve in panse—and sentimental tears
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky ;
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.

A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" *The Vision. D. I. 10.*

Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, . . *To J. S., 27.*

Sequestered, -'d.

Blest he the wild sequester'd shade, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

by a lanely, sequestered stream,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Seraph.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band, *O Thou dread Pow'r* †

The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,
On Death of fav. Child.

Or love extatic wake his seraph song. . *To Miss Graham.*

His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves. . . . *V.s, below Picture.*

Seraphic. Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Serene. May, When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*

Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
. *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Serious.

To gather matter for a serious piece ; . *Scots Prologue.*

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.

Sermon. Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon. *Ep. to Young Friend.*

Servan' [servant].

An' think na, my auld trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin, *A Guid-New year* † *17.*

I've nane in female servan' station, . *The Inventory.*

And others like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin ; *To J. S., 19.*

Servant.

I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant. *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*

Your humble servant then no more ; . . . *Ib. 16.*

And till ye come—your humble servant, *Add. of Beelzebub.*

And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.*

The King's most humble servant, I *Extem. to an Intimate.*

Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.*

lets this fleshly thorn, Beset thy servant . . . *Ib. 9.*

And horse and servants waiting ready, *S. Montgomrie's Peggy.*

Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, *S. O gude ale comes* †

Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, *Scots Prologue.*

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble: *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.*

How His first followers and servants sped;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

In your servants this is striking . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae ? . . *What ails ye now* †

Serve.

And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King an' Country weel, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

For who would humbly serve the Poor? . . *Ib. 16.*

"Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown ;
Epig. on —.

Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento ; . *Ep. to Young Friend.*

Served.

And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

And served me with due respect ;
S. The Lass that made the bed.

I've serv'd my king and country lang, *S. When wild War's* †

Service. If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ; *S. Husband, husband* †

That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie. . . *S. My bonie Mary.*

At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.

Servile.

'With all the servile wretches in the rear [of Flatt'ry],
A Winter Night. S.

By your sons in servile chains, . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †

The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Session.

Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan, . . . *What ails ye now* †

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort . . . . . *Ib.*

An' snoov'd awa' before the Session— . . . . . *Ib.*

I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',
And left the Session ; . . . . *Ib.*

Set.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*

that cursed set, I winna name, . . *The Twa Herds. 11.*

On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkan on the lasses . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*

Set, *to* [to face in a dance].

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Tam o' Shanter. 12.

Set, *to* [to set off, start].
'His only son for Hornbook sets,
'And pays him well, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*
To watch, while for the Barn she sets, . . *Halloween. 21.*

Set, *to* [to become].
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, . . *A Dream. 12.*
It sets you ill, Wi' hitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Scotch Drink. 16.

Set, *to* [*pres.*, *pt.*, and *pp.* of the verb].
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt. . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
An set weel down a shapely shank, *A Guid New-Year† 3.*
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin ; *Add. of Beelzebub.*
As dear an' near my heart I set thee *Add to Illegit. Child.*
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it. [v.A.27] *Ask why God made†*
To count her [the Moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Good claret set before thee : . . *S. Deluded swain†*
I set me down and sigh: . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
And ay she set the wheel between ; *S. Duncan Davison.*
When ye set by the wheel at e'en. . . . . *Ib.*
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
In richest ore the brightest jewel set ! . *El. on Miss Burnet.*
For care and trouble set your thought, *Ep. to Young Friend.*
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame ! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
That set him to a pint of ale, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
Here lies in earth a root of Hell,
Set by the Deil's ain dibble ; . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
Set a' their gabs a steerio ; . . . . *Halloween. 28.*
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us ; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
Sun and moon but set to rise ; . . *S. Let not woman†*
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.
Lns on Fergusson.
The sons of Belial in the Land
Did set their heads together : . . *New Psalmody.*
They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Then up he gets, and off he sets, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And Aits set up their awnie horn, . . *Scotch Drink. 3.*
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, . *Scots Prologue.*
There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them ; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
We set nought to their score : . . . . . *Ib. V.*
Redoubted Staig who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory, ... *Ib. VI.*
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free ; *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
When by the plate we set our nose. . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
The wee Apollo Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga solo.* . *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*
And set them a' in order. . . *The noble Maxwells†*
Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set ! . *The Lament.*
An' set the hairns to daud her [Common Sense]
Wi' dirt this day. . . *The Ordination. 2.*
I set her down, wi' right good will.
Amang the rigs o' barley : . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1]
The Twa Dogs. 6.
In the hands of old friendship and kindred to set,
The Whistle. 12.
How daur ye set your fit upon her, . . *To a Louse.*
My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out, . . . *Ib.*
An' set your beauties a' abread ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Do what I dought to set her free, . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
To set her name in measur'd style ; . *To W. Simpson. 7.*
set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest, . . . *Ib. 9.*

Setting.
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*
Now gay with the broad setting sun !
S. Farewell, thou fair day†
His setting beam ne'er shone upon. *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh ; *S. Oh, open the door,†*
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Settled. I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.

Settlin [settling : "gat a settlin," was frightened into quietness].
She gat a fearfu' settlin ! . . . . . *Halloween. 24.*

Sever.
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. *S. By Allan stream†*
For ever,—Oh no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever. *On Death of fav. Child.*
One fond kiss, and then we sever ; [*re.*] *S. One fond kiss,†*
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe ! . . *S. Scenes of woe†*
Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ; *S. Thou hast left me†*
tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e†

Sever'd.
Sever'd from thee, can I survive? . *S. Behold the hour†*

Several, -'ral [separate].
Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
An' each took off his several way, . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Severe. Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe, . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, Love. . *S. Forlorn, my Love,†*
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. *S. Frae the friends†*
To hear this hated doom severe ?
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe ! . . *S. Scenes of woe†*
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Severer.
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, *Monody, on a Lady.*

Sew.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
The Taylor he cam here to sew, . . *S. The Taylor†*

Sex.
She, the fair sun of all her sex, *S. Farewell, dear mistress†*
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
But clear your decks an' here's the Sex
I like the jads for a' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
in the sexes intermix'd connexion, *The Rights of Woman.*
Our Sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charged, perhaps too true ; *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour. *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Shachl't [unshapely, deformed].
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet ;
S. Last May a braw wooer†

Shackles. Nor limpet in poetic shackles ; *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Shade.
In shades of darkness hide. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled, *S. A Rosebud by†*
I shelter in thy honor'd shade. . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
"To wander in my broken shade, . *S. As on the banks†*
My age's future shade. . . . *S. Fate gave the word,†*
Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love†*
Nor even two different shades of the same [virtue],
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
All underneath the birchen shade : *S. Here is the glen,†*
When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting†
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
S. O bonie was yon rosy†
"When evening shades in silence meet, . *S. O Phely†*

Far in their shade my Peggy's charms *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, ... *Ib.*
Banishes ilk darksome shade, . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky : *Ib.*
To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it. *S. The Captain's Lady.*
from the shades of death's deep night, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] . . *Ib. D. I.*
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade, . . . *Ib. D. II. 20.*
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade ! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
O Mary ! dear, departed shade ! . *To Mary in Heaven.*
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
As thy shades of evening close, *Wr. in Friars Carse H.*
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom ! *S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams* †

Shade, *to.* The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me. *S. Afton Water.*
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonie spreading bushes. *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Shaded. "When spreading beech and tapering elm,
Shaded my streams *As on the banks* †
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun. . *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †

Shading.
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . *S. Streams that glide* †

Shadow.
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . *Sketch.*
And o'er the stream your shadows throw, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Shady. Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r. *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, *S. As I gaed up by* †
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art : . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were ; *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Shaft.
"O ! had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my benefactor low ! *Lament for Glencairn.*
But hirchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Shaird [a shred, a shard].
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them, *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Shake, *s.* And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, . *S. It was a' for* †

Shake, *to.*
Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The cudgel in my nieve did shake, . *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted ! . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
I'll langh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow ! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*
The sun a backward course shall take . . .
Ere ought thy manly courage shake ; . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake ! . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in. . . *The Twa Herds. S.*
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground :
To R. G. of F..

Shaken. Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom, *S. Gloomy December.*

Shaking, -in'. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Shakespeare. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen ! *Scots Prologue.*

Shallow.
I'm scorching up so shallow, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Shallows.
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Shame.
'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
'In Hornbook's care ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.*
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die ! *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Could I for shame refus'd her, [*re.*] . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late :
S. John Anderson, †
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame! *Man was made to Mourn.*
Shame fa' me gin I tell ; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Shame fa' the fun ; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lnmber ! . . . *Nature's Law.*
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
The Fête Champetre.
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, *S. The weary Pund.*
For me, shame fa' me, If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
To Terraughty.
For shame! gie o'er—proceed no further *V. on Nat. Thanks.*

Shame, *to.*
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Shamefu'.
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefn' death ! *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Shameless. They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Shamm'd.
Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd,
Extem. on "the Marquis."

Sha'na *v.* **Shanna.**

Shangan [a cleft stick].
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, . . *The Ordination. 2.*

Shank [the leg, the leg and foot].
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird ; . *A Guid New-year* † *3.*
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*
'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat, . . . *Ib. 11.*
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, *S. Duncan Davison.*
An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks,
On dining with Daer.
Sae hale and hearty every shank, . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, . . *To a Haggis.*
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Shank, *to* **[to go on foot].**
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, . . . *The Inventory.*

Shanna, Sha'na [shall not].
Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Misfortune sha'na steer thee ; . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †

Shape.
Her air so sweet, her shape complete, *S. As I gaed up by* †
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
'Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, . . . *Ib. 20.*
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
Could I describe her shape and mein ; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear : *S. The gloomy night* †

Shape, *to.*

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Shaped.

[Satan] shaped it [the swine stuff] something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner. . *Epig. on A. Turner.*

Shapeless. I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

"Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
"Their unknown pages." . *To J. S.. 8.*

Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Shapely.

An' set weel down a shapely shank, *A Guid New-Year † 3.*

Shapin.

An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; *S. O merry hae I been †*

Share [ploughshare].

But now the share uptears thy bed, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Share.

Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man? *A Bottle and Friend.*

by that health, I've got a share o't, *Friend of the poet † P.S.*

Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current; . . *Nature's Law.*

An angel form's faun to thy share! *S. She's fair and fause †*

And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share. . *The Election Ballads. 1.*

An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron! . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Of manhood but sma' is your share; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Not but I hae a richer share Than mony ithers;
To Dr. Blacklock.

O' nice education but sma' is her share:
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Share, *to.*

I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †*

In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares. . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

The little fate allows, they share as soon, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*

Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . *S. Fairest maid †*

For silent, low, on beds of dust,
"Lie a' that would my sorrows share. *Lament for Glencairn.*

O wilt thou share its [Nature's] joys wi' me,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †

The warld's wrack, we share o't, *S. My wife's a winsome.*

Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, *S. O Logan, sweetly †*

Thy hield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'. . *S. O wert thou in the †*

Doomed to share thy fiery fate, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

For ane that shares my bosom, . . *On W. Chalmers.*

In each bird's careless song, Glad did I share;
S. Phillis the Fair.

And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place? . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

The happy tenants share his rounds; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common: *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

My part in him thou'lt share, . . . *The Farewell.*

Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre. . *The Fête Champetre.*

Her sorrows share and make them less? . *The Lament.*

And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*

'They Scotia's Race among them share;
The Vision. D. II. 4.

For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you. . *To a Medical Gent..*

Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend. . . *To John M'Murdo.*

Shar'd.

An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*

To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd; . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*

Sharin't [sharing it].

Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgom.'s Peggy.

Sharp.

Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . *A Winter Night.*

They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, S.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, *John Barleycorn.*

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame! . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Sharpen'd.

But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*

Sharpers.

The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; *Kind Sir, I've read †*

Shatter.

Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter; . *The Fête Champetre.*

Shaul [shallow].

There's D[unca]n deep, and P[eeble]s, shaul,
The Twa Herds. 10.

Shaven.

Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven. *[r.] S. The auld man †*

Shaver [a wag]. He was an unco shaver,
For monie a day. *A Dream. 11.*

Shaver [a barber].

Ye may commence a Shaver; . . *The Ordination. 9.*

Shavie [a trick; an ill turn].

The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
Second Ep. to Davie.

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, . . . *The Inventory.*

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Shaving-night.

'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Shavings.

'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Shaw [a wooded dell; wild natural wood].

In Saratoga shaw, man. . . . . *A Fragment. 4.*

In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

Blythe in the birken shaw. . . *S. Behold, my love. †*

On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, . *S. Blythe was she, †*

O'erhung wi fragrant spreading shaws,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †

But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; . *El. on. Capt. M. H., 4.*

But Och! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin! . . . . *Halloween. 24.*

While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw:
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree; *S. O wat ye wha's in †*

By fountain, shaw, or green; . . . *S. Of a' the airts †*

And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †

Or [thy burnie] trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . . *S. Sae flaxen †*

Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man:
The Fête Champetre.

May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw; . . . . *To W. Creech.*

Shaw. And baith the S—s, . . *The Twa Herds. 12.*

Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence, . . . *Ib. 17.*

Shaw, *to* **[to show].**

Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 5.*

At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be. . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk †*

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, *The Election Ballads. II.*

Shaw'd [showed].
And up the loan she shaw'd me. . . *S. Had I the wyte*†
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
Tam o' Shanter. 11.

She.
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou*†
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets. . . *Sketch.*

Shear.
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear,
El. on Capt. M. H., 12.
No work comes me wroog for I shear and I mow,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Shearer [a reaper]. The weary shearer's hameward way,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†
While at the stook the shearers cow'r *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Shearing [cutting grain with a sickle].
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Sheath.
And in the fire throws the sheath; *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' denth,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Sheath'd. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
S. On a bank of flowers†

Shed, *s.*
Haply my Sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, . . *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy*†

Shed, *to* [*pres.* and *pp.*].
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
El. on Capt. M. H., 6.
"Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
"The honours of the aged year, *Lament for Glencairn.*
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career,
Lns on Fergusson.
Ye who never shed a tear, . *S. Musing on the roaring*†
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
Shed thy dying honours round, . . . *To Miss C.*

Sheen.
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Sheep.
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle . *A Winter Night. 3.*
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . *S. Behind yon hills*†
Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . *El. on Year 1788.*
And gear will buy me sheep and kye; *S. In simmer when*†
I saw three sheep, And these three sheep saw me;
Johnny Peep.
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, *S. On Cessnock banks*†
I wat she was a sheep o' sense, . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . *The Death of Mailie.*
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . . . . . *Ib.*
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, . *The Twa Herds. 7.*
He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, . . . *Ib. 8.*
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, *S. There was a lass*†
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
S. There's auld Rob M.†
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Sheep-cote. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
A Winter Night. 5.

Sheep-head. A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman, [*re.*]
S. O gin ye were dead.
And like a sheep-head on a taogs, . . . *Poem on Life.*

Sheep-herd. The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
S. Again rejoic. Nature†

Sheep-shank [a sheep's trotter; "nae sheep-shank," no unimportant personage].
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.
I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.

Sheers [scissors].
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
The Death of Mailie.

Sheerly [entirely].
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.

Sheet. And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
S. The lass that made the bed.
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
S. The Taylor fell†
For instance, your sheet, man, . . *To Mr. P. Stuart.*
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Shelburne.
When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, *A Fragment. 6.*

Shell. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
Or laimpet shell. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, *To R. G. of F..*

Shelter.
The branchy shelter lost and gane . *As on the banks*†
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,'
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love,*†
No shelter or retreat, . . . *S. How cruel*†
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
S. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.
The Rights of Woman.
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
S. The small birds†

Shelter, *to.*
I shelter in thy honor'd shade. . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather. *S. As I came o'er*†
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgom.'s Peggy.
In Roslin's fairest bower
I'll shelter this sweet flower, *S. My Love's a winsome*†
And she, a lovely little flower
That I would tent and shelter there. *S. O wat ye wha's in*†
And I a bird to shelter there, . . *S. O were my love*†
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee. *S. O wert thou in the*†

Sheltered, -'d.
I sidling shelter'd in a nook, . *On dining with Daer.*
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest! . *To R. G. of F., 7.*
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed *S. 'Twas even—the dewy*†

Sheltering.
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
On seeing wounded Hare.
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree. *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
On Death of R. Dundas.
And find at night a sheltering cave, *S. Streams that glide*†
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone-descending showers. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

Shenstone. Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art; *The Vision. D. II. 19.*

Shepherd. For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings. *S. Behold, my love*†
The shepherd stops his simple reed, ... *Ib.*
The shepherd in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo: . . . . . *Ib.*
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air And rural grace;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays . . . *Ib.*
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
The Petition of Br. Water.
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; . *The Lament.*
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains†

Shepherd-lad.
There I met my shepherd-lad, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool, ... *Ib.*
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad, ... *Ib.*

Shepherd-sang.
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Shepherd-train.
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill. *The Vision. D. II. 8.*

Sheridan.
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Sheriff. And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
The Election Ballads. III.

Sherra-moor [Sheriff-moor, between Stirling and Dunblane, where a famous battle was fought in the Rebellion of 1715].
'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, . . . *Halloween. 15.*
Or were you at the Sherra-moor,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Sheugh [a trench, a ditch].
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
And reckin red ran mony a sheugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke. . . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
A Cotter howkan in a sheugh, ... *Ib. 10.*

Sheuk [shook].
Grim loon! he [Death] gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk; . . *Friend of the poet†*
the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar:
The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds, *S. The Taylor he cam†*

Shew *v.* **Show.**

Shew'd *v.* **Showed.**

Shewing. First shewing us the tempting ware, *Poem on Life.*

Shiel [a shed, a hut].
Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . . *S. As I came o'er†*
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, *S. In simmer when†*
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
S. The Contented Cottager.

Shield. 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, *The Hermit.*
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?
I'e true "Loyal Nat.s"†

Shield, *to.*
And shield me frae the rain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou†*
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.
On Birth of Posth. Child.
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

Shift. Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail . . . . *Halloween.*
"Yet I'll try to make a shift, . . *S. Husband, husband†*

Shift, *to.*
Athort the lift they start and shift, . . . *A Vision.*
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
Tho' women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that, . . *Women's Minds.*

Shill [shrill]. And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
S. Again rejoic. Nature†
The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; *S. Behind yon hills†*
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, *S. Up in the Morning.*

Shilling, -in.
And thretty gude shillins and three; *S. Her Daddie forbad†*
He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
S. Hey, the dusty miller†
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Nor for my ten white shillings luke. . . *The Inventory.*

Shin. Her broken shins to plaister; . . *A Dream. 6.*
My shins, my lane, I there [hutt the house] sit roastin,
Auld comrade†
But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin, *On dining with Daer.*
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . *The Holy Fair. 10.*

Shine. What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . *The Holy Fair. 15.*

Shine, *to.*
May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine; . . *S. Bonie wee thing†*
The moon it shines fu' clearly. . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
El. on Miss Burnet.
For other wars, where he a hero shines; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day†
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Henry shine, Love! *S. Forlorn, my Love, †*
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee; *S. Here's to thy health, †*
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.
The sun took delight to shine for its sake;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
My soo! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Lns on Fergusson.
The sun shines on sae brawlie? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
S. Now westlin winds†
Till the silent moon shine clearly; . . . . . *Ib.*
She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,
S. O Willie brew'd†
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
S. On Cessnock banks†
May, When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene, . *Ib., Sett II.*
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him! *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, . . . *Ib.*
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
Till Order bright, completely shine,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
O thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . *The Lament.*
And o'er her neighbours shine, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; *The Vision. D. II. 21.*
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow
And then we'll shine. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best. . . *To W. Simpson.*
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy†
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; *S. When first I saw†*

Shining, -in'.
A burning an' a shining light. . . *Auld comrade†*
A burnin' an' a shinin' light, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.*
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining? . *S. O poortith cauld†*
The fairest maid's in yon town
That ev'ning sun is shining on. . *S. O wat ye wha's in†*
When shining sunbeams intervene . *S. On Cessnock banks†*
in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. *The Holy Fair. 2.*
The moon was shining clearly; . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Shinn'd.
She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Ship. The ship rides by the Berwick-law, *S. My bonie Mary.*
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. *S. O Mally's meek.*
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed : . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Shire. Thou hure the Bard through many a shire ?
Ep. to H. Parker.
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Why desert ye your auld native shire ? . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Shiver.
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ; . *A Winter Night.*
" And twa-three stinted hirks are left,
" To shiver in the blast their lane." . *As on the banks* †
Auld covenanters shiver . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Shivering.
When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, *The Vision. D. II. 16.*

Shoal. In shoals and nations ; . . . . *To a Louse.*

Shock.
And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
'But yet the hauld Apothecary
'Withstood the shock ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
Bide the surging billow's shock. . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.
heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, . *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Shod. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
My Pegasus is poorly shod . . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, . *To W. Simpson. 11.*

Shoe.
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Shoe-thick.
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick ; . *Add. to Toothache.*

Shog [a shock, a shove].
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'. . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*

Shone. Him at Agincourt wha shone, . . *A Dream. 11.*
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa' ; *The night was still* †
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that night so clearly ! *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone. [v.A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her ; . *Ib.*
There, distant shone. Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome. . . . . *Ib. 13.*

Shook. And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, . . *A Vision.*
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, *A Winter Night. 10.*
And ay she shook the temper-pin. . *S. Duncan Davison.*
An' [Bruce] shook his Carrick spear, . . *Halloween.*
And shook baith meikle corn and hear, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
Shook with a thunder of applause
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
When up they gat an' shook their lugs, *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Shool [a shovel].
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.*
Auld Tuhalcain's fire-shool and fender ;
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Shoon [shoes].
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
I tint my curch and haith my shoon, . *S. Duncan Gray.*
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet ;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Gude ale gars me - - pawn my shoon, [re.]
S. O gude ale comes †
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, *S. O Mally's meek.*
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon : . . *The Holy Fair. 26*

I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.
S. There's a youth †
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ; . . . *To J. S.*
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, " *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Shoot.
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang ; *Add. to Toothache.*
And shoots its head above each hush ; *On Cessnock banks* †
When corn begins to shoot, . . . *One night as I* †

Shooting, -in. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, *Tam Samson's El., S.*
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, . . *The Twa Dogs. 26*

Shore. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky. [re.]
S. A' the lads o' Thorniebank †
Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, *S. Behold the hour* †
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore :
S. Caledonia.
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And Volunteers on shore, Sir. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Desart ilka blooming shore ; . . *S. Frae the friends* †
And from my native shore : . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
Who mad'st the sea and shore, . *S. Grace after Dinner.*
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, *S. Had I a cave* †
Surging on the rocky shore ; *S. How can my poor heart* †
He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore, ... *S. It was a' for* †
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore ;
Lament. on leaving Nat. Land.
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ; . . *Ib.*
For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, *S. Lovely Davies.*
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ; *S. My bonie Mary.*
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea ! *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore ; *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
We'll send him o'er to his native shore
S. The bonie Lass of Alb..
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore ! . . *The Farewell.*
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ; *S. The gloomy Night* †
For her I'll trace a distant shore ; *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more ;
S. The Slave's Lament.
Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ; . *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
'I saw thee seek the soundiog shore,
'Delighted with the dashing roar ; . . *Ib. D. II. 13.*
Over sea, over shore, Where the cannons loudly roar ;
S. There was a bonie lass †
And leave auld Scotia's shore ? . . . . *S. To Mary.*
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
S. To Mary in Heaven.
Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Shore, *to* **[to offer ; threaten].**
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, . . *A Farewell.*
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, . . *S. O steer her up* †
I douht na Fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, *On W. Chalmers.*
But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike ;
Scots Prologue.
An' shore him weel wi' hell ; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Shor'd [threatened ; offered].
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
As murder at his thrapple shor'd ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

A panegyric rhyme, I ween.
Even as I was he shor'd me; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An' shor'd them *Dainty Davie*
O' boot that night. *The Jolly Beggars R. VII.*
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, . . *The Ordination. 8.*

Short. Where human weakness has come short,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
S. And O for ane and twenty †
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, man. . *Extem. in Court of S..*
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; *Lament for Glencairn.*
"O why has Worth so short a date? . . . . . *Ib.*
the short stifled breath, Told how dear
On Death of fav. Child.
O' stature short, but genius bright, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
That's little short o' downright wastrie. *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
And tho' the puny wound appear
Short while it grieves. . . *To J. S., 16.*
A short sword, and a lang, ... *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Short-liv'd.
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, *A Winter Night.*

Shortening.
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: *S. By Allan stream* †
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.

Shorter.
And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day.
The Ordination. 13.
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; . *S. Willie Wastle* †
Your coaties shorter by a span, . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Shortly.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture I' the craft . . *A Dream. 6.*
Sae shortly you shall see me bright, . *Auld comrade* †
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
But shortly they will cowe the louns! . . . . . *Ib.*
As thou thyself must shortly find, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Shortsyne [short since].
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken hearted. . *S. The tither morn* †

Shot, *s.*
That sic a hen had got a shot; . . . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun. . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . . *S. Sweetest May* †
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, *Tam Samson's El., 10.*
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit. *To J. S., 6.*

Shot. The stars they shot alang the sky: . . *A Vision.*
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . . *Liberty.*
For mony a beast to dead she shot, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
The Vision. D. II. 16.

Shote. At gloamin-shote it was, I wat, *S. Had I the wyte* †

Should, -'d. Who make poor will do wait upon I should
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Shouldna [should not].
You shouldna paint at angels mair, . . *To a Painter.*

Shout. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, *Halloween. 20.*
The shouts o' war are heard afar, . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
An' echos back return the shouts; . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Shouther, Showther [shoulder].
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: . . *Halloween. 5.*
He by his showther gae a keek, . . . *Halloween. 19.*
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Show, Shew.
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, *A Winter Night. 8.*
And gaudy shew at sunny noon; . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Their titles a' are empty show; . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Then in we go to see the show, . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shew, and a' that, . *S. The Honest Man.*
O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! . *To W. Simpson.*

Show, Shew, *to.*
Not all your rage, as now, united shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting, *A Winter Night. 7.*
For which we daurna show our face *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it, *Ib.*
To show thy grace is great an' ample;
Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
To show their deadly rage. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
S. My Sandy gied †
And show what good men are. . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, *S. Oh, open the door* †
Show many a saint and martyr there. . . *On Lincluden.*
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, *On dining with Daer.*
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. *Scots Prologue.*
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow. . . . *Ib. 13.*
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire. *The Dean of Fac..*
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
to justly shew that brow, . . . *V.s, below Picture.*

Show box. Mankind are his show box *Frag., inscr. to Fox.*

Showed, -'d, Shew'd.
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon; . *The Holy Fair. Mott.*
That show'd a man o' spunk, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, . *The Twa Dogs.*
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar: . . . . *Ib.*
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee, . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*

Shower.
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky shower, . *A Winter Night.*
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy. *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . . . *S. But lately seen* †
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
And show'rs began to fall; . . . . *John Barleycorn.*
the welcome summer show'r . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
When past the show'r, and every flow'r,
The garden is adorning: . . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine. *S. My Love's a winsome* †
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
S. Now westlin winds †
Protect thee frae the driving shower, *On Birth of Posth. Child,*

The rattling showers rose on the blast; . *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry; . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
From prone-descending showers.
The Petition of Br. Water.
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! . . . *To Miss C.*
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
While corn grows green in summer showers,
S. Where Cart rins †
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
Wr. by Fail of Fyers.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Shower, *to.*
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, *Monody, on a Lady.*

Show'ry.
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Shown.
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least he pity to me shown; *S. O Mary, at thy window* †

Showther *v.* **Shouther.**

Showy.
What are their showy treasures? *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

Shriek.
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*

Shrill, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
S. I'm o'er young to marry †
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
The Brigs of Ayr.
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. *The Whistle. 3.*

Shrimp. Despise that Shrimp, that wither'd Imp,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.

Shrine.
Approach this shrine, and worship here. *Poet. Inscription.*

Shrink.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
A Winter Night. 8.
Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half afraid,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shnwer! . . . *To Miss C.*
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid; . . . *To Ruin.*

Shrinking.
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Shrinking from the gaze of day. *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; *To Clarinda.*

Shrunk.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
On Death of fav. Child.

Shudder. Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer, *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*

Shun. those paths Of life I ought to shun;
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings; . . *S. Behold, my love,* †
Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.*
To shun a tyrant father's hate, . . . *S. How cruel* †
[The dove] To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries; . . . . . *Ib.*
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
S. My father was a farmer †
The path of man to shun it; . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
On Death of R. Dundas.
O cam ye here the fight to shun,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, . . *To Clarinda.*
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; *To R. G. of F., 3.*
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun: *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Shunn'd. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
In vain wild Prudence †
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . *To a Louse.*

Shunning.
'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, . . *A Winter Night. 9.*

Shure (did shear, *i.e.*, **reap).**
I shure wi' him; . . . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*

Shut. But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Shuttle. And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
Jink there or here; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Shy. Believe me, happiness is shy, . *A Bottle and Friend.*
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:
Monody, on a Lady.
Ye would na been sae shy; . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
If she be shy, her sister try, . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Shyer. The lasses they are shyer. . . *The Holy Fair. 24.*

Siberia.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, *S. Lovely Davies.*

Sibyl. Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, *To Terraughty.*

Sic (such). Its just sic Poet an' sic Patron. *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
On sic a day as this is, ... *A Dream.*
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair. . . . *A Guid New Year* † *6.*
And frae his harp sic strains did flow, . . . *A Vision.*
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
when shall we return, Sic pleasure to renew?"
S. As down the burn †
I was bred up at nae sic school, . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
I drew my scythe in sic a fury. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
And oh! her een they spak sic things! . *S. Duncan Gray* †
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . *El. on Year 1788.*
sic as you and I, ... *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
That sic a hen had got a shot; . . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
That sic a couple fate allows ye . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*
Sic a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave, ... *Epit. on Walter S..*
For few sic feasts you've gotten; . . . *For W. Nicol.*
When sic a husband was frae hame, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
She fufft her pipe wi' sic a lunt, . . . *Halloween.* 13.
I daur you try sic sportin, ... *Ib. 14.*
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, On sic a night. . . . *Ib.*
I wha deserve sic just damnation, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, . . . *Ib. 12.*
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; . *S. I do confess* †
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, . . . *S. O Phely* †
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining? . *S. O foortith cauld* †
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him; . . . . . *Ib.*
Oh, naught but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken! . *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †
Had ne'er sic powers alarming: *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, *On Dining with Daer.*
And sic twa love-inspiring een, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Play'd me sic a trick, . . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r; . . . *Ib. 16.*
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you, *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*
Saw ye e'er sic troggin? . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Like cantharidian plaisters On sic a day! [*re.*]
The Holy Fair. 13
Against sic poosion'd nostrum; . . . . *Ib. 16.*
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, . . . *The Inventory.*
Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
We never had sic twa drones; . . *The Ordination. 10.*
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear! *S. The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
That sic a tree can not be found,
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man; . . . . *Ib.*
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . . . . . *Ib.*
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . . . . *Ib.*
Are bred in sic a way as this is. . . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . . . *Ib. 12.*

Sic game is now owre aften phy'd; . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools, ... *Ib. 29.*
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art, . . . *Ib. 31.*
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*
O' sic a feast! . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagreet, ... *Ib. 9.*
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner? . . . *To a Haggis.*
I fear ye dine but sparely, On sic a place. . *To a Louse.*
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, ... *Ib.*
An' get sic fair example straught, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, . *To W. Simpson. 2.*
but callans, At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, . *Ib. P.S.*
An auld-light caddies bure sic hands, ... *Ib.*
forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks. . . *Ib.*
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, ... *Ib.*
ken some better Than mind sic brulzie. . . . *Ib.*
To thresh my back at sic a pitch? . *What ails ye now?*
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief . . . . *Ib.*
Sic a wife as Willie had, ... *S. Willie Wastle†*

Siclike [suchlike].

Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like, ... *Ib. 10.*

Sick. Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, *S. Duncan Gray†*
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight. . . *The Twa Herds. 7.*
I'm weary sick o't late and air! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Sicken'd.

His colour sicken'd more and more, . *John Barleycorn.*
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e. . *S. The Catrine woods†*

Sickening.

Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear! . *Despondency, an Ode.*

Sicker [safe, secure, steady].

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
And in bis arms he lock'd her sicker. . *S. Donald Brodie†*
Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure.
Poem on Life.
On the same sicker score I mentioned before,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."

Sickness. Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . *Fragment.*
O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; *Poem on Life.*

Siddons. It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Side.

pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, *A Winter Night. 7.*
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, *S. Again rejoic. Nature†*
And like stockfish [the devil] come o'er his studdie
Wi' tby [death's] auld sides! *El. on Capt. M. H.*
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, *S. Had I the wyte†*
Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side, . *Halloween. 7.*
Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
And friends on both sides of the Tweed;
S. Here's a health to them†
O wae gae by his wanton sides, *S. Here's his health in water.*
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side,
S. Oh, open the door†
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran; . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
Frae side to side they bother, ... *Ib. 24.*
An' guid Claymore down by his side,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
The Kirk's Alarm. 11.
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride, *Ib. 14.*
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
S. True hearted was he†
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The palace rising on his verdant side; . . . . *Ib.*
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side, . *To W. Simpson. 11.*
He bears the unbroken blast from every side;
To R. G. of F., 3.

Sidelins [sideiong, slanting].

For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink, *S. As I gaed up by†*
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
On my poor Musie; . *To W. Simpson.*

Side-pretences.

Debar a' side-pretences; . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

Sidling. I sidling shelter'd in a nook, *On dining with Daer.*

Sigh. But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh. *A Bard's Epit.*
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh, . . . *Ib.*
And deep, as soughs the boding wind,
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. . *As on the banks†*
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; *S. Could aught of song†*
For relief a sigh she brings; . . . *S. Duncan Gray†*
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover: . *S. Farewell, thou stream†*
And mingle sighs with mine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love†*
And thine that latest sigh! . . *S. From thee, Eliza,†*
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
On seeing wounded Hare.
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
Once fondly lov'd†
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [*re.*]
S. One fond kiss†
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
S. Slow spreads the gloom†
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! . . . *The Farewell.*
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover . . *S. The last time I†*
Wi' monie a sigh and a *S. There was a bonie lass†*
And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, . *Tragic Frag..*
Farewell! witbin thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken; . . *V.s, under Grief.*
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
S. Von wild mossy mountains†
But now wi' sighs and starting tears . *S. Young Jamie†*

Sigh, *to.*

I set me down and sigh: . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab. . . *S. My heart was ance†*
And sigh for this life's latest morrow. *On Death of fav. Child.*
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love. . . *Sketch.*
An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, *Tam Samson's El..*
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh: . . . *The Hermit.*
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care: . . . . . *Ib.*
Anither sighs an' prays: . . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; *S. There was a lass†*
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
S. There's auld Rob M.†

Sigh'd.

"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, *As on the banks†*
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, . . *S. Duncan Gray†*
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison. . . . *S. O Mary, at thy†*
And sigh'd his very soul. . *S. On a bank of flowers†*
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas!
"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
S. The Lass that made the bed.

Sighing, -an.

Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? . . *Blue Bonnets.*
Sighing, dumb, despairing! . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been†*
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
On Death of fav. Child.
I, sighing, drop the silent tear, . . . *To Clarinda.*

Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
But sorrow and sad sighing care. . *S. Where are the joys* †

Sight. Is sure an uncouth sight to see, . . *A Dream.*
To keep the Highland hounds in sight! . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh. . . *Add. to the Deil.* 7.
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see! . . *Add. to Toothache.*
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heaven. . *S. Anna. thy charms* †
Where man and nature fairer in her sight.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
'Great cause ye hae to fear it; . . . *Halloween.* 14.
That I am here afore thy sight, *Holy Willie's Prayer.* 2.
'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,
'As is a sight o' Phely. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
What are yoo forms that meet my sight? . *On Lincluden.*
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
S. On Cessnock banks †
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight. . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse) . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light; . . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
With richer treasures bless my sight!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! *Tam o' Shanter.* 11.
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
- - - all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: *The Brigs of Ayr.* 11.
At sight of whom [Peace] our Sprites forgat their kindling
wrath. . . . . *Ib.* 13.
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision, . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past. *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
S. The heather was blooming †
The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright
The Holy Fair. 12.
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. *S. The Ploughman* †
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright. . *The Twa Dogs.* 15.
By this, the sun was out o' sight, ... *Ib.* 35.
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight. . . *The Twa Herds.* 7.
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw,
Come full in sight. . . *The Vision. D. I.* 7.
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . *The Vowels.*
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight. . . *Ib.*
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich! . . . *To a Haggis.*
Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, . *To a Louse.*
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, . . *To Clarinda.*
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. . *Ib.*
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; *To R. G. of F., 3.*
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk
An' out o' sight, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Sightless.
Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand, . *The Vision. D. II.* 5.

Sign, And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro. . *John Barleycorn.*

Sign-post.
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. *To R. G. of F.,* 7.

Sign'd.
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Signify.
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
But oh! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . . . *The Holy Fair.* 15.

Signora.
Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras. [v.A.13] *The Twa Dogs.*

Silence.
"Awake, resound thy latest lay,
"Then sleep in silence evermair! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; . . . *Liberty.*
"When evenlog shades in silence meet, . *S. O Phely,* †
At length poor Mailie silence brak. *The Death of Mailie.*
Speaking silence, dumb confession, . . . *To a Kiss.*

Silent, modest Merit's silent claim; *Add. to Edinburgh.* 3.
What time the mooo, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn, . *El. on Capt. M. H.,* 10.
Empress of the silent night: . . . . . *Ib.* 14.
Yonder Clouden's silent towers, . *S. Hark! the mavis* †
Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I will try to daunt you; . *S. Husband, husband* †
For silent, low, on heds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.
Lament for Glencairn.
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
Monody, on a Lady.
Till the silent moon shine clearly; . *S. Now westlin winds* †
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow, *On Death of fav. Child.*
With echo silent lies. . . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Repose us in the silent dust. . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation; . . . . *The Holy Fair.* 12.
O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, . . *The Lament.*
I, sighing, drop the silent tear, . . . *To Clarinda.*
Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
To Miss L., with "Beattie."
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyless day? . . . . . *To Ruin.*
And mouldering now in silent dust,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Silent-marking.
Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us. *The Lament.*

Silk. Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
S. O when she cam ben †
In silks an' scarlets glitter; . . . *The Holy Fair.* 7.
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
S. The Honest Man.

Silk-saft [silk-soft].
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . *S. O were my love* †

Silken.
The lassie lost a silken snood, *S. Braw lads of G. Water.*
weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
In Love's silken band can bind it. . . *S. Sweetest May* †
I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, *S. The Posie.*
He draws a bonie, silken purse . . *The Twa Dogs.* 8.
Be thou deckt in silken stole, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Siller, *adj.* **[silver].**
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, . . *Scotch Drink.* 7.
And siller buckles glanciu; . . *S. The Ploughman* †
The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
S. The Posie.
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
S. There's a youth †

Siller [silver, money].
Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . . . *Auld comrade* †
Sma' siller will relieve me. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Brings the dusty siller; . . *S. Hey, the dusty miller* †
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy: . *S. In simmer when* †
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . *Tam o' Shanter.* 3.
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. *The Election Ballads. III.*
He brags and he blaws o' his siller, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
The dearest siller that ever I wan. . *S. The Taylor fell* †

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
S. There's a youth †

To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan',
S. What can a yng lassie †

Silly. Or silly sheep, wha hide this brattle *A Winter Night. 3.*
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature. . . *S. Deluded swain* †
Poor silly body see him ; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Thy favors are the silly wind . . . *S. I do confess* †
Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan? . . *S. Let not woman* †
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
Monody, on a Lady.

Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].
S. O poortith cauld †

The silly hogles, Wealth and State, ... *Ib.*
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see ; *S. O whare did ye get* †
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
my yowie, silly thing, . . . *The Death of Mallie.*
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
The last braw bridal †
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! . . *To a Mouse.*
But to conclude my silly rhyme, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Even silly woman has her warlike arts, *To R. G. of F., 2.*
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Silver, *adj.*
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! *Blest be M'Murdo* †
the Tweed's silver flood ; . . . *S. Caledonia. 5.*
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
And fill it in a silver tassie ; . . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
That glides, a silver dart, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
The chilly Frost beneath the silver beam, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*

Silver, *s.* Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', *The Fête Champetre.*

Silver-gleaming.
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, . . . *The Lament.*

Silvery.
The silvery moonbeams trembling play : . *On Lincluden.*

Sim. His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, . . *Halloween. 16.*

Simmer [summer].
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer. *A Guid New-year* † *13.*
Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd . . *As on the banks* †
Simmer's a pleasant time, . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
The simmer joys the flocks to follow ; *S. By Allan stream* †
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, . . *Halloween. 15.*
In simmer when the hay was mawn, *S. In simmer when* †
I'll aulder be gin simmer, . *S. I'm o'er young to marry* †
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
S. Lady Mary Ann.
" Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . *S. My heart was ance* †
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun. *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
S. The Contented Cottager.
Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair, . . *The Holy Fair.*
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, . . *S. To daunton me.*
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools . *To W. Creech.*
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie ;
The Simmer to Nature. my Willie to me.
S. Wandering Willie.
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry :
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Simper James [the Rev. J. Mackinlay, of Kilmarnock].
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Simple. Will Ye accept a Compliment,
A simple Bardie gies Ye? . . *A Dream. 9.*
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*
So artless, so simple, so wild ; *S. Adown winding Nith* †
The shepherd stops his simple reed, *S. Behold, my love,* †
Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks :
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Let simple maid the lesson read, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
He [the cotter] woos his simple dearie : *S. O poortith cauld,* †
the simple artless rhymes, . . . *Once fondly lov'd* †
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
Prologue, at Th., D..
in simple beauty drest, . . *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
The Brigs of Ayr.
a simple Bard, Unknown and poor, ... *Ib. 3.*
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart. *Ib. 12.*
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode : . *Ib. 13.*
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But now the Supper crowns their simple board, . *Ib. 11.*
They chant their artless notes in simple guise ; . *Ib. 13.*
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! . . *Ib. 20.*
Yet simple Bob the victory got, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
the earth bestowing My simple food ; . . *The Hermit.*
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times. . *The Vision. D. II. 12.*
The loves, the ways of simple swains, . . . *Ib. 18.*
Such is the fate of simple Bard, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
When simple bodies let him ; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, . . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale. . *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
I, a simple, countra bardie, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Simplicity.
Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
In simplicity's array ; . . . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, *S. The Posie.*
By Love's simplicity betray'd, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Simpson, Simson.
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Assist poor Simson a' ye can, . . . *Auld comrade* †

Sin' [since].
Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere ; *A Guid New-year* † *4.*
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
Sin' I began to nick the thread, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.*
Sin' I was to the butching bred, ... *Ib. 13.*
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Halloween. 27.*
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead. . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Sin' auld lang syne. . *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aquavitæ ; *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I ha'e min'. . . *The Twa Herds. 3.*

Sin. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, . *A Fragment. 3.*
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I wave the quantum o' the sin; *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, . . *Halloween. 16.*
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin. . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet; . *S. I'm o'er young* †
In your heretic sins may you live, and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty! . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes; . . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) . *The Inventory.*
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
To crush common sense for her sins, . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
"Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: *Tragic Frag..*
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
Why am I loth †

Sin-avenging.

And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
Why am I loth †

Sincere. Thou know'st my words sincere! *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
I make my pray'r sincere. . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Once fondly lov'd †
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. . *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
Prologue, at Th., D..
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine! . . *To a Kiss.*
And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
A' gude things may attend you! . *To Miss Ferrier.*
And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, . *Tragic Frag.*
Accept the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . . *Verses under Grief.*

Sincerest.

I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest, *S. 'Twas na her bonie blue* †

Sincerely.

Thy pardon I sincerely beg, . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.*
I lov'd her most sincerely; . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Sindry [sundry].

As I hear sindry say, O; . . . *Katharine Jaffray.*

Sinew. Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace: *To J. S., 18.*

Sinfu'. Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, . *A Ded. to G. H.*
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on . . *Poem on Life.*

Sing. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, *A Bard's Epit.*
Delighted me to hear thee sing, . *A Winter Night. 4.*
I who sing in rustic lore, . . *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*
Of Phillis to muse and to sing. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
S. Afton Water.
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
And mounts and sings on flittering wings, . . . *Ib.*
"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. *As on the banks* †
The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings: . *S. Behold, my love* †
The little birdies blythely sing, *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
I heard a man sing though his head it was grey;
S. By yon castle wa' †
Thou shalt dance and I will sing, *S. Carl, an the king come.*
Who will not sing, God save the King,
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, God save the King,
We'll ne'er forget the People. . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
El. on Death of Ruisseaux.
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done. . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.*
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 9.*
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere, ... *Ib., 18.*
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, *John Barleycorn.*
"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing *Lament for Glencairn.*
Sings drowsy day to rest: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I wad sit and sing to you [cog],
If ye were ay fou. . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing, *Ib.*
And [let] other Poets sing of wars, . . *Nature's Law.*
I sing his name and nobler fame.
Wha multiplies our number. . . . . *Ib.*
To sing auld Coil in nobler style . . . . . *Ib.*
And B[urn]s' spring, her fame to sing. . . . . *Ib.*
O sing a new song to the L—, . . *New Psalmody.*
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
S. O merry hae I been †
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave! . . *Ib.*
How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
S. O wat ye wha's in †
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee. [*re.*]
S. O were I on Parnass.†
And ay I muse and sing thy name, ... *Ib.*
But I would sing on wanton wing,
When merry May its bloom renew'd. *S. O were my love* †
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean. . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
S. On Cessnock banks †
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
On Death of R. Dundas.
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?
On Duke of Queensberry.
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . *Scotch Drink.*
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . *Ib. 2.*
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [*re.*] . *S. Scroggam.*
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless hough,
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Or sing a sang at least. . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While Rab his name is. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
That sings beside thy mate; . . . . . *Ib.*
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
though his artless strains he rudely sings, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
I'll sit me down and sing and spin,
S. The Contented Cottager.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
"We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
The Election Ballads. VI.
What verse can sing, what prose narrate, ... *Ib.*
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise! . . . . *Ib.*
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie O. [*re.*] *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib. S. V.*
Round and round take up the Chorus,
And in raptures let us sing . . . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing
S. The Poor Thresher.
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
But stringing blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing. . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . *The Whistle.*
And the small birds sing on every tree;
The Winter it is past †
Let's sing about our noble sels; . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our Sang. . . *To J. S., 20.*
And every bird thy requiem sings ; . . *To Miss C.*
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Dooa,
Naebody sings. . *To W. Simpson.*
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, ... *Ib.*

Singing, -in'.

And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
And [Caledon] to her pipe was singing ; O
S. Among the trees †
And as he was singing the tears down came,
S. By yon castle wa' †
An' L—d, remember singing Sannock, . *Auld comrade* †
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma' ; [v.A.11] *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
How libbet Italy was singin ; . . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
I hear the wild birds singing ; . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Shall a' be blythely singing, . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

Singet [singed; "Singet Sawney," the Rev. Alex. Moodie].

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Single. I dinna care a single flie ; *S. In simmer when* †
wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Sink. The Criffel sink in Solway, . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Thon strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
There let him sink or swim. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
The altar sinks, the tapers fade, . . . *On Lincluden.*
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Wi' them wha grant them :
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
For me may sink or swim ; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink !
The Whistle. 17.
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink! . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Again exalt the brute and sink the man ; *Why am I loth* †

Sinking, -in.

She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever !" *S. By Allan stream* †
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkio,
Straught to auld Nick's. . *Ep. to J. R.*
One quenched in darkoess like the sinking star, . *Liberty.*
The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan, . . *S. My heart was once* †
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Yon sinking sun's gane down upon ; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ; . . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
The sun was sinking in the west, . *S. There was a lass* †

Sinn [the sun].

An' now the sinn keeks in the west, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Sinner.

Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. *Auld Comrade* †
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing : *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' Lasses ! . . . *The Holy Fair. 27.*
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . *To a Louse.*
"Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you. . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*

Sinsyne [since then, since].

And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
Common motives lang sinsyne, . . . *S. Jockey fou* †

Sip. The rosy banquet loves to sip ; . *Delia. An Ode.*
'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
They sip the scandal-potion pretty ; . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
With sober selfish ease they sip it up : . *To R. G. of F., 7.*
Then raptured sip and sip it up. . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies they own ; *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Sir. But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ? . . . *Ib.*
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel ?
Reproof, by Himself.
For G—d-sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Right, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true, . . *The Calf.*
Or were more in fury seen, Sir, . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Sir Politics to fetter, . . . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou :
Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
Sir Violino with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk, . . . *Ib. R. VII.*

Sir Bard, Sir Bardy.

Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park. . [*Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.*
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, *On dining with Daer.*

Sir James. What Whig but wails the good Sir James
The Election Ballads. VI.

Sir John [Falstaff].

And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John,
He was an unco shaver For monie a day. . *A Dream. 11.*

Sir Loin. Sir Loin he hacked sma', . *A Fragment. 3.*

Sir Willie. An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.

Sire. But faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire, . *A Dream. 5.*
I see the Sire of Love on high, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Haply my Sires have left their shed, - - -
Bold-following where your Fathers led !
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
This was thy billie, dam, and sire, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
To emulate his sire ; . . . . *Nature's Law.*
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire ! . . . . *On Lord G.*
May every son be worthy of his sire ; *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie ;
The Brigs of Ayr.
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Siren. Pleasure with her siren air *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Sirnam'd.

Because ye're sirnam'd like His Grace, *A Ded. to G. H.*

Sister.

Still gentler [scao] sister Woman ; . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
respects I sen' it, To cousin Kate an' sister Janet,
Auld comrade †
sentimental sister Susie, . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*
thou false woman, My sister and my fae,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
The beauteous, seraph Sister-band, *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
"My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear ! . . . *The Farewell.*
The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
If she be shy, her sister try, . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ; . . *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet. . . *The Vision. D. II.*
My compliments to sister Beckie ; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Sit. See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, . *Auld comrade* †
And a' the day to sit in dool, . . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
Then I mann sit the lee lang day, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Sits [the Solitary] o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well ! *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some [Misfortunes],
Ep. to Davie, 7.
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 19.
Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-broo ;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
I wad sit and sing to you [cog],
If ye were ay fou. . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
I sit me down and greet my fill, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ; *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †

And twere more fit that she should sit,
Within yon chariot gilt abooo. . . . *S. O Mally's meek.*

When I mount the Creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †

While his mate sits nestling in the hush;
S. On Cessnock banks †

Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.

While we sit bousing at the nappy. . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, ... *Ib.*

Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb..*

Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle. . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*

I'll sit me down and sing and spin, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

On this hand sits an Elect swatch, . . . *Ib. 10.*

They canna sit for anger. . . . . *Ib. 14.*

Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy. . . . . *Ib. 20.*

In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire, ... *Ib. 24.*

Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honoured station. *S. The sons of old Killie.*

While here I sit all sore beset . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, . . *To J. S., 24.*

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
S. True hearted was he †

The birds sit chittering in the thorn. *S. Up in the morning.*

An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet. . . *What ails ye now* †

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, . . *S. Willie Wastle.*

Sitting, -an.

Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie; *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*

To see her sittan on her arse
Low i' the dust, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Situation.

Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †

Six. In Manchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The Belles of Mauchline.

Sixpence. Who has not sixpence but in her possession:
The Henpecked Husband.

Size. His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, *The Twa Dogs. 2.*

Skaith [injury, damage; *v. also* Scathe].

'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.*

And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, *S. Duncan Gray.*

Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
The Kirk's Alarm.

If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtio, . *To a Medical Gent.*

Skaithe, *to* [to injure].

The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †

Skaithing.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: *Ep. to J. R., 4.*

Skeigh *v.* Skiegh.

Skellum [a worthless fellow].

She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw; . *To W. Creech. 9.*

Skelp [a slap, a smart blow].

I gie them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang,
S. Contented wi' little †

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Skelp, *'to* [to strike, slap; to trip along, to walk with vigour and spirit].

Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! *A Ded. to G. H., 3.*

To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, *Add. to the Deil. 2.*

Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Skelper [striker].

That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
Kind Sir, I've read †

Skelpie-limmer [a bold, forward young woman; a technical term in female scolding].

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face!
'I dare you try sic sportin. . . . *Halloween. 14.*

Skelping, -in, -an [slapping; moving with swiftness and spirit].

The words come skelpan, rank and file, *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor ponches. . *Friend of the poet* †

Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpan up the way. . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang, . . . *Ib. 7.*

Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
The Kirk's Alarm. 18.

I'm hizzie too, an' skelpin' at it, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Skelpit [moved swiftly and vigorously].

Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

Skelvy.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Skiegh, Skeigh [high-mettled; proud, nice, disdainful].

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
A Gude New-Year † *S.*

The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
S. Duncan Davison.

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †

Skilful.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, *S. Behold, my love,* †

Skill. For prayin I hae little skill o't; *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*

My skill may weel be doubted; . . . *A Dream. 4.*

For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill; . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*

wi' his art 'And cursed skill, ... *Ib. 15.*

'That Hornbook's skill
'Has clad a score i' their last claith, ... *Ib.*

That I might catch poetic skill, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †

An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best. . . *Scotch Drink. 21.*

Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before. . . . . *Symon Gray* †

Their left-hand General had nae skill;
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill:
S. The heather was blooming †

The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill; . . *Ib.*

Come join your counsel and your skills, *The Twa Herds. 15.*

Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill; *The Vision. D. II. S.*

A thing unteachable in world's skill, . *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Skilled, -'d.

Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; *The Whistle. 6.*

Skiltie [*v.* Hiltie-skiltie],

Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
An' fash nae mair. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Skim. They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, *Add. to the Deil. 9.*

The wanton coot the water skims, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †

Skimming.

Thick flies the skimming Swallow; *S. Now westlin winds* †

Skin. Her skin's fair hue is like the swan;
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

And wanting even the skin. . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*

Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves *Halloween. 23.*

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions! . . *The Ordination. 12.*

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day. *Ib. 14.*

And weel he lik'd to shed their hhuid,
And sell their skin. . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*
could nicely drub, Or pay their skin, ... *Ib. S.*
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, *To R. G. of F., 6.*

Skinking [watery].
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] *To a Haggis.*

Skinklin [shining, glittering].
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters: . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Skipping, -in. Skipping on yon honie knowes,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. *S. The Taylor fell* †

Skirl [to cry shrilly, to shriek].
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
An' skirl up the Bangor; . . . *The Ordination. 3.*

Skirl'd [shrieked].
Lond skirl'd a' the lasses; . . . . *Halloween. 6.*
He skirl'd out, *encore.* . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. II.*

Skirlin [shrilly crying].
When skirlin weanies see the light, . *Scotch Drink. 12.*

Skirt.
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time],
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him: '
Prologue, at Th., D..

Skirt, *to.*
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
S. Their groves of †

Sklent [slant, deviation from the usual].
This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent: . . *To J. S., 7.*

Sklent, *to* **[to deviate from the truth; to glance].**
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11.*
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Sklentan [slanting].
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, *Add. to the Deil. 7.*

Sklented [slanted, squinted, glanced].
An' sklented on the man of Uzz,
Your spitefu' joke? . *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
On my poor Musie; . *To W. Simpson.*

Skouth [range, scope, freedom to act].
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Skreech.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*

Skulk.
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Skull. Your hearts are the stuff, will he powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.
The Kirk's Alarm.

Sky. The stars they shot alang the sky; . . *A Vision.*
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Gay as the gilded summer sky, ... *Ib. 4.*
And honie blue are the sunny skies. . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky. . . *Despondency, an Ode, 3.*
Burnet, lovely from her native skies; *El. on Miss Burnet.*
To reach their native, kindred skies,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky! . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Around me scowls a wintry sky, . *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Straight the sky grew black and daring; *S. I dream'd I lay* †
And [Phœbus] glads the azure skies;
Lament of Mary of Scots.
Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . *S. Let not woman* †
The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow: . *Now westlin winds* †
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . *S. O Mally's meek.*
The milder sun and bluer sky . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
like the star that athwart gilds the sky, *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Wou'd make a saint forget the sky; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies. . . . *S. Sensibility,* †
And many a message from the skies, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
S. Sleep'st thou, †
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky;
Ib.
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man: . *The Fête Champetre.*
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly: *S. The gloomy night* †
The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The sky was blue, the wind was still *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
There, mountains to the skies were tost: *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky, . . *Ib. D. II. 13.*
ripen'd fields, and azure skies, ... *Ib. 15.*
As day was dawin in the sky . *S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.*
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
To R. G. of F., 9.
When clouds in skies do come together *When clouds in skies* †
By Him who made yon sun and sky! *S. When wild War's* †
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast. . . . *Winter.*

Skyrin [showy, gaudy, anything that strongly takes the eye].
And skyrin tartan trews, man, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*

Skyte [a sharp oblique stroke].
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, *The Jolly Beggars. R.I.*

Slack.
May foes be strang, and friends be slack, *On W. Stewart.*
In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
If to buy ye're slack, Hornie's turnin' chapman,
The Election Ballads. IV.
And Buittle was na slack; . . . . . *Ib. V.*

Slade [slid].
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*

Slae [the sloe].
And milk-white is the slae: . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes: . . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
S. There's a youth †

Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!
A Ded. to G. H., 7.
'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
A man may fight and no be slain; . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Slander. May I be slander's common speech; *To W. Creech.*

Slander, *to.*
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the hook,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Slanderous.
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, *Reproof by Himself.*

Slap [a gate, a stile, a breach in a fence].
The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter*
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, *The Death of Maillie.*

At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon: . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*

Slap! [unexpectedly].
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it: . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Slap, *to.* To slap mankind like lumber! *Nature's Law.*
Love blinks, Wit slaps, ... *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

Slaught'ring.
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; *S. Now westlin winds* †

Slave. Sic a miscreant slave, . *Epit. on Walter S—.*
Go [King of Terrors!] frighten the coward and slave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir. . *S. Husband, husband* †
Till slave and despot be but things which were.
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
The man in arms, 'gainst female cbarms,
Even he her willing slave is; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave, *Man was made to Mourn.*
I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; *S. Naebody.*
A slave to love's unbounded sway, . *S. O lay thy loof* †
A weary slave from sun to sun, *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: *S. O merry hae I been* †
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].
S. O poortith cauld †
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever. *On Death of fav. Child.*
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave, . *Poet. Inscription.*
Wha sae base as be a slave? . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; *S. Streams that glide* †
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave, ... *Ib.*
As thy constant slave regard it: . . *S. Sweetest May* †
half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The coward slave, we pass him by, *S. The Honest Man.*
I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Great love I bear to all the Fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
S. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.
The League and Covenant.
My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, *The Tree of Liberty.*
What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
S. Their groves of †

Slavers [saliva].
Adown my beard the slavers trickle! *Add. to Toothache. 3.*

Slavery. Edward, chains, and slavery! *S. Scots wha ha'e* †

Slaw [slow]. I wat he was na slaw, man, *A Fragment. 2.*
To meet them were na slaw, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Slay. 'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel pay'd for't; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.*

Slee [sly, cunning, ingenious].
While slee D-nd's arouś'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man: . . *A Fragment. 8.*
Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie; *A Guid New-Year* † *15.*
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the bauld an' slee, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 14.*

Sleek. I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A Guid New-Year † *2.*

Sleeket, -it [sleek].
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . *To a Mouse.*

Sleep.
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep, . *Ib. 10.*
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my Dearie. . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
They! they be d—d! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, . . *Liberty.*
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; *S. Musing on the roaring* †

With love and sleep oppress'd. *S. On a bank of flowers* †
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
On Death of fav. Child.
Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,
On Window of C. Inn, F..
Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep: . . *The 1st 6 V.s of the 90th Ps..*
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

Sleep, *to.*
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer. *A Guid New-Year* † *13.*
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
A Winter Night. 9.
When I sleep I dream, O! when I wake I'm eerie.
S. Ay waking, O †
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st., 6.*
The poor man weeps—here G—N sleeps, *Epit. for G. H..*
Here Sowter [Hood] in Death does sleep;
Epit. on a Ruling Elder.
And a' folk bound to sleep, . . . *S. It was a' for* †
Sound and safely may he sleep, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
And sleep thegither at the foot, . . *S. John Anderson,* †
"Awake, resound thy latest lay,
"Then sleep in silence evermair! *Lament for Glencairn.*
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . . *The Lament.*
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."
S. The lass that made the bed.
And hing our fiddles up to sleep, . . *The Ordination. 7.*

Sleeping, -in.
I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
A'the lave are sleepin; . . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, *S. O Lassie, art thou sleep.* †

Sleep'st. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
S. Sleep'st thou †

Sleepless.
And [age has] nights o' sleepless pain! . *S. But lately seen,* †

Sleepy. The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill,
S. The Taylor fell †

Sleest [slyest].
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, . . . *To J. S.*

Sleet. Plashy sleets and beating rain,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw: . . . . *Winter.*

Sleety. To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, *To a Mouse.*
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! . . . *To Miss C.*

Sleeve.
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
To dip her left sark-sleeve in, . . . *Halloween. 24.*

Slender. The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
As on their slender forms I gaze, . . . *On Lincluden.*
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs *The Vision. D. I., 9.*
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem: . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Slept. Then thou hadst slept for ever! . *Epit. on a Laird.*

Slidd'ry [slippery].
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba'. *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*

Slide. Slides by a bower where monie a flower
S. Damon and Sylvia.

Slight [sleight, cunning, art, dexterity].
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
by some devilish cantraip slight . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
An' cut you up wi' ready slight, . . . *To a Haggis.*
And had o' things an unco' slight; . . *To W. Creech.*

Slight, *to.*
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin. . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*

Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, *Scotch Drink. 12.*

Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears: *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Slighted. Slighted love is sair to bide, *S. Duncan Gray* †
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
S. Here's his health in water.

That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †

By the pangs of lovers slighted; . *S. Stay, my charmer* †

The slighted maids my torments see, . *S. Young Jamie* †

Slightest.

It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause
Ep. to Young Friend. 8.

Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move. *S. I do confess* †

Slightly.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

Slink.

To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, *The Death of Mailie.*

Slip.

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! *A Winter Night. 7.*

I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet, . . *What ails ye now* †

Slip, *to.* But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, *Halloween. 6.*

Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e; . . . *Ib. 8.*

An' slips out by hersel: . . . . . *Ib. 11.*

Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, . . . *Ib. 17.*

Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, *The Holy Fair. 11.*

Slipp'ry.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Slip-shod. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . *To J. Taylor.*

Sloe.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; *Spoke Extem. to Lady.*

Sloken [to quench, slake].

Their hydra dronth did sloken. . *On dining with Daer.*

Sloping.

How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*

Slough.

Till in some miry slough he sunk is, *Add. to the Deil. 13.*

Slow.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, *S. How lang and dreary* †

Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
Impromt. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
The Election Ballads. 1.

I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow. . *The Lament. 7.*

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, . *When I think on* †

Slow-solemn.

When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole . . *A Winter Night. 6.*

Slowly. Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. . *On Lincluden.*

That slowly mount the rising steep; *S. On Cessnock banks* †

"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,
"That slowly curling clamb the hill. . *As on the banks* †

Sluggish.

"Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Sluggishly.

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Slumber. 'Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
A Winter Night. 9.

"Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror. . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †

But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
S. Here's a health to ane †

From peaceful slumber she arose, *S. It was the charming* †

Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber: O. *S. My father was a farmer* †

That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
S. Out over the Forth †

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
S. Wandering Willie.

Slumber, *to.* Where Echo slumbers. *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

Or if I slumber, Fancy. chief,
Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright: *The Lament.*

Or why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, *S. Why, why tell thy* †

Slumbering.

Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear; . . *A Vision.*

I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.
S. Afton Water.

Sly. But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection. *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*

No sly man of business contriving a snare,
No Churchman am I †

In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! *Prologue, at Th., D.*

with studied, sly, ensnaring art, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.*

Slyly. And last, my prologue-business slyly hinted.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Slypet [slipped, fell over, as a wet furrow would do from the plough].

Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' slypet owre. . *A Gude New-Year* † *12.*

Sma' [small].

An' German-Gentles are but sma'. . . *A Dream. 14.*

wi' knife an fork, Sir Loin he hacked sma', *A Fragment. 3.*

Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
A Guid New-Year † *4.*

The sma', droot-rumpl't, bunter cattle, . . . *Ib. 10.*

nobly rax your leather, Wi' sma' fatigue. . . *Ib. 18.*

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil, . . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*

They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*

O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place! . *El. on Year 1788.*

And sma', sma' prospect of relief, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*

Altho' that his [Charlie's] band be sma'.
S. Here's a health to them †

Sma' siller will relieve me. . . *S. Here's to thy health* †

Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' grit an' sma', . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*

And singin' there and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11] . . . *Ib.*

Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
S. O when she cam ben †

Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus, . . *Poem on Life.*

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Sma' need has he to say a grace, . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by bat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.
The Kirk's Alarm. 12.

Of manhood but sma' is your share; . . . *Ib. 14.*

Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

O I hae tint my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma'; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
S. The Taylor fell †

King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', *S. There was a lad* †

A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request: . . . *To a Mouse.*

In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither. . . . . *Ib.*

O' nice education but sma' is her share:
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . *S. Young Jockey* †

Smack.

Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie . *Ib. R. III.*

Small. Ask why God made the gem so small,
While huge He made the granite? *Ask why God* †
Small beer persecution, . . *Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.*
Who had many children and most of them small,
The Poor Thresher.
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small, *Ib.*
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
S. The small birds rejoice †
And the small birds sing on every tree;
S. The winter it is past †

Smart. Although a lad were e'er sae smart, . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . *Sketch.*

Smart, *s.*
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, . *S. Sae far awa.*
She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
S. She's fair and fause †

Smart, *to.*
May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
Why am I loth †

Smash.
But smash them! crash them a' to spails! *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Smash'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Smeddum [dust, powder].
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum, . . *To a Louse.*

Smeek [smoke].
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin; *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Smell. Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue;
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Smell, *to.* As soon's he smells't, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.*

Smell'd, Smelt.
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t.
The Kirk's Alarm.
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in, . . *The Twa Herds. 6.*

Smiddie [smithy].
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, *El. on Capt. M. H.*
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Smile.
blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*
Her smile was like a summer morn; . *S. Blythe was she,* †
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . *S. Fairest maid* †
Thou art sweet as the smile whea fond lovers meet.
S. Here's a health to ane †
I guess by the dear angel smile, ... *Ib.*
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Her smile's a gift frae 'hoon the lift, . *S. Lovely Davies.*
And man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Those smiles and glances let me see,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile. . . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Her pauky smile, her kittle een, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.
'Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; *The Vision. D. II. 9.*
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. *S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary*
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection. . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
S. True hearted was he †
Ae sweet smile on me bestow. . *S. Turn again, thou* †
Her air like Nature's vernal smile; *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy: *S. When wild War's* †
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..
Her smile is as the evening mild, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Smile, *to.*
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to Kings. . *S. Behold, my love,* †
Has ay some cause to smile: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
Extem. on Comments of Thomson.
And smile as thou were wont to do? [*re.*] *S. Fairest maid* †
Nae mair my Dearie smiles; . . . . *Fragment.*
"The mother may forget the child
"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
Lament for Glencairn.
And smile at the mood's rimpled face in the wave;
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on Somebody! . . . *S. Somebody.*
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; *S. The Catrine woods* †
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*

Smil'd.
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitious smil'd;
Sad thy tale, †
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Smiling.
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Till smiling Spring again appear. . . . . *Ib.*
great Dundee, who smiling victory led, . *Frag. of Ode.*
Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; . . *Innocence.*
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Smirking.
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, . *The Inventory.*

Smit [to stain, pollute, infect].
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, . . *A Farewell.*

Smiter. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Smith [blacksmith].
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Smith [Adam, the Philosopher].
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, . *Auld comrade* †

Smith. Adieu too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien';
The Farewell.
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
The Belles of Mauchline.
[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Forby turn-coats amaog oursel,
There's S—h for ane, *The Twa Herds. 14.*
S—th wha thro' the heart can glance, . . . *Ib. 17.*
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, . . . *To J. S.*

Smoke.
The snowy ruin smokes aloog,
With doubling speed and gathering force, *Frag. of Ode.*
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Smoking.
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
The Petition of Br. Water.
See the smoking bowl before us, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Smoor'd [choked, suffocated].
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The Brigs of Ayr.

Smooth. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10.
Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, *The Whistle.*

Smooth, *to.* To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
Prologue, at Th., D..
May bliss domestic smooth his private path ; *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Smoothly.
Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung ; *O leave novels* †

Smothering.
Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows ! *A Winter Night. 7.*

Smoutie [smutty].
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk, . *Add. to the Deil. 17.*

Smuggle.
He'll have them hy fair trade, if not, he will smuggle ;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Smuggler. A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Smytrie [a number of small creatures].
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Snail. Thou giv'st the ass his bide, the snail his shell,
To R. G. of F..

Snakin'.
Wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.*

Snap [smart].
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Snap, *to.*
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ; . . *To J. S., 10.*
When disappointment snaps the cline of hope,
To R. G. of F., 7.

Snapper [to stumble].
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
S. Contented wi' little,†

Snare. 'Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
'To love-pretending snares, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
But wha can avoid the fell snare? . . *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
No sly Man of business contriving a snare,
S. No Churchman am I †
the flowery snare Of witching love,
S. Now Spring has clad †
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
O Thou dread Pow'r †
I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare ;
S. Phillis the Fair.
thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. . . *Poem on Life.*
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ; . *To a yng Lady.*

Snarling.
O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided, . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,*†
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast ;
To R. G. of F., 6.

Snash [abuse, impertinence].
How they maun thole a factor's snash ; *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Snatch. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness. . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
some hy the skirt may try to snatch him [Time],
Prologue, at Th., D..

Snatch'd. She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
S. The lass that made the bed.

Snaw [snow]. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
A Gude New-Year † *13.*
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, *A Winter Night. 10.*
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age ; . . *S. But lately seen* †
And [winds] har the doors wi' driving snaw, *Ep. to Davie.*
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw !
S. Here's a health to them †
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
S. My Nanie's awa.
And here's the'flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw. *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
It's no the driving drift and snaw ; *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
The bitter frost and snaw. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Twal'hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd ;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
And your life like the new driven snaw, *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been. . *The Vision. D. I.*
The snaws the mountains cover, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw ;
S. There's a youth †
The simmer lillies bloom in snaw. . . *S. To daunton me.*
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw ; . . . *To W. Creech.*
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, [*re.*]
S. Up in the morning.
The blinding sleet and snaw : . . . . *Winter.*
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ; *S. Young Jockey* †

Snaw-broo [melted snow].
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Snaw-drap [snowdrop.]
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Snaw-white.
snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen ! *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

Snawy, -ie [snowy].
burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, . *A Winter Night. 2.*
When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, *Add to the Deil. 12.*
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, *To a Mountain-daisy.*

Sned [to lop, cut off, prune].
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle. . . *To a Haggis.*
I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Sneer.
Prudence, with decorous sneer, . *In vain wild Prudence* †
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.
The League and Covenant.
Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony n saucy queau ; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Sneer, *to.* But sneer na British-boys awa ; . *A Dream. 14.*
For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, *S. Green grow the Rashes.*

Sneering. Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner? . . . *To a Haggis.*

Sneeshin mill [a snuff-box].
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Snell [bitter, biting]. Baith snell an' keen ! *To a Mouse.*

Snellest [sharpest, keenest].
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Snick [the latchet of a door].
When click ! the string the snick did draw ;
The Vision. D. I. 7.
I ken he weel a Snick can draw, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Snick-drawing [crafty, trick-contriving].
ye auld, snick-drawing dog ! . . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*

Snirtle [to snigger].
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Snood [a ribbon with which a young woman's hair is bound up ; "to lose her snood," to lose her virginity].
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Braw lads of G. water.

Snool [to submit tamely, to cringe; to snub].
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, *A Bard's Epit.*
They snool me sair, and haud me down,
S. And O for ane and twenty †

Snoov't, -'d [went smoothly and steadily ; sneaked].
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,
Thou snoov't awa. . *A Guid New-Year* † *14.*
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session . *What ails ye now* †

Snore.
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
An' tak the road ! . *A Guid New-year* † *8.*

Snoran. 'Twas but some neebor snoran
Asleep that day. *The Holy Fair. 22.*

Snout.
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Snow.
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! *A Winter Night. 7.*
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
your locks are like the snow . . . *S. John Anderson* †
O had my fate been Greenland snows,
S. Now Spring has clad †
Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
S. The Slave's Lament.

Snow-drop.
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. . . *To a Kiss.*

Snow fall.
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever; *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Snowket [smelt at objects like a dog].
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Snowy.
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, *S. Afton Water.*
The snowy ruin smokes along,
With doubling speed and gathering force, . *Frag. of Ode.*

Snuff. An' snuff the callor air. . . *The Holy Fair.*

Snuff'd.
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Snug.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
That live sae bien an' snug: . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, . . *To a Louse.*
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug,
To R. G. of F..

Snugged.
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Snugly. That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet. . . *What ails ye now* †

Soar. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, *A Bard's Epit.*
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
The Whistle. 17.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Soaring.
The soaring Hern the fountaios: *S. Now westlin winds* †
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
The Brigs of Ayr.
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, *The Hermit.*
By turns in soaring heaveo, or vaulted hell. *To R. G. of F., 8.*

Sob. Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

Sob, *to.* An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, *Tam Samson's El.*

Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin: *Halloween. 10.*

Sober.
Let wark and hunger mak them sober! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
The sober Autumn enter'd mild, . . *John Barleycorn.*
Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie! *S. O merry ha'e I been* †
I, musing, wait The sober eve, *On seeing wounded Hare.*
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I thiok
Braw sober lessons. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul, . . *S. Streams that glide* †
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober; *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The sober laverock, warbling wild, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Does the sober bed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
Till some evening, sober, calm, . . . *To Miss C.*
With sober selfish ease they sip it up: *To R. G. of F., 7.*
There ruminate with sober thought; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Social. Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
ye whom social pleasure charms, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.*
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ib., Ap. 21st., 15.
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
His social, friendly, honest heart *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin . . . . *Halloween. 28.*
The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty, *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
Some social join, and leagues combine;
S. Now westlin winds †
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Except good-sense and social glee, *On dining with Daer.*
Why disturb your social joys, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] *Scotch Drink.*
Ae social, honest man want we; *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin, . . . *Ib. Per C.*
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Companions of my social joy! *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*
Oft have I met your social Band, ... *Ib.*
She summon'd every social sprite, . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . . . *Ib. 19.*
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union, . . . *To a Mouse.*
chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; . *To J. S., 14.*
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee,
To Terraughty.

Social-flowing.
To social-flowing glasses . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Society. Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

Sock.
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen, *The Holy Fair. 15.*

Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Sodger, Soger [soldier].
Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows,
And sodgers baith;. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
If thou a noble sodger art, . *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger. . . . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*
The soger frae the wars returns, . . *S. It was a' for* †
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
S. O whare did ye get †
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, . . *Ib.*
It's tauld he was a sodger bred, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
The neist came in a sodger boy, . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And she wad send the sodger lad, ... *Ib.*
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son. . . . . *Ib.*
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, . . . *Ib.*
Fine [head] for a sodger A' the wale o' lead. . . *Ib. IV.*
Or will we send a sodger? . . *The Fête Champetre.*
She blinket on her sodger: . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. . . *Ib. S. II.*
Transported I was with my Sodger laddie. . . . *Ib.*
'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie. . . *Ib.*

I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie. . . . *Ib.*
Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger laddie. . . . *Ib.*
'Some fire the Sodger on to dare; . *The Vision. D. II. 4.*
A poor and honest sodger. . . *S. When wild War's* †
Take pity on a sodger. . . . . *Ib.*
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never: . . . . . *Ib.*
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly! . . . . . *Ib.*
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor; . . . . . *Ib.*
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, ... *Ib.*

Sodgerin [soldiering].
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. . *The Election Ballads. III.*

Sodom.
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure . *To Terraughty.*

Soft. Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
S. Gloomy December.
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear—Jessy.
S. Here's a health to ane †
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast, . . *S. Highland Mary.*
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
The frank address, the soft caress, . . *O leave novels* †
Were seal'd in soft repose; . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, . . . *On Lincluden.*
'Tis the soft chanted choral song, ... *Ib.*
Humid seal of soft affections, ... *To a Kiss.*

Softer. the friendly glow, And softer flame; *A Bard's Epit.*

Softly.
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . . *On Lincluden.*
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, ... *Ib.*
Western breezes softly blowing, . . *S. Thickest night* †

Soger *v.* **Sodger.**

Soil. Your native soil was right ill-willie;
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: *Scots Prologue.*
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Soil, *to.* Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Soil'd. Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust. *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Sojourn.
Whne'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case, *Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.*
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
On Death of fav. Child.

Sol. And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet. . . *To J. Taylor.*
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . . *To Miss C.*

Solace. Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast. . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
That only ray of solace sweet . *S. Forlorn, my Love* †

Sold. By barber woven, and by barber sold, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
For we're not to be bought or sold
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
We're bought and sold for English gold . *S. The Union.*

Soldier.
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
S. Contented wi' little †
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
S. No Churchman am I †
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
S. The Whistle. 9.

Soldier-featur'd.
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Sole.
And would you ask me to resign,
The sole reward that crowns my pain. *S. The Capt. Ribband.*

Solemn.
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole . *A Winter Night. 6.*
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
And they hae sworn a solemn oath [*re.*]. *John Barleycorn.*
I view the solemn scene around, . . . *On Lincluden.*
Sages their solemn een may steek,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
The Solemn League and Covenant
The League and Covenant.
'And wear thou this'—She solemn said,
The Vision. D. II. 23.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, *The Vowels.*
But gravissimo, solemn basses,
Ye hum away. . . . . *To J. S., 27.*

Solemn-rounded.
"With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Add. sp. by Fonteneille.

Solemnize.
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, . . *Frag. of Ode.*

Solicited. We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,
Solicited or no; . *Symon Gray* †

Solid.
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense—by inches you must tell, . . *Sketch.*
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Solitary.
Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, *S. Behold the hour* †
How blest the Solitary's lot, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
The Solitary can despise [pleasures, Loves, Joys],
Can want, and yet be blest! . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Some solitary wander: . . . *S. Now westlin winds* †

Solitude.
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
In solitude—then, then I feel I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow. . . . *V.s, under Grief.*

Solo. Set off wi' *allegretto* glee His *giga Solo.*
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.

Solomon. I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.
S. No Churchman am I †

Solway. The Criffel sink in Solway, *S. Does haughty Gaul,*†
For Solway fish a feast. . . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, . . *S. The Union.*

Solwayside.
And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt on Solwayside, . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Somebody, -ie.
An somebodie were come again,
Then somebodie maun cross the main,
S. Carl, an the king come.
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour
S. Cock up yr beaver.
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*
My heart is sair for Somebody; . . . *S. Somebody.*
For the sake of Somebody. [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
O hey! for Somebody, O dear! for Somebody; [*re.*] . *Ib.*
O sweetly smile on Somebody! . . . . . *Ib.*
And send me safe my Somebody. . . . . *Ib.*
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane, *S. The Taylor fell* †

Something.
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,
Wi' something yet. *A Guid New-Year* † *16*
As Something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
I there wi' Something does forgather,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
'Folk maun do something for their bread, . . *Ib. 12.*
Something in her bosom wrings, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
A Something to have sent you, . *Ep. to Young Friend.*

But still keep something to yourself
Ye scarcely tell to ony. . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Till something held within the pat, . . *Halloween. 12.*
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel. . . . *Handsome Nell.*
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
That something in us never dies : *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
S. The lazy mist †
Something cries, "Hoolie ! . . . . . *To J. S., 7.*

Something [somewhat].

I thought them [my works] something like yoursel.
A Ded. to G. H., 12.
She's saft at best an' something lazy,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
An something sair. . . . . *Ib. 3.*
Look something to your credit ; . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But now its gane, and something mair, . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*
Tho' he was something sturtan ; . . . *Halloween. 18.*

Sometime, -times.

Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes rouse me; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
Sometime when nae ane see'd him, . . *Halloween. 17.*
An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in ; . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
Sometimes by foes I was n'erpower'd ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;
S. My father was a farmer †

Son. Ye sons of Heresy and Error, . *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ; *A Winter Night. 9.*
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
My son, these maxims make a rule,
Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott.
"And come ye here, my Son," he says,
"To wander in my broken shade, . *As on the banks* †
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
O, may no son the father's honour stain, *Blest be M'Murdo* †
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
S. By yon castle wa' †
'His only son for Hornbook sets, And pays him well,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.
Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life, . *Despondency, an Ode.*
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night ! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son, . . . *Ib. 5.*
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ; *Man was made to Mourn.*
The sons of Belial in the Land . . *New Psalmody.*
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . *On dining with Daer.*
"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ; . . . *Ib.*
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
May every son be worthy of his sire ; . . . . *Ib.*
By your sons in servile chains, . *S. Scots, wha hae* †
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed : . . . *Ib. 19.*

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision, . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, *The Death of Mailie.*
To greet his eldest son. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And my son Maitland, wise as brave, . . . *Ib. V*
Presided o'er the Sons of light :
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought !' . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
'Mang sons o' G— present him, . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*
I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
The Kirk's Alarm.
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion : . *The Ordination. 14.*
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled hy Willie,
S. The Sons of old K..
Her [Freedom's] sons did loudly ca', man ;
The Tree of Liberty.
With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
The son of great Loda was conqueror still, . *The Whistle. 3.*
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.
To Dr. Blacklock.
Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead, . . . *To J. Taylor.*
We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken !
To Mr. Syme.
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. *To R. G. of F., 6.*
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes . *Ib. 7.*
Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern ; . . *V.s below Picture.*
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee *Verses under Grief.*

Song. a hard of rustic song, ... *A Bard's Epit.*
Her voice is the song of the morning *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
S. Afton Water.
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Could aught of song declare my pains, *S. Could aught of song* †
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care. *Lament for Glencairn.*
famed for martial deed and sacred song, . . *Liberty.*
Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, . *Nature's Law.*
O sing a new song to the L—, . . *New Psalmody.*
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, ... *Ib.*
Or wi' his song her cares beguile : *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
'Tis the soft chanted choral song, . . . *On Lincluden.*
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
On Death of fav. Child.
Now half-extinct your powers of song, *On Death of Lap-dog.*
In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share ; . . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
Prologue, at Th., D.
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song ;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And still I can join in a cup and a song ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
'I tanght thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame. *The Vision. D. II. 16.*
Or love extatic wake his seraph song. . *To Miss Graham.*
chearful peace, with linnet song, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †

Songster.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ; *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*
'As songsters of the early year
'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,. . . *S. O Phely,* †
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away.
S. The Posie.

Sonnet. Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet. *On dining with Daer.*
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Tam o' Shanter. 9.
Sol paid him with a sonnet. . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

So'ns [sowens, a sort of smooth porridge, or thick drink, made from oatmeal husks steeped in water until sour].
butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt, . . . *Halloween. 28.*

Sonsy, -ie. [jolly, comely and well-conditioned].
An' unco' sonsie. . . . . *A Gude New-Year† 5.*
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
I see her yet, the sonsy quean,
That lighted up my jingle; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, . . *The Inventory.*
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
women sonsie, saft an' sappy, . *There's naethin like†*
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, . . . *To a Haggis.*
My blessings on you, sonsie wife; . *V.s to a Landlady.*

Soon. But three short years will soon wheel roun'. *S. And O for one and twenty†*
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon mann he my dwelling. . *S. Blythe ha'e I been†*
As soon's he smells't, . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.*
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh, . . . *Ib. 24.*
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee. . . *S. Deluded swain†*
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Amaist as soon as I could tell, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, S.*
As soon's the clockin-time is hy, . . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,
S. Eppie M'Nab.
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Her feeble pulse gives strong presumption
Death soon will end her. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth, with me, to mourn *Man was made to Mourn.*
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel! . . *S. My heart was ance†*
She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
S. My Love's a winsome†
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
S. O ay my wife she dang.
But soon wi' sonnding victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa†
But soon may peace bring happy days, *S. O Logan! sweetly†*
When soon or late they reach that coast,
O Thou dread Pow'r†
The weary winter soon will pass, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe†*
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace: *On scaring Water-fowl.*
May powers aboon unite you soon, . *On W. Chalmers.*
Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, . *Poem on Life.*
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, *Scots Prologue.*
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; *Tam o' Shanter.*
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! . . . *Ib. 18.*
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
As soon as e'er she saw me, . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
An' soon I made me ready; . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 11.
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
The Kirk's Alarm. 6.
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather; *S. The noble Maxwells†*
But soon grew weary o' the trade, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, . . *Ib.*
And soon 'twill be agreed, man, ... *Ib.*
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man; . . . . . *Ib.*
reckless vows, Would soon been broken.
The Vision. D. I. 9.
The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.
S. There's auld Rob†
Soon my weary eyes I'll close, nevermore to waken.
S. Thou hast left me†
'Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Sooner. Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue†

Soor [sour].
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . *The Twa Herds. 5.*

Sooth.
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! *S. O Willie brew'd†*
My sooth! right hauld ye set your nose out, *To a Louse.*

Soothe. Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
S. Again rejoic. Nature†
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest; . . *S. Highland Mary.*
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
On seeing wounded Hare.
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, . *The Lament.*
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
S. The small birds†
'Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,
'For humble gains, . *The Vision. D. II. 9.*
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame. . . . *Ib. 16.*
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
To R. G. of F..
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, . *Ib. 9.*
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, . . *Winter.*
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Soothing.
Thy soothing fond complaining. *S. O stay, sweet warbling†*

Sooty, -ie.
in yon cavern grim and sootie, . . *Add. to the Deil.*
Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals; *El. on Capt. M. H., 8.*
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,
S. There liv'd ance a carle†

Sophy.
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Sordid.
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.*

Sore. While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats. . *A Winter Night. 5.*
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead, . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
And sore surpris'd them all. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
And cudgell'd him full sore; . . . . . *Ib.*
Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
S. My father was a farmer†
sore I feel All others' scorn . . . *Reply to a Reproof.*
Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright:
The Lament. 8.
While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo; *S. The sun he is sunk†*

Sore-harass'd.
Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, . . *The Lament.*

Sorely. In longitude tho' sorely scanty, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*

Sorest.
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Sorrow. Attentive still to Sorrow's wail, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
I rather won'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
S. As I was a-wand'ring†
While my soul's delight is on her bed of sorrow.
S. Ay waking, O†
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! *Blest be M'Murdo†*
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie! *S. By Allan stream†*

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, . . *S. Canst thou leave me* †

Whene'er I foregather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
S. Contented wi' little †

But the pride of the Spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*

What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear! . . *Despondency, an Ode.*

May dool and sorrow he his lot, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care:
S. Gloomy December.

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share. *Lament for Glencairn.*

Or else I wad kill him with sorrow:
S. Last May a braw wooer †

With Cares and Sorrows worn, *Man was made to Mourn.*

If sorrow and anguish their exit await, *Monody, on a Lady.*

No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O:
S. My father was a farmer †

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded, *S. Musing on the roaring* †

While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

As little reckt I sorrow's power, ... *Ib.*

Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean, . . *S. O Tibbie!* †

In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
On Death of fav. Child.

Through the dire desert regions of sorrow, . . . *Ib.*

Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . *S. Raving winds* †

(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Her sorrows share and make them less? . *The Lament.*

Fareweel our night o' sorrow. . *S. The noble Maxwells* †

While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo; . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras. [v. A 13] *The Twa Dogs.*

A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, *The Tree of Liberty.*

So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; *The Whistle. 10.*

Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. *To J. S., 25.*

If envious huckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days . *To Terraughty.*

Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. . *V.s under Grief.*

I canna to mysel conceal My deeply rankling sorrow. *Ib.*

O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd;
S. Wae is my heart †

But sorrow and sad sighing care. *S. Where are the joys* †

When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Sorrowing.

We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, *Fragment of Ode.*

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, . . *To a Kiss.*

Sorry.

A sorry, poor, mishegot son of the Muses, *Frag., inscr. to Fox.*

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker; . . . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Sort.

Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks: *Scots Prologue.*

What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; *The Twa Dogs. 7.*

Sort, *to.* Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

How I did wi' the Session sort . . *What ails ye now* †

Sot. 'I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin: *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*

If ony whiggish whingin sot, . *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Sough [a heavy sigh; the moaning of the wind].

My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Sough, *to* **[to sigh or moan like the wind].**

Deep, as soughs the hoding wind.
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. . *As on the banks* †

Sought.

Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man. *A Bottle and Friend.*

So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . *Halloween.*

I rue the day I sought her O, [*re.*] *S. My love she's but* †

And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent. . . . *Nature's Law.*

And sought a correspondent breast, ... *Ib.*

Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought. . . *S. Talk not of Love* †

He sought them out, he sought them in,
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †

'They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Souk [a suck].

And ay she took the tither souk, . *S. The weary Pund.*

Soul. - - - - whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, *A Bard's Epit. 5.*

Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest. . *A Prayer under Anguish.*

Then, man my soul with firm resolves . . . . *Ib.*

Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul, . . *A Winter Night. 6.*

By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, *Add. to Dumourier.*

An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd, . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*

Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

And waste my soul with care; . *S. Anna, thy charms,* †

While my soul's delight Is on her bed of sorrow.
S. Ay waking, O †

To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . *S. Bonie wee thing* †

Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; *S. By Allan stream* †

But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?
S. Could aught of song †

For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! . . *Delia. An Ode.*

His soul was like the glorious sun, . *El. on Capt. M. H.*

To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.
El. on Miss Burnet.

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest, . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*

Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.*

Last, she sublimes th' Anrora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls. *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*

Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, . *Ib. 5.*

Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again; . . . *Ib.*

Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too must rise.
For had he said, "the soul alone - - -
Then thou hadst slept for ever! . . *Epit. on a Laird.*

But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul, . *Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.*

Farewell, dear mistress of my soul,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †

Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Frag. of Ode.

They [oceans] never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee. . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †

'Tis this enchants my soul. . . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*

She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †

Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Where is that soul of freedom fled? . . . *Liberty.*

In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!
S. Mark yonder Pomp †

My soul, delightless, a' surveys, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

And sigh'd his very soul. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

And wake the soul to musings high. . . *On Lincluden.*

Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
On Death of R. Dundas.

But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death. . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . *Poet. Inscription.*

Life, thou soul of every blessing. . . *S. Raving winds* †

Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor. *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
Some, bounded to a district-space, . . . *Ib. D. II. 10.*

Spade. Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.*
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Spae [to foretell, to divine].
'As seek the foul Thief onie place,
'For him to spae your fortune : . . . *Halloween. 14.*

Spail [a chip of wood, a splinter].
But smash them! crash them a' to spails! *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Spain. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert, *The Vowels.*

Spairan [sparing].
Black [Russell] is na spairan : . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Spairge [to dash, or scatter about; to soil as with mud].
A name not Envy spairges) . . . . *A Dream. 7.*
Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*

Spak [did speak].
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.*
It spak right howe—' My name is Death,' . . . *Ib. 9.*
' The wife slade cannie to her bed,
' But ne'er spak mair. . . . *Ib. 26.*
Spak o' louping o'er a linn; . . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
And oh! her een they spak sic things! . - . . *Ib.*
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, *S. In simmer when* †
If Denmark, any body spak o't; . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
S. Last May, a braw wooer †
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure ; . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
As cauld a minister's ever spak ; . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
He gaped wide, but naething spak, *The Death of Mailie.*
And spak wi' modest grace, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride, ... *Ib.*
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, . . . *Ib.*
an' laughan as she spak, . . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans,
Like you or me. . *To W. Simpson. P.S..*

Span. How little of life's scanty span may remain:
S. The lazy mist †
Did many talents gild thy span? . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Span-lang.
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Span, *to.*
That sweetly ye might span. . *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*

Spaniard.
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss : . *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Spanish. The Spanish empire's tint a head, *El. on Year 1788.*

Spare.
And deal from iron hands the spare repast ; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Spare, *to.* But, my Chloris spare me!
Spare, O spare my love! . *S. Ay waking, O* †
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him. . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.*
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! . . . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, . . . *Ib.*
Sae when ye hae an bour to spare, . . . *Ib. 5.*
The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute: . *Extem. to an Intimate.*
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling : *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare. . . . . *Ib. 15.*
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
S. How pleasant the banks †
But spare to speak, and spare to speed ; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
He has nae love to spare for me: . *S. In simmer when* †
But some will spend, and some will spare, . . . *Ib.*
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
But spare and pardon my false Love, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
But spare a Mother's tears! . . . . . *Ib.*
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it ; . *Poem on Life.*
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Ronalds of Bennals.
But spare poor Sensibility
The ungentle, harsh rebuke. . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
Ye canting Zealots, spare him! *Tam Samson's El., Epit.*
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. . . *The Book-Worms.*
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Spare them nae day. . . . . *The Ordination. 5.*
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Spare me thy vengeance, G[alloway] . . *To Lord G.*
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers! . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare!
To R. G of F., 9.

Spared, -'d.
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
If thou be spar'd ; . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
When your pen can be spared, *P.S. to* " *The Kirk's Alarm.*"
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
If he be spar'd to be a beast, . . *The Inventory.*
But if the beast and branks be spar'd *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Sparely. Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely, *To a Louse.*
A' day they [the birds] fare but sparely ;
S. Up in the morning.

Spark. Then let us fight about,
'Till freedom's spark is out, *Add. to Dumourier.*
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 13.*
It may escape the courtly sparks, . *S. O this is no my ain* †

Sparkle. Let love sparkle in her e'e ; . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Sparkling, -in'.
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! *Innocence* †
For sparkling was the rosy wine, . *S. O May thy morn* †
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. *S. On Cessnock banks* †
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en. . . . . *Ib.*
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [*re.*] *Ib., Sett II.*
well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
In youthful' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
What sparkling jewels glance, man! *S. The Fête Champetre.*
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ; *To R. Graham.*
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Spate, Speat [a flood after heavy rain, or thaw].
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Spavet [having the spavin].
My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het ; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Spavie [the spavin].
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Frae door tae door. . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
She's a' hedevil'd wi' the spavie. . . . *The Inventory.*
Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Speak.
For who can write and speak as thou and I? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Plain truth to speak; . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*
But spare to speak, and spare to speed; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Ye speak sae fair; . . . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Speak out an' never fash your thumb.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.
For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, . . *Ib. 18.*
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v.A.2] . *Ib. P.*
While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Yet dare not speak my anguish. . . *S. The last time I* †
I speak, and do not flatter, . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine! . . *To a Kiss.*

Speaking, -in.
'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
'Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
Speaking silence, dumb confession, . . *To a Kiss.*

Spean [to wean].
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Spear. while each corny spear Shoots up its head,
El. on Capt. M. H., 12.
An' [Bruce] shook his Carrick spear, . . *Halloween.*
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, *John Barleycorn.*
The glittering spears are ranked ready, *S. My bonie Mary.*
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
To R. G. of F..

Speat *v.* **Spate.**

Specific. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Specious. Much specious lore, but little understood; *Sketch.*

Speckled.
sooty coots, and speckled teals; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 8.*

Spectator.
A cool spectator purely! . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Spectre.
Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? . . *In Defence of a Lady.*

Sped.
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, *S. Fate gave the word* †
How His first followers and servants sped;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
The Election Ballads. III.
The time, unheeded, sped away, . . . *The Lament.*

Speech.
Nor meikle speech pretend, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, *The Whistle. 9.*
May I be slander's common speech; . . *To W. Creech.*
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Speechless.
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; *S. By Allan stream* †
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:
S. O stay, sweet warbling †

Speed.
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed; *A Guid New-Year 9.*
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed; . . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will out-rival the dart:
Extem. pinned to a Coach.
With doubling speed and gathering force, . *Frag. of Ode.*
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed: . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
Renalds of Bennals.
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,
The Election Ballads. VI.
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
S. The Lass that made the bed.
Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin! . . *To a Louse.*
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. *To Mary in Heaven.*

Speed, *to.*
But spare to speak, and spare to speed; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed, . . *To J. S., 10.*

Speedy. The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Tam o' Shanter. 8.
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg, ... *Ib. 18.*

Speel [to climb]. Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus, *Poem on Life.*
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' s-lv-tion. [v.A.22] . *The Holy Fair. 12.*
If on a beastie I can speel, ... *To —.*
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame;
To W. Simpson.

Speel'd [climbed].
ance that five an' forty's speel'd, . . . *To J. S., 13.*

Speet [to spit, to pierce].
To speet him like a Pliver, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

Speer *v.* **Spier.**

Speir *v.* **Spier.**

Spell.
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; *Auld comrade* †
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Spell, *to.*
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 8.*
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †

Spence [the country parlour].
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest. . . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*

Spend.
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy. *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
We hae pennies to spend, . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
He will win a shilling Or he spend a groat.
S. Hey the dusty miller †
But some will spend, and some will spare, *S. In simmer when* †
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..
I hae a penny to spend, ... *S. Nachody.*
There I'll spend the day wi' you, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
And life's poor season peaceful spend. *On scaring Water-fowl.*
I've little to spend, and naething to lend, *Renalds of Bennals.*
And spend the gear they win. . . . . *Ib.*
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
"To spend an hour in daffin: . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*

Spen't [spend it].
And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . *S. My Collier Laddie.*

Spent. The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent amang the lassies, O. [v.A. 24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie; *S. How lang and dreary* †
And spent the chearful, festive night;
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan; . *The Twa Dogs.*
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing, . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie; . *S. When I think on* †

Spew. Or fricassee, wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner, . *To a Haggis.*

Spewing.
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Spey.
We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*

Sphere.
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres :
Ei. on Miss Burnet.
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.*
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
The Rights of Woman.
'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
The Vision. D. II. 21.
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres.
Only to number out a villain's years ! . *To R. Graham.*

Spicy. Spicy forests, ever gay, . *S. Streams that glide* †
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
S. Their graves of †

Spider. thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. *Poem on Life.*

Spied (speed). When to the loughs the Curlers flock.
Wi' gleesome speed. *Tam Samson's El.*

Spied v. **Spy'd.**

Spier, Speir, Speer (to ask, inquire ; "spier your price," "ask you in marriage ; "speer in for," call in and ask for).
At kith or kin I needna speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
'Mair spier na, nor fear na'. . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Now we're married, spier nae mair, *S. First when Maggy* †
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night. . *Hallowen. 12.*
The deil a ane would spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I. . . . . *S. O Tibbie !* †
An' hardly in a winter season.
E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. *Scotch Drink. 14.*
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, *Scots Prologue.*
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Speer in for bonie Bessy ; . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*

Spier'd, -'t (asked, inquired).
An' sae about him there I spier't : *Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st, 5.*
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet.
S. Last May a braw wooer †

Spiky.
The progress of the spiky blade. *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*

Spill. And time nae langer spill, jo : . *S. O steer her up* †
The Angus lads had nae gude will.
That day their neebour's blude to spill ;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Spin.
And she held o'er the moors to spin ; *S. Duncan Davison.*
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
I'll sit me down and sing and spin,
S. The Contented Cottager.
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow. . . . *S. The weary Pund.*
Gae spin your tap o' tow ! . . . . . *Ib.*

Spindle, -'le. I made a poker n' the spin'le. *The Inventory.*
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, . . *To a Haggis.*

Spinnin.
The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't ; . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Spinnin-graith (spinning implements).
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. *S. Duncan Davison.*

Spinning-wheel, Spinnin wheel.
Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel ; . . *O leave novels* †
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel, [re.]
S. The Contented Cottager.
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel. . . . *Ib.*
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel. . . . . *Ib.*
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ? . . . . *Ib.*

Spirit. Sp'rit.
'May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
'For that same gen'rous spirit smart ! . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Let William Hislop give the spirit. . . . *A Grace.*
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit.
Add. of Beelzebub.
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies. . *As on the banks* †
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit ! . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down. . *S. Highl. Mary.*
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa. . *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell. . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Prologue, at Th., D..
She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, *Scots Prologue.*
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard. *The Brigs of Ayr.*
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation, . . *Ib. 9.*
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
The Henpecked Husband.
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
The Rights of Woman.
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
'They ardent, kindling spirits pour ; *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns. *To R. Graham.*
wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
No vengeful spirit bid him fear ; . *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Spiritus.
Urinus Spiritus of capons ; . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Spiritual, Sp'ritual ("sp'ritual burn," aquavitæ).
"Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Ens add. to J. Ranken.
What are they [priests] pray ? but spiritual Excisemen.
Ens on Window, K.'s Arms.
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker ! . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*
And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
The Brigs of Ayr 4.
Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns.
The Kirk's Alarm. 17.
" Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe. *What ails ye now* †

Spite.
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite. . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite. . *S. Frae the friends* †
In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill :
S. The heather was blooming †
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
The Petition of Br. Water.
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's liein'. . . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Wi' girnan spite. . *To W. Simpson, P.S..*

Spite of, Spite o'.
in spite of his fine theoretic positions, *Frag., inscr. to Fox.*
In spite n' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's !
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes : . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite of undermining jobs,
In spite n' dark banditti stabs . . . . . *Ib.*

Spitefu'. An' sklented on the man of Uz,
Your spitefu' joke ? *Add. to the Deil. 17.*
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v. A. 15]
Tam Samson's El..

Spittle.
'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*

Splatter. But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Spleen.
spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
The Whistle. 11

Spleeny. spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

Splendid. Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze. *Halloween.*
And all the splendid scene's decayed ; . . *On Lincluden.*

Splendour, -dor.
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ; *Add. to Edinburgh.*
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow ! *Lns on Fergusson.*
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor : . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Spleuchan [a tobacco-pouch].
Because we've stang'd her through the place,
And hurt her spleuchan, *Adam A–'s Prayer.*
'Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.*

Splore [a frolic, a riot, a noise].
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
Wha dearly like a random-splore ; *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore. *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Spoil. Thy sair-won, rightful spoil. *Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.*
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. *Lns, on Back of Bank Note.*
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicions spoils. *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ; *The Whistle. 7.*

Spoil, *to.*
Our father's blude the kettle bought !
And wha wad dare to spoil it ? . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Spoil'd. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd, My heart forgets, *A Winter Night. 5.*

Spoiler.
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom, *On Death of fav. Child.*

Spoke. Great Nature spoke, with air benign, *Nature's Law.*
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Spoken. Wi' reverence be it spoken ; *On dining with Daer.*
But fate the word has spoken : *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Spontoon.
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready, *The Jolly Beggars. S. II.*

Spoon.
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon ; *S. O merry hae I been* †

Sport. Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ; *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em [poverty, care]
And thought it sport. *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
I straiket it a wee for sport, ... *Ep. to J. R., S.*
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Their sports were cheap an' cheary : . . *Halloween. 28.*
Love to love maks a' the sport. . . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
Gies famous sport. [v.A. 25] . . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races, . . *Ib. 31.*

Sport, *to.*
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, *S. Caledonia.*
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night. . . *Halloween.*
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water, . *The Fête Champetre.*

Sported. Where early life I sported ; *S. When wild War's* †

Sporting, -'in.
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*
'I daur you try sic sportin, ... *Halloween. 14.*
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn, *On seeing wounded Hare.*
An' send him to his dicing box,
An' sportin lady. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon : *S. Turn again, thou fair* †

Sportive.
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
And teach the sportive younkers round, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Sportsman.
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion ! . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ; *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
When August winds the heather wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave, . . . *Ib. 13.*

Spot. How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword *Scots Prologue.*
"An' meet you on the holy spot ; . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ; . . *To J. S., 17.*
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie. . *S. Willie Wastle.*

Spotless. As spotless as she's bonie, O ; *S. Behind yon hills* †
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine ; . . *S. Behold, my love* †
'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, . . *On Lincluden.*
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn *S. On Cessnock banks* †
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last. . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
With native worth, and spotless fame, . . *To Chloris.*

Spotting. Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Spouse. "My spouse Nancy ?" . *S. Husband, husband,* †
M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Spout,
in their random, wanton spouts, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Sprackled [clambered].
Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . *On dining with Daer.*

Sprang.
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, *S. To Mary in Heaven.*

Sprattle [to struggle, to scramble].
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar. . . *A Winter Night. 3.*
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, *To a Louse.*

Sprawl.
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, *To a Louse.*

Sprawlin'. Sprawlin' like a taed. *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Spray. Nor quit for me the trembling spray, *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
O were my love yon vi'let sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray ; *S. O were my love* †
While birds rejoice on every spray ; *S. On Cessnock banks* † *Sett. II.*
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
That hop from spray to spray. . . . *To Clarinda.*
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Spread. Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ; *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
An spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r, . . *A Gude New-Year* †
In all its crimson glory spread, . . *S. A Rosebud by* †
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea : . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther. *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
But pleasures are like poppies spread, . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down ; *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
The fruitful top is spread on high, . . *The 1st Ps.*
Low, in a sandy valley spread, . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Spreading.
That wakes through the green-spreading grove, *S. Adown winding Nith* †
spreading beech and tapering elm, . *As on the banks* †
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws, *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
I see the spreading leaves and flowers, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle Unseen . . *Halloween. 25.*
Through the hazel's spreading wide *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair ; *S. How pleasant the banks* †
yon moors, Out-spreading far and wide, *Man was made to Mourn.*
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ; *S. Now rosy May* †

The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet.
S. Now westlin winds †

She wanders by yon spreading tree; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
I see the flowers and spreading trees, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
S. The Banks of Nith.
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
S. The bonie Lass of Alb..
And bonie spreading bushes. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Its branches spreading wide, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Speckled [speckled].
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi's spreckled breast, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Sprig.
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; *Spoke extem. to yng Lady.*
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
To R. G. of F., 5.

Sprightly. On sprightly coursers prance; . *Halloween.*
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and mirth,
Prologue, at Th., D..
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
S. The lazy mist †
Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Spring [a quick air in music; a Scotch reel].
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill! . . . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
the o'erword o' the spring . . *The night was still* †
But Charlie gat the spring to pay
For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.
S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him. . *There came a piper* †

Spring [season].
in the merry months o' Spring, . . *A Winter Night. 4.*
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
That scatters hlight in early spring? . *As on the banks* †
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . *S. Bonie Bell.*
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . . . *Ib.*
Till smiling Spring again appear. . . . . *Ib.*
The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
S. By Allan stream †
The pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Spring, thou darling of the year; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*
That brilliant gift will so enrich me [winter],
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me;
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
But the chearful Spring came kindly on, *John Barleycorn.*
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
On Death of fav. Child.
Tasting the breathing spring, . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Thou young-eyed Spring, thy charms I cannot bear;
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10] . . *Ib.*
a' the pride of Spring's return . . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
S. The heather was blooming †
As canty as ever a bird in the spring. *S. The Poor Thresher.*
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
"Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Lament for Glencairn.
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
S. Now Spring has clad †
"The little swallow's wanton wing,
"Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, . . *S. O Phely,* †
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear. . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
O were my love yon lilac fair,
With purple blossoms to the spring; *S. O were my love* †
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Springs.
O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Amang the springs, ... *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
He knows each cord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias: . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs; . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Ae spring brought off her master hale, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Ilk wimpling hurn, ilk chrystal spring, *The Fête Champetre.*
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And every new cork is a new spring of joy: *The Whistle. 12.*

Spring, *to.* To mark the sweet flowers as they spring:
S. Adown winding Nith †
In vain to me the vi'lets spring; *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
And B[urn]s' spring, her fame to sing, . *Nature's Law.*
And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; *S. Now bank and brae* †
The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
S. Now Spring has clad †
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
S. Now westlin winds †
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green; . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
Away nffrighted springs. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
The Brigs of Ayr.
from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, . . *Ib. 7.*
From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
S. The heather was blooming †
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Springing, -an.
I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
S. I dream'd I lay †
The springing lilies sweetly press'd, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springan owre the gutters. . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
And every flower be springing. *S. The yng Highl. Rover* †
The rosy dawn, the springing grass, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Spring-tide.
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . *To W. Simpson. 11.*

Sprinkle.
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews . . *S. O were my love* †

Sprite. Horrid sprites shall haunt you. *S. Husband, husband* †
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed, . *Ib. 11.*
At sight of wham [Peace] our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath. . . . . *Ib. 13.*

Sprittie [full of sprits, rushy].
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
A Gude New-Year † *12.*

Sp'rit *v.* **Spirit; Sp'ritual** *v.* **Spiritual.**

Sprout. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Sprout, *to.*
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools . *To W. Creech.*

Sprung. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; *A Ded. to G. H.*
That's newly sprung in June; . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
From some of your northern deities sprung: *S. Caledonia.*
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Sprush [spruce, smart].
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
S. Cock up your beaver.

His bonnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush
S. The tither morn †

Spumy.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*

Spunk [fire, mettle ; a spark].
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 14.*
That show'd a man o' spunk, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.
The Ordination. 14.

Spunkie [full of spirit]. Erskine, a spunkie norland billie ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.

Spunkie [whisky].
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow
And then we'll shine. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Spunkies [Wills o' the wisp].
An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is : *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Spur. B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, *A Fragment. 4.*
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle. . *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*
Wi' winged spurs did ride, . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Spurn.
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur ; *S. Come, let me take* †
And see his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition spurn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground :
To R. G. of F..
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Spurn'd.
If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Spurning. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn, *Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.*
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.
Monody, on a Lady.

Spurtle-blade [a sword. A "spurtle" is a stick for stirring porridge, &c., while being boiled].
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Spy. Her pretty nuckle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Spy, *to.* Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed : *Poor Mailie's El..*
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Bryden's brave Ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ; [v.A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ; . . *To a Louse.*

Spy'd, Spied. Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ; *Man was made to mourn.*
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, *S. When wild War's* †

Spying.
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

Squad.
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . . *Lns to J. Ranken.*
To liken them to your auld-warld squad.
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
He rails at our mountebank squad, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
The rambling squad : . . . . . *To J. S., 28.*

Squadron.
Squadrons extended long and large, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron ; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, Fast, fast
The Ordination. 10.

Squalid. in Mis'ry's squalid nest, *A Winter Night. 8.*
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Square. An' never think o' right an' wrang
By squire an' rule, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*

Squatter'd [fluttered in water like a wild duck, &c.].
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, . . *Add. to the Deil. 8.*

Squattle [to lie squat, to sprawl].
Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ; . *To a Louse.*

Squeak. Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle ; . *Halloween. 19.*

Squeak, *to.* And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin. . *The Vision. D. I. 3.*

Squeel [school ; a great number of people].
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, *S. Amang the trees* †

Squeel [a scream, screech].
His eldritch squeel an' gestures, . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Squeel, *to* **[to scream, screech].**
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror ! *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel ! . *Add. to the Deil. 2.*
That gars the notes of discord squeel, *Add. to Toothache.*

Squeeze.
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ; . *Add. to Toothache.*
Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.

Squire. The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material, for mere knights and squires ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse ;
S. No Churchman am I †
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters : *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy, . . . *The Dean of Fac.*
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness
The Election Ballads. V.

Squireship.
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken. . *On dining with Daer.*

St. Jamie's.
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

St. Mary's.
And there will be folk frae St. Mary's
A house of great merit and note ; *The Election Ballads. III.*

St. Mary's Isle.
Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, *The Election Ballads. II.*

Stab. In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Stable.
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Stable-meal [liquor, &c., consumed in an inn to pay for the stabling of your horse].
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, *A Guid New-Year* † *S.*

Stacher [to stagger].
The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Stacher'd, -'t [staggered].
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it : *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Stack. He marches thro' amang the stacks, *Halloween. 18.*
the Stack he faddom't thrice, ... *Ib. 23.*
'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
The Brigs of Ayr.
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. *The Death of Mailie.*

Stack [stuck]. Fient a henk had I, Yet I stack by him.
S. Robin shure in hairst.
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Stackyard.
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Staff. Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Stage.
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, *Scots Prologue.*

Stagger. Maria's jaunty stagger, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Stagger, *to.* 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's El., 11.

Staggering.
Then staggering, an' swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up . *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*

Staggie [*dim. of* **stag**].
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie *A Guid New-Year* †

Staid, Stay'd.
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. *Epit. on a Wag.*
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds,
S. The Taylor he cam †

Staig.
Redoubted Staig who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Staig [a young horse not yet broken for riding or work ; a stallion].
'Its neither your stot nor your staig
I shall crave, *S. There liv'd ance a carle* †

Stain.
If thou art staunch without a stain, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
In window fair, the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain, . . . *On Lincluden.*
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands : *S. Streams that glide* †
Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Stain, to. Or trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day. . . . *A Dream. 12.*
O, may no son the father's honor stain, *Blest he M'Murdo* †
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie ! *S. By Allan stream* †
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My hornie fist assume the plough again ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Epit. for Author's Father.
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear :
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
That clarty barm should stain my laurels ; *Searching auld* †
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain.
For wha can dye the black ? *The Election Ballads. V.*
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face, ... *To Ruin.*

Stain'd. But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name! . *A Bard's Epit.*
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name
On Duke of Queensberry.

Stair.
A female form, [Benevolence] came from the tow'rs of Stair :
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Stairs. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
S. No Churchman am I †

Stake.
He [Fox] swept the stakes awa', man, . *A Fragment. 7.*
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, . *Add. to the Deil. S.*
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake . . . . . *Ib. 21.*
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.
Whar damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ; *The Fête Champetre.*

Stake, *to.*
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Stalk. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, *S. A Rose-bud by* †
To pou their stalks o' corn ; . . . . *Halloween. 6.*
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man ! . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Stalk, *to.*
Wi' joy the teatie Seedsman stalks, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*
'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
'And lonely stalk, . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*

Stalk'd. Reluctant, E stalk'd in ; . . . *The Vowels.*
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Stalking.
His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . *S. Tam Glen.*
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Stalwart.
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, [v.A.20] . . *A Vision.*

Stammer.
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . *To W. Creech.*

Stammer, *to.*
The doited beastie stammers ; . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Stammer'd.
An how he star'd and stammer'd, . *On dining with Daer.*

Stamp.
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, *S. The Honest Man.*

Stamp, *to.*
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, *The Twa Dogs. 13.*

Stampan.
He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*

Stamp-office. And there will be stamp-office Johnie,
The Election Ballads. III.

Stan' [stand].
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.*

Stan', *to* **[to stand].**
Their hauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ; . *The Death of Mailie.*
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, *The Twa Dogs.*

Stan't [stood ; 'wad stan't,' would have stood].
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Stand. "Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Stand, *to.*
Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ; . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead, . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
If ye'll but staod to what ye've said, . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh ; . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
While Death stands victor by, . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
We'll let her stand a year or twa, . *S. My love she's but* †
Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, *Nature's Law.*
Stand i' the stool when I hae done, *S. O gude ale comes* †
But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin, *On Dining with Daer*
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
On Window at Stirling.
when they winna stand the test, . . *Scots Prologue.*
Freeman stand, or freeman fa', . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth :
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
Now stand as tightly by your tack : . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Where royal cities stately stand ; . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Like brothers they'll stand by each other ;
The Election Ballads. III.
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, *The Holy Fair. 9.*
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day ;
S. The Posie.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood, *The Tree of Liberty.*
'Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
'They, sightless stand, *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub.
I independent stand ay. . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Standard.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*

Standing.
Observe wha's standing wi' him. . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on, [v.A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Your hearts are just a standing pool. . . *To J. S., 26.*

Stane [a stone weight].
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, . . *S. The cardin o't.*
I bought my wife a stane o' lint, . *S. The weary Pund.*

Stane [stone, a stone].
Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me; . . . *A Vision.*
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; . *Epit. on a Polemic.*
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, - - -
The very stanes that Adam bore, *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.*†
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
These muvin things ca'd wives and weans
Wad mnve the very hearts o' stanes! . *Searching auld*†
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
Tam o' Shanter. 10.
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head, *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
Your rnin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
And make his ether-stane, man! . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, *The Holy Fair. 27.*
They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
S. The lass that made the bed.
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. *The Twa Dogs.*
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke, ... *Ib. 10.*
I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane; . *S. There's news, lasses*†
beneath the random bield O' clod or stane,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

Stang [a sting].
My curse upon your venom'd stang, *Add. to Tooth-ache.*

Stang, *to* **[to sting].**
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let Inclination law that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Stanged, -'d.
We've stang'd her through the place, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Wi' stangèd hips, and huttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; *Ib.*

Stank [a pool of standing water].
An' could hae flown out owre a stank, *A Guid New-Year*†*3.*
I never drank the Muses' Stank, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste, . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*

Stap [to stop].
'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
'To stap or scar me'; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*

Star. The stars they shot alang the sky; . . *A Vision.*
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . . *Auld comrade*†
I swear and vow by moon and stars, *S. Come boat me o'er.*
An' [by] every star within my hearin'! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.*
For ale and brandy's stars and moon, *S. Gane is the day*†
The dewy star of eve to hail. . . *S. Here is the glen,*†
My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine! . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
quenched in darkness like the sinking star, . . *Liberty.*
[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter
To him that wintles in a halter: . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
Nae star hlinks thro' the driving sleet; *S. O Lassie, art thou*†
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him? *S. One fond kiss,*†
But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
For why, a lord may be a gouk,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star and a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star, . . *Ib. VI.*
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray
S. The gowd. Locks of Anna.
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'; . . . . . *Ib.*
His ribband, star, and a' that, . *S. The Honest Man.*
Tho' stars in skies may disappear, *S. The noble Maxwells*†
The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
S. The Posie.
Now thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
The Rights of Woman.
But by the moon and stars so bright, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
And [by] ev'ry star that blinks aboon, . . . *To J. S.*
The star that rules my luckless lot, ... *Ib. 6.*
Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray, *To Mary in Heaven.*
And all ye many sparkling stars of night; *To R. Graham.*
When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; *S. When o'er the hill*†
As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Stare. Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, *The Vision. D. II.*

Stare, *to.*
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
Alas! misfortune stares my face, . . . *The Farewell.*
Wha struts and stares, and a' that; *S. The Honest Man.*
She stares the daddy in her face, . . . *The Inventory.*
Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa'; *S. The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Star'd.
An how he star'd and stammer'd, *On dining with Daer.*

Staring. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Stark [stout, strong].
An' thou was stark. . . . *A Guid New-Year*†*4.*
And counted was both wight and stark,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
To save them from stark reprobation, *The Election Ballads. III.*

Starless.
At the starless midnight hour, *S. How can my poor heart*†

Starn [star].
Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

Starnie [*dim. of* starn].
ye twinkling starnies bright, . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 14.*

Starr'd.
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Starry. The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man: . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
To swear by a' yon starry roof, . *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Start. Athort the lift they start and shift, . . *A Vision.*
start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; . . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride, . . *Halloween. 7.*
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
When purple morning starts the hare, . *S. Now rosy May*†
I start and see The ruined sad reality! . . *On Lincluden.*
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, . *S. Sae far awa.*
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose; *Tam o' Shanter. 17.*
The half asleep start up wi' fear, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
Jnst what would make suspicion start; *The Tears I shed.*
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, . . *To a Mouse.*
Remembrance oft may start a tear, . *Verses under Grief.*

Started. Aff she started in a fright, . *S. Donald Brodie*†
Till fuff! he started up the lum, . . . *Halloween. 8.*
Then started Bess of Annandale, . *The Election Ballads. I.*
I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Starting, -in.
thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. . *A Bard's Epit.*

Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night. . *Halloween.*
wi' sighs and starting tears . . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Startle [to run hurriedly].

Or down Italian Vista startles, . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle. . *To a Mouse.*

Startled. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Startling.

So Nelly startling half awake,
Away affrighted springs. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Starve. (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha would starve?) *Poem on Life.*
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
The Twa Dogs. 11.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, . . . *Ib. 29.*
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
To R. G. of F., 7.
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Starv'd. "In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries: *Epit. on Walter S—.*
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Thy senseless turf adorn!
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors! *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Starving, -in. An' thy auld days may end in starvin'.
A Guid New-Year † *17.*
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . *To J. S., 19.*

State [condition, Commonwealth, &c.].

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 3.*
Our sad decay in Church and state,
Surpasses my descriving: . . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
The Church is in ruins, the state is in jars:
S. By yon castle wa' †
The kettle o' the Kirk and State
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
In a' the tinsel trash o' state! . *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*
Though there, his [the hard's] heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By piming at our state: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 14.
to support his helpless woodbine state, *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And now thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also; . . . . *New Psalmody.*
O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The silly hogles, Wealth and State, *S. O poortith cauld* †
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming; . . . *On dining with Daer.*
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, ... *Ib.*
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight: . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle. . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
The Kirk and State may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The Kirk and State may gae to hell, *The gowd. Locks of A.*
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside. . . . *The Hermit.*
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
The Rights of Woman.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . *The Vowels.*
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [re.] *Ye Jacobites* †

State, *to.*

Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D-mnation of expences! . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*

Stately.

I view that noble, stately Dome, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
The stately swan majestic swims, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
"And stately oaks their twisted arms,
"Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,
S. My Harry was a gallant †
She's stately like yon youthful ash, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
Where royal cities stately stand; . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] . . . . . *Ib.*
Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, . . *To W. Creech.*
With stately port he moves; . . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Statesman.

No Statesman [am I] nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
S. No Churchman am I †
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; *To R. G. of F..*

Station.

To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station . . . *A Dream. 5.*
if you on your station tarrow, . *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*
thieves of every rank and station, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise:
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine! . . . *The Hermit.*
I've nane in female servan' station, . . *The Inventory.*
A Tinkler is my station: . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
An' there tak up your stations; . . *The Ordination.*
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honoured station. *S. The Sons of old Killie.*
Secure in valour's station; . . . . *S. The Union.*

Station, *to.* Wha will they [the Curlers] station at the cock,
Tam Samson's El..

Statuary. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Statue. Had I a statue been o' stane, . . . *A Vision.*
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; . *The Death of Mailie.*

Stature. Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
O' stature short, but genius bright, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
To mak amends for scrimpet stature. . . *To J. S., 3.*

Statute.

Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
A Dream.
Whose sovereign statute is order; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Staumrel [half-witted].

But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Staunch.

A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, . *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
The Election Ballads. III.

Staves.

To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Thus dung in staves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.*
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a head,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Staw [stall].

Your horns shall tie you to the staw, *S. O gin ye were dead.*

Staw, *to* **[to surfeit, fill with loathing].**

Or olio that wad staw a sow, ... *To a Haggis.*

Staw [stole]. The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn; *Halloween. 6.*
And my fause luver staw the rose,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
And my fause lover staw my rose, *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Staw'd [stole].

And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
Frae yont the western waves, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Stay.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
"His country's pride, his country's stay:
Lament for Glencairn.
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
O Thou dread Pow'r †
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place! *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! *To R. G. of F., 9.*
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger. . *S. When wild War's* †

Stay, *to.* O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences; *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*
O what can stay my lovely maid! *S. Here is the glen,* †
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray, *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? *S. Stay, my charmer* †
O would they stay aback frae courts, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; *The Death of Mailie.*
An' ay ae month amang the Moons
An' see them right. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
In my hower if ye should stay,
Let me stay, quo' Findlay; . . *S. Wha is that at* †

Stay'd *v.* **Staid.**

Stead. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead, *At Globe Tav., D.*

Steady. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
But ay unerring steady, ... *A Dream. 2.*
My mind it was na steady. . . *S. When first I came* †
With steady aim, some Fortune chase; . . *To J. S., 18.*

Steal.
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, *A Bard's Epit.*
Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the door; *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, *S. Behind yon hills* †
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear. . . *Delia. An Ode.*
O let me steal one liquid kiss! . . . . . *Ib.*
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
He'd up the hackstairs, and by G— he would steal 'em.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; . *Friend of the poet* †
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'. *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.
S. How pleasant the banks †
To steal upon her early fare, . . . *S. Now rosy May* †
To steal a blink by a' unseen; . *S. O this is no my ain* †
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . *S. O whistle,* †
She steals our affections awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, *The Death of Mailie.*
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
The Fête Champetre.
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.
S. The heather was blooming †

Stealing.
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:
S. Their groves of †

Steal't [stole].
An' at his lordship steal't a look . *On dining with Daer.*

Stealth.
by sweet, endearing stealth, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief, . . . *To J. S.*

Steam.
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Steed. So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
To R. G. of F., 6.

Steek [a stitch; an insterstice in net-work].
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Steek, *to* **[to shut].** The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . *Halloween.*
Sages their solemn een may steek,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
But steek your gab for ever; . . . *The Ordination. 9.*

Steel. By word, or pen, or pointed steel! *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, . . *O leave novels* †
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . *Scotch Drink. 11.*
Soon drew the avenging steel, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
The English steel we could disdain, . . *S. The Union.*
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows; [v.A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Steel'd.
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Steele.
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark;' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.*

Steennie [Stephen; *v.* Barr Steennie].
Barr Steennie, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
The Kirk's Alarm. 13.

Steep. Beneath a craigy steep, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
That slowly mount the rising steep: *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus, . . *Poem on Life.*
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Steep, *to.*
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Steep'd.
All freshly steep'd in morning dews. *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †

Steeping.
In tears the rose-buds steeping: *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †

Steeple.
Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
Who will not sing, God save the king,
Shall hang as high's the steeple; *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Steer. Can others teach the course to steer. *A Bard's Epit.*
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; *Auld comrade* †
till thitherward steers A flight of bold eagles *S. Caledonia.*
Adown the burn to steer, my jo: . *S. When o'er the hill* †

Steer [to molest, injure; stir, stir up].
As for the deil, he daurna steer him
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Misfortune sha'na steer thee; *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
O steer her up and haud her gaun, . *S. O steer her up* †
O steer her up, and be na blate, ... *Ib.*
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy. . . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
Nae canild nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The Twa Dogs. 27.
And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: *To Terraughty.*

Steer'd. At length from me her course she steer'd,
S. The Joyful Widower.

Steer'd [molested].
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.*

Steerin [stirring].
Set a' their gabs a steerin; . . . . *Halloween. 28.*

Steeve [firm, compacted].
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, *A Guid New-year* †*3.*

Steghan [cramming, panting with repletion].
the gentry first are steghan, . . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Stell [a still].
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
Seizan a Stell, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.*

Stellar. Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights! *To Miss C.*

Stem. A glorious Galley, stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . *A Dream. 13.*
My stem was fair, my bud was green, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Just opening on its thorny stem;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. . . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,
On Death of fav. Child.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem ; [v.A.9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
I could discern : [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem : *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ; . . . . *To Miss C.*

Stem, *to.*

As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.
S. Afton Water.

And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent. . . . *Nature's Law.*

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Sten [a leap, bound, rush].

Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*

My heart to my mou' gied a sten ; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Sten't [reared].

Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,
A Guid New-Year † 14.

Stents [assessments, dues of any kind].

How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, *Kind Sir, I've read,* †
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents : . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*

Step.

But just thy step a wee thing hastet, *A Guid New-Year † 14.*
Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.

Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step *S. Again rejoicing Nature †*
No other light shall guide my steps
S. Farewell, dear mistress †

whose aged step Seem'd weary, *Man was made to Mourn.*
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, . . . *Ib.*
The weary steps o' woe. . . *S. Now Spring has clad †*
Guide Thou their steps alway. . *O Thou dread Pow'r †*
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

With noiseless step and taper bright, . . *On Lincluden.*
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
The Kirk's Alarm.

While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been. *The Vision. D. I.*

With careless step I onward stray'd, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy †*
Check thy climbing step, elate, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Step, *to.*

They'll step in and tak a pint *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †*
To step aside is human : . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Step-mother.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
To R. G. of F., 3.

Stepped, Stept.

Or frailty stept aside, . *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Some cause unseen still stept between,
S. My father was a farmer †

Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben. . . *The Vision. D. I. 8.*

Sterlin [a silver coin].

Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin ;
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.

Sterling. That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue ; . *S. The Laddies by †*
'But give me real, sterling Wit, . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Stern. A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, [v.A.20] *A Vision.*
See stern Oppression's iron grip, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
The Brigs of Ayr.

some seem'd to dare, With feature stern, [v.A.4],
The Vision, D. I.

Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Stern, *s.* A glorious Galley, stem and stern, . *A Dream. 13.*

Sternest.

That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Stern-resolv'd.

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, . . . *To Ruin.*

Stewart, Stuart.

You're welcome, Willie Stewart, [*re.*] . *On W. Stewart.*

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart, [*re.*] . *S. Polly Stewart.*

No Stewart art thou G— The Stewarts all were brave ;
Besides the Stewarts were but fools, . . *On Lord G.*

Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, *On Window at Stirling.*
The injured Stuart line is gone, ... *Ib.*

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected, *Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.*

The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster n' their powers. *The Election Ballads. V.*

And Stewart bold as Hector. . . . . *Ib. VI.*

M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw ; . . *To W. Creech.*

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last.
The Highl. Widow's Lament.

Stewart Kyle [the northern portion of the Kyle or middle division of Ayrshire].

When first I came to Stewart Kyle, *S. When first I came †*

Stewartry [Kirkcudbrightshire, which is, strictly speaking, not a shire but a stewartry].

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*

Steyest [steepest].

The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it ; *A Guid New-Year † 14.*

Stibble [stubble].

The stibble rig is easy plough'd, *S. O can ye labour lea †*
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, . . *To a Mouse.*
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Stibble-rig [the reaper in harvest who takes the lead].

'Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, . . *Halloween. 16.*

Stick ["a' to sticks," completely].

Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ; *To W. Simpson. P.S..*

Stick, *to.*

No matter—stick to sound believing. *A Ded. to G. H., S.*

Stick-an-stowe [totally, altogether].

Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Stiff.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy, *A Guid New-Year † 2.*
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
Lns while on Deathbed.

Stiffest. The stiffest o' them a' be bow'd, *To W. Creech.*

Stifle. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :
On Death of R. Dundas.

The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . *The Vowels.*

Stifled. the short stifled breath, Told how dear
On Death of fav. Child.

Stigmatize.

To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Still. The winds were laid, the air was still, . . *A Vision.*
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa' ; *The night was still †*
The sky was blue, the wind was still, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Still, *s.*

But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
They are the muses. *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Still, *to.*

He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

Or still the tumult of the raging sea : . *Why am I loth †*

Stilt [to halt, as on stilts or crutches].

And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit ; . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Stimpart [the eighth part of a Winchester bushel].
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. . *A Guid New-Year† 17.*

Stinchar [a stream in the south of Ayrshire].
Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O. [v.A.26]
S. Behind yon hills†

Sting.
"Or canker worm wi' secret sting?" . *As on the banks†*
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
It may be little minded; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 10.*
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Remorse. A Frag..

Stink. They downa bide the stink o' powther;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Stink, *to.*
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. . *To R. G. of F..*

Stinking, -an.
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] *Tam o' Shanter.*
As I wad by a stinkan brock. . . . *The Twa Dogs. 12.*

Stinted.
"And twa-three stinted birks are left,
"To shiver in the blast their lane." . *As on the banks†*

Stipend. That Stipend is a carnal weed
He takes but for the fashion; *The Ordination. 5.*

Stir.
That greatly stirs the blossom'd bean, *S. On Cessnock banks†*

Stirk [a bullock or heifer a year old].
They gang in Stirks, and come out Asses,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk. . . . . *The Calf.*
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Stirling. And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Stock. For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, *A Fragment. 6.*
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, Are riven out
The Twa Dogs. 21.

Stock [a plant of colewort].
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, . *Halloween.*
Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . . . *Ib.*
Wi' stocks out owre their shoulder: . . . *Ib. 5.*
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. *The Death of Mailie.*

Stock-dove.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
S. Afton Water.

Stocked, -et.
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailins. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
Last May a braw wooer†

Stock-fish.
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! *El. on Capt. M. H.*

Stocking, -in.
On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . *S. The Ploughman†*

Stoited [walked in a stupid, staggering way].
Down George's Street I stoited; . . *To Miss Ferrier.*

Stoiter'd [staggered].
He stoiter'd up an' made a face; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*

Stole, *s.* The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Be thou deckt in silken stole, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Stole. When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole *A Winter Night. 6.*
A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; *S. On a bank of flowers†*

Stolen.
motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Stomach. Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
My stomach's as proud as them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
I wonder didna turn thy stomach. . *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*

Stone. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
For he crush'd him between two stones. *John Barleycorn.*
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; . *To Capt. Riddel.*

Stony.
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: *The Brigs of Ayr. 8.*

Stood.
When Guilford good our Pilot stood, . . *A Fragment.*
And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, . . . *Ib. 5.*
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, *A Guid New-Year† 8.*
lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, Then stood to blaw; . *Ib. 14.*
As I stood by yon roofless tower, ... *A Vision.*
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh. . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, ... *Ib. 8.*
Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . . *S. As I came o'er†*
Collected Harry stood awee, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
"That long has stood the wind and rain;
Lament for Glencairn.
And trembl'd where he stood. *S. On a bank of flowers†*
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Scots Prologue.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Coffins stood round, like open presses, ... *Ib.*
And bow Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, . . *Ib. 16.*
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The day he stude his country's friend, *S. The Laddies by†*
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
S. The Lass that made the bed.
But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.
S. The Poor Thresher.
The kye stood rowtan i' the loan; . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*

Stook [a few sheaves of corn, generally from six to twelve, set up on end, in two rows, sheaf leaning against sheaf, and, sometimes, with two sheaves laid on the top].
But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
While at the stook the shearers cow'r *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Stooked [set up in stooks].
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Stool ["cutty stool," stool of repentance].
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, *Add. to Toothache.*
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, ... *Ib.*
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.
Stand i' the stool when I hae done, *S. O gude ale comes†*
My mither she bade me gie him a stool, *S. The auld man†*
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, . . . *Ib.*
Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, *The Holy Fair. S.*

Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high.
Ep. fr. Esopus.
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*

Stoor [sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse].
Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, . *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
A carline stoor and grim, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt. . *A Ded. to G. H.*
Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
The shepherd stops his simple reed, . *S. Behold, my love†*
'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.*
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art: . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
Stop, passenger! my story's brief, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
Stop! there he is as sure's a gun, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, *Epit. on W— —.*
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'; . . *Halloween. 20.*
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon heen broken. *The Vision. D. I. 9.*

Stopped.
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

Store. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
And send us from thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head! . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
Still grant us with such store;
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; *Grace after Dinner.*
Curse thou his basket and his store, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash! . . . *Remorse. A Frag..*
'mid learning's store, ... *The Dean of Fac..*
Hath happiness in store, ... *The 1st Ps.*
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky, *The Vision. D. II. 13.*
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind; . . . . *To Chloris.*

Stored, -'d. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
The Election Ballads. III.

Storehouse.
Aod your skulls are storehouses o' lead. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Storied. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

Storm.
Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
"Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!"
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up, *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, *Extem. in Court of Session.*
As the storms the forest tear, *S. How can my poor heart* †
They hung him up before the storm, . *John Barleycorn.*
"But I maun lie before the storm,
"And ithers plant them in my room. *Lament for Glencairn.*
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore; . . *Ib.*
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O; . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
When o'er the hills beat surly storms, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, *S. O wert thou in the* †
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm. *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
On Death of fav. Child.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
On Death of R. Dundas.
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
braving angry winter's storms, . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon. . *S. Streams that glide* †
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, *Tam o' Shanter.*
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; . . *Ib. 10.*
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; *The Election Ballads. III.*
when the storm the forest rends, ... *Ib. VI.*
This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, *The Hermit.*
This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.
The Rights of Woman.
'The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein;
The Vision. D. II. 8.
Vet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Then low'ring, and pouring, The Storm no more I dread;
To Ruin.
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night! . *To W. Simpson.*
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; . . *V.s under Grief.*
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
S. Wandering Willie.
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone. *When clouds in skies* †
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Why am I loth †

Storm, *to.* Who think to storm the world by dint of merit.
Prologue, at Th., D..
Inform him [death], and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him. . . *To a Medical Gent.*

Storm'd. The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
To W. Simpson, P.S..

Storming.
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †

Stormy.
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather. . *S. As I came o'er* †
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
On stormy seas and far away, [*re.*]
S. How can my poor heart †
When lightnings fire the stormy lift, *The Election Ballads, VI.*
I think upon the stormy wave. . *S. The gloomy night* †
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw: . . . . *Winter.*

Story.
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story, . . *Auld comrade* †
Stop, passenger! my story's brief, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
Once great in martial story! . . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
Prologue, at Th., D..
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . *Scotch Drink.*
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, *Scots Prologue.*
The Souter tauld his queerest stories; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past, . . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
Thinking the story himself he did raise. *S. The Poor Thresher.*
Sae fam'd in martial story. . . . . *S. The Union.*
Still, as in Scottish Story read, . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Wallace Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. *To W. Simpson. 10.*

Stot [an ox].
For'hid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a Stot! . . . . . *The Calf.*
'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Stoun, Stound [a sudden sharp pain].
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
My heart it gae a stoun. . . . *S. My heart was ance* †
Who heals life's various stounds, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

Stound, *to.*
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . *S. Bonie wee thing* †

Stoup, Stowp [a drink-measure; a drinking vessel with a handle].
Her mutchkin-stowp as toom's a whissle;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
An' there the pint-stowp clatters; . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine; *S. Should auld acquaintance* †

Stoure [dust, particularly dust blown on the wind, or in motion; battle, fight, pressure of circumstances].
S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, . *A Fragment. 5.*
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
How blythely would I bide the stoure,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, *The Ordination. 3.*

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem : . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure . . *To Terraughty.*

Stourie [dusty].

And ay she took the tither souk,
To dronk the stourie tow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Stout.

And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*

Stow'd.

The tythe o' what ye waste at *cartes*
Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) *To W. Simpson.*

Stown [stolen].

Thou hast stown my very heart, . *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
'My youthful heart was stown away, . . *S. O Phely,* †
It's thought the gudes were stown.
The Election Ballads. IV.
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!
S. There was a lass †
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Con'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Stownlins [by stealth].

Rob, stownlins, prie'd her honie mou. . . *Halloween. 10.*
And stownlins we sall meet again. . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †

Stowp *v.* **Stoup.**

Stoyte [to stumble].

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
S. Contented wi' little, †

Strae [straw; "a fair strae-death," *lit.* a fair death in the straw, *i.e.*, in bed, a natural death].

'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.

Straight.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
Straight the sky grew black and daring; *S. I dream'd I lay* †
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall;
S. O This is no my ain †
Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Straik [to stroke].

May claw his lug, and straik his beard, *On W. Chalmers.*
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Straiket [stroked].

I straiket it a wee for sport, . . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*

Strain. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, *A Vision.*
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole . . *A Winter Night. 6.*
Or [Spring] tunes Aeolian strains between.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
O Mary how I love thee. . . *S. Could aught of song* †
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains; *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
I wad in vain essay the strain, . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The Hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he, ... *Nature's Law.*
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
On Death of R. Dundas.
How can I to the tuneful strains attend?
That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
though his artless strains he rudely sings, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; . . *Ib. 17.*
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; . . *The Lament.*
'I taught thy manners-painting strains, *The Vision. D. II. 18.*
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
To Miss Graham.
While conscious virtue all the strain endears, . . *Ib.*
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . *To R. Graham.*
With trembling voice I tune my strain *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain. . *To W. Simpson.*

Strain, *to.*

She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
A Winter Night. 8.
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Strained.

And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained. . *Ep. to Young Friend.*

Straining.

Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna. . *S. The gowd. Locks o' A.*
Alas! what bitter toil an' straining . . *To J. S., 20.*

Strak [struck]. The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.

Strand.

A flight of hold eagles from Adria's strand; . *S. Caledonia.*
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand; . . *S. It was a' for* †
Before I leave Scotia's strand. . . . *S. To Mary.*

Strang [strong].

Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
A mickle man, a strang man, . *S. O wat ye what my* †
May foes be strang, and friends be slack, *On W. Stewart.*
(A souple jade she was, and strang), *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, *S. The auld man* †
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.
To Dr. Blacklock.
A weak arm, and a strang . . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Strange.

strange to tell! . . . . . *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
In this strange land, this uncouth clime, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove? . *S. Let not woman* †
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Stranger.

With open arms the Stranger hail; *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
trnant 'prentices, yet young in sin, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name! *Epit. for R. A.*
"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
"On earth I am a stranger grown; *Lament for Glencairn.*
Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Man was made to Mourn.
I am nae stranger to your fame, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a';
The Belles of Mauchline.
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Stranger, if full of youth and riot, . . . *The Hermit.*
He still was a stranger to fear; *S. There was a bonie lass* †
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger. . . . *To a Painter.*
And still to her charms
She alone is a stranger! . *S. True hearted was he* †
Stranger, to justly shew that brow, . *V.s below Picture.*
Lang, lang, joy's heen a stranger to me; *S. Wae is my heart* †
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger, . *S. When wild War's* †
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Strapping, -an [tall and handsome].

A' plump and strapping in their teens, *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Her strappan limb an' gansy middle. *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*

Strath [level land between hills, through which a stream flows].

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Strathspey [the Strath of the river Spey, in Moray-shire].

Return him safe to fair Strathspey, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey, . . . *Ib.*

Strathspey [a kind of dance in which two persons engage; or, its music].

'Twas Pihroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
S. Among the trees †
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
"There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
S. The deil cam fiddling †

Straught [straight].

And waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
ye wad whip Aff straught to H—ll. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin.
Straught to auld Nick's. . *Ep. to J. R.*
For muckle anes, an' straught anes. . . *Halloween. 4.*
straught or crooked, yird or nane, ... *Ib. 5.*
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*
An' get sic fair example straught. . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Straught [stretch].

The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Straw. 'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
A Winter Night. 9.
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Straw'd [strewed].

Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Was on her bosom straw'd so, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †

Stray. In lanely glens ye like to stray; *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me! . *S. Behold the hour* †
But we'll ne'er stray for fante o' light, . *S. Gane is the day* †
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, . . *Halloween.*
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; . . . *Ib. 25.*
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Come let us stray our gladsome way, *S. Now westlin winds* †
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . *On Lincluden.*
Where the mossy riv'let strays, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
S. Sleep'st thou, †
And sae the kye might stray. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They [the trouts] near the margin stray;
The Petition of Br. Water.
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing hard may stray, ... *Ib.*
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . . *The Lament.*
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden; *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
But stray amang the heather bells, *S. There was a lass* †
In *arioso* trills and graces Ye never stray, . *To J. S., 27.*
And should the false one hither stray,
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang! . . *To W. Simpson.*
He strays amang the woods and briers, . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Strayed.

As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd, . . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd . . *As on the banks* †
motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
By a river hoarsely roaring
Isabella stray'd deploring. . . . *S. Raving winds* †
With careless step I onward stray'd, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †

Straying. Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
On Death of R. Dundas.

Stream.

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, . *A Dream. 10.*
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
The stream adown its hazelly path, . . . *A Vision.*
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, *S. Afton Water.*
Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, . . *Ib.*
Up rose the Genius of the stream. . . *As on the banks* †
"When spreading beech and tapering elm,
"Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; . . . . *Ib.*
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove *S. By Allan stream* †
By unfrequented stream, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night. . . *Halloween.*
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, chrystal stream; . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Lugar's winding stream; . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
Girvan's fairy haunted stream . *S. Now bank and brae* †
My life was ance that careless stream,
S. Now Spring has clad †
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, . . *On Lincluden.*
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
And o'er the stream your shadows throw, . . . *Ib.*
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde. . . *Ib.*
that dear stream which flows to Clyde. . . . . *Ib.*
Streams that glide in orient plains, *S. Streams that glide* †
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon. . . . . *Ib.*
A running stream they dare na cross. *Tam o' Shanter. 18*
That winding stream I love so dear! *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; . *Ib. 11.*
The Genius of the Stream in front appears, . . *Ib. 13.*
Reflected beams dwell in the streams, *The Fête Champetre.*
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Rave to my darkly dashing stream, ... *Ib.*
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, *The Ordination. 7.*
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
S. The Slave's Lament.
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; *S. There was a lass* †
But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream; . . . *To John M'Murdo.*
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
To Mary in Heaven.
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best. . . *To W. Simpson.*
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle green;
S. Wae is my heart †
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
by a lanely, sequestered stream,
S. You wild mossy mountains †
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; . *Ib.*
And glitter o'er the crystal streams . *S. Young Peggy* †

Stream, *to.*

But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Stream'd.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Streamie [*dim. of* **stream**].

by Castalia's wimplin streamies, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Streaming.
The cauld blne north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din; . . . *A Vision.*
The life blood streaming thro' my heart, *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Now, to the streaming fountain, . . *S. Sleep'st thou.* †
Like Hecla streaming thunder: *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Streamlet.
And [Simmer] o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
El. on Miss Burnet.
No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow: . . *The 1st Psalm.*
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink.
The Hermit.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
S. The small birds †
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing. . . *S. Thickest night* †

Streekit [stretched].
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw; . . . *To W. Creech.*

Street. As I was walking up the street, *S. O Mally's meek.*
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . *Sketch.*
When chapmen billies leave the street, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tam Samson's El., Per C..
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.*
your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; . . . *Ib. 10.*

Strength.
"Strength to bear it will be given, *S. Husband, husband* †
Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail; . . . *New Psalmody.*
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start,
At this my way sae far awa. . . *S. Sae far awa.*
For woman's wit, or strength o' man.
Alas! can do but what they can; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin; . *The Petition of Br. Water*
O had the malt thy strength of mind, . . *To Mr. Syme.*

Stretch.
No—stretch a point to catch a plack; . *A Ded. to G. H., S.*
Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack.
The Kirk's Alarm.
Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . *To a Haggis.*
The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Stretch'd. Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
A Winter Night. 9.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Strew'd.
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Strewin, Strowing.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . *S. Raving winds* †
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! . . *To a Mouse.*

Strict.
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks. . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Strictly.
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly, *Auld comrade* †

Striddle [to straddle].
Sin I could striddle owre a rig; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9.*

Stride. Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Striding. The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Strife. The victim sad of Fortune's strife, *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; *S. Caledonia.*
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure, *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife. . . . . *S. How cruel* †
cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, *S. Husband, husband* †
The canniest gate, the strife is sair; *S. In simmer when* †
The marks of sturt and strife; . . . *Nature's Law.*
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v.A. 12]
Scots Prologue.
At strife thir earlines fell; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Made me the judge o' strife; . . . . *Ib. V.*
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, ... *Ib. VI.*
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
To R. G. of F., 5.
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, *Vs to Landlady.*
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Strike.
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Fair B— strikes th' adoring eye, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; *Scots Prologue.*
To strike evil doers wi' terror; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Striking.
In your servants this is striking . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Strik'st. Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! . . *Ib.*

String. And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it. . . . *A Dream. 4.*
On trembling string, or vocal air, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, *S. Behold, my love,* †
Beat bemp for others, riper for the string: *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Pall the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
S. O Mary, at thy window †
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! *The Death of Mailie.*
Gude keep thee frae a tether string! . . . . *Ib.*
When click'! the string the snick did draw; *The Vision. D. I. 7.*

String, *to.*
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . *Scotch Drink. 6.*

Stringing. But stringing blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing. *The Vision. D. I. 4.*

Strip. At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon: *The Holy Fair. 26.*

Stript.
"And stript the claeding aff your braes? *As on the banks* †

Strive. While nobles strive to please Ye, . *A Dream. 9.*
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.*
'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; *The Vision. D. II. 21.*
Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, *To a Haggis.*
The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*

Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

Stroan't [pissed].
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. *The Twa Dogs. 3.*

Strode.
Fu' stately strode he on the plain, *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along. [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side, . . *To W. Simpson. 11.*

Stroke. An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke, *Halloween. 23.*
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long he pleas'd to spare; . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe! . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, *S. The Highl. Lassie.*

Strong. with a frater-feeling strong, . *A Bard's Epit..*
With Passions wild and strong; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
Ep. to R. Graham.
Strong ale was ablution, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare, . . *Ib. 13.*
And he grew thick and strong, . . *John Barleycorn.*
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
The liquid fire of strong desire . . . *Nature's Law.*
Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . *New Psalmody.*
Strong Necessity compels. . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
That's sinking in Despair; . . *Scotch Drink. Mott.*
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, . . . *Ib. 11.*
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place! *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The blackbird strong, the linthwhite clear,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! *The Lament. 10.*
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong; [v.A. 4] *The Vision. D. I*
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, . . *Ib. D. II. 16.*
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Stronger.
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast, . . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death. . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
Or ony stronger potioo, ... *The Holy Fair. 19.*
Time but the impression stronger makes,
S. To Mary in Heaven.

Strongest.
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Stronghold.
Already one strong hold of hope is lost, *To R. G. of F., 9.*

Strongly. How strongly still your view displays
The piety of ancient days! . *On Lincluden.*
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Was strongly marked in her face; . *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
The threat'ning storm, some, strongly, rein; *Ib. D. II. 8.*
Honour's war we strongly waged, . . *S. Thickest night* †

Strong-wing'd.
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Add. to the Deil. 4.

Strove. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Strowing *v.* **Strewin.**

Struck. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
'Struck thy young eye. *The Vision. D. II. 13.*

Struggle. I'll hide the struggle in my heart, *S. Ah, Chloris,* †

Struggle, *to.*
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Struggled.
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
The Whistle. 18.

Struggling. Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Strum. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Strum, *to.*
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; *Monody, on a Lady.*

Strumpet.
strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Strung. Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung: *S. Sad thy tale,* †
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Strunt [spirituous liquor of any sort].
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin . . . . *Halloween. 28.*
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
S. O ken ye what Meg †

Strunt, *to* **[to walk sturdily].**
I canna say but ye strunt rarely, . . . *To a Louse.*

Strut. Wha struts and stares, and a' that; *S. The Honest Man.*

Strutted. Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
My Cash-Account; *The Vision. D. I. 5.*

Stuart *v.* **Stewart.**

Stubble. And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast. *The 1st Psalm.*

Stubborn. They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit.
Add. of Beelzebub.
G—d confound their stubborn face, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.*
The stubborn Tories dare to die: *The Election Ballads. VI.*
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, *Tragic Frag.*

Studdie [a stithy, an anvil].
And like stock-fish [the devil] come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. . *Scotch Drink. 11.*

Stude [stood]. The day he stude his country's friend,
S. The laddies by †

Studied.
with studied, sly, ensnaring art, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.*
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! . *Ib. 19.*

Study. To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study; *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Stuff [corn or pulse of any kind].
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
'An' Stuff was unco green; . . . *Halloween. 15.*
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack; *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Stuff.
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . *El. on Year 1788.*
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . *Epig. on A. Turner.*
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? *Scots Prologue.*
Here's the stuff and liniog
O' Cardoness' head; . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Your hearts are the stuff, will he powther enough,
The Kirk's Alarm.
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn. . *To Terraughty.*

Stumbled.
At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Stump. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, *S. Willie Wastle* †

Stumpan [walking clumsily].
An stumpan on his ploughman shanks, *On dining with Daer.*

Stumpie [*dim. of* **stump**; **a worn quill**].
An, down gaed stumpie in the ink: *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 6.*
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Stumps [legs].
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
Ronalds of Bennals.

I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Stung. Or tore, with noble ardour stung
The Sceptic's bays. *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
By blockhead's daring into madness stung; *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Stupid.
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Stupidity. Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Stupor. Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn! . . *The Lament.*

Sturdy.
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
'A clever, sturdy fallow; . . . . *Halloween. 16.*
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, *Scotch Drink. 11.*
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit. . . *The Inventory.*
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Sturdiest.
ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns,
Et. on Capt. M. H., 3.

Sturt [trouble].
I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
The marks of sturt and strife; . . . . *Nature's Law.*

Sturt, *to* **[to molest, trouble, vex].**
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them. . *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Sturtan [frighted].
Tho' he was something sturtan; . . . . *Halloween. 18.*

Style [a stile].
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, *S. O whistle* †
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter.*

Style. O, how that name inspires my style! *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
To sing auld Coil in nobler style . . *Nature's Law.*
His English style, and gesture fine, *The Holy Fair. 15.*
But whatna day o' whatna style . *S. There was a lad* †
To set her name in measur'd style; . *To W. Simpson.*

Styme [a particle; the slightest degree; a glimpse].
I scarce could wink or see a styme; *There's naethin like* †

Subdue. What force or guile could not subdue, *S. The Union.*

Subject.
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn? . *Man was made to Mourn.*
But bow the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine; *Ep. to Young Friend.*
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let this subject alane. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee: . *S. O saw ye bonie L.* †

Subjection. To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection. . *A Dream. 8.*

Sublime. Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time; *On Lincluden.*
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty. . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!
S. The Whistle. 17.
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
My fancy yerket up sublime . . . *To J. S., 4.*

Sublime, *to.*
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Sublimely. Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Sublimer.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Submissive.
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low. adore. . . . . *Frag. of Ode.*

Sub rosa.
While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Subscribe.
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Subscripsi. *Subscripsi huic*, Robert Burns. *The Inventory.*

Substance.
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*

Subtile.
subtile Litigation's pliant tongue . *On Death of R. Dundas.*
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; *To R. G. of F., 2.*

Succar-candie [sugar-candy].
And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like succar-candie. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †

Succeed.
But he has gotten to our grief.
Ane to succeed him, *The Twa Herds. 13.*
Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v.A.12]
Scots Prologue.

Succeeding. But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd. *Sad thy tale,* †

Success.
May liberty meet wi' success! *S. Here's a health to them* †
Success to Kenmure's band; *S. O Kenmure's on and awa* †
But the Heavens deny'd success. . . *S. Thickest night* †
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success;
To Clarinda.

Succession. The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Successive.
Repeated, successive, for many long years, . *S. Caledonia.*
cold successive noontide blasts . . . *Sad thy tale,* †

Such. But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d—'d! . . . *Epit. for G. H.*

Suck. The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
On Death of R. Dundas.

Sucker [sugar].
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker! . . *Scotch Drink. 9.*

Sud [should].
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, ... *Ib.*
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think. . . . . *Ib.*
I sud be laith to think ye hinted Ironic satire,
To W. Simpson.

Sudden.
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; . *S. Could aught of song* †

Sue. When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet, . *S. The Captain's Lady.*

Su'd.
Who for her favour oft had su'd, . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Suffer. I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow. *The Lament.*
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld. . . *What ails ye now* †
'I'd rather suffer for my faut, A hearty flewit, . . *Ib.*

Suffer'd. Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Suffering.
And suffering I am doom'd to bear, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
On Death of fav. Child.
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D..*
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
S. The small birds †
Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Sufficient. Gie them sufficient threshin, *The Ordination. 5.*

Suggested.
An' thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night. *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Suggestion.
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion, *Prologue, at Th., D..*
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Sketch. New Yr's Day.

Sugh [a rushing sound].
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh. . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Suit. To suit some wise design ; *A Prayer under Anguish.*
O Thou, whatever title suit thee ! . . *Add. to the Deil.*
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. *On Death of R. Dundas.*
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind. . . *S. Thickest night* †
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ; *To R. Graham.*

Sullen. The bird of eve flits sullen by . . *On Lincluden.*
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion :
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply : . *The Vowels.*
A sullen welcome, all ! . . . . . *To Ruin.*

Sullen-sounding.
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Sultana.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana, . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

Sultry. The sultry suns of Summer came, *John Barleycorn.*
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At sultry noon, my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
And crosses o'er the sultry line ; . *S. The day returns* †
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat ;
The Poor Thresher.

Sum.
"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
"My noble master lies in clay ; . *Lament for Glencairn.*

Sum, *to.*
To sum up all, be merry, I advise ; *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Summer.
Gay as the gilded summer sky, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
The bloom of a fine summer's day ! *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Her smile was like a summer morn ; . *S. Blythe was she,* †
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, *S. Gloomy December.*
The sultry suns of Summer came, . . *John Barleycorn.*
O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn ! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
the welcome summer show'r . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
The bird that charm'd his summer day, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
[Sweet] As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping : *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
On a bank of flowers one summer's day,
For summer lightly dress'd, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Fair on the summer morn : . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye : *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. *S. The day returns* †
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown ;
S. The lazy mist †
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat ;
S. The Poor Thresher.
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat ; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
These five and twenty summers past, . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
The Winter it is past †
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
S. Their groves o' †
Love's the cloudless summer sun, . . *S. Thine am I* †
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light, . . *To W. Simpson.*
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon : *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . . *V. s below Picture.*
Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies, *S. Where are the joys* †
While corn grows green in summer showers,
S. Where Cart rins †

Summer-pride.
In flaming summer-pride. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Summer-toils.
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Summit. How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd !
S. The lazy mist †
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale ?
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Summon. So whip ! at the summons, old Satan came flying ;
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon : *To J. S., 4.*

Summon, *to.*
When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman ; *Add. to the Deil. 6.*

Summon'd.
She [Mirth] summon'd ev'ry social sprite, *The Fête Champetre.*

Sumph [a dull-witted person, a blockhead].
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be miadfu' o' your mither : *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Sun. And the rocks melt wi' the sun ; *S. A red, red Rose.*
The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill,
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, . . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
The wintry sun the day has clos'd, *S. Behind yon hills* †
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. . *Blythe was she* †
All Creature's joy in the suns returning, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun : *S. Caledonia. 6.*
I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early, . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
His soul was like the glorious sun, . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light ; . *Ib. 14.*
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
And dares the public like a noontide sun. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun. . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
The sun of all his joy. . . . . *Ib.*
She, the fair sun of all her sex, ... *Ib.*
Now gay with the broad setting sun !
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. *S. Gane is the day* †
The sun a backward course shall take - - -
Ere ought thy manly courage shake ; . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
My cheerless suns no pleasure know ;
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise ; *S. It was the charming* †
The sultry suns of summer came, . . *John Barleycorn.*
The sun took delight to shine for its sake ; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods *Lament for Glencairn.*
"Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ; . . . . *Ib.*
"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
"That melts the fogs in limpid air, ... *Ib.*
O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn ! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Sun and moon but set to rise ; . . *S. Let not woman* †
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career,
Lns on Fergusson.
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor : . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, *S. Luckless Fortune.*
The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Man was made to Mourn. 3.
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ; . . . . . *Ib.*
See yon not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie ? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on, ... *Ib.*
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun. . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
A weary slave from sun to sun, *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
'The milder sun and bluer sky . . . *S. O Phely,* †
The fairest maid's in yon town
That ev'ning sun is shining on. [*re.*] *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The sun blinks blythe on yon town, ... *Ib.*

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun, . . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd; . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Frae morning sun 'till dine: *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day. *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
The sun from India's shore retires; *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
S. The Contented Cottager.
The sun blinks kindly in the biel', ... *Ib.*
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. *S. The day returns* †
The sun rose clear and bright; *The Election Ballads. V.*
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'; *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan; . . *The Holy Fair.*
The sun he is sunk in the west, . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . *The Vision. D. I.*
By this, the sun was out o' sight, . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun,
S. The winter it is past †
The sun was sinking in the west, . *S. There was a lass* †
Love's the cloudless summer sun, . . *S. Thine am I* †
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
To Capt. Riddel.
For me, I swear by sun an' moon, ... *To J. S.*
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, *To R. G. of F., 9.*
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down! . . . *Ib.*
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . *V., below Picture.*
To hide the brightness of the sun, *When clouds in skies* †
The hunter lo'es the morning sun, *S. When o'er the hill* †
By Him who made yon sun and sky! *S. When wild War's* †
Adore the rising sun, ... *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Sun, *to.*
An' sun oursells about the dyke; *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*

Sunbeam.
When shining sunbeams intervene *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Sun-brown'd.
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; . . . *Delia. An Ode.*

Sunday.
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. *Tam o' Shanter.*
Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair, . . . *The Holy Fair.*
"I'll get my Sunday's sark on, ... *Ib. 6.*
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the questions targe them tightly; . . *The Inventory.*
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, . *What ails ye now* †

Sunder.
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; *S. Come, let me take thee,* †

Sune [soon], sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em
El. on Death of R. Ruiseaux.
How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue *S. I do confess* †
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, ... *Ib.*

Sung. Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains *Nature's Law.*
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws
Shook with a thunder of applause *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His "Minstrel lays;" *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, *The Whistle. 3.*
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise. . *To W. Simpson. 6.*

Sunk, sunk in beds of down, . . *A Winter Night. 9.*
Till in some miry slough he sunk is, *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi; *S. By Allan stream* †
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care:
El. on Miss Burnet.
My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side,
S. Oh, open the door, †
She [Justice] sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.
On Death of R. Dundas.
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And sunk them in contempt; . *On Duke of Queensberry.*
sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk;
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
The Rights of Woman.
The sun he is sunk in the west, . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . *To R. G. of F., 5.*
Though prest with care and sunk in woe,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

Sunny. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. *S. Bonie Bell.*
The flowery Spring leads sunny summer, . . . *Ib.*
Gaily in the sunny beam; . . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
'The bee that through the sunny hour
'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
That sunny walls from Boreas screen, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
And gaudy shew at sunny noon; . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Blooming in the sunny ray; . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, *The Brig of Ayr.*
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
S. Their groves of †
In the pride of sunny noon; . *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
Forth's sunny shores, . *S. Yon wild mossy mountains* †

Sunshine. Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . *S. Raving winds* †
She is the sunshine o' my e'e, *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
S. Why am I loth †
Hope not sunshine every hour, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Sun-ward.
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Sup. For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Superadded.
But he has superadded more, *On Duke of Queensberry.*

Superior.
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Superstition.
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
"An' this is Superstition here,
"An' that's Hypocrisy. . . . *The Holy Fair. 5.*
Superstition's hellish brood . . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; . *Ib. 12.*

Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen broo;
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †

Supply'd.
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water, . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*

Support.
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow: . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Support, *to.*
May he who made him still support him, *Auld comrade* †
to support his helpless woodbine state. *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
S. Here's a health to them †
I bear a heart shall support me still. *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride; *Man was made to Mourn. 3.*
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †

Supported.
Supported is his right; . . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Supporting.
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*

Suppose. Suppose a change o' cases; *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
Whae'er u' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Supreme.
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.
To Dr. Blacklock.
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil; . . . . . *Winter.*

Supremely.
Supremely blest wi' love and thee *S. Bonie lassie, will ye go* †
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
And saw me once supremely blest, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Sure.
My readers then are sure to lose me. *A Ded. to G. H., 11.*
Is sure an uncouth sight to see, ... *A Dream.*
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below. . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest. . . . . *Ib.*
Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath! . . . . . *Ib.*
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, . . *Add. to the Deil.*
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heaven. . *S. Anna, thy charms* †
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain:
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
He's sure to hae; . . . . . *Ib. 20.*
The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor! . . . . . *Ib. 10.*
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares. . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Stop! there he is as sure's a gun, . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure, . . . *Halloween. 15.*
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
And sure they do not lie. . . *That there is falsehood* †
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
S. There grows a bonie brier †
But sure as three times three mak nine, *S. There was a lad* †
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them [v. A. 9]
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him. *To Gav. Hamilton.*
I'm sure it's winter fairly. . . *S. Up in the morning.*

Surely. A time that surely shall come;
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
For surely that would touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdaining. . *S. O stay, sweet warb.* †
And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine; *S. Should auld acquaintance* †

Surest. Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies. . *S. Sensibility,* †

Surge.
As deep recoiling surges foam below, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Surging.
I'll often greet this surging swell; . *S. Behold the hour* †
doubling roar Surging on the rocky shore;
S. How can my poor heart †
Bide the surging billow's shock. . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
'Tis not the surging billow's roar, . *S. The gloomy night* †
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam; *The Vision. D. I. 13.*

Surly. And surly winter grimly flies; . *S. Bonie Bell.*
chill November's surly blast . *Man was made to Mourn.*
When o'er the hills beat surly storms, *S. Montgomerie's Peggy.*
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, *Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.*
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow: *S. The sun he is sunk* †
And grim, surly winter is near? . *S. Where are the joys* †
the brow Of surly, savage winter. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Surpass.
O Thou great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know: . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Our sad decay in church and state,
Surpasses my descriving; . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.) . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Surpasses my descriving: . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Surpassing.
As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. *Tragic Frag.*

Surprise. Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest, *V.s to J. Ranken.*
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise: . *V.s. on Window, Carron.*

Surpris'd. And sore surpris'd them all. *John Barleycorn.*
An' (what surprised me) modesty. . *On dining with Daer.*
I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; . . *To a Louse.*

Surrender. Her feeble powers surrender; *S. Lovely Davies.*
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . *The Vowels.*
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize, *The Whistle. 8.*

Surround. "The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Thickest night surround my dwelling! *S. Thickest night* †

Surrounded.
Surrounded thus by bolus pill, And potion glasses.
Poem on Life.
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Surrounding. The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers..
Wr. by Fall of Fyers

Surtout. The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Survey.
thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. *A Bard's Epit.*
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn; . . *S. Behold, my love* †
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor: . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
My soul, delightless, a' surveys. . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys, . . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Surveyed, -'d.
When Peggy's charms I first survey'd, *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, *To R. G. of F.*

Surveying.
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Survive.
Sever'd from thee, can I survive? . *S. Behold the hour* †
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Susie. sentimental sister Susie, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.*
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
S. There's a youth †

Suspected. I was suspected for the plot; *Ep. to J. R.. 9.*

Suspend. Suspend their dashing oars to hear *On Lincluden.*

Suspicion.
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better. *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Just what would make suspicion start; *The Tears I shed.*

Sustain.
And labour to sustain me, O: *S. My father was a farmer* †
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Suthron. Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man; *A Fragment. 9.*
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes. [v. A. 4] *The Vision. D. I.*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. . *To W. Simpson.*

Swagger.
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger, . *Tam Samson's El..*

Swagger, *to.*
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, *The Holy Fair. 26.*
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
The Rights of Woman.

Swaggering.
Then staggering, an' swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
The first of my loves was a swaggering blade, . *Ib. S. II.*

Swain.
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, *S. Canst thou leave me* †
Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, ... *S. Deluded swain* †
Only known to wandering swains, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
'The loves, the ways of simple swains, *The Vision. D. II. 18.*
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
S. True hearted was he †
O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †
But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour. *S. When first I saw* †
Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,
Listen to a loving swain; . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Swaird [sward].
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, *Add. to the Deil.. 15.*

Swall'd [swelled].
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums; . . *To a Haggis.*

Swallow.
We took the road ay like a Swallow: *A Guid New-Year* † *9.*
Thick flies the skimming Swallow; *S. Now westlin winds* †
"The little swallow's wanton wing, . . *S. O Phely,* †
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
S. The Contented Cottager.

Swallow, *to.*
It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Swallow'd. The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Tam o' Shanter. S.

Swan.
The stately swan majestic swims, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan;
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

Swan-white. Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
S. O Mally's meek.

Swank [stately].
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, . *A Guid New-Year* † *3.*

Swankie [a strapping young fellow].
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith, *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Swap [an exchange].
The swap we yet will do't; . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,
Wi' ane anither. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.*

Swapped [exchanged].
I trow we swapped for the warse, *S. Carl, an the king come.*

Swarf [to swoon].
For fear amaist did swarf, man. *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*

Swarm.
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Swat [did sweat].
An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat, . . . *Halloween. 12.*
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat; . . *To J. S., 17.*

Swatch [a sample, a specimen].
'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
On this hand sits an Elect swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; [v.A.18]
The Holy Fair. 10.
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, *To a Medical Gent.*

Swats [new ale].
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. . . . *Ib. 11.*

Sway. 'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, *A Winter Night. 8.*
And owning heaven's mysterious sway; . *Frag. of Ode.*
Alternate Follies take the sway; *Man was made to Mourn.*
Who but owns their magic sway, . . *S. My Mary's face* †
Libra's equal sway, ... *Nature's Law.*
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, . *S. Now westlin winds* †
A slave to love's unbounded sway, . . *S. O lay thy loof* †
Dulness, with redoubled sway . . . *Symon Gray* †
O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! *The Lament.*

Sway'd. Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;
On Death of R. Dundas.
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
On Window at Stirling.

Swear. I swear I'm thine for ever, *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early, . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear! . . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
I swear to be true to My Eppie Adair! . *S. Eppie Adair.*
And, by thy beauteous self I swear, . *S. Fairest maid* †
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O; *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
I vow and swear, I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye. *S. Here's to thy health,* †
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11] . *Ib.*
Swear how I love thee dearly: . *S. Now westlin winds* †
And swear on thy white hand, lass, . *S. O lay thy loof* †
Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, *On W. Chalmers.*
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
And, O how the heroes will swear! *The Election Ballads. III.*
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above.
S. The Posie.
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
The Rights of Woman.
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
To swear by a' yon starry roof, . . *The Vision. D. I. 6.*
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, *To Clarinda.*
The boy might learn to swear; . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
For me, I swear by sun an' moon, ... *To J. S.*
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie: . . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Swearer.
O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11]
Holy Willie's Prayer.

Swearing, -in'. But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
He swoor by a' was swearing worth . . . *Ib. R. VI.*

Sweat. So I must toil and sweat and hroil,
S. My father was a farmer †
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Sweatan, -in'. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan;
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Sweaty. I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty, wizen'd hide. *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Swede.
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt: *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Sweep. As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.
The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.

Sweep, *to.*
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, *S. Behold, my love* †
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; . . . *Liberty.*
Come, let us sweep them off, said they, *New Psalmody.*
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay! . . *S. Sensibility,* †
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Sweeping.

Ruio, with his sweeping besom, . *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, . . . *A Vision.*
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.*
She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast. . . . . *The 1st Ps.*
'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,' . . . *Winter.*
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Sweer [averse, lazy].

I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; *A Ded. to G. H., 13.*

Sweet.

An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride, *A Guid New-Year* † *6.*
sweet rose-bud, young and gay, . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, *A Winter Night. 2.*
My sweet wee lady, ... *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, ... *Ib.*
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
sweet Poet of the Year, . . *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
S. Adown winding Nith †

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest : . . . . *Ib.*
Flow gently, sweet Afton, [*re.*] . . *S. Afton Water.*
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. . . *Ib.*
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me. . . *Ib.*
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. *Ib.*
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays ; . . *Ib.*
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
S. And O for ane and twenty †

Her air so sweet, her shape complete, . *S. As I gaed up by* †
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ; *S. Behind yon hills* †
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings. . . . *S. Behold, my love* †
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. . *S. Blythe was she,* †
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
S. Braw lads of G. water.
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
I see thee sweet and bonie ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ; . . *Delia. An Ode.*
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth [unsung], *Ib.*
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, . . . *Ib.*
That some kind husband had addrest,
To some sweet wife : *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3.*
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dioted,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
Sweet and harmless as a child ; . *S. First when Maggy* †
That only ray of solace sweet . *S. Forlorn, my love* †
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
S. Gloomy December.
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them ; . . . *Halloween. 5.*
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, *S. Handsome Nell.*
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . . *S. Hee balou,* †
How sweet unto that breast to cling, *S. Her flowing locks* †
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
S. Here's a health to ane †
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, . . . *Ib.*

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
S. How pleasant the banks †
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, . . *Ib.*
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows. . . *Ib.*
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . *S. I do confess* †
I gat my death frae twa sweet een, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Sweet lass, may I do that? . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
Aod a' is young and sweet like thee ;
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet
May. . . . . *Lns on a Ploughman.*
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. . *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*
My blossom sweet did blow, . . *S. Luckless Fortune.*
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
In Roslin's fairest bower
I'll shelter this sweet flower, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
More sweet than the light to my eye. . . . . *Ib.*
This sweet wee wife o' mine. . . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
S. No Churchman am I †
That crimson rose how sweet aod fair ;
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December, . *S. O May thy morn* †
'As songsters of the early year
'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
"Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
"As is a kiss o' Willy. . . . . *Ib.*
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining? . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
S. O stay, sweet warb. †
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! . . . . *Ib.*
O sweet is she that lo'es me, . *S. O wat she wha that loes* †
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
S. O were I on Parnass. †
O were my love yon vi'let sweet, . . *S. O were my love* †
O sweet is she in yon town . . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
My blessios upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
S. O whare did ye get †
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
S. O when she cam ben †
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
I see her sweet and fair; . . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, . . . *On Lincluden.*
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. . . . . *Ib.*
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
On Death of fav. Child.
The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, *Ib.*
Sweet Echo is no more. . . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . *On W. Chalmers.*
Sweet early object of my youthful vows, *Once fondly lov'd,* †
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so sweet as thou art. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
And bring our ain sweet Albany. . *The bonie Lass of Alb.*
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; *Ib. 13.*
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ; . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
In thy sweet Caledonian lines ; . . . . . *Ib.*
that sweet spell O' witchin love, ... *Ib.*
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side ;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigiehurn, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
how monny counsels sweet, . . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: . . . *Ib.*
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, . *Ib. 12.*
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! *Ib. 20.*
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. *S. The day returns* †
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
S. The heather was blooming †
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet that day.
The Holy Fair.
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
hy sweet endearing stealth, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
my bonny sweet wee lady, . . . *The Inventory.*
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,
S. The lass that made the bed.
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;
S. The Posie.
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear! *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
S. The Slave's Lament.
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, *S. The sun he is sunk* †
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. . *The Twa Dogs. 16.*
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben. . . *The Vision. D. I. 8.*
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet, ... *Ib. D. II.*
sweet harmonious Beattie . . . . . *Ib. 6.*
the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
The Whistle. 10.
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
S. Their groves of †
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; *S. There was a lass* †
At length she blush'd a sweet consent, ... *Ib.*
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Sweet ane an' twenty! . . . . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! . . . . . *Ib.*
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain; . . . *To J. S., 17.*
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, *S. To Mary.*
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem; . . . . *To Miss C.*
Sweet naïveté of feature, . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . *To W. Simpson. 9.*
O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, ... *Ib. 12.*
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang! . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
hy the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
S. True hearted was he †
And sweet is the lily at evening close; . . . . . *Ib.*
Ae sweet smile on me bestow. *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
And sweet is night in autumn mild, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
S. Twas na her bonie blue †
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.
S. Wae is my heart †
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: *S. When first I saw* †
sweet lass, Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
S. When wild War's †
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; *S. Where are the joys* †
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary. [*re.*]
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . *S. Ye banks and braes* †
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Still fan the sweet connubial flame . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Sweeten. The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire side. . . *The Twa Dogs. 17.*

Sweeter. Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, *A Dream. 12.*
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside *S. Here's a health to ane* †
And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
But love is far a sweeter flow'r *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
She's sweeter than the morning dawn
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett. II.*
But sweeter flows the Nith to me, *S. The Banks of Nith.*

Sweetest. The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v. A. 24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
The sweetest and best o' them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe. . . *S. Sensibility,* †
Sweetest May let love inspire thee; . *S. Sweetest May* †
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
To gie the sweetest blush o' health, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Sweetly. O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune. . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
That sweetly ye might span. *S. A Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . . . . *Ib.*
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, . . *Halloween. 3.*
In loving bleeze they sweetly join, ... *Ib. 10.*
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. . . *S. Hark! the mavis'* †
Sweetly blythe his waukening he. *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
"The mother may forget the child
"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
Lament for Glencairn.
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
S. My Nanie's awa.
And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; *S. Now bank and brae* †
We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, *S. Now westlin winds* †
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The springing lilies sweetly press'd, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace; *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in! *Scotch Drink. 9.*
Which sweetly winds so far below; *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
O sweetly smile on Somebody! . . . . *S. Somebody.*
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon. . *S. Streams that glide* †
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
He sweetly does compose him; . . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir: *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
S. The small birds rejoice †
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
Though sweetly female every part,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And sweetly tempt to taste them: . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Sweet-milk ["sweet-milk cheese," cheese made of milk as it comes from the cow, opposed to "skim-milk cheese," or cheese made of milk from which the cream has been removed].
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Sweetness.
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Sweets.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me! *S. Behold the hour* †
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . *S. I do confess* †
May rove their sweets amang; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume. . *On Poet's Daughter.*
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. . *S. Scenes of woe* †
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along;
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Sweet-scented.
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
S. Their groves of †

Swell. I'll often greet this surging swell; *S. Behold the hour* †
The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's swell; . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Swell, *to.*
Whase [Nith's] distant roaring swells and fa's. *A Vision.*
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Now on the rising gale swell high, . . *On Lincluden.*
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, . *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Swell'd. "Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Swelling,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, *A Dream. 10.*
If she winna ease the throes,
In my bosom swelling; . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling: *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling: . . *S. The last time I* †
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, *The Vision. D. II. 5.*
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, ... *Ib. 15.*
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, . . *S. Thickest night* †
the flood That in my een was swelling. *S. When wild War's* †

Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, *A Fragment. 7.*

Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Swervin.
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on; . . . . *To J. S., 19.*

Swift.
Swift from this desart let me part, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Swiftly.
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs; . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Swift-wing'd.
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Swim.
The stately swan majestic swims, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
There let him sink or swim. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
S. My Lord a-hunting †
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Swimming.
To thee I turn with swimming eyes: . . . *Liberty.*

Swine.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, *Epig. on A. Turner*
It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, . *To Mr J. Kennedy.*

Swing. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Swinge [to lash].
The young dogs—swinge them to the labour—
Add. of Beelzebub.

Swingein [whipping].
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city! . . *The Ordination. 11.*

Swirl [a curve].
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl. . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Swirl, *to* **[to curve, whirl].**
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl, . *A Winter Night.*

Swirlie [knaggy, full of knots].
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome Carlin; . . . *Halloween. 23.*

Swiss.
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Switch. I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
The Henpecked Husband.

Swith [swift, off! away!].
Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, . . *A Dream. 12.*
Kings and nations, swith awa! . *S. Louis what reck I* †
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a, . *The Ordination.*
Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; . *To a Louse.*

Swither [doubt, irresolute wavering].
I there wi' Something does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
An' that there is I've little swither *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
Their hauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Swoom [swim].
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Wi' them wha grant them:
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Swoor [swore].
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak it guid in law, man. . . *A Fragment. 9.*
But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . *S. Duncan Davison.*
Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 7.*
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, . . *Halloween. 9.*
An' he swoor by his conscience, ... *Ib. 17.*
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, . . . *Ib. 20.*
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
He swoor by a' was swearing worth
The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.

Sword.
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath; . *A Ded to G. H., 10.*
Wi' sword in hand, before his band, . *A Fragment. 2.*
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, ... *Ib. 3.*
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
S. By yon castle wa' †
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword; *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody. . . . *S. Naebody.*
Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumher! . . . *Nature's Law.*
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword *Scots Prologue.*
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . *S. Scots, wha hae* †

They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I saw that honour's sword was rusted; . . *The Hermit.*
His piercin words, like Highlan swords, *The Holy Fair. 21.*
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The sword would help to mak a plough, *The Tree of Liberty.*
A short sword, and a lang, . . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Swore.

Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
S. Caledonia.
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,
S. The auld man †
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
The Whistle. 14.
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Sworn.

And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
S. Does haughty Gaul, †
And they hae sworn a solemn oath [re.] *John Barleycorn.*
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
If angry fate is sworn my foe, . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, . . *To J. S., 25.*
I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; . . *To Mary.*

Swung.

The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . *The Vowels.*

Sybow [a young onion].

A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me. . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Sylvia.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: *S. Damon and Sylvia.*

Symbol.

I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Syme. A gift that e'en for S[yn]e were fit. . *To Mr. Syme.*

Symmetry.

(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place,)
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*

Sympathetic.

Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, . . *Auld comrade* †
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa', *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow! . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Sympathy.

Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, *Add. to Toothache.*

Symptom.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, *On dining with Daer.*
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that; . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*

Syne [since, ago, then].

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . *As on the banks* †
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter, . . *Ib. 19.*
Syne I hegan to wander: . . . . *S. Gat ye me* †
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne, say, I was a fautor. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Syne coyely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them . . *Halloween. 5.*
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, . . . *Ib. 17.*
Syne bauldly in she enters: . . . . . *Ib. 22.*
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . . . *Ib. 28.*
Syne to the Highlands hame to me. . . *S. Hee balou* †
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.
S. In simmer when †
And syne deny'd she did it at a'. . *S. O when she cam ben* †
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, *S. O whistle* †
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha would starve?) . *Poem on Life.*
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, . . . *Ib.*
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare . . . . *Ib.*
Till first ae caper, syne anither, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; *The Holy Fair. 24.*
Syne to salute her wi' a kiss,
I flang my arms about her neck.
S. The lass that made the bed.
A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; . . . . *Ib.*
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me. . . *What ails ye now* †
Syne pale like ony lily, . . . *S. When wild War's* †

System.

The ordered system fair before her stood, *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Table.

Five bonie Lasses round their table, *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
To note upon the haly table, . . . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy. . . . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

Tack [a lease; "stand by your tack," stand to your bargain].

Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Now stand as tightly by your tack:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6.
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it. . . *To Terraughty.*

Tacket [a kind of nail or large-headed tack for driving into the heels and soles of boots and shoes].

Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*

Tae [to].

Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle *Second Ep. to Davie.*
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; . . . . *Ib.*
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': . . . . *Ib.*
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie: . . . . *Ib.*
Frae door tae door. . . . . *Ib.*
Come Sir, here's tae you; . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Tae [toe].

I maun sit the lee lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*

Taed [toad]. Sprawlin' like a taed. *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Tae'd [toed; a "three-tae'd" or three-pronged leister was a fish-spear with a long shaft, used when the fish were very difficult to spear].

A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]
Lay, large an' lang. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*

Taen, Ta'en [taken].

For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill; . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
'And faith, he'll waur me. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13*
'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts, . . . *Ib. 27.*
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. . *El. on Year 1788.*
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 11.*
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks? . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.*
His saul has ta'en some other way, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
You have my choicest model ta'en, . *Epit. on W— —*
And ev'ry time great care is taen,
To see them duely changed: . . . *Halloween. 27.*
she has ta'en to the heather, . . *Jenny M'Craw.* †
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; . *Ib.*
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †
They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, *John Barleycorn.*
And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood, . . . *Ib.*

Whom death had all untimely taen. *Lament for Glencairn.*
For now he's taen anither shore, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle, . . . *Ib.*
And taen the—Antiquarian trade, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa! . . . *Scotch Drink. 19.*
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . *The Election Ballads. I.*
While Common-Sense has taen the road, *The Holy Fair. 16.*
I've ta'en the gold, an been enroll'd *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that, . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
The Kirk's Alarm.
My mither, she has ta'en the hed,
Wi' thinking on my fa'. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green, . *The Vision. D. I.*
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you. . . *To J. S., 2.*
Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme, . . . *Ib., 4.*
This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent; . . . *Ib., 7.*
Pardon this freedom I have ta'en, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Taet [a small quantity].

Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn. . *The Death of Mailie.*

Tail.

But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow, *A Gude New-Year* † *9.*
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, . . *Ib. 12.*
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way; *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail. . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
An' by my hen, an' by her tail . . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
A runt was like a sow-tail Sae bow't . *Halloween. 4.*
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail. . . . *New Psalmody.*
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
S. O ken ye what Meg †
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, *Poem on Life.*
There at them thou thy tail may toss, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
The fient a tail she had to shake! . . . . *Ib.*
But left behind her ain gray tail: . . . . *Ib.*
Eels weel kend for souple tail, . *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
As ever ran afore a tail. . . . . *The Inventory.*
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie. . *S. The Laddies by* †
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, . *The Ordination. 2.*
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail,
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; . . . . *Ib. 6.*
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl. . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
He draws a honie, silken purse As lang's my tail, . *Ib. 8.*
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, . *The Twa Herds. 7.*

Taint. Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights! . *To Miss C.*

Tak [to take].

What's no his ain, he winna tak it; . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
But point the Rake that taks the door; . . . *Ib. 8.*
(ye need na tak it ill) . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
An' tak the road! . *A Guid New-Year* † *S.*
They'll step in and tak a pint *S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank* †
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell: *Auld comrade* †
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O: *S. Behind yon hills* †
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.*
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat, . . . *Ib. 11.*
'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear: . . . . *Ib. 24.*
'This night I'm free to tak my aith, . . . *Ib. 25.*
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, . *El. on Year 1788.*
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
Tak this excuse for nae epistle. . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him. *Ep. to Young Friend. 4.*
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 19.
tak that, ye lea'e them naething To ken them by,
Ep. to J. R., 4.
Taks up its last abode; . . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Deil tak Kate
An' she he na noddin too! . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
She thro' the yard the nearest taks, . *Halloween. 11.*
The graip he for a harrow taks, ... *Ib. 18.*
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome Carlin; . . . *Ib. 23.*
They tell me, Sir, 'twould be a sin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet; *S. I'm o'er young to marry* †
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen, . *S. In simmer when* †
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, ... *S. Naebody.*
I'll tak dunts frae naebody. . . . . *Ib.*
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo. . . *S. O steer her up* †
An' gin she tak the thing amiss [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean, . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice: . . . . . *Ib.*
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin of your weans; *On a Schoolmaster.*
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
On B.'s Horse Impound..
If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
Ronalds of Bennals.
Tak a' the rest, ... *Scotch Drink. 21.*
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught, . . . *Ib.*
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen? . . *S. Tam Glen.*
An' folk begin to tak the gate; . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
if she promise auld or young To tak their part, . . *Ib.*
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky. . . . *Ib. P.*
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram! . . . . . *Ib.*
Tak aff your whitter. [v.A.2] . . . . . *Ib.*
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; *The Election Ballads. III.*
Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah! . *The gowd. Locks of A.*
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
S. The heather was blooming †
An' taks me by the han's, . . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that. . *The Inventory.*
He taks the Fiddler by the beard, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*
An' there tak up your stations; . . *The Ordination.*
This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, ... *Ib.*
And tak a look o' Mysie; . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
De'il tak the war! . . . . *S. The tither morn* †
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
To make a tour an' tak a whirl, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, . . *To a Haggis.*
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, ... *Ib.*
You'll tak it no uncivil; . . . . . *To a Painter.*
He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter; . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! . . . *To J. S., 7.*
And large, before Enjoyment's gate,
Let's tak the tide. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
See wha taks notice o' the bard! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight, . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Can ye think to tak a man? . *S. Will ye go and marry* †
Tak a mark by auntie Betty, ... *Ib.*

Tak me, Katie, at my offer,
Or he-had, and I'll tak you : *S. Will ye go and marry* †
When in his arms he taks me a' ; . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Take.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, *A Fragment. 2.*
" Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I will take my chance with you ; . *Add. to Dumourier.*
Let Meg now take away the flesh, . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
Take [Powers divine !] aught else of mine,
But, my Chloris spare me ! . . . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Come, let me take thee to my breast,
S. Come, let me take thee †
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load,
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care ! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
This hour on e'enin's edge I take, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st.*
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth ;
Ep. to R. Graham.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed. . . *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way : . *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*
The sun a backward course shall take . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
Alternate Follies take the sway : *Man was made to mourn.*
Take pity on my weary feet, . . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
But I hae ane will take my part, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, *Scots Prologue.*
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
What wealth could never give nor take away !
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Take a heart which he designs thee ; *S. Sweetest May* †
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed : *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
Retrieve its doom and take its place. *S. The capt. Ribband.*
A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. S.
Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ; *Ib. 18.*
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna ! *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Round and round take up the Chorus,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
He takes but for the fashion ; . . . *The Ordination. 5.*
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
S. The Posie.
Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure : . . . *S. Thine am I* †
To Hague or Calais takes a waft, . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*
Or by Madrid he takes the rout, ... *Ib. 23.*
some day we'll knot it, An' witness take, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
Clarinda, take this little boon, . . . *To a Lady.*
And with them take the poet's prayer ; . *To a yng Lady.*
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem. . . . *To J. M'Murdo.*
Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . *To Miss Ainslie.*
They take religion in their mouth ; . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works ndmire. . . . *V.s below Picture.*
Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,
S. Will ye go and marry †
Take pity on a sodger. . . . *S. When wild War's* †

Taken. What dire events ha'e taken place! *El. on Year 1788.*

Taking, -in'.

Yet has sae mony takin' arts, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.*
Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; . . *The Inventory.*
One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,
The Poor Thresher.
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin ! . . . *To a Louse.*

Tak'st.

As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep. . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Tald *v.* **Tauld.**

Tale But oh, it was a tale of woe, ... *A Vision.*
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. 8.*
And love was ay the tale. . . *S. As down the burn* †
The courtier tells a finer tale, . *S. Behold, my love,* †
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*
I tell nae common tale o' grief, ... *Ib., Epit.*
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Esteeming, and deeming,
It [Heaven, Hell] a' an idle tale ! . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
An' either douse or merry tale, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, . . . *Halloween. 28.*
We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing ; . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Sad thy tale, thou idle page, ... *Sad thy tale* †
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell, . . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
But to our tale : . . . . . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed : . . . *Ib. 19.*
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ; *S. The Contented Cottager.*
' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
dinna fail, To tell my Master a' my tale :
The Death of Mailie.
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
What herd like R[usse]ll tell'd his tale, *The Twa Herds. 7.*
As Robie tauld a tale o' love . . *S. There was a lass* †
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love. . . . . *Ib.*
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . *To Clarinda.*
But why, o' Death, begin a tale? . . . *To J. S., 11.*
As modest want the tale of woe reveals ; *To Miss Graham.*
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale. . . . . *To Miss L.*
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
To R. G. of F..
Yet when a tale comes i' my head, . *To W. Simpson*
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, *What ails ye now* †

Talent. My talents they were not the worst,
S. My father was a farmer †
For talents to deserve n place
Are qualifications saucy ; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
I fear I my talent misteuk, . *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
In days when mankind were but callans
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
O injured God ! Thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers, *Tragic Frag..*
Did many talents gild thy span ? *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Talk. His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera " Sauls does harrow " Wi' fright
The Holy Fair. 21.
And talk of love my dearie O. *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
Talk of him that's far awa. [*pr.*] *S. Musing on the roaring* †
We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, *S. Now westlin winds* †
She talks of rank and fashion. . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Talk not to me of savages . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, *S. Talk not of Love* †
But never talk of love. . . . . *Ib.*
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk ;
The Poor Thresher.
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Talk'd.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, *S. I gaed a waefu* †

Talking, -in. She didna wait on talkin
To spier that night. *Halloween. 12.*
If thou hast heard her talking, *S. O wat ye wha that lues* †
That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted, . *Ib.*

Tall.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall, *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall ;
S. O this is no my ain †

Tam [*dim. of* **Thomas**]. And O for ane and twenty, Tam! [*re.*] *S. And O for ane and twenty* †

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' death forgather'd by the way, *Epit. on Tam the Chapman.*
In hopes to see Tam Kipples . . . . *Halloween. 21.*
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? [*re.*] . *S. Tam Glen.*
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, *Tam o' Shanter.*
Tam had got planted unco right; . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; . . . . *Ib.*
The landlady and Tam grew gracious, ... *Ib.*
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, . . . *Ib. 6.*
The hour approaches Tam maun ride; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, ... *Ib. 8.*
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! . . . *Ib. 11.*
By which heroic Tam was able . . . . . *Ib.*
Now, Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans, . . *Ib. 13.*
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, . . *Ib. 15.*
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, . . *Ib. 16.*
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, ... *Ib.*
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin! . . *Ib. 18.*
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; . . . . *Ib.*
"O how deil Tam can that be true?
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Thou hast left me ever, Tam, [*re.*] *S. Thou hast left me* †
And maybe, 'Tam, for a' my cants, [*re.*] *What ails ye now* †

Tam o' Shanter.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, *Tam o' Shanter.*
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. . . . *Ib. 19.*

Tam Samson.

Tam Samson's dead! [*re.*] . . . *Tam Samson's El.*

Tame.

Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

Tammie [*dim. of* **Tam**].

Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
S. Here's a health to them †
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, . . *Ib. 12.*

Tammy Gage.

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage,
Was kept at Buston-ha', man; . . *A Fragment. 3.*

Tamtallan [**Tantallan Castle, on the coast of Haddingtonshire**].

The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*

Tane [**the one**].

The tane is game, a bluidy devil, . . *El. on Year 1788.*
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. *S. Scroggam.*

Tangle [**sea-weed**].

His manly leg with garter tangle bound. *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Tangling.

The cavern wild with tangling roots, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

Tangs [**tongs**; "**a sheep-head on a tangs,**" **a sheep's head being singed**].

And like a sheep-head on a tangs, . . *Poem on Life.*

Tankard. An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise; . *To J. S., 14.*

Tap [**top**; "**tap o' tow,**" **the quantity of flax put on the spinning-wheel at one time**].

Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
S. The Contented Cottager.
Gae spin your tap o' tow! . . . . *S. The weary Pund.*
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle. . . *To a Haggis.*

Taper, *adj.* In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Sae straught [a leg], sae taper, tight and clean,
The Vision. D. I. 11.

Taper. With noiseless step and taper bright, *On Lincluden.*
The altar sinks, the tapers fade, ... *Ib.*

Tapering.

spreading beech and tapering elm, . *As on the banks* †

Tapetless [**heedless, foolish, purposeless**].

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.*

Tapmost [**topmost**].

But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*
The vera tapmost, towrin height
O' Miss's bonnet. . . . *To a Louse.*

Tap-pickle [**the grain at the top of the stalk**].

But her tap-pickle maist was lost, ... *Halloween. 6.*

Tappit-hen [**a tin pot with a knob on the top, holding a quart**].

The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . . *On W. Stewart.*

Tapsalteerie [**topsy-turvy**].

When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O. . *S. Amang the trees,* †
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O. . . . . *Ib.*
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O! *S. Green grow the Rashes.*

Tar. The manly tar, my mason Billie, . . *Auld comrade* †
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Tarbolton.

Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Tardy. She, tardy, hell-ward plies. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Targe. When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Targe, *to* [**to drill, to examine strictly**].

I on the questions targe them tightly; . . *The Inventory.*

Tarrow [**to murmur**].

Or, if you on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*

Tarrow't [**murmured**].

An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it, ... *A Dream. 15.*

Tarry. Nae time hae I to tarry. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
At Darlet we a blink did tarry; *S. Th. Menzies' bonie Mary.*
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Tarry-Breeks [**a sailor**].

Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, ... *A Dream. 13.*

Tart. A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, *Sketch.*

Tartan.

Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [*re.*] *S. As I came o'er* †
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
S. O whare did ye get †
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews, ... *Ib.*
With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Tartaned.

leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Task. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring;
S. Blythe ha'e I been †
It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Tassel. As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel. . *Poem on Life.*

Tassie [**a goblet**].

And fill it in a silver tassie; . . . *S. My bonie Mary.*

Taste. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness. . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
O Death, how horrid is thy taste . *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
S. Last May a braw wooer †
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
S. On Cessnock banks †
That queens it o'er our taste . . *Prologue, at Th., D..*
Good sense and taste are natives here at home; . . *Ib.*
well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Ronalds of Bennals.

But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. . . *The Book-Worms.*
There's men of taste won'd tak the Ducat-stream,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; . . . *Ib. S.*
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, *The Fête Champetre.*
the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
The Whistle. 10.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste, . . *To Chloris.*
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover. . . *S. When first I saw* †
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee, . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Taste, *to.*
But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
Never mair to taste delight. . . *S. Frae the friends* †
Wi' joctelegs they taste them [the custocks]; *Halloween. 5.*
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
Wad taste sae bitterlie. . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise. . . *John Barleycorn.*
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. *S. O Willie brew'd* †
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel. . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
The Rights of Woman.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. . . . . *Ib.*
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste, . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*
As them wha like to taste the drappie *There's naethin like* †
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, *To a Medical Gent.*
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
And sweetly tempt to taste them : . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Tasting. Tasting the breathing spring, *S. Phillis the Fair.*

Tatter'd.
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Tatters.
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters : *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages. . . *To J. S., S.*

Taught.
taught by the bright Caledonian lance, . *S. Caledonia. 5*
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame. *The Vision. D. II. 16.*
'I taught thy manners-painting strains, . . *Ib. 17.*
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Tauk [to talk].
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Tauld, Tald [told].
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ; . . . . *A Dream. 10.*
I'm tauld he offers very fairly, . . *Auld comrade* †
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.*
It's tauld he was a sodger bred, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae neglectit ; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ; . . . *Ib. 5.*
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
As Robie tauld a tale o' love . . *S. There was a lass* †
He tald mysel by word o' mouth, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Let na this o' thee be tauld. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Taunt. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Tauted, Tawted [matted, uncombed].
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Tawie [tame, tractable ; that lets itself peaceably be handled].
But bamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, *A Guid New-Year* † *5.*

Tawple [a silly, sluggish young person].
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools. . . *To W. Creech.*

Tax. When taxes he enlarges, . . . *A Dream. 7.*
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ; . *The Inventory.*
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; *To W. Simpson.*

Tax, *to.*
An' gin ye tax ber or her mither,
B' the L—d ! ye'se get them a' thegither. . *The Inventory.*

Taxation. Your sair taxation does her fleece, *A Dream. 6.*
Or tell what new taxation's comin, . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Tax'd. Or if bare a— yet were tax'd ; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Taxing. What are your landlords rent-rolls ? taxing ledgers.
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

Tay.
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear ; *S. O whare did ye get* †
Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ; . . *To W. Simpson.*
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Taylor. Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
The taylor staw the lynin o't. . . *S. The cardin o't.*
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', [*re.*]
S. The Taylor fell †
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill. . . *Ib.*
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. . . . *Ib.*
The Taylor he cam here to sew, . . . *S. The Taylor* †
The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds, ... *Ib.*
The Taylor prov'd a man, O. . . . . *Ib.*

Taylor [Dr. Taylor of Norwich].
'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief ; *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Tea. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, . . *A Fragment.*
some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Teach. whose judgment clear Can others teach *A Bard's Epit.*
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour.
S. Cock up your beaver.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish ; *S. Could aught of song* †
Go [King of Terrors] frighten the coward and slave !
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant !
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle
Anither sang. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
' Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
' The tuneful Art. . *The Vision. D. II. 4.*
' Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill ; . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang. . . . *To J. S., 9.*
He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.
To R. G. of F., 4.
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Teacher. A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Teaching.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, *The Brigs of Ayr. 7.*

Teal. Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
El. on Capt. M. H., 8.

Team. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †

Tear. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear. . . . *A Bard's Epit.*
Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave. . . . . *Ib.*
thro' the tender-gushing tear, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
O, free my weary eyes from tears, *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs !
A Winter Night. 8.
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome, *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. 5.

The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain ;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
And as he was singing the tears down came,
S. By yon castle wa' †
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear : . *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa', ... *Ib., Epit..*
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.
El. on Miss Burnet.
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow! . . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose ! *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains.
Epit. for Author's Father.
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear—Jessy.
S. Here's a health to ane †
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye. . . *John Barleycorn.*
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear.
Lns on Fergusson.
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. . *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear :
Monody, on a Lady.
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, *S. My Mary's face* †
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd ;
S. My Sandy gied to †
Ye who never shed a tear, . *S. Musing on the roaring* †
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy : *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ! . . . . . *Ib.*
But spare a Mother's tears! . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
With earnest tears I pray, ... *Ib.*
In tears the rose-buds steeping : *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa. *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
And a' my tears be tears of joy, ... *Ib.*
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear :
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
When the tear trickled bright, . *On Death of fav. Child.*
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear, ... *Ib.*
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, *S. One fond kiss,* †
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose : *Poor Mailie's El..*
It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear, ... *Ib.*
The saut tear blin't his e'e ; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy. . . *S. Sleep'st thou,* †
While by their nose the tears will revel, *Tam Samson's El..*
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! . . . . *The Farewell.*
I, with a much indebted tear,
Shall still remember you! . . . . . *Ib.*
One round, I ask it with a tear, *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*
The bursting tears my heart declare, *S. The gloomy night* †
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e ;
S. The Lass that made the bed.
The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears :
The League and Covenant.
And aye the salt tear blinds her ee : . *The lovely lass* †
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
The Rights of Woman.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Alas ! that e'er a bonie face
Should draw a sauty tear! . . . . . *Ib.*
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
S. The Slave's Lament.
The justling tears ran down his honest face! *The Vowels.*
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, ... *Ib.*
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear. . *S. There was a bonie lass* †

I, sighing, drop the silent tear, . . . *To Clarinda.*
My vows and tears her scorn excite . . . . *Ib.*
Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, . . *To Miss Graham.*
And left us darkling in a world of tears :) *To R. G. of F., 9.*
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death! . *Ib.*
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face, ... *To Ruin.*
"With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
"Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . *Tragic Frag..*
Remembrance oft may start a tear, . *V.s, under Grief.*
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e, ... *Ib.*
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ;
S. Wae is my heart †
Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e. . *Ib.*
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
S. Wandering Willie.
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
But now wi' sighs and starting tears . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Tear, *to.*

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, . *S. Canst thou leave me thus* †
In grief thy sallow mantle tear ; . *El. on Capt. M. H. 13.*
That holy robe, O dinna tear it! . . . *Ep. to J. R. 3.*
As the storms the forest tear, . *S. How can my poor heart* †
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms. . . . . *Sad thy tale.* †
Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung : . . . . . *Ib.*
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought. . . *S. Talk not of Love* †
What bursting anguish tears my heart! . . *The Farewell.*
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, *S. The gloomy night* †
Though mem'ry there my bosom tear ; *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †

Tearful, -fu'. The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
may bless him, Wi' tearfu' e'e ; *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Tearing.

Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
S. Gloomy December.
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must he a stronger death. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Tear-worn.

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . . *The Lament.*

Tease.

An' tease my name in kintry clatter : *Add. to Illegit. Child*
Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Teased.

Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, *To R. G. of F..*

'Teen [*abbrev. of* "at e'en"; **evening**].

O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo ? . *S. O wat ye what my* †

Teen [**chagrin, vexation**].

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Teens. I've been but three years in my teens ;
S. I'm o'er young to marry †
A' plump and strapping in their teens, . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*

Teeth. But in the teeth o' baith [wind, tide] to sail,
It maks an unco leeway. *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
S. Braw lads of G. water.
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen, . . *Ib., Sett. II.*
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Her teeth were like the ivory, *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Teeth'd. desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, *To Terraughty.*

Teethin ["**teethin a heckle,**" **putting new teeth in a heckle**].

O merry hae I been teethin a heckle *S. O merry hae I been* †

Teethless.

An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . *El. on Year 1788.*
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
S. To daunton me.

Tell. I tell your Highness fairly, . . . *A Dream. 10.*
And tells the midnight moon her care. . . . *A Vision.*
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. 7.*
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
strange to tell! . . . . . *Ib. 14.*
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw, . . *Add to Toothache.*
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Than ever tongne could tell; . . . *S. Ah, Chloris†*
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; . *Auld comrade†*
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true? . . . *S. Behold, my love†*
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me! . *S. Behold the hour†*
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. *S. Caledonia.*
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
S. Carl, an the King come.
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell;
S. Comin thro' the rye.
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
S. Could aught of song†
I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger: . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
this that I am gaun to tell, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
But whether she [the Moon] had three or four [horns],
I cou'd na tell. . . . . *Ib. 4.*
'Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
'At ance he tells't. . . . . *Ib. 19.*
'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot, . . . *Ib. 30.*
But just as he began to tell.
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell . . . *Ib. 31.*
How it comes, let Doctors tell, . . *S. Duncan Gray†*
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
I tell nae common tale o' grief, ... *Ib., Epit.*
To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then! . . . . *Ib.*
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
But first an' foremost, I should tell, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 8.*
As ill I like my fauts to tell; . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,
The hale affair. . . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell; . . . . *Halloween. S.*
To tell thee that I loe thee. . . *S. Here's to thy health†*
They tell me, Sir, 'twould be a sin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet; . . *S. I'm o'er young†*
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, *S. Lass, when yr mither†*
And tell me what they ca' ye? . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Shame fa' me gin I tell; . . *S. My heart was ance†*
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell; *S. Now Spring has clad†*
O tell na me of wind and rain, . *S. O Lassie, art thou†*
I tell you now this ae night, ... *Ib.*
And here's to them, we darena tell, [pr.] *S. O May thy morn†*
Thou tells of never-ending care; *S. O stay, sweet warbling†*
O wha will tell me how to ca't? *S. O wha my baby-clouts†*
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly? . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Where Philomel, - - Her griefs will tell!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
Prologue, at Th., D..
I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell, . . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell *Scots Prologue.*
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; . , *S. Sensibility†*
His solid sense—by inches you must tell, . . *Sketch.*
My heart is sair, I darena tell, . . . *S. Somebody.*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin, *Tam Samson's El., Per C..*
But bashing and dashing,
I kend na how to tell. . . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, ... *Ib. 4.*
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack Before them a'. *Ib. 6.*
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat, Ye winna bear it? *Ib. 11.*
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, . . *Ib. 20.*
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason. . . . . *Ib., P.*
No man can tell; . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 11.*
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, . *Ib. 12.*
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, . . . *Ib. 7.*
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. *Ib. 11.*
Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . *The Death of Mailie.*
Tell him, he was a Master kin', ... *Ib.*
To tell my Master a' my tale; . . . . . *Ib.*
So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell: . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
The Kirk and State may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna; *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell:
The Henpecked Husband.
Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when; . . *Ib. S. II.*
And now my conclusion I'll tell, . . . *Ib. S. III.*
And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
That you do maintain them so well as you do.
The Poor Thresher.
Its virtues a' can tell, man; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Or tell what new taxation's comin, . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*
But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar, . . . *Ib. 27.*
O! dool to tell, ... *The Twa Herds. 2.*
And mony a ane that I could tell, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, *The Whistle. 3.*
And tell future ages the feats of the day; . . *Ib. 11.*
There's news, lasses, news, Gude news I've to tell,
S. There's news, lasses†
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Tells the ardent lover. . . . *S. Thine am I†*
To tell the truth and shame the Deil . . . *To —.*
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven - -
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it. . . *To Terraughty.*
An' tell aloud Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To Rev. J. M'Math.
But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear!
S. To thee, lov'd Nith†
Wallace, Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. . *To W. Simpson. 11*
Some people tell me gin I fa', . . *V.s to J. Ranken*
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
S. Wandering Willie.
This leads me on, to tell for sport, . . *What ails ye now†*
I couldoa tell what ailed me, . . *S. When first I saw†*
the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near,
S. When o'er the hill†
Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy? . . . *S. Why, why tell†*
But, my dear and lovely Katie,
This ae thing I hae to tell, *S. Will ye go and marry†*
Tell them, and press it on their mind, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Tell'd [told].

Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: . . . *S. Jockey fou†*
He's tell'd her father and mother baith, - -
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel *Katharine Jaffray.*
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, . *What ails ye now†*

Telling. Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys: . . *S. Sensibility,*†
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin' lies about them; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Temper-pin [the pin for tempering or regulating the motion of a spinning-wheel; the pin for tempering a fiddle-string].
And ay she shook the temper-pin. . *S. Duncan Davison.*
And [Heaven] screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair.
The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.*

Tempest. While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats. *A Winter Night. 5.*
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirlan the kirks; . . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
S. Gloomy December.
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . *S. I dream'd I lay*†
And loud the tempest's roar: . . *S. O mirk, mirk*†
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, . *S. The day returns*†
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly: *S. The gloomy night*†
Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather, . *S. The noble Maxwells*†
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow: . . *S. The sun he is sunk*†
Howling tempests o'er me rave! . . *S. Thickest night*†
Chill came the tempest's lour; . . . *To Chloris.*
heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, *To R. G. of F.. 7.*
And Ettrick banks now roaring red
While tempests blaw; . . *To W. Creech.*
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Why am I loth†
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, . . *Winter.*

Tempest-driven. But when on Life we're tempest-driven,
Ep. to Young Friend. 10.

Temple.
I'm here a pillar in thy temple, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.*

Temples.
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press. . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Temp'ral. For temp'ral gifts we little merit; . *A Grace.*
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.*

Tempt.
But never tempt th' illicit rove, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
S. On Cessnock banks†
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy†
And sweetly tempt to taste them: . *S. Young Peggy*†

Temptation.
Ye're aiblins nae temptation. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. . . *Extem., To Mr. S.*
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) . . *The Inventory.*
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
Why am I loth†

Tempted. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
S. What can a yng lassie†

Tempting.
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een,
S. O were I on Parnass.†
First shewing us the tempting ware, . . *Poem on Life.*

Temptingly.
as the boughs all temptingly project, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*

Ten. It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part, *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day. *The Holy Fair. 4.*
Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands; . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Nor for my ten white shillings luke. . . *The Inventory.*

Ten-hours-bite [a slight feed to the horses while in yoke in the forenoon].
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*

Ten-pund.
her tenpund lands o' tocher gude . *S. My Lord a-hunting*†

Ten-shillings.
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; . *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Tenant.
Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake? *On scaring Waterfowl.*
The happy tenants share his rounds; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's soash; . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! . . . *Ib. 26.*

Tenant-man.
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony Tenant-man . . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Tend.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil, *S. 'Twas even—the dewy*†

Tender.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, *S. A Rosebud by my*†
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
A Winter Night. S.
They lay aside a' tender mercies, . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
Unfolds her tender mantle green, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
In the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover. . . *S. Could aught of song*†
His chicken heart so tender; . *Epig. on a Coxcomb.*
All hail! ye tender feelings dear! . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
A tye more teoder still. . . . . *Ib.*
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
Epit. for Author's Father.
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
S. Farewell, thou fair day†
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree *S. Here's a health to ane*†
the tender heart o' leesome love, . *S. In Simmer when*†
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, *S. My Mary's face*†
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender; . *S. Now westlin winds*†
But O the road was very hard,
For that fair maiden's tender feet. . *S. O Mally's meek.*
"So in my tender bosom grows,
"The love I bear my Willy. . . . *S. O Phely,*†
Again, again that tender part, *S. O stay, sweet warbling*†
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears, . *O Thou dread Pow'r*†
Her tender limbs embrace, . . *S. On a bank of flowers*†
"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
The promis'd Father's tender name; . *The Lament. 3.*
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
The Rights of Woman.
But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
S. There was a lass, and†
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean. . . . . *Ib.*
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Our parting was fu' tender;
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†

Tender-gushing.
through the tender-gushing tear, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*

Tenderest. Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, *To a Kiss.*
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.

Tenderly.
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine. . . . *S. Tho' cruel fate*†

Tenderness.
But oh! that tenderness forbear,
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. . *V.s, under Grief.*

Tenebrific. It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*

Tenor.
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. *On Death of R. Dundas.*

Tent [a box-like movable pulpit for preaching in the open air].
When gaping they [the saunts] besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd. . . *Scotch Drink. S.*
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice; *The Holy Fair. 14.*

Tent [heed, caution].
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; *The Election Ballads. III.*
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! . . *To J. S., 7.*

Tent, *to* [to tend, watch over; look to; mark, observe; regard, value].
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning. . . *S. A Rosebud by* †
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
'But tent me, billie; . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.*
I tent less, and want less
Their [the Great folk's] roomy fire-side; . *Ep. to Davie.*
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, ... *Ib. 6.*
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! . . . . *Ib. 8.*
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
The powers aboon will tent thee, *S. O saw ye bonie Lesley* †
And she, a lovely little flower
That I would tent and shelter there. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
O wha will tent me when I cry? *S. O wha my babie-clouts* †
But warily tent, when ye come to court me, *S. O whistle,* †
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it: *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn. . *The Death of Mailie.*
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes. . . *The Twa Herds.*
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, ... *Ib. 10.*
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? *S. There was a lass* †
And tent the waving corn wi' me. . . . . *Ib.*
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Tentie [watchful, cautious, careful, attentive].
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, . *A Guid New-Year* † *18.*
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e; . . *Halloween. 8.*
some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town!
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Tented.
I left the lines, and tented field, . *S. When wild War's* †

Tenth. But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd. *The Dean of Fac.*

Tentier [more careful].
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way: . . *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*

Tentless [heedless, inattentive].
The time flew by, wi' tentless head, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed, . . *To J. S., 10.*

Term. Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.*
'In terms sae friendly, ... *Ib., Ap. 21st, 5.*
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, *To W. Simpson.*

Terra, Terra firma.
Tho' I should wander Terra o'er,
In all her climes, . . . *To J. S., 21.*
While Terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns, . . . *To W. Simpson.*

Terreagle. And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,
S. The noble Maxwells †
And they declare Terreagle's fair, ... *Ib.*

Terrific. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Terror.
It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n: . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . *S. Ay waking, O* †
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
S. Caledonia.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France, ... *Ib. 5.*
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
No terrors hast thou to the brave. . . . . *Ib.*
O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd
As murder at his thrapple shor'd; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; *Why am I loth* †

Test. And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Scots Prologue.

Tester [an old coin, about sixpence in value].
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester: . . . *A Dream. 6.*

Tether.
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, . *A Guid New-Year* † *18.*
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, *The Death of Mailie.*
Gude keep thee frae a tether string! . . . . *Ib.*
An' bid him burn this cursed tether, ... *Ib.*
An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang *The Holy Fair. 24.*
May Envy wallop in a tether, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Tether, *to*.
Nae man can tether time or tide; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*

Teugh [tough].
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox. *El. on Year 1788.*
"I saw the battle sair and teugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
A carline auld and teugh. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Teugh Johnie, stauach Geordie and Wattie, . *Ib. III.*

Teughly [toughly].
Yet, teughly donre, he bade an unco bang. *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

Teuk [took]. They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.

Text. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh; . . . *The Calf.*
Come, let a proper text be read, . . *The Ordination. 4.*
Nor idle texts pursue; . . . . *To Miss Ainslie.*
A text for infamy to preach; . . . . *To W. Creech.*

Thack [thatch].
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
The Brigs of Ayr.
right an' tight in thack an' raep. . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*

Thae [those].
thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day. . *A Dream.*
Thae honie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent, . . . *Ib. 9.*
up amang thae lakes and seas . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, *Scotch Drink. 29.*
Now, Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
Tam o' Shanter. 13.
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . *The Twa Dogs. 26.*
Thae winks and finger ends, I dread, . . *To a Louse.*
In thae auld times, ... *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Thairm [the gut or intestinal canal; a fiddle-string].
while I kittle hair on thairms *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
And o'er the thairms be tryin: . . *The Ordination. 7.*
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm: . *To a Haggis.*

Thairm-inspiring.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, *The Brigs of Ayr. 12.*

Thames.
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . *To W. Simpson.*

Thane.
Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*

Thank. For me, thank God, my life's a lease, *A Dream. 6.*
L—d, we thank an' thee adore . . . . . *A Grace.*
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
'An' thank him kindly?' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 5.*
I thank thee, author of this opening day!
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
The Rights of Woman.
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; *To W. Simpson.*

Thanked, -'d, Thanket, -it.
For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg; . . . . . *Ib.*
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
The Brigs of Ayr. S.
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit. . . *The Inventory.*
Aod thank'd her for her courtesie;
S. The lass that made the bed.
He thanked his Lordship and taking his leave
S. The Poor Thresher.
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket. . . *The Selkirk Grace.*

Thankfu'.
And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet. . . *Ep. to Davie. 7.*

Thankfulness.
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Thanks.
But then, nae thanks to him for a' that; *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 14.*
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I hae a penny to spend, There, thanks to naebody;
S. Naebody.
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! . . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
Scots Prologue.
Thanks to you for your line. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
"And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il,
"That dane'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman . . . *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself. . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
To murder men, and gie God thanks! *V. on Nat. Thanks..*
God won't accept your thanks for murther! . . . . *Ib.*

Thatch'd.
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Theatre. The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Theekit [thatched].
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Thegither [together].
For days thegither. . . . *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*
We've worn to crazy years thegither; . . . . *Ib. 18.*
And lump them ay thegither; . *Add. to the Unco Guid.*
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five and forty years thegither! . *Auld comrade* †
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 7.
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.*
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll hand it weel thegither. . . *Epit. on a Ruling Elder.*
To school in hands thegither, . . *Epit. on a Wag.*
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither; . . . . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly; . . . . *Halloween. 7.*
we clamb the hill thegither, . . . *S. John Anderson* †
And sleep thegither at the foot, ... *Ib.*
They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scroggam;
S. Scroggam.
They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, ... *Ib. 16.*
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, [v. A.2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, *The Death of Mailie.*
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. *. The Inventory.*
An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither. . . . *Ib. 33.*
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal: . *To W. Simpson. 17.*
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither. . . *V. s to J. Ranken.*
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, . *What ails ye now* †

Theme. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
S. Afton Water.
To muse some favourite Scottish theme, *As on the banks* †
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine; *Ep. to Young Friend.*
My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, *. Scots Prologue.*
Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Chloris, Chloris all the theme! . *S. Why, why tell thy* †

Themsel, Themseis [themselves].
Thou'rt like themsels [the powers aboon] sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. *S. O Saw ye bonie L.* †
Till they be fit to fend themsel; . *The Death of Mailie.*
And some wad please themsel. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . . . *Ib.*
Between themsels they were sae busy:
The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them; . . . . *Ib.*
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel. . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
Aod get the brutes the power themsels, . . *Ib. 15.*

Theniel.
Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary, [*re.*]
S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary.
For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. . . . . *Ib.*

Theologic. Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Theopocritus. But thee, Theopocritus, wha matches?
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Theoretic.
For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions. *Frag., inscr. to Fox.*

Thick.
And rode thro' thick and thin; . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
And he grew thick and strong, . . *John Barleycorn.*
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Lament for Glencairn.
Thick flies the skimming Swallow; *S. Now westlin winds* †
Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, . . *On Lincluden.*
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure? *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang, . *The Holy Fair. 18.*
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations. . . *To a Louse.*

Thick [intimate, familiar].
An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Thickening.
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
On seeing wounded Hare.
And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . *The Vowels.*
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
To Mary in Heaven.
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning, Round my devoted head.
To Ruin.

Thickest.
Thickest night surround my dwelling! . *S. Thickest night* †

Thief.
tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . *Epit. on W—.*
'I daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul Thief onie place, . . . *Halloween. 14.*
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
And thieves of every rank and station, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

A thief sae pawky is my Jean . *S. O this is no my ain* †
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; . . *Ib. 17.*
For the foul thief is just at your gate. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
Keep watchings with the nightly thief: . *The Lament.*
The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief, . . . *To J. S.*
Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! *To Miss C.*
What mak ye sae like a thief? . . *S. Wha is that at* †

Thieve. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . *To a Mouse.*

Thieveless [cold, dry, spited].
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Thieving.
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . . *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*

Thievish. I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed. *Poor Mailie's El..*
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
By a thievish midge
They had amaist heen lost. *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Thiggan [begging].
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Thimble. The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a; [*re.*]
S. The Taylor fell †

Thin. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.*
And rode thro' thick and thin; . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*
When banes are craz'd, and blude is thin, *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
S. The Taylor fell †

Thine. I swear I'm thine for ever, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
I'm thine at ane and twenty. *S. And O for ane and twenty* †
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!" *S. By Allan stream* †
No love but thine my heart shall know. *S. Fairest maid* †
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *S. Forlorn, my Love* †
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine; . *Friend of the poet* †
And thine that latest sigh! . . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
An' a' the glory shall be thine, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.*
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . . *S. One fond kiss,* †
thine the virgin claim, From aught that's good exempt.
On Duke of Queensberry.
'Tis thine to pity and forgive. *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
And gi'es a hand o' thine; . *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The Whistle. 18.
Thine am I my faithful fair, . . . *S. Thine am I* †
That fate is thine—no distant date; *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
S. Twas na her bonie blue †

Thing.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . *A Winter Night. 4.*
And ev'ry thing is blest but I. *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing was thou mine; *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . . . . *Ib.*
And oh! her een they spak sic things! . *S. Duncan Gray* †
To see how things are shar'd; . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.*
The poor, wee thing was little hurt; . *Ep. to J. R., 8.*
She forms the thing and christens it—a poet.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
Impromptu.
That kisses ilka thing it meets. . . *S. I do confess* †
My Loves a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonie wee thing, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
O blessings on my wee thing,
My kindly blythesome wee thing,
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. . . . . *Ib.*
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. . *S. My Sandy gied* †
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego, . . *Now Spring has clad* †
An' gin she tak the thing amiss
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. . *S. O steer her up* †
An' I was but a young thing, [*re.*] *S. O wat ye what my* †
To put a young thing in a fright, ... *Ib.*
Ye jarring screeching things around, *On Death of Lap-dog.*
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Thou that of a' things Maker art, . . *S. Sae far awa.*
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans *Searching auld* †
An' niest my yowie, silly thing, . *The Death of Mailie.*
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The Rights of Woman.
The prattling things are just their pride, *The Twa Dogs. 17.*
The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna: *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
S. The winter it is past †
That is the thing you ne'er shall see, . *S. To daunton me.*
A thing unteachable in world's skill, . *To R. G. of F., 3.*
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nor am I even the thing I con'd be, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And had o' things an unco' slight; . . *To W. Creech.*
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
To W. Simpson, P.S..
in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, . . . *Ib.*
It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. *S. Will ye go and marry* †
This ae thing I hae to tell, ... *Ib.*

Think. And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him. *A Farewell.*
An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin, *A Guid New-Year* † *17.*
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
A Winter Night. 9.
Think on the dungeon's grim confine, ... *Ib.*
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd. . . *Ib.*
An' think't weel war'd. . . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake! *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
I think on my honie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin. . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
S. Contented wi' little †
Think ye, are we less blest than they, . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*
Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! . . . . *Ib. 20.*
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, *Ib. Ap. 21st, 12.*
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: *Ep. to J. R., 4.*
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By squarè an' rule, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
O let me think we yet shall meet! . *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore: . *Frag. of Ode.*
O dinna think my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee: . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie; *S. How lang and dreary* †
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it. *S. Husband, husband* †

I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, . . *S. It was a' for* †
He will think on her he loves, *S. Jockey's ta'en the parting* †
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late :
S. John Anderson †
O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet ; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
But what wad ye think ? . *S. Last May a braw wooer* †
I think I mann wed him—to-morrow, ... *Ib.*
To think life's sun did set ere well begun *Lns on Fergusson.*
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest. . *Man was made to Mourn.*
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine. . . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
O meikle thinks my love o' my beanty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't ; . *S. O poortith cauld,* †
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him ; [*re.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
But think upon it still, jo, ... *S. O steer her up* †
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa. *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
And taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
A' ye wha live and never think, *On Scot Bard gne to W. I.*
But lest you think I am uncivil, . . . *Poem on Life.*
He hade me on you press this one word—"Think!"
Prologue, at Th., D..
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, . . *Ib.*
The warld would think I was mad,
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons. *Second Ep. to Davie.*
The devil-haet, that I sud han, They ever think. . . *Ib.*
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? . . *S. Tam Glen.*
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
To think how mony counsels sweet,
The husband frae the wife despises! . . . . *Ib. 4.*
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, . . . *Ib. 19.*
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Weel-pleas'd to think her hairn's respected like the lave.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. . *The Death of Mailie.*
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring : *The Election Ballads. VI.*
I think upon the stormy wave . *S. The gloomy night* †
Think not, though from the wo receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear ;
The Hermit.
"I think ye seem to ken me ; . . *The Holy Fair. 4.*
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables : . . . *Ib. 17.*
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaran, ... *Ib. 22.*
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman. *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
I rather think she is aloft, . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
And, must I think it! is she gone, . . *The Lament.*
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion ; . . . . *The Ordination. 7.*
For there [in Ayr] they'll think you clever ; . . *Ib. 9.*
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
The Rights of Woman.
Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa' ; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
S. The Slave's Lament.

Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger : *The Twa Dogs. 11.*
They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; . . *Ib. 15.*
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master, ... *Ib. 21.*
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine! . . *The Twa Herds. 3.*
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow. . . . *S. The weary pund.*
I think we'll ca' him Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
O can'st thou think to fancy me ! . *S. There was a lass* †
But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
I sud be lnith to think ye hinted Ironic satire, *To W. Simpson.*
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang; . . . . . *Ib.*
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies. . . . *Ib., P.S.*
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity : *Tragic Frag.*
You think I'm glad ; . . . . . *Verses under Grief.*
When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie ; . *S. When I think on* †
Can ye think to tak a man ? . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Thinking, -in, -an.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan,
Add. to the Deil. 20.
Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie,
S. Ay waking, O †
Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.
S. Ay waukin, O.
There's monie godly folks are thinkin, . . *Ep. to J. R.*
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; . . . . *Ib. 8.*
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin' o't. *S. My love she's but* †
I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes ; . . . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
Thinking the story himself he did raise, *The Poor Thresher.*
I hae been happy thinking : . . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Thir [these].

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ; *Epit. on a noisy Polemic.*
And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
Lns on a Ploughman.
Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man, *S. O ay my wife she dang.*
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, . *Tam o' Shanter. 13.*
At strife thir carlines fell ; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Third. The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another B[urns] . . *Nature's Law.*
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup, ... *Ib. 3.*

Thirl'd [thrilled].

It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3.

Thirst. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Man was made to Mourn.
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Thirty. Ye heretic eight and thirty! . *The Dean of Fac.*

Thistle.

The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

This while. 'This while ye hae been mony a gate,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
Friend of the poet † *P.S.*

Thole [to endure, suffer].

An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers ! . *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
then the scathe an' hanter We're forced to thole.
Ep. to Maj. Logan.
Now I mann thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quean ; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
How they mann thole a factor's snash ; . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranrench cauld! . . *To a Mouse.*

And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy. . . *What ails ye now* †

Tholed (endured).
For misery ever tholed a pang. *On Window of C. Inn, F..*

Thomas. And death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.

Thomson. While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
The Vision. D. II. 19.

Thong.
The langest thong, the fiercest growler *Add. of Beelzebub.*
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The Vowels.

Thorn.
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . *S. Behold, my love* †
As light's a bird upon a thorn. . *S. Blythe was she,* †
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Behint the muckle thorn: . . . . *Halloween, 6.*
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.*
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art: . *S. Now spring has clad* †
The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet.
S. Now westlin winds †
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, ... *Ib.*
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flowr's so white and leaves so green,
S. On Cessnock banks †
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever
I plant in your bosom a thorn. *Spoke Extem. to a Lady.*
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The Brigs of Ayr.
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . *To J. S., 16.*
The birds sit chittering in the thorn, *S. Up in the morning.*
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted: . *S. When wild Wars* †
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: *S. Ye banks and braes* †
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. . . . . *Ib.*

Thornie-bank. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank *S. A' the lads* †

Thorny. Saegently bent its thorny stalk, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
S. Afton Water.
Ye roses on your thorny tree, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Amid life's thorny path o' care. *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Just opening on its thorny stem; *S. On Cessnock banks* † *Sett II.*
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree; *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Thought, *s.*
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
A Dream.
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul, . . *A Winter Night. 6.*
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
Careless ilka thought and free, . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
S. Contented wi' little †
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high, ... *Ib.*
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; . . . . *Halloween. 11.*
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe? *S. How can my poor heart* †
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away. . . . . *Ib.*
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morison. *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, . . *S. O Phely,* †
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
S. O were I on Parnass. †
as lost in thought profound, ... *On Lincluden.*
Each worldly thought a while forbear, ... *Ib.*
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Remorse. A Frag.
Scenes that former thoughts renew; . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Second Ep. to Davie.
Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give *Symon Gray* †
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought; . *S. Talk not of Love* †
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
He has nae thought but how to kill T'wa at a blow. . *Ib.*
No thought of guilt my bosom sours; . . *The Hermit.*
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, . . . *Ib.*
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. . *The Lament.*
The vera thought o't need na fear them. *The Twa Dogs. 27.*
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, . . *Ib. 33.*
And, like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away. . *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . *To Clarinda.*
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; *To J. S., 5.*
Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me. *To W. Simpson. P.S..*
There ruminate with sober thought; *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Thought.
But I maturely thought it proper, *A Ded. to G. H., 12.*
I thought them [my works] something like yoursel. . *Ib.*
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . *A Fragment. 3.*
I thought We wad be beat! . . *A Guid New-Year* † *16.*
I thought me on the ourie cattle, . . *A Winter Night. 3.*
To love they thought nae crime, Sir; *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many;
S. By Allan stream †
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken. *Ep. to J. R., 7.*
I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you, . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; *S. First when Maggy* †
But thought I might hae waur offers,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
And thought his very een enrich'd; . *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
It's thought the gudes were stown. *The Election Ballads. IV.*
The lassie thought na lang till day.
S. The Lass that made the bed.
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.
The Taylor fell †
We thought ay death wad bring relief, *The Twa Herds. 13.*
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell, . . *To a Mouse.*
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages; . . . *To J. S., S.*
Nae Poet thought her worth his while, *To W. Simpson. 7.*
In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, ... *Ib. P.S.*
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, . . . *Ib.*
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last! *To Mary in Heaven.*
I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene;
Verses under Grief.

My heart was caught before I thought, *S. When first I came* †
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy : *S. When wild War's* †
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear : . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Thoughtless.
But thoughtless follies laid him low, . *A Bard's Epit..*
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences, . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
Despondency, an Ode. 5.
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.
Oh ! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, *S. In simmer when* †
He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
Prologue, at Th., D..
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ; . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair [Youth, Love] ;
Wr. in Friars-Carse H..

Thousand. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!
A Ded. to G. H., 7.
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! . . *S. A red, red Rose.*
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie. . . *S. Come, boat me o'er* †
While Coofs on countless thousands rant, *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the hutching bred, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
Whan thousands thou hast left in night, *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Five thousand year 'fore my creation, ... *Ib.*
I would na gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ; . *S. O Tibbie!* †
And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
As happy as those that have thousands a year.
The Poor Thresher.

Thou'se [thou shalt].
I'se he fou and thou'se be toom,
Coggie, an the king come. *S. Carl, an the King come.*
Thou'se get the saul o' hoot. *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*

Thowe [thaw].
When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, *Add. to the Deil. 12.*
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age ; . . *S. But lately seen* †
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Thowless [slack, lazy].
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad !
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.

Thrall. An' how ye gat him i' your thrall, *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
Wi' care nor thrall opprest. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
love, in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care,
S. Now spring has clad †
And lang has had my heart in thrall, *S. O this is no my ain* †

Thrang, *adj. adv.* **[throng ; busy].**
I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady ; . . . . *A Dream. 2.*
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter ; . . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs . . . *Ib. 10.*
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang, . . . *Ib. 18.*
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, *The Twa Dogs.*
aiblins thrang a parliamentin, ... *Ib. 21.*
where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, . *To J. S., 9.*

Thrang [a throng, crowd].
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, . *The Holy Fair. 14.*
Then owre again the jovial thrang
The Poet did request. . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Thrapple [the windpipe, throat].
See how she fetches at the thrapple, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
As murder at his thrapple shor'd ; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Thrash, Thresh.
An' first con'd thrash the barn, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
May Boreas never thrash your rigs, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
To thresh my back at sic a pitch ? . . *What ails ye now* †

Thrasher *v.* **Thresher.**

Thrave [twenty-four sheaves of corn].
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request : . . . *To a Mouse.*

Thraw [a twist, turn].
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw, . . *Halloween. 22.*

Thraw, *to* **[to twist ; to cross, contradict].**
An' did our hellim thraw, man, . . *A Fragment.*
wha stood the stoure, The German Chief to thraw, man: *Ib. 5.*
They [Saint Stephen's boys] did his measures thraw, man, *Ib. 6.*
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
To Dr. Blacklock.

Thrawin [twisting ; "for thrawin," to prevent twisting or warping].
It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin : . . . *Halloween. 23.*

Thrawn [twisted, sprained].
Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? . *Tam Samson's El..*

Thread. 'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ; . . *To J. S., 10.*

Threap [to maintain by dint of loud and much assertion].
Wad threap auld folk the thing mistenk ;
To W. Simpson. P.S..

Threat.
Does haughty Gaul, invasion threat ?
Then let the louns beware, Sir, . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Threaten.
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
Her nose and chin they threaten ither ; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Threaten'd.
An' threaten'd labor back to keep, . *A Guid New-year* † *13.*
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.
The Election Ballads. VI.

Threat'ning. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein ;
The Vision. D. II. 8.

Three.
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a huro, . *Halloween. 24.*
The Luggies three are ranged ; . . . . *Ib. 27.*
And thretty gude shillins and three ; *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow ; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.*
I saw three sheep And these three sheep saw me ;
Johnny Peep.
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.
S. O gin ye were dead.
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and a whittle. . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
Second Ep. to Davie.
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
He had twa fauts, or maybe three, . . . *Ib. 14.*
Wha glanm'd at kingdoms three, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, *S. The bonie lass of Alb.*
Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out, [v.A.16]
Tam o' Shanter.
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v.A.16] . *Ib.*
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Three hizzies, early at the road, . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*

Three-mile.
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

Three-parts.
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Threesome [three together].
There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †

Three-tae'd [three-toed or pronged ; *v.* Tae'd].
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shoulther]
Lay large an' lang. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.*

Thresh *v.* **Thrash.**

Thresher, Thrasher.]
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, . . *The Inventory.*
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk ; . . *Ib.*
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, . *The Vision. D. I.*

Threshin.
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Gie them sufficient threshin, . . . *The Ordination. 5.*

Threshold.
An' owre the threshold ventures ; . . . *Halloween. 22.*

Thretteen [thirteen].
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, *A Guid New-Year* † *15.*

Thretty [thirty].
And thretty gude shillins and three ; *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
As ye were nine year less than thretty, *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Threw. An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, *A Fragment. 5.*
An' Caledon threw by the drone, ... *Ib. 9.*
"And stately oaks their twisted arms
"Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †
'I threw a noble throw at ane;' *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingliog, threw
A lustre grand ; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
Threw by his coat and bonnet, . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Thrice. the Stack he faddom't thrice, . . *Halloween. 23.*
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire, ... *Ib. 27.*
Haud up thy han' Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, sieze the blinkers ! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen. . *S. Tam Glen.*

Thriftless.
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . *S. I do confess* †

Thrifty.
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
S. The Sons of old Killie.

Thrill.
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy ! . *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, *S. My Mary's face* †
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
For ever bar returning Peace! . . . *The Lament.*

Thrill, *to.* He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro' ; *Nature's Law.*
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . *S. Sensibility,* †

Thrilling.
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine ! . . *To a Kiss.*

Thrissle [a thistle].
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle. . . *To a Haggis.*

Thristed [thirsted].
Nor want but—when he thristed : *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Thrive.
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
And how do ye thrive ; . . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man : *The Tree of Liberty.*
And grat to see it thrive, man ; . . . . . *Ib.*

Thriving.
And we hae done wi' thriving. . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*

Thro'. Hey ca' thro' ca' thro', . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*

Throat.
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Throb. But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part, *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs ;
Remorse. A Frag..
" Remorse's throb, or loose desire ; . . *The Hermit.*
A whisp'ring throb did witness hear
Of kindred sweet, . . *The Vision. D. II.*

Throb, *to.* To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish ; *S. Thine am I* †

Throbbing.
Her head upon my throbbing breast, *S. By Allan stream* †
My weary heart it's throbbings cease, . . . *To Ruin.*
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.
S. Wae is my heart †

Throe. Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
A Winter Night. 8.
If she winna ease the throes,
In my bosom swelling ; . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling : *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The Brigs of Ayr.
My Jean's heart-rending throe! . . . *The Farewell.*
Full many a pang, and many a throe, . . *The Lament.*
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling : . . *S. The last time I* †
But for their sake my heart doth ache,
With many a bitter throe : *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art ; *The Vision. D. II. 19.*
While the life heats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe : . *S. Turn again, thou* †

Throne. So, ye may dously fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver : . *A Dream. 11.*
Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, *A Fragment. 8.*
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
S. Does haughty Gaul †
Content and love bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne? *S. In simmer when* †
A race outlandish fills their throne ; *On Window at Stirling.*
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne ;
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
A king and a father to place on his throne?
S. The small birds †
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne ! . *The Vowels.*
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, *To Clarinda.*

Throng. In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore ; *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Throng, *to.* That weekly this area throng, *A Bard's Epit.*

Through ["**to mak to through,**" **to make good**].
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Throw.
'I threw a noble throw at ane ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.*

Throw, *to.*
And in the fire throws the sheath ; *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, *Add. to Toothache.*
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar ; . . *S. From thee, Eliza* †
And in the blue-clue throws then, Right fear't *Halloween. 11.*
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
S. No Churchman am I †
And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes ;
On Death of R. Dundas.
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
The Brigs of Ayr.

That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, *The Holy Fair. S.*
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade, . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, *The Vowels.*
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose; . . . . *To J. S. 25.*

Thrown. Yet sune thon shalt be thrown aside, *S. I do confess* †

Throw'st. Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer. *The Hermit.*

Throw'ther [through-other, pell mell].
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; . . . *Halloween. 5.*
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Thrum. He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum. *S. My heart was ance* †

Thrum, *to.*
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Thrush. The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
S. Now westlin winds †
Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush *S. On Cessnock banks* †
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Thud [a stroke causing a dull, hollow sound; the sound itself].
To hear the thuds, and see the clods O' Clans
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds,
S. The Taylor he cam †

Thud, *to* **[to rush with a hollow sound; to move swiftly].**
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: *The Vision. D. I. 14.*

Thumb. Speak out an' never fash your thumb.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Thummart [the foumart, or polecat].
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . *The Twa Herds. 6.*

Thumping, -in.
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . . . *The Holy Fair. 13.*
Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang. . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Thumpit [thumped].
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit *Tam Samson's El., 10.*

Thunder.
And thunders rend the howling air, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see! . . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
Tam o' Shanter. S.
Near and more near the thunders roll: . . . *Ib. 10.*
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder: *The Election Ballads. VI.*
As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, ... *Ib.*
Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
An' rouse their holy thunder on it . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Thundering.
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along, . . *Fragment of Ode.*
nerved with thundering fate, ... *Liberty.*
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade:
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Thurlow.
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Thwart.
Unknowing what my way may thwart, . *S. Sae far awa.*

Thy-lane [thyself alone].
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, . . *To a Mouse.*

Thyme. Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme, [*re.*]
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [*re.*]
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Thysel [thyself].
Wha, as it pleases best thysel', . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . *The Death of Mailie.*

Thyself.
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself. . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*

Tibbie. O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy; . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Tiber.
Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tuneful line; . *To W. Simpson.*

Tickle.
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Tickled.
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.

Tide.
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way; *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
"When a' my weel-clad hanks could see,
"Their woody picture in my tide: . *As on the banks* †
Time and chance are but a tide, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, *El. on Miss Burnet.*
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Nae man can tether time or tide; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
O Thon! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, *S. The Day returns* †
And drink my crystal tide. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
S. The Sons of old Killie.
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. . *The Whistle. 4.*
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide. . . . *To J. S., 11.*

Tideless-blooded.
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, . *To J. S., 26.*

Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
"Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
"As meeting o' my Willy. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
On Death of R. Dundas.
To send a lad to London town
To bring them tidings hame. . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there, ... *Ib.*
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-on. [v.A.22] . . *The Holy Fair. 12.*
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n. [v.A.22] . . . . . *Ib.*

Tie, Tye. A tye more tender still. . . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.*
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Parent, filial, kindred ties? . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
The Brigs of Ayr.
Dear brothers of the mystic tye *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..*

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, *S. The gloomy night* †
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn. *S. The lazy mist* †
Dearest tie of young connexions, ... *To a Kiss.*
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
And quivers in my heart. . . . . *To Ruin.*

Tie, Tye, *to.*

Your horns shall tie you to the staw, *S. O gin ye were dead.*
An' tye some hose well. *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
O, bid him never tye them mair, . *The Death of Maillie.*
I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
S. The Posie.

Tiger. Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day. . . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Tight [prepared, girt for action].

He should be tight that daur't to raize thee,
A Guid New-Year † *2.*
While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
Gies famous sport. [v.A.23] *Scotch Drink. 12.*

Tight. There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
right an' tight in thack an' raep. . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, . . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg], . *Ib. 11.*
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, . . *To a Louse.*
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw: . . . *To W. Creech.*
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, *S. When first I saw* †

Tighter.

And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
The Whistle. 12.

Tightly [firmly]. Now stand as tightly by your tack:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6.
I on the questions targe them tightly; . . *The Inventory.*

Till [to].

An' her kind stars hae airted till her,
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . . *Auld comrade* †
He'll be a credit 'till us a', . . *S. There was a lad* †
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
S. There's a youth †

Till, *to.*

Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil, *S. Twas even—the dewy* †

Tillage. With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
S. Caledonia.

Tillage-skill.

'Some teach to meliorate the plain,
'With tillage-skill; . *The Vision. D. II. 8.*

Till'd. 'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again. . . *S. There's news, lasses* †

Till't [to it].

Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.
They're welcome till't for a' that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Time. A time that surely shall come;
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
He weeping wail'd his latter times; . . . *A Vision.*
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Alas, how chang'd the times to come! *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time, . *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
'There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . *As on the banks* †
Simmer's a pleasant time, . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in time's wintry rage. . . . *S. But lately seen,* †
Thou golden time o' youthful prime, ... *Ib.*
old Time then was young, ... *S. Caledonia.*
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, . . *Ib.*
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base; . *Ib.*
A rousing whid at times to vend [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread, ... *Ib. 12.*
'Niest time we meet I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin'! . . . *Ib. 30.*
How ill exchang'd for riper times, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Time and chance are but a tide, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine; *Ep. to Young Friend.*
It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Let time mak proof; . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 7.*
But pennyworth's again is fair,
When time's expedient: . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The measur'd time is run! . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree. . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
And ev'ry time great care is taen.
To see them duely changed: . . . *Halloween. 27.*
Nae time hae I to tarry. . . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; . . . *Ib. 8.*
When trystin time draws near again; . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
His locks were bleached white with time,
Lament for Glencairn.
"But nocht in all-revolving time
"Can gladness bring again to me. . . . . *Ib.*
"O! why has Worth so short a date?
"While villains ripen grey with time! . . . . *Ib.*
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn. *Man was made to Mourn. 3.*
O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time! . . . . *Ib. 4.*
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire; . . . . *Nature's Law.*
And time nae langer spill, jo: . . *S. O steer her up* †
Three times crowdie in a day; . *S. O that I had ne'er* †
And time is setting with me, Oh; . *S. Oh, open the door,* †
Resist the crumbling touch of time; . . *On Lincluden.*
Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . . *On Miss J. Scott.*
[Violence] Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
On Death of R. Dundas.
"Thro' future times to make his virtues last
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever. *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Prologue, at Th., D..
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. *Scots Prologue.*
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more? . . . . *Ib.*
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time, . . . *Symon Gray* †
Nae man can tether time or tide; . . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need; . *Tam Samson's El., 5.*
With clavers and haivers Wearing the time awa':
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a week, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany. *S. The bonie Lass of Alb..*
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? . . . *Ib. 6.*
Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: . . *Ib. 8.*
And, agonising, curse the time and place . . . *Ib. 9.*
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

An' warn him ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3] *The Death of Mailie.*

From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same. . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

In guid time comes an antidote . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times . . *Ib. 17.*

An' your auld burrough mony a time, . *The Inventory.*

Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; . . . . *Ib.*

Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever: . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

The time, unheeded, sped away, . . . *The Lament.*

The last time I came o'er the moor, *S. The last time I came* †

How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
S. The lazy mist †

What aspects old Time in his progress has worn; . *Ib.*

To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion: . *The Ordination. 14.*

A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
The Rights of Woman.

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; . *Ib.*

The time flew by, wi' tentless head, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*

Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, ... *Ib.*

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Forgather'd ance upon a time. . . *The Twa Dogs.*

An' mony a time my heart's been wae, . . . *Ib. 13.*

I backward mus'd on wasted time, . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*

Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times. *Ib. D. II. 12.*

"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."
The Whistle.

I've seen me daez't upon a time; . *There's naethin like* †

Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need. . . . *To a Haggis.*

(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Hae ye a leisure-moment's time . . . *To J. S., 4.*

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
To Mary in Heaven.

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n, *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*

Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time,
To Rev. J. M'Math.

But twenty times, I rather wou'd be An atheist clean, . *Ib.*

In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . *To W. Simpson. P.S..*

at times when I grow crouse, . . . *What ails ye now* †

at the Inner port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" . . *Ib.*

the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near,
S. When o'er the hill †

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
S. Where are the joys †

I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Time, *to.* Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done. *Ep. to Davie. 4.*

Time-bleach'd.

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Time-settled.

I grant him [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..

Time-worn. Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Timid. Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Timmer [timber].

I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer; *A Gude New-Year* † *13.*

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.*

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, . *S. I'm o'er young* †

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
S. O meikle thinks my love †

The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Except for breakin o' their timmer, . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*

Timmer-propt [propped up with timber].

[The Stack] Was timmer-propt for thrawin: *Halloween. 23.*

Tim'rous.

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . *To a Mouse.*

Tine, Tyne [to lose; be lost].

I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Least my Jewel I should tine. . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †

May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
S. Here's a health to them †

How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a commoo toy! . *S. I do confess* †

And next my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine. . *S. My Love's a winsome* †

And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . *S. O Phely* †

Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. . *S. Scenes of woe* †

Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*

And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, *S. Where Cart rins* †

Tingle.

That gart my heart-strings tingle. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Tinkler [a tinker].

An' [Fox] lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. . *A Fragment. 5.*

But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't: . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.

When round the Tinkler prest her, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

A Tinkler is my station; . . . . . *Ib. S. VI.*

O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Tinkler-gipsey.

Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . *The Twa Dogs.*

Tinkler-hizzie [tinker-hussy].

Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; *The Jolly Beggars. R. III.*

Tinkling. Sweet the tinkling rill to hear: *Delia. An Ode.*

Tinnock's. And drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.

Tinsel. In a' the tinsel trash o' state! *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*

Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shew, and a' that, . *S. The Honest Man.*

Tinwald.

Frae the downs o' Tinwald . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Tint [lost; "tint as win," lost as won].

Like fortune's favours, tint as win. . . . *A Vision.*

My funny toil is now a' tint, . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*

Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown,
S. Ey yon castle wa' †

I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . *S. Duncan Gray.*

The Spanish empire's tint a head, . . *El. on Year 1788.*

For some o' you [lasses] hae tint a frien'; . . . *Ib.*

I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*

Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it: . *Extem. in Court of Session.*

I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure; . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

And I hae tint my dearest dear; . *S. She's fair and fause* †

Tam tint his reason a' thegither, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*

The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie.
The Election Ballads. IV.

O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. *S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary.*

Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! *S. There was a lass* †

Tints. Fair the tints of op'ning rose; . *Delia. An Ode.*

Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire. . . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Tiny. Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*

tiny thieves not destined yet to swing, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . . . . *Ib.*

Tip *v.* **Toop.**

Tip, *to.* And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink,
Adam A—'s Prayer.

Tipp'd. For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink,
Come kiss me at your leisure. *S. As I gaed up by* †

Tippence [two pence].
An' we mann draw our tippence. . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*

Tippence-worth.
Gat tippence-worth to mend her [wife's] head,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.

Tippeny [two-penny ale].
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Tipsie.
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She con'd ca' us nae waur than we are. *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Tired, -'d.
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, . . *A Ded. to G. H.*
Till with their Logic-jargon tir'd, . . *Auld comrade* †
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
Monody, on a Lady.
sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1]
The Twa Dogs. 6.
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me; . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
My muse, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Tirl [to uncover, strip].
And tirl the hallions to the birsies; *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Tirlan [unroofing].
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirlan the kirks; . . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*

Tirl'd [knocked].
But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us; *V.s, on Window, Carron.*

Tiseday *v.* **Tysday.**

Tither [the other].
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . *El. on Year 1788.*
Was driving to the tither warl', . . *Lns to J. Ranken.*
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. *S. Scroggam.*
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, . *Tam Samson's El..*
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Then on the tither hand present her,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch, *The Ordination. 10.*
Hear, how he gies the tither yell, ... *Ib. 12.*
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, . . . *Ib. 14.*
The tither morn, ... *S. The tither morn* †
The tither was a ploughman's collie, . *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
The tither skelpan kiss, . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
And ay she took the tither souk, . . *S. The weary pund.*
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day, . *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Title. O Thou, whatever title suit thee! *Add. to the Deil.*
It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
whose titles were shamm'd, . *Extem. on "the Marquis."*
Their title's avowed by my country. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Their titles a' are empty show; . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
What is title? what is treasure? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
And next the title following close behind, . *The Vowels.*
A Title, Dempster merits it; . . . . . *To J. S., 23.*

Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
Extem., To Mr. S.
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Lns on Fergusson.
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man; . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Tit-ta. when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy.
Add. to Illegit. Child.

Tittlan [whispering].
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads,
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Titty [*dim. of* **Sister**].
My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; . . . . *Ib.*

Tiviotdale.
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*

To. Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,
S. Contented wi' little, †

Toad. Toads with their poison, docters with their drug,
To R. G. of F..

Toast. Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
And you the toast of a' the town,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Call a toast—a toast divine; . . . . *The Toast.*
Thou hast given a peerless toast. . . . . *Ib.*
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!" . . . *To a Lady.*

Toast, *to.*
Then let us toast John Barleycorn, . *John Barleycorn.*
I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.

Tocher [marriage portion; "tocher band," dowry bond].
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, . . *A Guid New-Year* †
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, *S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft* †
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
S. Her daddie forbad †
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That's the tocher gude I prize, . . . *S. Jockey fou,* †
her tenpund lands o' tocher gude *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; . . . . . *Ib.*
My daddy sign'd my tocher band, . *S. Where Cart rins* †
We's mak nae din about your tocher;
S. Will ye go and marry †

Tocher, *to* **[to give one a dowry].**
Braid money to tocher them a', man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Tochered [dowered].
Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
S. There's a youth †
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy . *Ib.*

Tod [a fox]. Frae dogs an' tods, an' hutcher's knives!
The Death of Mailie.
Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, *The Twa Herds. 6.*
The tod reply'd upon the hill, . *S. What will I do gin* †

To-day. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
I live to-day as well's I may.
Regardless of to-morrow, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Toddle [to walk with short, tottering steps, like a child].
while I toddle on through life, . . *V.s to a Landlady.*

Toddlin, -an, Todlin [walking with short steps and in a tottering way, like a child; purling, moving with a gentle noise].
And todlin down on Willie's mill, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.*
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,
Wi' stocks out owre their shoother: . . *Halloween.*
The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy. . *The Holy Fair. 20.*

Toe.
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, *What ails ye now* †

Together.
But gie me a braw moonlight.
And me and my love together. . *S. O gie my love brose* †
Or claughtio't together at a', man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
We lived full one and twenty years
A man and wife together; . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Toil. And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
"Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A Winter Night. 7.

My funny toil is now a' tint, . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil; . . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' mickle, mickle toil, *Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.*
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . *S. Frae the friends* †
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,
At's weary toil; . . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . *S. Streams that glide* †
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
thy hardy sons of rustic toil, ... *Ib. 20.*
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
Awakes me up to toil and woe; . . . *The Lament.*
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great.
S. The Poor Thresher.
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains,
The Vision. D. II. 9.
Alas! what bitter toil an' straining . . *To J. S., 20.*
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, *To R. G. of F., 6.*

Toil-beat.
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . *The Lament.*

Toil-won. And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Toil-worn. The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Toil, *to.* To give him leave to toil; *Man was made to Mourn.*
So I must toil and sweat and broil,
S. My father was a farmer †
For Comedy abroad he need na toil, . . *Scots Prologue.*
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
S. The Poor Thresher.
I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day, ... *Ib.*
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
S. Twas even—the dewy †
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
My Jockey toils upon the plain, . . *S. Young Jockey* †

Toil'd.
Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . *A Winter Night. 5.*
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, *S. The day returns* †
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;
S. The Poor Thresher.
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat; . . *To J. S., 17.*

Toiling.
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Token.
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, . . *The Inventory.*
And in token of favour he gave him a ring,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; . *Ib.*
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token; . *The Vision. D. I. 9.*

Told. Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
(For none that knew him need be told) . *Epit. for R. A.*
The village bell has told the hour, . *S. Here is the glen.* †
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.
On Death of fav. Child.

Toll.
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; *To W. Simpson.*

Tom Jones.
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, . *O leave novels* †

Tomahawk.
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Tomb. My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb! *Despondency, an Ode.*
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*
"That fillest an untimely tomb, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.
Sonnet, on Death of R..

To-morrow. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
Like the beam of the day-star to mornow.
On Death of fav. Child.
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found,
To-morrow may bring us a halter. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
That grandchild's cap will do tomorrow
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Ton.
As praying's the ton of your fashion: *S. The Sons of old K..*

Tone.
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones. *A Ded. to G. H., 10.*
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, . *Add. to Toothache.*
He knows each chord its various tone, *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; . *On Lincluden.*

Tongue. An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse. *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell; . . *S. Ah, Chloris,* †
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie. . *S. Behind yon hills* †
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.
Ep. Jr. Exopus.
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue.
Your speed will outrival the dart: *Extem. pinned to Coach.*
O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing.
O had your tongue and jauner; . . . *S. Gat ye me.* †
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
Monday, on a Lady.
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair."
What tongue his woes can tell; *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; . *O leave novels* †
subtile Litigation's pliant tongue *On Death of R. Dundas.*
every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, *Prologue, at Th., D..*
Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A. 16] *Tam o' Shanter.*
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22.
O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue, now Nansie. O;
S. The deuks dang o'er.
The tongue o' the trump to them a'.
The Election Ballads. III.
The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me; . . *S. The last time I* †
No tongue then was able their joy to express,
S. The Poor Thresher.
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; [v.A. 23]
The Vision. D. II. 6.
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
The Whistle. 7.
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue. *S. To daunton me.*
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
To R. G. of F..
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Too much.
Yet let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast: *Man was made to Mourn.*

Toofa' [*lit.* **to fall; the close; "toofa' o' the night," the evening].**
But O! I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night. . *The Election Ballads. V.*

Took. Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, *A Fragment. 2.*
Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man: . . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game; . . . . *Ib. 6.*
We took the road ay like a Swallow: *A Guid New-Year* † *9.*
As down the burn they took their way, *S. As down the burn* †

With linked hands we took the sands, *S. As I gaed up by* †
" E'en here, I took the last farewell; *S. Behold the hour* †
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, . *S. Caledonia.*
The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north, . . *Ib.*
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did Death. . . . *Ib. 31.*
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. *S. Duncan Davison.*
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . *Epig. on A. Turner.*
Thou [Death] ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
Into thy dark domicion! . . *Epit. on a noisy Polemic.*
Sae craftilie she took me hen, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, . . *Halloween. 9.*
They took a plough and plough'd him down, *John Barleycorn.*
The snu took delight to shine for its sake;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
He took my heart as wi' a net, . *S. My heart was ance* †
He took a hauf and gied it to me, . . *S. My Sandy gied* †
To thee my fancy took its wing, *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
Hands that took—but never gave. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
So, took a birth afore the mast, *On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.*
The Muse was a' that he took pride in, ... *Ib.*
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e, . . . *Ib. 4.*
And brandy Jean, that took her gill, *The Election Ballads. I.*
An' each took off his several way, . . *The Twa Dogs. 35.*
I took her for some Scottish Muse, *The Vision. D. I. 9.*
And ay she took the tither souk, . *S. The weary Pund.*
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it o'er my pow. . . . . *Ib.*
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
She took the wing like fire! . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
To W. Simpson. P.S.
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks, ... *Ib.*
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Toolzie *v.* **Tulzie.**

Toom [empty].

I'se be fou and thou'se be toom, *S. Carl, an the king come.*
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire, . . . *Halloween. 27.*
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Toom'd [emptied].

They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Tooth [*v. also* **Teeth**].

And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten. . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Tooth-ache. Thou, Toothache surely hear'st the bell
Amang them a'! . . *Add. to Toothache.*
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A townond's Tooth-Ache! . . . . *Ib.*

Toothy [biting]. And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw! *To W. Creech.*

Tootie.

Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, *To Gav. Hamilton.*

Top. so trig from top to toe, . . . *S. John Anderson,* †
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below. . . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
Then top and maintop croud the sail, . . *To J. S., 11.*

Tore.

Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's bays. . *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Torment.

But, oh! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie? . . . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash! . . . . *Remorse. A Frag..*
The slighted maids my torments see, . *S. Young Jamie,* †

Torment, *to.*

An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, . *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Tormenting. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †

Torn.

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn, *El. on Capt. M. H., 2.*
From pomp and pleasure torn; *Man was made to Mourn.*
How I would mourn when it was torn, *S. O were my love* †
By early Winter's ravage torn; . *S. The gloomy night* †
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, . . . *The Lament.*
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. *S. The lazy mist* †
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
S. The Slave's Lament.
My Mary from my soul was torn. . *To Mary in Heaven.*
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
To R. G. of F., 5.

Torrent. Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Or torrents owre a linn, . . *Extem. in Court of Session.*
aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent. . . . *Nature's Law.*
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
On Death of R. Dundas.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And many a lesser torrent scuds, . *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, . . *S. Thickest night* †
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; *Why am I loth* †
As high in air the bursting torrents flow, *Wr. by Fall of Fyers.*

Torrid. Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Once fondly lov'd †
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich ananas blow! . . . *The Farewell.*
Thy soos ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *To R. G. of F., 7.*

Torture. No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. *The Lament.*
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling: . . *S. The last time I* †

Torture, *to.*

M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
That Heresy can torture; . . . *The Ordination. 13.*

Tortur'd.

That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; . *Add. to Tooth-ache.*

Torturing. (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt
Remorse. A Frag..

Tory. How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
S, The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
The Election Ballads. VI.
who set at nought The wildest savage Tory, . . . *Ib.*
To these what Tory hosts oppos'd
With these what Tory warriors clos'd, ... *Ib.*
The stubborn Tories dare to die: . . . . . *Ib.*
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; . . . . . *Ib.*
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; . . . . *Ib.*
The Tory ranks are broken. . . . . *Ib.*
While Tories fall, while Tories fly, ... *Ib.*

Toss [a belle, a beauty].

my bonie sel', The toss of Ecclefechan. . . *S. Gat ye me,* †

Toss, *to.* Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
There at them thou thy tail may toss, . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; . . . *The Ordination. 6.*

Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
The Whistle. 9.
O Jenny dinna toss your head, ... *To a Louse.*

Toss'd, Tost.

And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast. . . . *The 1st Psalm.*
There, mountains to the skies were tost : *The Vision. D. I. 13.*

T'other. A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, *The Inventory.*
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Totter.

Now we maun totter down, John, hut hand in hand we'll go.
S. John Anderson, †

Tottering.

the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. . . *Liberty.*

Touch. It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause
Ep. to Young Friend. S.
Come, kittle up your moorlan' harp
Wi' gleesome touch ! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, S.*
Resist the crumbling touch of time : . . *On Lincluden.*
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger :
The Twa Dogs. 11.

Touch, *to.*

And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
S. Contented wi' little †
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 13.*
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart. . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
For surely that would touch her heart
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
I ken the devils dare na touch me. . . . *The Inventory.*
An' touch it aff wi' vigour, . . . *The Ordination. 4.*
The present only toucheth thee : . . . *To a Mouse.*

Touched, -'d.

as he touch'd his trembling harp. . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Like frost-work touched by southern gales ; *On Lincluden.*
But fairer never touch'd a heart . . *S. Sae far awa.*
So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel :
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Touching.

Nay more—there is danger in touching : *Inscrip. on Goblet.*

Tour. A man of fashion too, he made his tour, . *Sketch.*
To make a tour an' tak a whirl. . . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Tout [the blast of a horn or trumpet].

Now be [Death] proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead ! *Tam Samson's El., 10.*

Tout, *to* **[to blow a horn or trumpet].**

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairan, . . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Touzle [to rumple].

May never wicked fortune touzle him ! . . *To W. Creech.*

Tow [a rope ; coarse flax].

As e'er in tug or tow was drawn ! . *A Guid New-Year † 11.*
Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow. . . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. . . *The Inventory.*
The weary pund o' tow ; . . *S. The weary Pund.*
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow. . . . . *Ib.*
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow. . . . . *Ib.*
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow. . . . . *Ib.*
Gae spin your tap o' tow ! . . . . *Ib.*
And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow. . . *Ib.*

Tower. As I stood by yon roofless tower. . . *A Vision.*
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
Yonder Clouden's silent towers, . *S. Hark! the mavis' †*
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . *S. O mirk, mirk †*
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany. . *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree : . . *Ib.*
A female form, [Benevolence] came from the tow'rs of Stair :
Ib.
saw in halls and towers That lust and pride, - -
In state preside. . . . . *The Hermit.*
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers, *The Election Ballads. V.*
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon. . . . . *Ib.*
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,
S. The noble Maxwells †
By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v. A. 4] . . . *The Vision.*

Towering.

I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees
The Petition of Br. Water.

Towmond, Towmont [a twelvemonth].

Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-Ache ! *Add. to Toothache.*
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' :
S. Contented wi' little †
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck ! . *El. on Year 1788.*
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
For mair than a towmond or twa, man ; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Town [a general name including towns from a city to a hamlet and farmhouse].

When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
S. Cock up your beaver.
Gin a body meet a body, Comin frae the town,
S. Comin thro' the rye.
I'll ay ca' in by yon town, . . . *S. I'll ay ca' in †*
My mither sent me to the town, . *S. My heart was ance †*
And you the toast of a' the town, *S. O Mary, at thy window †*
O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the ev'ning sun upon ? [*re.*] *S. O wat ye wha's in †*
The sun blinks blythe on yon town, ... *Ib.*
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
Thro' a' the town she trotted by him ; . *Poor Mailie's El.*
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. . . . . *Ib.*
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on ?
Scots Prologue.
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.) . . *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
A cannie errand to a neebor town : *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
To send a lad to London town [*re.*] *The Election Ballads. I.*
And he wad gae to London town, [*re.*] . . . . *Ib.*
Whom will you send to London town, . . . *Ib. II.*
New-christening towns far and near. . . . *Ib. III.*
And bent on winning borough towns, . . . *Ib. VI.*
But Homer like the glowrao byke,
Frae town to town I draw that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Or try the wicked town of A[yr], . . *The Ordination. 9.*
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell. . . *S. There's news, lasses †*
A' the colours in the town,
I hae woo their wanton favour. . . *S. Wantonness †*
Young Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa ; . . *S. Young Jockey †*

Towns-bodies.

Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, *A Gude New-Year † S.*

Towrin [towering].

The vera tapmost, towrin height
O' Miss's bonnet. . . . *To a Louse.*

Towsing [handling roughly, dishevelling].

For towsing a lass i' my daffin. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Towzie [rough, shaggy].

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Toy [an old fashion of female headdress].
on an auld wife's flainen toy; . . . *To a Louse.*

Toy. How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy! *S. I do confess* †
Amid their flaring, idle toys, . *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Toyte [to totter like old age].
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; *A Guid New-Year* † *18.*

Tozie [tipsy].
An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpan kiss, . . *The Jolly Beggars. K. I.*

Trace.
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; *Ib. D. II. 10.*
Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, . . *To J. S., 27.*

Trace, *to.* Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Yet oft, delighted, [Summer] stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade. *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace; *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace, *The Brigs of Ayr.*
For her I'll trace a distant shore; . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
S. Where are the joys †
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Trac'd.
Where never human footstep trac'd, *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. . . . *The Inventory.*

Tracery. knit with curious tracery, . . *On Lincluden.*

Trade.
As busy Trade his labours plies; . *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
'And faith, he'll waur me. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
'An honest Wabster to his trade, ... *Ib. 26.*
'So dinna ye affront your trade, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.*
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
And taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The Brigs of Ayr.
Broken trade o' Broughton, A' in high repair.
The Election Ballads. IV.
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; . *Ib. S. II.*
I am a Fiddler to my trade, ... *Ib. S. V.*
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the Ploughman. . *S. The Ploughman.*
But soon grew weary o' the trade, *The Tree of Liberty.*
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. *To R. G. of F..*

Tragic.
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. *Scots Prologue.*

Train.
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, *A Winter Night. 6.*
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, . . *On Lincluden.*
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, . . .
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage? . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: *The Brigs of Ayr. 11.*
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: . . *Ib.*
Here's to all the wandering train!
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Keen Recollection's direful train, . . . *The Lament.*
Not so the Muses' mad-cap train, . . *To R. G. of F., 8.*
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain, ... *To Ruin.*
An' far unworthy of thy train, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Train-attendant.
Nor for a train-attendant; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*

Train-attended. Does the train-attended Carriage
Through the country lighter rove?
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.

Train'd. And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Traitor.
Ye're but a pack o' traiter louns, . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there; . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Wha will he a traitor knave? . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! . . . . . *Ib.*
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man. . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
For hireling traitors' wages. . . . . *S. The Union.*

Tram. Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken; *The Inventory.*
Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]
Poor Mailie's El..

Tramp.
Knowledge, on a random tramp, . *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Transgression.
And punish each transgression; . . *The Ordination. 5.*

Transmit. But please transmit the enclosed letter,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †

Transmugrify'd [transformed].
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking: . *Add. to Unco Guid. 5.*

Transpierc'd. That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
S. The gloomy night †

Transport.
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her? *S. Come, let me take thee* †
My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna! *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Those records dear of transports past, *To Mary in Heaven.*

Transported. Transported I was with my Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Trap. But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe, *The Black-Headed Eagle.*

Trash. In a' the tinsel trash o' state! *El. on Capt. M. H. 10.*
Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! *Scotch Drink. 15.*
Poor devil! see him owre his trash, . . *To a Haggis.*

Trashtrie [trash].
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an sic like trashtrie, *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Travail. Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
S. Contented wi' little, †

Travel.
For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. *S. Here's to thy health,* †
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, . . . *The Inventory.*

Travel, *to.* An' tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far; *Add. to the Deil. 3.*
Travel the country thro' and thro', . . *S. Hee balou,* †

Travell'd.
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, . . *Sketch.*
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation; . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Trav'llers.
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction. *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Traversing.
An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: *Add. to the Deil. 13.*

Treacherie.
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I die by treacherie; . . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

Treacherous.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*

Tread. The trembling earth resounds his tread, *To a Haggis.*

Tread, *to.*
a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; *A Guid New-Year* † *3.*
O tread ye lightly on his grass, . . *Epit. on a Wag.*
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

Treason.
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. *A Dream.*
To wyte her [my Muse's] countrymen wi' treason!
Scotch Drink. 14.
And bar'd the treason under. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us, . . *S. The Union.*

Treasure.

For oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill; . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O! *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †

Know thy form was once a treasure; . . *Blue Bonnets.*

The hands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. *S. By Allan stream* †

the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure, . . . *S. Deluded Swain* †

Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*

An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.

But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure. . . . *S. Gat ye me* †

Let her lo'e nae man but me; - - -
There the Lover's treasure lies. . . . *S. Jockey fou* †

Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.

The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.

What are their showy treasures? . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †

But now I've found a treasure
Too rich for a King to buy. *S. My Love's a winsome* †

That make the miser's treasure poor;
S. O Mary, at thy window †

Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure? *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*

Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . . *S. One fond kiss* †

Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure. *Poem on Life.*

What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow: . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure. *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow! . . . . *S. Sensibility,* †

With richer treasures bless my sight!
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure. . *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*

What is title? what is treasure? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Take away these rosy lips.
Rich with balmy treasure: . . . *S. Thine am I* †

And all the treasures of the mind . . *To a yng Lady.*

Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure. *To W. Simpson. 16.*

If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

By the treasure of my soul
That's the love I bear thee! . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Treasur'd.

Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. *The Lament. 6.*

Tree.

And raging bend the naked tree; *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †

Amang the trees where humming bees *S. Amang the trees* †

When glimmering through the trees appear'd,
Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . *As on the banks* †

"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,
"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; . . . . *Ib.*

"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees,
"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" . . . . *Ib.*

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, *El. on Capt. M. H.. 10.*

So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.

Trees with aged arms were warring, *S. I dream'd I lay* †

She'll wander by the aiken tree, . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree, *S. It was the charming* †

"I am a bending aged tree,
"That long has stood the wind and rain;
Lament for Glencairn.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree, . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
S. O meikle thinks my love †

Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree; . . . *Ib.*

She wanders by yon spreading tree; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

I see the flowers and spreading trees, *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. . . . . *Ib.*

When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree; *S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.*

Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The Brigs of Ayr.

The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: . . *Ib. 3.*

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*

The western breeze steals through the trees,
The Fête Champetre.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow; . . . *The 1st Psalm.*

He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees.
The Petition of Br. Water.

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees, ... *Ib.*

But ere the bud was on the tree, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*

Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear! *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*

Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, ... *Ib.*

The courtly vermin's banned the tree, ... *Ib.*

For Freedom standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man; . . . . . *Ib.*

That sic a tree cannot be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man. . . . . *Ib.*

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man; . . . . . *Ib.*

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man; . . . . *Ib.*

Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; . . . . *Ib.*

The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, *The Vision. D. I. 2.*

And the small birds sing on every tree; *The Winter it is past* †

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be binging, *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.
S. There grows a bonie †

On every tree appear my verses . . . *To Clarinda.*

When winds rave thro' the naked tree; *To W. Simpson.*

By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, *S. Where Cart rins* †

The leafless trees my fancy please, . . . *Winter.*

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Tree-root. I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree-root: *One night as I* †

Tremble. Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
S. On Scot Bard gne to W. 1.

Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

I tremble to approach an angry God, . *Why am I loth* †

Trembled, -'d.

And trembl'd where he stood. . *S. On a bank of flowers* †

I trembled for my Hoggie. . . *S. What will I do gin* †

Trembling.

On trembling string, or vocal air, . *S. A Rosebud by my* †

Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †

The trembling dove thus flies, . . . *S. How cruel* †

as he touch'd his trembling harp, *Lament for Glencairn.*

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', *S. O Mary, at thy window* †

Nor quit for me the trembling spray, *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †

The silvery moonbeams trembling play: . *On Lincluden.*

Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
S. Slow spreads the gloom †

I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill. . . . *The Lament.*

And call the trembling vowels to account. . *The Vowels.*

As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . *The Vowels.*
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean. *S. There was a lass* †
The trembling earth resounds his tread, . *To a Haggis.*
With trembling voice I tune my strain *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Trench.
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Trench'd.
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.*

Trencher. The groaning trencher there ye fill, *To a Haggis.*

Trenching.
Trenching your gushing entrails bright . *To a Haggis.*

Trepan.
Your hearts she will trepan. *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.*
The ladies' hearts he did trepan, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*

Tresses.
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*

Trews, Trouse [trousers].
the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Trial. May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
S. The small birds †

Triangle.
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, *S. Caledonia. 6.*

Tribe. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. . *New Psalmody.*
When feather'd tribes are courting, . *S. Young Peggy* †

Tribulation. For she [our Kirk] by tribulations
Is now brought very low. *New Psalmody.*

Tribute.
"Accept this tribute from the Bard *Lament for Glencairn.*
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. *To Miss Graham.*
And all the tribute of my heart returns, *To R. Graham.*

Trick.
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, . *Add. to Toothache.*
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes. *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Your dreams an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, . . *Ep. to J. R.*
Play'd me sic a trick, . . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day; . . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
lest he learn the callan tricks. . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Trick, *to.*
Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her, . *Poem on Life.*

Trickie [tricksy].
Tho' ye was trickie, slee and funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie; *A Guid New-Year* † *5.*

Trickle.
Adown my beard the slavers trickle! . *Add. to Toothache.*

Trickled. The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
When the tear trickled bright, . *On Death of fav. Child.*

Trickling.
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; *Poor Mailie's El..*

Tried, Try'd, Try't.
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
A Guid New-Year † *10.*
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
'O' hard whin-rock. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
Half-jest, she [nature] tried one curious labour more,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Friend of the poet tried and leal, . . *Friend of the poet* †
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night. . . *Halloween. 17.*
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage? *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before. . . . . *Symon Gray* †
But I hae tried this border knight,
I'll try him yet again. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill:
S. The heather was blooming †
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Trifle.
I send you a trifle, a head of a hard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
O, could I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send! . . . . *To John M'Murdo.*

Trifled.
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Trifling.
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Frag., inscr. to Fox.

Trig [spruce, neat].
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs, . . . *Halloween.*
so trig from top to toe, ... *S. John Anderson.* †
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . *S. The tither morn* †
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw: . . *To W. Creech.*
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; *S. Willie Wastle* †

Trigger.
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed; *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Trills.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
In *arioso* trills and graces Ye never stray, . *To J. S., 27.*

Trim.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, *S. When first I saw* †

Trimly. An' [some nits] burn thegither trimly; *Halloween. 7.*

Trinkling [trickling].
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck, *S. O Mally's meek.*

Trin'le [the wheel of a barrow].
An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le. . . *The Inventory.*

Trip. Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl', *To Mr. Renton.*

Tripe. Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm: *To a Haggis.*

Tripped.
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn. . . *S. Blythe was she,* †

Tripping.
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, . *S. It was the charming* †
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . *Sketch.*
lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, *S. Their groves o'* †

Triumphant. England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
S. How pleasant the banks †
Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
The Author's Cry and Prayer 7.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing.'
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

Triumphantly.
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, *S. Caledonia.*

Triumph'd. Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
El. on Miss Burnet.

Trodden.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Trode. But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trode the dewy green. *S. Blythe was she,* †
a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn;
El. on Peg Nicholson.
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Troggin [wares sold by wandering merchants].
Wha will buy my troggin,
Gude election ware; . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin Let him come to me. . . . *Ib.*
Saw ye e'er sic troggin? . . . . . *Ib.*

Troke [to exchange, barter].
Wi' yon no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear. *To Mr. J. Kennedy*

Troop.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie, . *Ib. S. II.*

Trope. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Trophied. 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Trophy. Thns Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
The Whistle. 5.

Trot. Or trots [thy burnie] by hazelly sbaws and braes,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
On ilka hand the burnies trot, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Troth *v.* **Trowth.**

Troth. We bae plighted our troth, my Mary, *To Mary.*

Trotted. Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie *Halloween. 20.*
Thro' a' the town she trotted by him; *Poor Mailie's El..*

Trottin, -an.
Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie: *A Guid New Year 5.*
Adown some trottin burn's meander. *To W. Simpson. 15.*

Trouble. A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gnde fellowship sowthers it a';
S. Contented wi' little †
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
This worthless body damn'd himsel,
To save the Lord the trouble. . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble.
But house or baid, . . . *To a Mouse.*

Trouble, *to.*
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, *S. Behind yon hills* †
False friends, false love, farewel! for more,
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh. *S. Oh, open the door* †
Or naething else to trouble thee, . *S. There was a lass* †

Troubled.
Nor wi' envy troubled be; . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Troublesome.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
S. Contented wi' little †

Trouse *v.* **Trews.**

Trout. And pleasnre is a wanton trout, *S. Gane is the day* †
The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
That wanton trout was I; . . . . . *Ib.*
Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
The lightly-jumpiog, glowrin trouts,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Trouth *v.* **Trowth.**

Trow [to believe].
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
I trow we swapped for the warse. *S. Carl, an the King come.*
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
Wad taste sae bitterlie. . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
Three merry boys, I trow, are we; *S. O Willie brew'd* †
He's there but a prentice, I trow, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
A bloody man I trow thou be: . *S. The lovely lass of I.* †
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. *S. The Taylor fell* †
I didna trow, I'd see my jo, . . *S. The tither morn* †
I trow it made me proud; . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
May I never see it, may I never trow it, *S. Wandering Willie.*

Trowth, Trouth, Troth [truth! a petty oath].
Or trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre . . . *A Dream. 12.*
'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 3.
Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
In troth I'm fear'd to venture. Sir. . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
But troth I care na by. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough;
The Twa Dogs. 10.
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Truant. truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Truce. But truce with abstraction, and trnce with a nuse,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . *To J. S., 20.*

True. 'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted; . *A Dream. 4.*
Will's a true guid fallow's get, ... *Ib. 7.*
In loyal, true affection, ... *Ib. 8.*
And I long for my true lover! . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Her face is fair, her heart is true, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
The courtier tells a finer tale, But is his heart as true?
S. Behold, my love, †
as true's the Deil's in hell, Or Dublin city;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.
True Sal-marinum o' the seas; . . . . *Ib. 21.*
'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,'
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true! . . . *Ib. 23.*
Be Britain still to Britain true, *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †
And the wretch, his true sworn brother, . . . *Ib.*
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 15.
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I swear to be true to My Eppie Adair? *S. Eppie Adair.*
And art thou come, and art thon true! *S. Here is the glen,* †
It's guid to be honest and true, *S. Here's a health to them* †
His royal heart was firm and true, . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. *Holy Willie's Prayer. S.*
True it is, she had one failing, *Lns under Pict. of Miss B.*
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, *Monody, on a Lady.*
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.
S. No Churchman am I †
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
S. Oh, open the door. †
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side, *Ib.*
May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart; . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.
How true is love to pure desert, . . *S. Sae far awa.*
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.
When my fause luve was true.
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
"O how deil Tam can that be true?
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And Wallace-Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: . . *Ib. S.*
Right, Sir, your text I'll prove it true, . . . *The Calf.*
Her auld Scots heart was true; *The Election Ballads. I.*
Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; . . . *Ib. III.*
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . *S. The Laddies by* †
He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound *The Ordination. S.*
His mind is ever true, jo, . . *S. The Ploughman* †
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
The Poor Thresher.
Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . *The Twa Dogs. 21.*
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, . . . *Ib. 29.*
Since my true love is parted from me. [*re.*]
S. The Winter it is past †
And is constant for ever and true; . . . . . *Ib.*
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; . . *To Mary.*
Our Sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps too true; *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right iogine, . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, . *What ails ye now* †
By whom true love's regarded, . *S. When wild War's* †
thus may still True lovers be rewarded. . . . *Ib.*

man's true, genuine estimate, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

True-blue. Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant True blues, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

True-hearted.
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow.
S. True hearted was he †
And find thee still true-hearted; . *S. When wild War's* †

Truest.
Yet rich in kindest, truest love, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown.
El. on Miss Burnet.
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 3.*
For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
Lns on Fergusson.
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart. . . . *To Chloris.*

Truly. It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest: . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Attach'd him to the generous truly great.
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
And think human nature they truly describe;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest. . *Man was made to mourn.*
Her face so truly heavenly fair, . *S. My Mary's face* †
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.
Prologue at Th., D..
She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, *Scots Prologue.*
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest. . . . . *The 1st Ps.*

Trump. While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
The Election Ballads. III.

Trumpet.
Trumpets sound and cannons roar, . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
The trumpets sound, the banners fly, . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, *Scots Prologue.*
Now he proclaims, wi' tont o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead! *Tam Samson's El., 10.*
But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairan, . . . *The Holy Fair. 21.*

Trunk. My trunk of eild, but huss or heild,
S. But lately seen, †
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
Lament for Glencairn.

Trust.
Yain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! . *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Keep His Goodness still in view,
Thy trust—and thy example too. *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Trust, *to.*
'She trusts herse', to hide the shame,
'In Hornbook's care; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.*
I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift:
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; *Grace after Dinner.*
She trusts the ruthless falconer . . . *S. How cruel* †
I will hope and trust in heaven, . *S. Husband, husband* †
But far better days I trust will come again;
S. Lady Mary Ann.
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: *Scots Prologue.*
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.
The Death of Mailie.
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; *S. The Laddies by* †
But chiefly thou, apostle A[ul]d,
We trust in thee, . *The Twa Herds. 10.*
And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, *The Vision. D. II. 21.*
And trust, the Universal Plan Will all protect. . *Ib. 22.*

Trusted.
Ye've trusted 'Ministration,
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre
Wad better fill'd their station Than courts *A Dream. 5.*
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, Jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend; . . . *The Hermit.*

Trustees.
Your factors, grieves, trustees and bailies,
I canna say but they do gailies; . *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*

Trusting.
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fates the same, Jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Let me, lassie, quickly die.
Trusting that thou lo'es me: . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Trusty. my auld, trusty Servan', *A Guid New-Year* † *17.*
'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate. *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
S. Should auld acquaintance †
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
The Election Ballads. III.
A pair o' trusty lairds, ... *Ib. V.*
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; *The Whistle.*
But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Truth.
Yain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. 8.*
But deep this truth impress'd my mind— . . *Ib. 10.*
And truth I shall relate, man; *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
Ep. to Davie. 7.
Plain truth to speak; . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 12.*
The friend of man, the friend of truth; *Epit. on a Friend.*
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; *Frag. of Ode.*
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.
S. Here's a health to them †
Thou God of love and truth, . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, *On W. Chalmers.*
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart. . . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
Reproof by Himself.
And hear my vows o' truth and love. . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
For its faith and truth reward it. . . *S. Sweetest May* †
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, *Tam o' Shanter. 2.*
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: . . . *Ib. 19.*
Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Here's a little wadset
Buittles scrap o' truth, . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
By sacred truth and honour's hand! *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth, . . . *The Lament.*
gin the truth were a' but kent, *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Bessy's ain opinion! . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
To tell the truth an' shame the Deil . . . *To —.*
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Ye pow'rs of honour, love and truth
From ev'ry ill defend her; . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Truth-prevailing.
Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue, [v.A.23]
The Vision. D. II.

Try. Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. S.*
Already I begin to try it, ... *Auld comrade* †
Ye'll try the world soon my lad. . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks;
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Then in thy hosom try,
What peace is there! . . . . . *S. Had I a cave* †
'I daur you try sic sportin, ... *Halloween. 14.*
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And ay until ye try them: . . . . . *Ib.*
L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
[The dove] To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries; . . . . *S. How cruel,* †
"Yet I'll try to make a shift, . . *S. Husband, husband* †
Still I will try to daunt you; . . . . . *Ib.*
If thou would win my love, Jamie, come try me [*re.*]
S. Jamie, come try me †
when Nature first hegan To try her canny hand,
S. John Anderson, †
O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The Poet's occupation? . . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O. . *S. My father was a farmer* †
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
S. O meikle thinks my love †
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try. . . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Thnt tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time],
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
Prologue, at Th., D..
Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . *Scots Prologue.*
But I hae tried this border knight,
I'll try him yet again. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
And ye shall see me try him. . . . . *Ib. VI.*
when my nightly couch I try, . . *The Lament. 8.*
There, try his mettle on the creed, . . *The Ordination. 5.*
Or try the wicked town of A[yr], ... *Ib. 9.*
If she be shy, her sister try, . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
The Whistle. 7.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; . . *To J. S., 7.*

Try'd, Try't *v.* **Tried.**

Tryin.
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
And o'er the thairms be tryin; . . *The Ordination. 7.*

Tryste [an appointed meeting; a fair or market].
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, . *S. There was a lass* †

Trysted [appointed].
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour; *S. O Mary, at thy window* †

Trysting [pertaining to the time or place of an appointed meeting].
When trystin time draws near again; . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I cornted:
S. When wild War's †

Tub. Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy! . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Tubalcain. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
On Grose's Peregrinations.

Tug [traces].
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. . . *The Inventory.*

Tugging.
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. *To R. G. of F., 6.*

Tully.
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.*

Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel].
The toolzie's tengh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, *El. on Year 1788.*
The butcher deeds of bloody fate,
Amid this mighty tulzie! . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
But though dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie, . . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Tumble. To cast my een up like a Pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er, *Auld comrade* †
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Tumbl'd. An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre *Halloween. 19.*

Tumbler.
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Tumbling.
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef; . . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . *Winter.*
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam; *The Vision. D. I. 13.*
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Tumult.
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; *S. Caledonia. 5.*
Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . *Why am I loth* †

Tumultuous.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, *S. On a bank of flowers* †

Tune. O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune. *S. A red, red Rose.*
On hraes when we please then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune; . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Ye'll find me in a better tune; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
They're a' in famous tune For crack . *The Holy Fair. 20.*
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't. *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings, . *To W. Simpson. 8.*

Tune, *to.* Or [Spring] tunes Eolian strains between.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. . *Ib. 14.*
But tune their lays, Till echoes a' resound again
To W. Simpson. 6.

Tuned, -'d.
as he tuned his doleful sang, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.

Tuneful, -fu'.
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
But there are such who court the tuneful nine . . *Ib.*
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration; . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
I hear her in the tunefu' birds, . . *S. Of a' the airts* †
every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The Brigs of Ayr.
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return yon tuneful thanks. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, *The Ordination. 7.*
'Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
'The tuneful Art. . *The Vision. D. II. 4.*
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, . . . *Ib. 11.*
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan; . . . *Ib. 22.*
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, *To Miss Ferrier.*
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
To Miss Graham.
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . *To W. Simpson. 9.*

Tuneless.
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts! *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
your din of tuneless sound, . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*

Tup, Tip, Toop [a ram].
And send us from thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head! . . *At Globe Tav., Dumf..*
She was nae get o' moorlan tips, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*

O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blaster, moorlan toop; . *The Death of Mailie.*

Toop-lamb.

My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, *The Death of Mailie.*

Turbid.

Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, . . *S. Thickest night* †

Turf. But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth! *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Thy senseless turf adorn!
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! . *Liberty.*
A green turf on your head, gudeman, *S. O gin ye were dead.*

Turk.

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
For Paddy R-rke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man; . . *A Fragment. 5.*
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, *Ep. to R. Graham. 4.*
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Turkey-cock.

Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
The Kirk's Alarm. 14.

Turn. Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, *A Fragment. 2.*
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
The Election Ballads. VI.
Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
The Kirk's Alarm.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. *To R. G. of F., 8.*

Turn, *to.*

This boasted Honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, . . *A Winter Night. 8.*
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan, *Add. to the Deil. 20.*
I'll westward turn my wistful eye: . *S. Behold the hour* †
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps turn out a Sermon. . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Or turn the pole like any arrow; . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Gie me o' wit an sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? . *Epit. on Miss Lewars.*
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw, . *Halloween. 22.*
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
Or turn their hearts to thee: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
To thee I turn with swimming eyes; . . . *Liberty.*
I wad turn my back on you and it a', *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail. . . . *New Psalmody.*
May woman on him turn her back, . *On W. Stewart.*
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! . . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
I wonder didna turn thy stomach. *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel,
S. The Contented Cottager.
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . *The Ordination. 3.*
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . . . . *Ib. 9.*
O whither, O whither shall I turn? *S. The sun he is sunk* †
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure. . . . *S. Thine am I* †
While Terra firma, on her axis, Diurnal turns, *To W. Simpson.*
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [*re.*] *S. Turn again, thou fair* †
Turn again, thou lovely maiden, ... *Ib.*
Tho' women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that, . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Turncoat. Ye turncoat Whigs awa! *S. The Laddies by* †
Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . *The Twa Herds. 14.*

Turned. -'d.

Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', *A Guid New Year* † *11.*
By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, . . *A Vision.*
Whom Prose has turned out of doors, *Epig. on E.'s "Martial."*
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk. *Friend of the Poet* † *P.S.*
He turn'd him right and round about, . *S. It was a' for* †
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er. . . *John Barleycorn.*
"Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
"Nae ray of fame was to be found: *Lament for Glencairn.*
Three lawyer's tongues, turn'd inside out, [v.A. 16]
Tam o' Shanter.
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead! *The Death of Mailie.*
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, *The Holy Fair. 13.*
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . *The Inventory.*
Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
The Whistle. 9.
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, . . *Ib. 14.*
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy tronble,
But house or hald. . . . *To a Mouse.*
I'm turn'd a ganger—Peace be here! . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her first plan, . . . *To J. S., 3.*
Ye turn'd a neuk—I saw your e'e . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, . *To Terraughty.*
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. *Tragic Frag.*
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling. . *S. When wild War's* †
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, *S. I'e hae lien wrang.*

Turner. And shap'd it something like a man.
And ca'd it Andrew Turner. *Epig. on A. Turner.*

Turnin'. Hornie's turnin' chapman,
He'll buy a' the pack. *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Turnkey.

Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Tutti taiti.

Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . *S. Landlady, count* †

Twa [two].

A secret word or twa, man; . . . *A Fragment. 8.*
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, *A Guid New-Year* † *15.*
Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought, . . *Ib. 16.*
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . *Auld comrade* †
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred, . *Ib. 26.*
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was Laird himsel. . . . . *Ib. 27.*
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair. . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
Twa o' them were gotten When Johny was awa. . . *Ib.*
Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e; . . . *Halloween. S.*
An' twa red cheeket apples, ... *Ib. 21.*
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een of bonie blue. [*re.*] *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
We'll let her stand a year or twa, . *S. My love she's but* †
There's ane to you, and twa to me, *S. O gin ye were dead.*
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [*re.*]
S. On Cessnock banks †
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [*re.*] *Ib., Sett II.*
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, *On Dining with Daer.*
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And sic twa love-inspiring een, . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
A hint o' a rival or twa, man, ... *Ib.*
For mair than a towmond or twa, man; . . . *Ib.*
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, . . . *Ib.*
To leave me a hundred or twa, man, ... *Ib.*

Twa laughing een o' bonie blue. . . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scroggam;
S. Scroggam.
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
S. Should auld acquaintance †
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn. . . . . *Ib.*
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), . . *Ib. 15.*
He had twa fauts, or maybe three, *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
The blissful day we twa did meet, . *The Dean of Fac.*
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
The twa appear'd like sisters twin, ... *Ib. 3.*
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new; . . *The Inventory.*
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin', *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
Betweeo his twa Deborahs, ... *Ib. R. VIII.*
- - - auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa. *The Kirk's Alarm. 4.*
Like him there is na twa, Jamie; . . *S. The Laddies by* †
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;
S. The lass that made the bed.
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, ... *Ib.*
We never had sic twa drones; . . *The Ordination. 10.*
Hear, how he [morality] gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions! . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, *The Twa Dogs.*
The twa best herds in a' the wast, . . *The Twa Herds. 2.*
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagreet, ... *Ib. 9.*
And love was ay between them twa. *S. There was a lass* †
It's now twa mooth that I'm your debtor,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
To try to get the twa to gree, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
The cat has twa the very colour; . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Twad [it would].

Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The shario't with Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
'Twad been nae plea; . . *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; *Tam o' Shanter. S.*
'Twad please me to the Nine. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. . . *Verses under Grief.*

Twa-fauld [two-fold, double].

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, . . *S. To daunton me.*

Twal [twelve; "the twal," twelve o'clock].

Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
at twal at night, when the mooo shines bright,
S. Here's to thy health †

Twal' hundred [twelve hundred; linen of a certain quality].

Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Twalpennie-worth [twelve pennyworth, *i.e.*, one penny-worth sterling].

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy: . . *The Twa Dogs. 18.*

Twal-pint ["twal-pint Hawkie," a cow which gives twelve pints at a milking].

An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane
As yell's the Bill. . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

Twalt [twelfth].

Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt: *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Twang [twinge].

And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, *Add. to Tooth-ache.*

Twa-three [two or three].

And twa-three stinted birks are left, . *As on the banks* †
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.*
But twa-three draps about the wame . *Ep. to J. R., 12.*

But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,
Are blinkan at the entry. . . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*

Tway [two].

O ne'er a ane but tway. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Tweed.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, *S. Caledonia.*
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood; . *Ib.*
And friends on both sides of the Tweed;
S. Here's a health to them †
For her forhears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed: . *Poor Mailie's El..*
We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, *The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.*
That sic a tree can not be found,
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
And Tweed rins to the ocean . . . *S. The Union.*
Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, . . *To W. Creech.*
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings, . *To W. Simpson.*
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over, . *S. When first I saw* †
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Tweedledee [a fiddler].

Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
Upon his hunkers bended, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.*

'Tween [between].

'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
S. The lass that made the bed.
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
Till 'tween the late and early: . *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn, *There's naethin like* †

Twelfth.

Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.

Twelvemonth. To run the twelvemonth's length again:
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Twenty. I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

Twenty-three.

I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger. . . . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*

Twice.

For a' that an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*

Twilight.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her prayers, ... *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
Aud, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken. . *Ep. to J. R., 7.*

Twin. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
The twin o' that upon her shouther; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Twin, *to* [to deprive, rob].

May twin auld Scotland o' a life . . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days; . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*

Twin'd [deprived, robbed].

"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,
"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; *As on the banks* †

Twine. Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
To see the woodbine twine, *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.*
To see the rose and woodbine twine; *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Twin'd. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
To Mary in Heaven.

Twining.

In twining hazel bowers. . *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st,* †

Twinkle.

Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me; . *S. One fond kiss,* †

Twinkle, *to*.

When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn; *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Twinkling, -in'.

ye twiokling starnies bright, . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 14.*

While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
S. The lass that made the bed.

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*

Twist. Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain, . *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Twisted.

"And stately oaks their twisted arms,
"Threw broad and dark across the pool: *As on the banks* †

Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, *The Vision. D. I. 9.*

His twisted head look'd backward on his way, *The Vowels.*

She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Twisting.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Twistle [a twist].

The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*

Two. The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

In either wing two champions fought,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Tye *v.* **Tie.**

Ty'd. Ty'd up in godly laces. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*

Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, . . *John Barleycorn.*

I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

Tyke [a dog].

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . *The Twa Dogs.*

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, ... *Ib. 5.*

Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes, . . *The Twa Herds.*

An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . *S. What will I do gin* †

Tyne *v.* **Tine.**

Type. They [billows, breezes, clouds] are but types of woman.
S. Deluded swain †

Typical.

But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, *Monody, on a Lady.*

Tyrannic.

Tyrannic man's dominion; . . *S. Now westlin winds* †

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.

Tyranny. Be Anarchy cnrs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.

May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
S. Here's a health to them †

Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empnrpled bands: *S. Streams that glide* †

Tyrant.

The wretch that would a Tyrant own, *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! *El. on Capt. M. H.*

Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †

May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
S. Here's a health to them †

To shun a tyrant father's hate, . . . *S. How cruel* †

Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside. . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

The tyrant Death, with grim control, *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Tyrants fall in every foe; . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †

These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; *S. Streams that glide* †

Woods that ever verdant wave, I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Ib.

Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The Brigs of Ayr.

The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
The Henpecked Husband.

Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . *The Vowels.*

What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!
S. Their groves of †

Tysday, Tiseday [Tuesday; "Tyseday 'teen," Tuesday evening].

O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? . . *S. O wat ye what my* †

But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, *S. Had I the wyte* †

Tythe.

The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) *To W. Simpson.*

Tytler.

T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; *To W. Creech.*

U. U, His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew;
As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . *The Vowels.*

Ugly. Lincluden's ugly witch; . *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*

Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? . . *In Defence of a Lady.*

sic an ugly, Gothic bulk as you. . *The Brigs of Ayr. 6.*

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, . . . *To a Louse.*

Unaffected.

The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air. *S. The Posie.*

Unaided. Unaided through thy cnrs'd restriction;
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.

Unanxious. Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Unassuming.

Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise; . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Unavailing. Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
A Winter Night. 8.

And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress. . *Tragic Frag.*

Unawares.

Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares: . . *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*

Unbacked.

But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
Ep. to Maj. Logan.

Unbeginning.

From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same. . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*

Unbelief. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod; *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*

Unbend. As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter. . *S. Young Peggy* †

Unblest. Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; *The Brigs of Ayr. S.*

And soon may they expire, unblest with resnrrection! . *Ib.*

Unblushing. th' unblnshing fair In his embraces sunk;
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.

Unbottom'd.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, . *The Holy Fair. 22.*

Unbounded.

A slave to love's unbounded sway, . *S. O lay thy loof* †

Unbroken.

He bears the unbroken blast from every side: *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Uncaring.

And resolutely keep it's [Honor's] laws,
Uncaring consequences. . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*

Uncertain. The clouds' uncertain motion [a type of woman].
S. Deluded swain †

That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight: . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Unchancy [dangerous].

And down the gate, in faith, they're worse
And mair unchancy. . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Unchang'd.

with heart unchang'd as mine, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †

To thee I bring a heart unchang'd. *S. To thee, low'd Nith* †

Unchanging.

But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my Bonie Bell. . . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man; *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
S. The Posie.

Unchristen'd.

Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Uncivil. But lest you think I am uncivil, . *Poem on Life.*

tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, . . . *Scots Prologue.*

And dinna sae uncivil be; *S. The lass that made the bed.*

You'll tak it no uncivil: . . . . . *To a Painter.*

Uncle. 'I'll eat the apple at the glass,
'I gat frae uncle Johnie.' . . *Halloween. 13.*

Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, ... *Ib. 27.*

Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; *The Election Ballads. II.*

Unclouded.
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie : . . . *S. The Rigs-o' Barley.*

Unco, *adj., adv.* **[strange, unusual, great, extreme, foreign; unusually, very].**
a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay : . *A Dream. 2.*
He was an unco shaver For monie a day. . . *Ib. 11.*
For King's are unco scant ay, ... *Ib. 14.*
Ye're unco muckle dautet ; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
quiet an' cannie, An' unco sonsie. . *A Guid New-Year† 5.*
Yet scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle,
I'm unco queer. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
It maks an unco leeway. . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Till, slap! come in an unco loun, *S. Does haughty Gaul,†*
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun ; . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, . . *S. Duncan Gray †*
But to the ben-birds unco civil : . . *El. on Year 1788.*
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
But Och, mankind are unco weak, ... *Ib. 3.*
And rin an unco fit : . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs, . . *Halloween. 3.*
'An' Stuff was unco green ; . . . . . *Ib. 15.*
'An' be made unco light o't ; . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, ... *Ib. 28.*
A hungry care's an unco care ; . *S. In simmer when †*
Colours mingl'd unco fine, ... *S. Jockey fou, †*
But now she's got an unco ripple, . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
And getting fou and unco happy, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Tam had got planted unco right ; . . . . . *Ib. 5*
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, *Tam Samson's El..*
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn. . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
God knows, an unco Calf! . . . . . *The Calf.*
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
I vow it's unco pretty : . . . . *The Ordination. 11.*
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man ; . *The Tree of Liberty.*
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ; . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
Can mak the bodies unco happy ; . . . . *Ib. 18.*
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel ; . . . *Ib. 30.*
And had o' things an unco' slight ; . . *To W. Creech.*
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', ... *Ib.*
I wad be silly, An' unco vain, . . *To W. Simpson.*
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet. . *What ails ye now †*
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . *S. What will I do gin †*
Ye've lien in some unco bed,
And wi' some unco man. . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Uncos [strange things, news of the country side].
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Uncombed. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
Extem. on W. Smellie.

Uncommon. 'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons',
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man ;
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, ... *Ib.*
I marked nought uncommon. . *On dining with Daer.*

Uncomcern.
Henceforth to meet with uncomcern,
One rank as well's another : . *On dining with Daer.*

Unconquered.
Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free. *S. Caledonia.*
Unmatched at the hottle, unconquered in war, *The Whistle. 4.*

Unconscious.
Unconscious what evils await ; . . *The Kirk's Alarm.*

Uncouth. Is sure an uncouth sight to see, . *A Dream.*
In this strange land, this uncouth clime, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes, *The Vision. D. II. 12.*

Uncouthly. And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Uncreated. There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

Undaunted.
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †

Undaunting.
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*

Undeceive.
Why, why undeceive him, . . *S. Why, why tell thy †*

Undermining.
In spite of undermining jobs, . . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Undernotit. Day an' date as under notit, . *The Inventory.*

Understand.
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand. . *Tam o' Shanter. 8.*
As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply. . *The Vision. D. II. 3.*

Understood.
Much specious lore, but little understood ; . . *Sketch.*

Undeserved.
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . *A Winter Night. 9.*

Undismay'd.
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along. [v. A.4] *The Vision. D. I.*

Undisputed.
This past for certain, undisputed ; . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Undoing, -in.
My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin. . . *The Ordination. 8.*
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing ;
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †

Undone.
And leave a man undone To his fate. . *S. Ye Jacobites †*

Undying. hold Balmerino's undying name. . *Frag. of Ode*

Uneasy.
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy ; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*

Unequal.
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step *S. Again rejoic. Nature †*
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
To R. G. of F., 5.

Unerring. But ay unerring steady, . . *A Dream.*
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.

Unfading. And claught th' unfading garland there,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

Unfauld [to unfold]. There simmer first unfauld her robes,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Unfeign'd. With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Unfit.
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Thro' lluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit! . . . . . *To a Haggis.*
For all unfit I feel my powers be, . . *Why am I loth †*

Unfitted. Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim, *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*

Unfold. Unfolds her [Spring's] tender mantle green,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.

Unforeseen.
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O ; *S. My father was a farmer †*

Unfrequented.
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream, . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*

Unfurl.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The magna charta flag unfurls. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Unfurled, -'d. Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Ungainly.
Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind; . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Ungen'rous.
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, . . *S. It is na, Jean,* †

Ungentle. A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morison.
S. O Mary, at the window †
The ungentle, harsh rebuke. . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †

Ungodly.
Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed, . *New Psalmody.*
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
The Whistle. 15.

Ungracious. Or, Moses hade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Ungrateful.
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, . . *To Clarinda.*
Curse on ungrateful man, *Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.*

Unhallow'd.
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; *To Clarinda.*

Unhang'd.
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. *The Twa Dogs. 33.*

Unhappy.
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . *S. The gloomy night* †
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Unheard.
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Unheeded. Has thy Prime unheeded past? *Blue Bonnets.*
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
The time, unheeded, sped away, . . *The Lament. 0.*
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
S. True hearted was he †
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Unhonoured.
Laden with unhonoured years, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*

Unimpair'd.
Adjust the unimpair'd machine, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Union. I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union, . *To a Mouse.*

Unison. Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Wish'd unison between the pair, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Unite. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
May powers aboon unite you soon, . *On W. Chalmers.*
When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite,
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation; . . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*

United. For N—rth an' F-x united stocks, *A Fragment. 6.*
Not all the rage, as now, united shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting, *A Winter Night. 7.*
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourscls united: . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Universal. 'And trust, the Universal Plan
'Will all protect. . *The Vision. D. II. 22.*
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame, . . . *The 1st & V.s of 90th Ps.*

Unkend, Unkend-of, Unkenn'd [unknown].
An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside New Holland, . *To W. Simpson.*
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: . . . *Ib.*

Unkind.
Say, was thy little mate unkind, *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind; . . . . *To Clarinda.*

Unkindly. And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly us'd her: *S. Had I the wyte* †

Unkindness.
'Not all yonr rage, as now, united shows
'More hard unkindness, unrelenting, *A Winter Night. 7.*

Unknowing.
Unknowing what my way may thwart, *S. Sae far awa.*

Unknown. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
To Care, to Guilt unknown! . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound! *El. on Capt. M. H., 15.*
A land unknown to prose or rhyme; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excnse. . . . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . *S. Highl. Mary.*
"Alike unknowing and unknown: *Lament for Glencairn.*
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
S. My father was a farmer †
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
"Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
"Remorse's throb, or loose desire; . . *The Hermit.*
"Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
"Their unknown pages." . *To J. S., 8.*
Then, all unknown, I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Ib. 10.
To light and joy unknown before. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Unlamented.
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

Unlawfu'.
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Unletter'd. In your unletter'd, nameless faces! *To J. S., 27.*

Unlike. Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike! . *To J. S., 26.*

Unlisten'd. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Unloved. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.
Monody, on a Lady.

Unlovely.
Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . *Why am I loth* †

Unmanner'd. Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Unmatched, -'d.
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
The Whistle. 4.

Unmeet.
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none [no judges],
Sir. . . . . *To Capt. Riddel.*

Unmindful. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . . *To J. S., 16.*

Unmingl'd.
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever.
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. *S. Gloomy December.*

Unmixed.
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, *Ep. from Esopus.*

Unmuzzled.
Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions; . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Unnoticed, -'d.
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Unnumbered.
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.

Unpitied. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
In vain wld Prudence †
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Unprotected.
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . *To R. G. of F., 5.*

Unredrest. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
In vain wld Prudence †

Unrefin'd.
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, . *A Winter Night. 7.*

Unregenerate.
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I. . . . *Ep. to J. R., 4.*

Unrelenting.
More hard unkindness, unrelenting, . *A Winter Night. 7.*
love wi' unrelenting beam . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Unreliev'd.
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . *Lament for Glencairn.*

Unremitting.
All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †

Unrepenting.
Vengeful malice, unrepenting, . . *A Winter Night. 7.*
A barden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, . *Tragic Frag.*

Unrevenged.
Not unrevenged your fate shall be, . . *Frag. of Ode.*

Unrivall'd.
Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . *The Vision. D. II. 20.*

Unroof'd.
But now unroof'd their palace stands, *On Window at Stirling.*

Unruly. She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member. *S. The Joyful Widower.*

Unscathed.
Unscathed by ruffian hand! . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

Unseal. Yours this moment I unseal, . . . *To —.*

Unseen. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks. *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, Unseen that night,
Halloween. 10.
Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle Unseen . . . *Ib. 25.*
Some cause unseen still stept between,
S. My father was a farmer †
To steel a blink by a' unseen; . *S. O this is no my ain* †
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft. . . *Poem on Life.*
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
S. Their groves of †
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Unseen is the lily, unbeeded the rose. *S. True hearted was he* †

Unsettle. Whare horn nor hane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations. *To a Louse.*

Unsheath'd.
How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword *Scots Prologue.*

Unsheltered.
Unsheltered and forlorn. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

Unsicker [not secure; unsteady].
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her [life] still, . *Poem on Life.*

Unsightly. Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Unskaith'd [unscathed].
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, *Tam Samson's El., per C.*

Unskilful, -fu'. O how can I, unskilfu', try
The Poet's occupation? *S. Lovely Davies.*
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore, . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Unsmooth. Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! *The Lament.*

Unsour'd.
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . *To Terraughty.*

Unsparing.
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. . . *Frag. of Ode.*

Unstain'd.
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . *S. When wild War's* †

Unsubmitting.
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. *Tragic Frag.*

Unsung. "My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Unsuspecting. View unsuspecting innocence a prey,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
S. The Cotter's Sat Night. 10.

Unteachable.
A thing unteachable in world's skill, . *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Unthinking.
See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking, . . *Add. to Unco Guid 5.*

Untie. Untie these bands from off my hands,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †

Untimely. Whom death had all untimely taen,
Lament for Glencairn.
"That fillest an untimely tomb, ... *Ib.*
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!" . . . *Ib.*
th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. *Sonnet, on Death of R..*
Taint thee with untimely blights! . . . *To Miss C.*
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Untried. Its [the future's] good or ill untried, O;
S. My father was a farmer †

Untroubled.
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Untrue. Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.
S. The winter it is past †

Untwining.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining? . *S. O poortith cauld* †

Unvail.
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unvail Despair. . *S. Frae the friends* †

Unwarming.
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam; . . *The Lament.*

Unwary.
Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sicks at last *S. Farewell, thou stream* †

Unweeting.
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover: . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover. . . . *S. The last time I* †

Unwept. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.
Monody, on a Lady.

Unwilling. Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse. . . . . *To Chloris.*

Unworthy.
An' far unworthy of thy train, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Unyielding.
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Up ["up wi't a", up with it all].
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' . . *A Fragment. 7.*
Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a'; . . . *S. The Laddies by* †
Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, *S. The Ploughman* †

We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best. . . *To W. Simpson. 9.*

Upbraid.
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire ; *To Clarinda.*

Up-choked.
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl, . *A Winter Night. 2.*

Uphill.
Yirr, faucy barks, awa' we canter
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*

Uphold.
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, *A Winter Night. 7.*
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame, . . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*

Upo' [upon].
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. . *The Death of Mailie.*

Upper. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies ;
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Uprear. Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Upright. The upright is Chance, and old time is the base ;
S. Caledonia. 6.
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—
In upright honest morals. . . *Epit. on G. Richardson.*
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . *Sketch.*

Uproar. But up arose the martial Chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar. *The Jolly Beggars. R. 11.*
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Uprose. So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.
The Whistle. 16.
Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink : . *Ib. 17.*

Uptear.
But now the share uptears thy bed, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Upward.
Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, . . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
I see ye upward cast your eyes—Ye ken the road *To J. S., 28.*

Upward-springing.
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East. . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Urge. Down the zodiac urge the race, . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree *S. Here's a health to ane* †
Why urge the only, one request,
You know I will deny ! . . *S. Talk not of Love* †

Urged. his warm-urged wishes. . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Urinus Spiritus.
Urinus Spiritus of capons ; . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.*

Urn. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.

Urr. Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr ; *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Ursa-Major [Dr. Samuel Johnson].
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major ? . . *The Fête Champetre.*

Use.
Plac'd for her [Luxury's] lordly use thus far, thus vile, below !
A Winter Night. 7.

Use, *to.*
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man : *A Bottle and Friend.*
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 8.
O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear !
"Nor use a faithful lover so ?" . . *S. Fairest maid* †
Jamaica bodies, use him weel, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Use't, Us'd.
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly us'd her : . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
But a Miller us'd him worst of all, . *John Barleycorn.*
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, . . *Ib. R. V.*
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him ? *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Useful.
Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth ;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Man then is useful to his kind. *Man was made to Mourn.*
Some useful plan, or book could make,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Usher.
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn :
S. How pleasant the banks †
And ushers the long dreary night ; *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Usher'st.
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn. . *To Mary in Heaven.*

Using. For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.

Usquabae, Usquebae [whisky].
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil ! . *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
It winna break. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Usurpation. Braved usurpation's boldest daring ! *Liberty.*

Usurper. Lay the proud usurpers low, *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Alas the day, and wo the day,
A false usurper wan the gree, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*

Usurping.
Man your proud usurping foe, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*

Utmost.
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun ; *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Uzz. An' sklented on the man of Uzz,
Your spitefu' joke ? *Add. to the Deil. 17.*

Vacant. Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ; *To J. S., 14.*

Vagabond.
"Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, *Tragic Frag..*

Vagrant.
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove ! . *Delia. An Ode.*
Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Vain.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice ! *A Ded. to G. H., 7.*
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain ; *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
In vain to me the cowslips blaw, [*re.*] *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, . *S. Caledonia.*
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
I hear it—for in vain I leuk. . . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear ;
In vain wld Prudence †
Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ; . . . *S. It was a' for* †
I wad in vain essay the strain. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
In many a way, and vain essay,
S. My father was a farmer †
With fortune's vain delusion, O, ... *Ib.*
In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, *S. My Love's a winsome* †
Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
Scots Prologue.
In vain assail him with their prayer, *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin ! *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
In vain Auld-age his body batters ;
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters ;
In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid !
Tam Samson's El., 9.
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ; . . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the Caudron. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain ;
S. The lazy mist †
But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain : . . *To a Mouse.*
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose ; . *To Clarinda.*
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye ; . . . *Ib.*
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire : . . *Ib.*
Some rhyme, (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ; *To J. S., 5.*
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain, . . *To W. Simpson.*
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain :
S. True hearted was he †
And fretful envy grins in vain . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Vainly.
And for thy potence vainly wisht, *Lns, on Back of Bank Note.*

Vale. in the vale of humble life, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. S.*
Above the narrow, rural vale : . *Add. to Edinburgh.*
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale ;
Frag. of Ode.
Poverty's low barren vale, . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . . . *On Lineluden.*
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales ;
S. The gloomy night †
Life's weary vale I wander thro' : . . . *The Lament.*
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
S. The small birds †
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? *Wr. in Friar's-Carse H.*

Valentine ("Valentines dealing," a kind of lottery held on St. Valentine's day to ascertain if you were to be married, and if so, to whom).
Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ; . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Valley. How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below.
S. Afton Water.
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.
S. How pleasant the banks †
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
May Has made our hills and valleys gay; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon ; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay ! . . . . *S. Sensibility* †
They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
S. The heather was blooming †
O were yon hills and vallies mine, *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
S. The small birds †
Low, in a sandy valley spread, . *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
S. Their groves of †
Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Valour. The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Secure in valour's station : . . . . . *S. The Union.*

Value.
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it. [v.A.27] *Ask why God made* †
Ye are rich, and look big, hut lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.
The Kirk's Alarm.

Value, *to.* Reader, dost value matchless worth ?
Lns, on Window, F.'s C. Her.

Valued'st. The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd ;
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

Vamp. 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Vampyre.
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart, *To R. G. of F., 3.*

Van.
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van, *S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.*

Vandal. Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.

Vanish'd.
"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." *S. Behold the hour* †
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Vanity. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; *Monody, on a Lady.*
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, . . . *Sketch.*

Vanquish'd.
When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet, . . *S. The Captain's Lady.*
Chain'd at his feet they groan,
Love's vanquish'd foes : . . . . *To Clarinda.*

Vapour.
So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, *A Ded. to G. H., 12.*
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, *The Vowels.*

Vap'rin [vapouring].
In wrath she was sae vap'rin, ... *Halloween 13.*

Variorum.
Life is all a *variorum*, . . *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Various.
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias : . *Add. to Unco Guid. 8.*
She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man.
Ep. to R. Graham.
Who heals life's various stounds, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd :
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,
'The various man. . *The Vision. D. II. 7.*

Vassal. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife.
The Henpecked Husband.

Vast. And make a vast monopoly of hell? . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast, . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, . . *The Holy Fair. 22.*

Vaulted.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.
To R. G. of F., 8.

Vaunt. I need na vaunt, . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Vauntie [proud, boastful].
It was her best, and she was vauntie. *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie ! *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Vein. What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop : . *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
To feel a fire in every vein, . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
They heat your brains, and fire your veins, *O leave novels* †
We will drain our dearest veins, . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish. . . *S. The last time I* †
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Tells the ardent lover. . . . . *S. Thine am I* †

Venal. The Poets too, a venal gang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail ;
El. on Miss Burnet.
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?
The Brigs of Ayr.
'mid the venal Senate's roar, . . *The Vision. D. II. 5.*

Vend [to set forth, to offer for acceptance].
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
A rousing whid at times to vend [v.A.6] . . . *Ib.*

Veneering.
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: . . *Sketch.*

Venerable.
Hear me, ye venerable Core, . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 2.*
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; *The Brigs of Ayr. 13.*

Venetian.
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch-ncres [v.A.13]
The Twa Dogs. 23.

Vengeance.
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath; . *A Ded. to G. H , 10.*
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
Waving on high the desolating brand, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance; *Add. to Toothache.*
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And pours his vengeance in the burning line. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? . . *Ib.*
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
So vengeance * * * . . . . . *Frag. of Ode.*
L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae: *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . *The Vowels.*
Spare me thy vengeance, G[alloway] . . *To Lord G..*

Vengeful -fu'.
Vengeful malice, unrepenting, . *A Winter Night. 7.*
To glut that direst foe,—a vengeful woman: *Scots Prologue.*
That aft ba'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws. . *The Twa Herds. 12.*
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; *S. To thee lov'd Nith †*

Veni, vidi, vici.
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That veni, vidi, vici, is his way; . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Venom.
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Venom'd.
My curse upon your venom'd stang, . *Add. to Toothache.*

Vent. 'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise.
'In pensive walk. . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*

Venture. I once was persuaded a venture to make;
S. No Churchman am I †

Venture, *to.* I winna ventur't in my rhymes. . *A Vision.*
And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me; [*re.*] . *S. Had I the wyte †*
An' owre the threshold ventures; . . . *Halloween. 22.*
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. *S. I'm o'er young to marry †*
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. *The Election Ballads. III.*
For drink I would venture my neck;
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
S. The Posie.
Critics—appalled, I venture on the name, *To R. G. of F., 4.*

Ventured, -'d.
She ventured forward on the light; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The Whistle.

Venus. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . . *A Dream. 13.*
If Venus yet had got his nose off; . *Kind Sir, I've read †*
Life-giving wars of Venus. . *Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav..*

Vera [very]. thretteen pund an' twa. The vera warst.
A Guid New-Year † 15.
a hearty blaud, This vera night; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.*
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, . . *Halloween. 5.*
He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. . . *Ib. 16.*
In hopes to see Tam Kipples That vera night. . *Ib. 21.*
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
S. Her Daddie forbad †
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: . . . . . *Ib.*
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim, . . *Ib.*
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright *The Holy Fair. 21.*
The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him . . . . . *Ib. 12.*
The vera girdle rang. . . . *The Jolly Beggars, R. I.*
The vera thought o't need na fear them. *The Twa Dogs. 27.*
The vera tapmost, towrin height . . . *To a Louse.*
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Verdant. No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
On seeing wounded Hare.
Woods that ever verdant wave, . *S. Streams that glide †*
The palace rising on his verdant side; *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Verdure. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn,
S. How pleasant the banks †

Veriest. Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, . . *S. The last time I †*

Vermin.
The courtly vermin's banned the tree, *The Tree of Liberty.*

Vermined.
And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore. . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Vernal.
Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
S. How pleasant the banks †
The reliques of the vernal quire; . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Not vernal showers to budding flow'rs, *S. Now westlin winds †*
Her looks are like the vernal May,
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Her air like nature's vernal smile; *S. 'Twas even—the dewy †*
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire. . . . *V.s below Picture.*

Versailles.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails; . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Verse. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
Ep. fr. Esopus.
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, . . *Ep. to Davie.*
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows.
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
Or they [tunefu' powers] rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies. . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose!
On Grose's Peregrinations.
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
An' scriechan out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust! *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*
What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The Election Ballads. VI.
O' double verse come gie us four, . . *The Ordination. 3.*
On every tree appear my verses . . . *To Clarinda.*
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time.) *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Very.
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, . .
The very stanes that Adam hore, *Ken ye aught o' Capt. G.†*
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . *S. Tam Glen.*

Vest. My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Vestal. 'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, *On Lincluden.*

Vet'ran.
Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar: *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Health to the Maxwell's vet'ran Chief! *To Terraughty.*

Vex.
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

Vexation. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
If thou hast known false love's vexation, . *The Hermit.*

Vex'd.
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan;
To W. Simpson. P.S..

Vibrate. Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure.
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, *S. Sensibility,* †

Vice, the Vices.
The vices also, must they club their curse? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe:
Epit. for Author's Father.
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted; . . *The Hermit.*
"Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. *Tragic Frag..*
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
To Virtue or to Vice is given. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Vicegerent. Justice, the high vicegerent of her God.
On Death of R. Dundas.

Vicious.
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*

Victim.
The victim sad of Fortune's strife, . *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. *Lns. on Back of Bank Note.*
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see! . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Victor. While Death stands victor by. *S. From thee, Eliza,* †

Victorious.
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! . . *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
To R. G. of F., 2.

Victory, -ie.
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms, . . . *Frag. of Ode.*
But soon wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory. . . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Yet simple Bob the victory got, . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Vie. Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
S. Adown winding Nith †
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Ronalds of Bennals.
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The Petition of Br. Water.

Vienna.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails; . . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

View. Their views enlarg'd, . . *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
An' views beyond the grave comfort him. *Auld comrade* †
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear! . *Despondency, an Ode.*
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard! . . . . . *Ib. 2.*
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained. . *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Nell's heart was dancin at the view; . . *Halloween. 10.*
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last! . . *Man was made to Mourn.*
No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
S. My father was a farmer †
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O: . . . . . *Ib.*
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O: . . . . . *Ib.*
How strongly still your view displays
The piety of ancient days! . . . . *On Lincluden.*
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Second Ep. to Davie.
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. . *Ib. 10.*
Anticipation forward points the view;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
There's a holier chace in your view; . *The Kirk's Alarm.*
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
. . *S. The Posie.*

They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright. *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known Land. *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner? . . . . *To a Haggis.*
Keep His Goodness still in view, . *Wr. in Hermitage, F.C.*
Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

View, *to.*
Guilt, erring Man, relentless view! *A Winter Night. 9.*
With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome, *Add. to Edinburgh. 6.*
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, *S. Behind yon hills* †
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
And view the charms of Nature; . *S. Now westlin winds* †
View the wither'd beldam's face *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
I view the solemn scene around, . . . *On Lincluden.*
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight. . . *On Miss J. Lewars.*
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, *On Death of R. Dundas.*
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The western breeze steals through the trees,
To view this Fête Champetre. . *The Fête Champetre.*
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air. . . . *The Holy Fair.*
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: *The Petition of Br. Water.*
I joyless view thy rays adorn, [*re.*] . . *The Lament.*
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . . *To Miss C.*
And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress. . *Tragic Frag.*
We cam' na here to view your warks, *V. s, on Window, Carron.*

View'd. Dark-mufl'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain;
A Winter Night. 6.
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word], *The Holy Fair. 16.*
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; . *The Vision. D. II.*

Viewing, -in. Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
aghast The wheeling torrent viewing,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin. *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Viewless. And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Vigils. With Woe I nightly vigils keep, . *The Lament.*

Vigour. And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
S. On Cessnock banks † *Sett II.*
An' touch it aff wi' vigour, . . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Vile. Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
A Winter Night. 7.
To watch and premier owre the pack vile! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile. . *S. I do confess* †
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, *Kind Sir, I've read* †
See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v. A. 16] *Tam o' Shanter.*
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . *The Death of Maillie.*
How could you raise so vile a hustle, . *The Twa Herds. 3.*
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Vilest.
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur; *S. Come, let me take thee* †
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. *Ep. to R. Graham. 5.*
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Vi'let *v.* **Violet.**

Village.
The village bell has told the hour, . *S. Here is the glen,* †
A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, *The Poor Thresher.*
The village glittering in the noontide beam
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Villain, Villian.
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
"O! why has Worth so short a date?
"While villains ripen grey with time!
Lament for Glencairn.
To crush the villain in the dust: *Lns, on Back of Bank Note.*
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
And names, like villian, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en, . . *The Twa Herds. 9.*
By all the conscious villian fears below! . *To Clarinda.*
Only to number out a villain's years! . *To R. Graham.*
"A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, *Tragic Frag..*
"As far surpassing other common villains,
"As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more." . *Ib.*

Vines. While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, *Scotch Drink.*

Vineyard. And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
The Whistle. 11.

Vintage. The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!
Innocence †

Vintner. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Violence. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
On Death of R. Dundas.

Violet, Vi'let.
In vain to me the vi'lets spring; *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
O were my love yon vi'let sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;
S. O were my love †
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
S. The Posie.

Violino.
Sir Violino with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*

Virgin.
virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied. . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim
From aught that's good exempt.
On Duke of Queensberry.
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. . . *To a Kiss.*
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf! . . . . . *To Miss C.*

Virginia.
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For't, in Virginia! . . *Ep. to J. R., 11.*
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia-gioia, O:
S. The Slave's Lament.
All on that charming coast is no hitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O; . . . . *Ib.*
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia-gioia O; . . . . *Ib.*

Virginity.
O wrang na my virgioity! *S. The lass that made the bed.*

Virl [ferrule, ferrel, a ring round the end of a staff, tool-handle, column, &c.].
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Virtue, the Virtues.
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;
El. on Miss Burnet.
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'
Epit. for Author's Father.
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, *Epit. on a Friend.*
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim, - - -
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. . *Ib.*
Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you;
Monody, on a Lady.
"Thro' future times to make his virtues last
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
His forbears' virtues all contrasted, *On Duke of Queensberry.*
Virtue alone who dost revere, . . *Poet. Inscription.*
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast; . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10]
Sonnet, on Death of R.
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: . *Ib. 19.*
If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'. *The Election Ballads. III.*
Its virtues a' can tell, man; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, ... *Ib.*
But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man; . . . . *Ib.*
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace. *The Vision. D. I. 15.*
While conscious virtue all the strain endears.
To Miss Graham.
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; *Why am I loth* †
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To Virtue or to Vice is given. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Virtuous.
Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, *Add. to the Unco Guid. 6.*
Powers celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair, . . *S. Highl. Mary.*
Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, . . *S. Somebody.*
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Visage. The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan, *S. My heart was ance* †
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony sloes: . . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
'I saw grim nature's visage hoar
'Struck thy young eye. *The Vision.' D. II. 13.*

Vision.
But as I gaze the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales; *On Lincluden.*
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision: . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Visit. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Visit, *to.* L—d visit them wha did employ him,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.

Vista. Or down Italian Vista startles, *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Vital. Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; . . *Nature's Law.*
While down the wretched vital part is driven!
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Vittle, Vittel, [victual; grain].
Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle; . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

Vive. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Theo, *vive l'amour! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;* . . *Sketch.*

Vocal. On trembling string, or vocal air, *S. A Rosebud by my* †
Oft in the vocal bowers recline? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Again ye'll charm the vocal air. *S. The Catrine woods* †

Vocation.
To follow the noble vocation; *S. The Sons of old Killie.*

Vogie [vain, proud, highly pleased].
And vow but I was vogie! . . *S. What will I do gin* †

Voice.
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wroog. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
Her voice is the song of the morning *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of Nature prizing. *S. Could aught of song* †
The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
A bodiog voice is in mine ear, . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
It is Maria's voice I hear! . . *S. Here is the glen,* †

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
"The voice of woe and wild despair! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush *S. On Cessnock banks* †
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies: . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing! *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh: . . . *The Hermit.*
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice; *The Holy Fair. 14.*
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder. . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, *The Twa Herds. 6.*
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, . . . *Ib. 7.*
With trembling voice I tune my strain *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.
S. Wae is my heart †
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, *S. When wild War's* †

Void.

Her native grace so void of art; . *S. My Mary face* †
That breast, how dreary now, and void, . *The Lament.*

Volly.

Three vollies let his mem'ry crave *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly,
The Kirk's Alarm.

Volume. Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, . . *To a young Lady.*

Volunteers.

There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And Volunteers on shore, Sir. . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †

Vote. In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
Now stand as tightly by your tack:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6.
The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil ane will give them his vote.
The Election Ballads. III.
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man? *The Fête Champetre.*

Vote, *to.* That she wad vote the border knight,
Though she should vote her lane.
The Election Ballads. I.

Votive. To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.

Vow! [an exclamation of surprise or delight].

And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
And vow but I was vogie! . . *S. What will I do gin* †

Vow.

And an thy lips I seal my vow, . *S. An' I'll kiss thee yet* †
While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. *S. By Allan stream* †
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †
And let us all our vows renew, . . *S. Here is the glen,* †
She'll aiblins listen to my vow: . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
But purer was the lover's vow *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
Sweet early object of my youthful vows, *Once fondly lov'd* †
And hear my vows o' truth and love. . *S. Sae flaxen* †
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
S. She's fair and fause †
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter, . . . *The Fête Champetre.*
A faithless woman's broken vow. . . . *The Lament.*
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken. *The Vision. D. I. 9.*
My vows and tears her scorn excite . . *To Clarinda.*
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow! . . . . . *To Mary.*
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Vow, *to.*

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early, . *S. Come boat me o'er.*
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 6.*
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear! . . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
I vow and swear, I diina care,
How lang ye look about ye. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
How often didst thou pledge and vow, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me, . *S. O whistle,* †
I vow it's unco pretty: . . . . *The Ordination. 11.*
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie: . . *S. Wilt thou be my* †
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw. . *S. Young Jockey* †

Vowed, -'d. And vow'd for my love he was dying;
S. Last May a braw wooer †
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [*sc.*] . . . . . *Ib.*
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good. . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
The Whistle. 13.
Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever: *S. Thou hast left me* †

Vowel.

And call the trembling vowels to account. . *The Vowels.*
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! . . *Ib.*

Vulcan.

When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, . *Scotch Drink. 10.*
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker. . . . . *To J. Taylor.*
Obliging Vulcan fell to work, ... *Ib.*
Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead, ... *Ib.*

Wa', Waw [wall]. He hung it to the wa', *A Fragment. 4.*
An' bore him to the wa', man. . . . . *Ib. 6.*
Be-north the Roman wa', man: . . . . . *Ib. 8.*
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, ... *A Vision.*
The braes ascend like lofty wa's, *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
S. By yon castle wa' †
A ratton rattl'd up the wa', ... *Halloween. 22.*
Altho' my back be at the wa', *S. Here's his health in water.*
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
S. Lady Mary Ann.
That grows upon the castle wa'! . . *S. O were my love* †
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
His back's been at the wa'; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
S. The lass that made the bed.
Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa'; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; . *The Vision. D. I. 7.*
A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
S. There liv'd once a carle †
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! . . *To a Mouse.*
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
S. What will I do gin †
So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws
Shook with a thunder of applause *The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.*

Wab [a web].

To warp a plaiden wab; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
To warp a wab o' plaiden; . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*

Wabster [a weaver].

And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
Jink there or here; *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . *Auld comrade* †
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, ... *Ib.*
An honest Wabster to his trade, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.*
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,
The Election Ballads. VI.
An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, . *The Ordination.*
Willie was a wabster gude, . . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Wad [to wager].

'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin! *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.*
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.*
I'll wad a boddle, ... *The Brigs of Ayr. 5.*

Wad [wed].

And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow. . . . *S. The weary Pund.*

Wad [would].

What wad ye wish for mair, man? *A Bottle and Friend.*
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
Wad been a dress compleater: . . . . *Ib. 12.*
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh, *A Guid New-Year † S.*
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, . . *Ib. 12.*
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, . . . *Ib.*
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; . . . *Ib. 14.*
I thought We wad be beat! . . . . . *Ib. 16.*
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . *Add. of Beelzebub.*
An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
ye wad whip Aff straught to H-ll. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, . . . *Ib. 19.*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . . . . *Ib. 21.*
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, . *S. As I came o'er †*
I wad wear thee in my bosom, . . *S. Bonie wee thing †*
My heart wad burst wi' anguish. . *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
I wad be kittle To be mislear'd, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.*
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt. . . . . *Ib. 17.*
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . *S. Does haughty Gaul †*
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . *S. Donald Brodie †*
His haly lips wad licket at her. . . . . *Ib.*
For wi' the rock she wad him knock, *S. Duncan Davison.*
at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
We freely wad exchang'd the wife, *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.*
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; . . *Ep. to J. R., S.*
they wha wad hae starv'd thy life *Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.*
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, . *Friend of the Poet †*
But your green graff, now, Lucky Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure. . . . *S. Gat ye me †*
What wife but wad excus'd her? . . *S. Had I the wyte †*
As they wad never mair part, . . . *Halloween. 8.*
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen, ... *Ib. 21.*
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite, *S. Here's a health to them †*
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread! . . . . . *Ib.*
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller. . . *S. Hey, the dusty miller †*
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her. . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.*
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; . . *S. I do confess †*
His haly lips wad licket at her. . . *S. I met a lass †*
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me. . . . *S. Jamie, come try me †*
That ne'er wad blink on mine! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye [cog] were ay fou. . . *S. Landlady, count †*
But what wad ye think? . *S. Last May a braw wooer †*
He begged for gude-sake I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow: . . . . *Ib.*
Wishin the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick. . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
An' twa red peats wad send relief, ... *Ib.*
I wad in vain essay the strain, . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . *S. My bonie Mary.*
I wad turn my back on you and it a', *S. My Collier Laddie.*
But wha wad keep the handless coof, *S. O can ye labour lea †*
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman. . *S. O gin ye were dead †*
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy: *S. O meikle thinks my love †*
Or aught that wad belang thee! . *S. O saw ye bonie L. †*
I wad never had nae care, . . *S. O that I had ne'er †*
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen, *S. O wert thou in †*
What heart o' stane wad thou na move, *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets, . . . *Ib.*
But wad ye see him in his glee, ... *Ib.*
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. . . . *Ib.*
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, . . . *Ib.*
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. *Scots Prologue.*
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . *Searching auld †*
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, . . . *Ib. 13.*
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, ... *Ib. 14.*
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! . . . *Ib. 15.*
I put him to bed and he swore he wad wed, *S. The auld man †*
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek. . . . . *Ib. 20.*
Now wad ye sing this double flight, *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
Oh wha wad leave this humble state *S. The Contented Cottager.*
That errand fain wad gae; . . *The Election Ballads. 1.*
And he wad gae to London town, ... *Ib.*
And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say, ... *Ib.*
And he wad gang to London town, ... *Ib.*
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend. . . . . *Ib.*
And some wad please themsel. . . . . *Ib.*
And she wad send the sodger lad, [re.] . . . *Ib.*
That she wad vote the border knight, ... *Ib.*
They wad be blest that saw that. . . . . *Ib. II.*
In the front rank he wad shine; . . . . *Ib. V.*
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, ... *Ib. VI.*
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
But wad hae spent an hour caressan, . *The Twa Dogs. 3.*
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, ... *Ib.*
As I wad by a stinkan brock. . . . . *Ib. 12.*
It wad for ev'ry ane be better, ... *Ib. 26.*
O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit,
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
We thought ay death wad bring relief, . . . *Ib. 13.*
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
S. There's auld Rob †
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me! . . *Ib.*
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew . . . *To a Haggis.*
Wad dress your droddum! . . . . *To a Louse.*
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us . . . . *Ib.*
It wad frae monie a blunder free us, ... *Ib.*
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, . . *To a Mouse.*
your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: *To Dr. Blacklock.*
An' wad hae done't aff han': . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Nine Ferriers wad done better! . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, . . *To W. Simpson.*
My senses wad be in a creel, ... *Ib.*
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pautry!) . . . . *Ib.*
Till chiels gat up and wad confute it, . . . *Ib., P.S.*
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . . *Verses under Grief.*
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †
And fain wad be thy lodger; . . *S. When wild War's †*
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; *S. Willie Wastle †*
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! *S. Will ye go and marry †*
If ye wad a man should get ye,
Then I can that want supply: . . . . . *Ib.*

Wad a [would have; "wad a haen," would have had].

There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
S. There's a youth †

Waddle.
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Waddl'd. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
S. No Churchman am I †

Wadna [would not].
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer. *A Guid New-Year* † *13.*
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride! *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? *S. Eppie Adair.*
And when *I* wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me; . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And wad na Manhood been to blame, ... *Ib.*
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell; . . . . *Halloween. 8.*
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
Wad taste sae bitterlie. . . *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. *S. In simmer when* †
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O; . . *S. Killiecrankie.*
Ye wad na found in Christendie. . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, ... *Ib.*
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O. . *S. The deuks dang o'er.*
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*
I wadna been surprized to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; . . . *To a Louse.*
I wad na gie a button for her. . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Wadset [a mortgage].
Here's a little wadset
Buittles scrap o' truth, . *The Election Ballads. IV.*

Wae [woful, sorrowful].
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake. . *Add. to the Deil. 21.*
Till we were wae and wearie: . *S. Amang the trees* †
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears: *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
My heart is wae, and unco wae, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
An' mony a time my heart's been wae, . *The Twa Dogs. 13.*
Till piper lads were wae and weary,
S. Th. Menzies' bonie Mary.
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
S. Wae is my heart †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary! . . *When I think on* †

Wae [woe].
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
Wae on the bad girdin o't, ... *Ib.*
O wae gae by his wanton sides,
S. Here's his health in water.
He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae;
S. O lay thy loof †
O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, . . *S. The lovely lass* †
M'[Gi]ll has wrooght us meikle wae, *The Twa Herds. 12.*

Waest [most woful].
That year *I* was the waest man
O' ony man alive. *The Election Ballads. V.*

Waefu' [woful, sorrowful].
And now thou kens our waefu' case. *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, *S. O that I had ne'er* †
But O! I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
The Highl. Widow's Lament.
A waefu' day it was to me; . . *S. The lovely lass of I.* †

Wae's me, Wae's my heart [woe's me, woe's my heart].
'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Waes me! she's [Superstition's] in a sad condition,
Letter to J. Goudie.
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
The Death of Mailie.

Waesucks [*lit.* wae's us; alas!].
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething! . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*

Wae worth [woe befall].
Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Lns. on Back of Bank Note.
Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Wae worth them for't! [v.A.25] . . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Wae worth the name, [v.A.25] . . . . . *Ib.*
Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! . . . *Ib. 15.*
Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; *The Tree of Liberty.*

Waff [to waft].
And [devils] waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Wa'-flower [the wall-flower].
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, . . *A Vision.*

Waft. Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft. *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Waft [the weft or woof in a web].
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft. . . *Poem on Life.*

Waft, *to.*
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast, . . *S. Highl. Mary.*
All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore! . . *The Farewell.*
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
S. Wandering Willie.

Waft, *to* **[to send the shuttle with the weft through the warp; to "waft an' warp," to weave].**
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 8.

Wafting.
"The little swallow's wanton wing,
"Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, . . *S. O Phely,* †

Wag.
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Wage.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. *S. One fond kiss,* †
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; *The Whistle. 15.*
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.

Waged.
Honour's war we strongly waged, . . *S. Thickest night* †

Wages. Your labour is hard and your wages are low.
S. The Poor Thresher.
At night I do bring my full wages away: . . . . *Ib.*
For hireling traitors' wages. . . . . *S. The Union.*

Wag-wit.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*

Waifs [stray sheep].
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes. . . *The Twa Herds.*

Wail. Attentive still to Sorrow's wail, *Add. to Edinburgh. 3.*
Come [ye maukins] join my wail. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 6.*
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? *To R. G. of F..*

Wail, *to.* Wail [houlets] thro' the dreary midnight hour
El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead! . *Tam Samson's El..*
On lofty aiks the cushats wail, *S. The Contented Cottager.*
What Whig but wails the good Sir James
The Election Ballads. VI.

To wail her braw John Highlandman.
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.

Wail'd. He weeping wail'd his latter times; . *A Vision.*

Wailfu'.
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry! . . *To W. Simpson. 12.*

Wailing.
Come join, ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers. *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . *The Vowels.*

Wailing, *s.* And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And Melville melt in wailing. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Wair, Ware [to spend; bestow; "wair't," spend it].
And ken na how to wair't: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Waired, War'd [spent, bestowed].
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
An' thiok't weel war'd. *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. . *On W. Chalmers.*

Waist. Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly: . *S. Now westlin winds†*
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
S. O were I on Parnass. †
O I hae tiot my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma'; *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . *S. Young Jockey†*

Wait. Evils lurk in felon wait: . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Wait, *to.*
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonie Anne. . *S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.*
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth! *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.
Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her; . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night. . *Halloween. 12.*
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: . *S. In simmer when†*
And ane to wait on every hand, . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! *S. O Willie brew'd†*
Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
On seeing wounded Hare.
Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
Ronalds of Bennals.
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.
Sketch. New Yr's Day.
. . . *The Holy Fair. 26.*
Some wait the afternoon.

Waiting.
And horse and servants waiting ready, *S. Montgom.'s Peggy.*

Wake.
Her voice is the soog of the morning
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
S. Adown winding Nith†
O! whea I wake I'm eerie. . . . *S. Ay waking, O†*
'Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more. . . . . *S. Had I a cave†*
Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Lament of Mary of Scots.
And wake the soul to musings high. . . *On Lincluden.*
'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy! *S. Sleep'st thou,†*
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*
Or wake the bosom-melting throe, *The Vision. D. II. 19.*
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, *To Mary in Heaven.*
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream? *S. Why, why tell thy†*
Here Poesy might wake her heaven taught lyre,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Wakeful. wakeful caution still aware Of ill *To Chloris.*

Waken. Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
S. Thou hast left me†

Waken'd. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
S. Now Spring has clad†

Waking, -in. Ay waking, O!
Waking ay and wearie, *S. Ay waking, O†*
Or art thou wakin, I would wit, . *S. O Lassie, art thou†*

Wak'st. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
S. Sleep'st thou,†

Wale [choice; "pick and wale," the choicest].
The ace an' wale of honest men; . . *Auld Comrade†*
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! . . *Ep. to J. R.*
But by my gun, o' guns the wale, ... *Ib. 10.*
If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
In souple scones, the wale o' food! . *Scotch Drink. 4.*
Fine [head] for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, . . *The Inventory.*
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . *The Ordination. 6.*
He's the King of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
S. There's auld Rob M.†
Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,
As the very wale o' men, . *S. Will ye go and marry†*

Wale, *to* **[to choose].**
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . *Halloween.*
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale *S. In simmer when†*
He wales a portion with judicious care;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.

Waled, -'d [chosen; "hand-waled," hand-picked, choicest].
My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.*
He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound *The Ordination. 8.*

Wales. young Potentate o' W—, . . . *A Dream. 10.*
If that daft buckie, Geordie W—s,
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . *Kind Sir, I've read†*

Walie, Waly, Wawlie [large, ample; strapping; *also* an interjection expressive of distress; "waly fa," ill befall, *also* good fortune befall].
Clap in his walie nieve a blade, . . . *To a Haggis.*
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . *S. Willie Wastle.*
This waly hoy will be nae coof, . *S. There was a lad†*
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again. . . *S. There's news, lasses†*

Walk. A Rose-bud by my early walk, *S. A Rose-bud by†*
Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn. *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
'To veat thy bosom's swelling rise,
In pensive walk. . *The Vision. D. II. 15.*

Walk, *to.* While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks? *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 12.*
We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, *S. Now westlin winds†*
Who walks not in the wicked's way, . *The 1st Psalm.*
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God. . . . . *Ib.*
And kindly she did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair. *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Walked. I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air. . *The Holy Fair.*

Walker. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker; . . *To J. Taylor.*

Walking.
As I was walking up the street, . . *S. O Mally's meek.*

Walking-switch.
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its
neighbours: . . . . *Fragment, inscr. to Fox.*

Wall.
thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, . *A Winter Night. 9.*
The pond'rous wall and massy bar, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
There's wooden walls upon our seas, *S. Does haughty Gaul,†*
Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time; . . *On Lincluden.*

That sunny walls from Boreas screen, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure? *On Com. Goldie's Brains.*
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Wallace.

And hunted as was William Wallace, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! . . . *Liberty.*
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? *Scots Prologue.*
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! . . . *S. The Union.*
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies. . *To W. Simpson.*
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side, . *Ib.*

Wallace Tow'r.

And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true;
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Wallet.

But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! . . *Ib. S. VIII.*
Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [*re.*]
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Wallop [a quick, agitated movement].

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop, . *Add. to Unco Guid.* 4.

Wallop, *to* **[to move in a quick, agitated way; "wallop in a tow or tether," be hanged].**

And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow. . . *S. The weary Pund.*
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal! . *To W. Simpson.* 17.

Wallow.

To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . *S. Caledonia.*
What care I in riches to wallow, . . . *S. Tam Glen.*
In gasping death to wallow. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . *The Whistle.* 15.
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Walth [wealth]. You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
V.s to Landlady of Inn.

Waly *v.* **Walie.**

Wame [the belly].

For fient a wame it had ava, . *Death and Dr. Hornbook.* 7.
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame, . *Ib.* 28.
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11.*
But twa-three draps about the wame . *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
Or hauding Sarah by the wame? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; *Scotch Drink.* 5.
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . *What ails ye now* †

Wamefou [a bellyful].

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;
A Ded. to G. H., 2.

Wan. When he grew wan and pale; . *John Barleycorn.*
The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan, . . *S. My heart was ance* †
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
S. Oh, open the door, †
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam; . . *The Lament.*
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*

Wan [won].

But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting . *S. As I came o'er* †
A false usurper wan the gree, . *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
And wan his heart's desire; . . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Or frae puir man a blessin wan, . . *S. The Laddies by* †
The dearest siller that ever I wan. . *S. The Taylor fell* †
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair: . . . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Wanchancie [unchancy, unlucky].

That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*

Wand.

Peace, thy olive wand extend, *S. How can my poor heart* †
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Wander, *to.*

Adown winding Nith I did wander, *S. Adown winding Nith* †
There [on thy hills] daily I wander as noon rises high.
S. Afton Water. 3.
"To wander in my broken shade, . . *As on the banks* †
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
What tho' like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where, . *Ep. to Davie.* 4.
Far, far from thee, I wander here; *S. Forlorn, my Love,* †
Syne I began to wander: . . . *S. Gat ye me,* †
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
S. Here's a health to them †
While in distant climes I wander, . . *S. Highl. Mary.*
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love; *S. How can my poor heart* †
She'll wander by the aiken tree, . . *S. I'll ay ca' in* †
"I wander in the ways of men,
"Alike unknowing and unknown: *Lament for Glencairn.*
No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
To wander forth, with me, to mourn *Man was made to Mourn.*
Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
S. My father was a farmer †
When a' the lave gae to their bed
I wander dowie up the glen; *S. My Harry was a gallant* †
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie. . . . *S. Now rosy May* †
Some solitary wander: . . . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
She wanders by yon spreading tree; *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
One night as I did wander, . . . *One night as I* †
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
Or if he wanders up the howe, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave, *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
An' let them wander at their will: *The Death of Mailie.*
While here I wander, prest with care, *S. The gloomy night* †
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day; *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
And wanders here to wail and weep! . . *The Lament.*
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro'; . . . . *Ib.*
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, *S. The lazy mist* †
While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down,
S. The Winter it is past †
Far wanders nations over. . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.
S. Their groves of †
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, . *Ib.*
That he from our lasses should wander awa;
S. There's a youth †
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
S. There's auld Rob M. †
I'll wander on with tentless heed, . . . *To J. S., 10.*
We wander there, we wander here, . . . *Ib. 16.*
'Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, *Ib. 21.*
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . *To W. Simpson.*
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander. . . *S. When wild War's* †
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Wander'd.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, *S. Blythe was she* †
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail, . . *Halloween.*

One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Aire, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
When Willy wander'd thro' the wood, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. . *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Wanderer, -'rer. Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon. *Add. to the Deil. 5.*

To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress †

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
S. O Lassie, art thou †
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven! . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
poor wanderer of the wood and field, *On seeing wounded Hare.*
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wand'rer were royal. *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*

Wand'rest. Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Man was made to Mourn.

Wandering, -'ring.
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
S. Damon and Sylvia.
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky. . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Only known to wandering swains, . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . *S. Raving winds* †
Though wandering now must be my doom,
S. The Banks of Nith.
Here's to all the wandering train!
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . *The Lament. 9.*
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years! . *To R. Graham.*
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild: *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
S. Wae is my heart †
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
S. Wandering Willie.
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
S. Where are the joys †
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Wanderings.
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Waning. Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang! . *To J. S., 20.*

Wanlockhead [a lead-mining village, near Leadhills, on the high ridge separating Dumfriesshire and Lanarkshire].
Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster; . . . . . *To J. Taylor.*

Wanrestfu' [unrestful, restless].
An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . *The Death of Mailie.*

Want. That iron-hearted Carl, Want, *A Ded. to G. H., 16.*
O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want! . . *A Grace before Dinner.*
'Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
'Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! *A Winter Night. 7.*
'Feel not a want but what yourselves create, . . *Ib. 9.*
'By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'. . . *Ep. to J. R., 2.*
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail . . . . *Halloween. 4.*
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment. . *S. Here's to thy health,* †
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, *Lns on Fergusson.*
Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Man was made to Mourn.
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, *S. O that I had ne'er* †
May He, the friend of woe and want,
On Birth of Posth. Child.
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Nor want but—when he thristed;
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
And do our endeavour to keep us from want.
S. The Poor Thresher.
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; *To Miss Graham.*
If ye wad a man should get ye,
Then I can that want supply: *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Want, *to.*
He downa see a poor man want; . . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation; . . . *A Dream. 5.*
They're better just than want ay On onie day. . *Ib. 14.*
The Solitary can despise [pleasures, Loves, Joys],
Can want, and yet be blest! . *Despondency, an Ode. 4.*
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load.
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side; . . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st, 15.
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
That one pound one, I sairly want it; *Friend of the poet* †
"There's just the man I want, in faith."
Lns add. to J. Ranken.
It wants to me the witching grace, *S. O this is no my ain* †
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Ae social, honest man want we: . *Tam Samson's El., 14.*
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.*
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me. . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, *The Holy Fair. 17.*
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
And some wad eat that want it, . . *The Selkirk Grace.*
The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod, . *S. There's news, lasses* †
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] *To a Haggis.*
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant . . . *Winter.*

Wanted. He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
S. Cock up your beaver.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, *Ep. to R. Graham. 2.*
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her, . *S. Had I the wyte* †
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night. . . . *Halloween. 9.*
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
Kind Sir, I've read †
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
My Donald's arm was wanted then
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How honie lads ye wanted, . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. . *The Inventory.*

Wanter.
Mony words are needless, Katie,
Ye're a wanter, sae am I; . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Wanting.
With nae proportion wanting, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
And wanting even the skin. . . *El. on Peg Nicholson.*

Your heart can ne'er be wanting! *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Prone to enjoy each pleasnre riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; *Friend of the poet* †
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
What is life when wanting love? . . *S. Thine am I* †

Wanton.
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave. *S. Afton Water.*
The wanton coot the water skims, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
Or lightly flit on wanton wing *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
And pleasure is a wanton trout, . . *S. Gane is the day* †
A wanton widow Leezie was, ... *Halloween. 24.*
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou,* †
O wae gae by his wanton sides, *S. Here's his health in water.*
Where langhing love sae wanton swims.
S. My Lord a-hunting †
The birdies flit on wanton wing. . *S. Now bank and brae* †
That wanton trout was I; . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
"The little swallow's wanton wing, . . *S. O Phely,* †
But I would sing on wanton wing, . *S. O were my love* †
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Busy feed, or wanton lave; . . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
The Brigs of Ayr.
in their random, wanton spouts, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And wanton nagies nine or ten. . *S. There was a lass* †
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! . . *To Clarinda.*
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
To R. G. of F., 5.
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, *To Mary in Heaven.*
I hae won their wanton favour. . *S. Wantonness for ever* †

Wanton, *to.*
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . *S. Caledonia.*
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
That wantons round its bleating dam; *S. On Cessnock banks* †
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
S. The Banks of Nith.
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn:
S. Ye banks and braes †
And little lambkins wanton wild, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Wanton'd.
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.
S. The heather was blooming †
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Wantonly.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he; . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †

Wantonness.
Wantonness for ever mair, Wantonness has been my ruin;
Yet, for a' my dool and care, It's wantonness for ever!
S. Wantonness for ever †

War.
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, *A Winter Night. 3.*
Have oft withstood assailing war, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
S. By yon castle wa' †
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, . . *S. Caledonia.*
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
For other wars, where he a hero shines; . . . *Ib.*
And dare the war with all of woman born: . . . *Ib.*
And bid wild war his ravage end, *S. How can my poor heart* †
The soger frae the wars returns, . . *S. It was a' for* †
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . . . *Liberty.*
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus. . *Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav..*
The shouts o' war are heard afar. . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
And other Poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life; . . . *Nature's Law.*
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
For genius, learning high, as great in war
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
But cautious Queensberry left the war,
The Election Ballads. VI.
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war, ... *Ib.*
I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.
The din o' war wad cease, man. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
The Whistle. 4.
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms, *S. There was a bonie lass* †
Honour's war we strongly waged, . . *S. Thickest night* †
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
S. When wild War's †
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, . . . *Ib.*
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war. . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Warble. While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Warbled. Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, *Delia. An Ode.*

Warbler.
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, *S. Here is the glen,* †
No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more.
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] *Ib.*

Warbling. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
S. Now Spring has clad †
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore; . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The soher laverock, warbling wild,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
S. Ye banks and braes †

Ward. The noble ward he loves. . . *V.s, below Picture.*
And ward o' mony a prayer, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*

Ward [a small piece of pasture ground enclosed].
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.

Ward, *to.* Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.
The Rights of Woman.
He wha could brawlie ward their hellum, . *To W. Creech.*

Warden.
May Heaven be his warden; . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey, ... *Ib.*

Ware, *s.*
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.*
I've sent you here, some rhymin ware, . . *Ep. to J. R., 5.*
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
First shewing us the tempting ware, . . *Poem on Life.*
An' for to sell his fiddle
And buy some other ware; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Wha will buy my troggin,
Gude election ware: . . *The Election Ballads. IV.*
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] *To a Haggis.*

Ware [were].
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! . . *S. A red, red Rose.*

Ware [worn].
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Ware *v.* **Walr.**

War'd *v.* **Waired.**

Warfare. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; *The Whistle. 15.*

Warily.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me, *S. O whistle,* †

Wark [work].
Let wark and hunger mak them sober! *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Tho' he was bred to kintra wark, *El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.*
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark;' *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.*

At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, *Second Ep. to Davie.*
And coost her duddies to the wark, . *Tam o' Shanter. 12.*
To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, . *S. The Laddies by* †
They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, *The Twa Dogs. 29.*
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . . . *Ib. 30.*
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie ; . *S. There was a lass* †
And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain: . . . . . *Ib.*
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
To paint an angel's kittle wark, . . . *To a Painter.*

Wark-lume [a tool to work with].

the best wark-lume i' the house, . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*

Works [works, such as iron-works, &c.].

We cam' na here to view your warks,
V.s, on Window, Carron.

Warl, Warl', Warld [world ; "warld's worm," a miser].

An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . *A Guid New-Year* † *16.*
Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . *Add. to the Deil. 16.*
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
The hands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur : *S. Come let me take thee,*†
Gin a body kiss a body
Need the warld ken! . . . *S. Comin thro' the rye.*
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl', . *Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3.*
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
An' that there is I've little swither About the matter ; *Ib. 8.*
Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl
Maun follow the carl, . . *Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.*
The wisest man the warl saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us ; *Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.*
[Death] Was driving to the tither warl'.
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
And the warld before me to win my bread,
S. My Collier Laddie.
The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't; *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care ; *S. Now bank and brae* †
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn, *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't ; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it ; *Poem on Life.*
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, . . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
The warld would think I was mad,
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
The warl' may play you monie a shavie ; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But woman is but warld's gear, . *S. She's fair and fause* †
And mony bade the warld gudenight ;
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
To liken them to your auld-warld squad, *The Brigs of Ayr. 10.*
Nae woman in the warld wide,
Sae wretched now as me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
That man to man, the warld o'er, . *S. The Honest Man.*
Shall brothers be, for a' that.
Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man ; *The Tree of Liberty.*
Lord help me through this warld o' care ! *To Dr. Blacklock.*
To meet the Warld's worm ; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl', *To Mr. Renton.*

Warldly [worldly ; *v. also*, Warly].

An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in ; . . . . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.*

Warlike.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages, ... *S. The Union.*
Even silly woman has her warlike arts, *To R. G. of F., 2.*
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, *S. When first I saw* †

Warlock [a male witch or wizard ; "warlock knowe," a knoll where warlocks most do congregate].

Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Meet me on the warlock knowe, . . *S. Now rosy May* †
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Warlocks and witches in a dance ; . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Warlock-breef [a warlock writing or charm].

Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ; . . . *To J. S.*

Warly [worldly].

Awa ye selfish, warly race, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.*
The warly race may riches chase, *S. Green grow the Rashes.*
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O! . . . . . *Ib.*
The warly race may drudge an' drive.
Hog-shoutther, jundie, stretch an' strive, *To W. Simpson.*

Warm. Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' : . . . *Halloween.*
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
S. Musing on the roaring †
And while life's dearest blood is warm, *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Once fondly lov'd †
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find. . . *Rusticity's ungainly* †
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. . *Tam o' Shanter.*
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
S. The Contented Cottager.
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
A grateful, warm adieu ! . . . . . *The Farewell.*
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm, . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . *To J. S., 21.*
to gude, warm kail, ... *To Mr. M'Adam.*
As thy day grows warm and high, . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Warm-blushing.

youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, *The Vision. D. II. 16.*

Warm-cherish'd.

'Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth,
'Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, *The Vision. D. II. 14.*

Warm-reekin [warm-smoking].

And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich ! . . *To a Haggis.*

Warm-urged.

Nor his warm-urged wishes. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*

Warm, *to.* It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name : *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.
(What breast of northern ice but warms?) . *Frag. of Ode.*
And whilst that honour warms my heart, *S. Handsome Nell.*
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
To warm me in thy bosom, . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
The frost of hermit age might warm ; . *S. My Mary's face* †
What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light, . . *To W. Simpson.*

Warm'd.

Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, *Epit. on a Friend.*

Warmer.

A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. *Epit. for R. A.*

half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
For whom [Scotia] my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Warming. Ere while thy breast sae warming,
S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air; . . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Warmly.
A heart that warmly seems to feel; . *O leave novels* †
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it, *The Author's Cry and Prayer.*

Warn. The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
An' warn him ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3]
The Death of Mailie.
The morn that warns th' approaching day, . *The Lament.*
I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To warn you
To Gav. Hamilton.

Warned. The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Warning. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. . *To J. S., 15.*

Warp [to prepare the warp for the loom].
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, S.
To warp a plaiden wab; . . . *S. My heart was ance* †
To warp a wab o' plaiden; . . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*

Warpin.
But the weary, weary warpin o't . *S. My heart was ance* †
The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Warpin-wheel.
I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun'; . . *S. My heart was ance* †

Warran [to warrant].
Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.

Warrant.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver, . *A Ded. to G. H., 9.*
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.
S. Caledonia.
There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonie a lass or as braw, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*

Warren Hastings. If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;
Kind Sir, I've read †

Warring.
Trees with aged arms were warring, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.]
S. One fond kiss, †

Warrior. With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Warse [worse].
I trow we swapped for the warse, *S. Carl, an the king come.*

Warsle, *to* [to wrestle].
May warsle for your favour; . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. *Scots Prologue.*

Warsl'd, Warstl'd [wrestled].
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch: . *The Death of Mailie.*

Warst [worst).
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst. . *A Guid New-Year* † *15.*
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl
Was warst ava? . . *Add. to the Deil. 18.*
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"
S. Contented wi' little †
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg. . . . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes. . . *Scotch Drink. 15.*
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of ava, *What ails ye now* †

Warstle [wrestle, struggle].
The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't; . *S. My wife's a winsome.*

Wash.
I will wash my Ploughman's hose, *S. The Ploughman* †

Washen.
With fleeces newly washen clean, *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Washin.
And wi' her loof her face a washin; . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Washington.
Some Washington again may head them, *Add. of Beelzebub.*

Wasna [was not]. And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',
S. O when she cam ben †
It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
The Highl. Widow's Lament.

Wasp. Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell
To R. G. of F..

Wast [west].
The twa best herds in a' the wast, . *The Twa Herds.*

Wast, Waste.
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, . . *To a Mouse.*

Waste, *s.* Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Or were I in the wildest waste, . *S. O wert thou in the* †

Waste, *to.*
And waste my soul with care; . *S. Anna, thy charms* †
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish? *S. Could aught of song* †
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
They waste sae mony a braw estate! *The Twa Dogs. 25.*
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
The tythe o' what ye waste at *cartes*
Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!)
To W. Simpson.

Wasted. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones; . *John Barleycorn.*
I backward mus'd on wasted time, *The Vision. D. I. 4.*

Wastrie [wastefulness, riot].
That's little short o' downright wastrie. *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Wat. Sic a reptile was Wat, . . . *Epit. on Walter S..*

Wat [wet].
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, . *S. Behind yon hills* †
The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, . . *Halloween. 15.*
When it is cauld an' wat, . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
He's afren wat and weary:
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . *S. The Ploughman* †
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, *To W. Simpson. 11.*

Wat, *to* [to wet).
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
It winna break. . . . . *Ib.*

Wat [wot, know].
I wat he was na slaw, man; . . . *A Fragment. 2.*
I wat she is a dainty Chuckie!
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Weel I wat she was a queen
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; *S. Donald Brodie* †
And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like succar-candie. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
At gloamin-shote it was, I wat, ... *Ib.*
I wat she made nae jaukin; . . . . *Halloween. 12.*
I wat they did na weary; . . . . . *Ib. 28.*
O wat ye wha that lo'es me, . *S. O wat ye wha that lo'es* †
O wat ye wha's in yon town, . . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
An' wat ye what the parson did, . *S. O wat ye what my* †
I wat the kirk was in the wyte, ... *Ib.*
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
I wat she was a sheep o' sense, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, . *S. The tither morn* †
I wat she is a dainty chuckie, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Watch.
On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs *The Holy Fair. 10.*

Watch, *to.* To watch and premier owre the pack vile!
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.

To watch, while for the Barn she sets, . . *Halloween. 21.*
May a' that's gude watch o'er them: *S. O May thy morn* †
Then that curst carmagnole auld Satan,
Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, . . *Poem on Life.*
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons: . . *The Ordination. 10.*
But Misery and I must watch
'The surly tempest blow': . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Watch'd.

That watch'd thy early morning. . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, *S. Had I the wyte* †
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, *On dining with Daer.*
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
S. What will I do gin †

Watching.

There, watching high the least alarms, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
Ye fisher herons, watching eels; . *El. on Capt. M. H., S.*
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e. *S. O this is no my ain* †

Watchings.

Keep watchings with the nightly thief: . *The Lament.*

Watchman. For this the watchman cracked his crown,
The Tree of Liberty.

Water, Waters.

I doubt na they wad bide nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water; *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, *S. Afton Water.*
The wanton coot the water skims, *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
The water rins o'er the heugh, . . *S. Ay waukin, O*
The bonnie lad o' Galla water [re.]
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . *S. Bonie Bell.*
While waters wimple to the sea; . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie, *S. Come, boat me o'er* †
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 19.*
"Is o'er ayont the water:" . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim, . . . *John Barleycorn.*
The chrystal waters round us fa', . . *S. Now rosy May* †
to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
S. Streams that glide †
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame, . *Tam o' Shanter.*
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid! . *Tam Samson's El., 9.*
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water, . *The Fête Champetre.*
The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play, *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Then bowses drumlie German-water, . *The Twa Dogs. 23.*
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
S. The Winter it is past †
Your waters never drumlie!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Water, *to.*

Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . *S. Donald Brodie* †
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy. *S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st* †

Water-brose [brose made of meal and water simply].

Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, . . . *To J. S., 24.*

Water'd.

Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . *The Tree of Liberty.*

Water-fit [water-foot, *i.e.* **mouth of the river].**

For [Peebles], frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum: . . . *The Holy Fair. 16.*

Water-kelpies [mischievous spirits supposed to haunt the fords of rivers].

Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction, . *Add. to the Deil. 12.*

Water-lillies. His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Water-side [river-side].

As I gaed down the water-side, . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . . . . *Ib.*

Watna [wot not].

I watna what's the name o't; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*
I watna what they ca'd him; . . *There came a piper* †

Wat'ry.

For me your wat'ry haunt forsake? *On scaring Water-fowl.*
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Wattie. Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
That griens for the fishes and loaves.
The Election Ballads. III.

Wattle [a wand, a twig].

Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle. . . . *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*

Wauble [to swing, to reel].

An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'! . *A Guid New-Year* † *7.*

Wauk [to awake].

When I wauk I'm eerie; . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks. *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †

Wauken [waken].

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
But we may see him [vengeance] wauken:
S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken! *S. O stay sweet warbling* †
It [Drink] kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, *The Holy Fair. 19.*
Wauken ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
S. Wandering Willie.

Wauken'd.

Half-wauken'd wi' the din, . *Extem. in Court of Session.*

Waukening [awakening].

Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †

Wauket [made hard and thick by toil, callous].

And heav'd on high my wauket loof, *The Vision. D. I. 6.*

Waukin [waking; watching].

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary; . . . *S. Ay waukin, O.*
The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din; . *S. Wha is that at* †

Waukrife [wakeful].

Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn. *El. on Capt. M. H., 10.*
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*

Waur [worse].

There's monie waur been o' the Race [of Kings]. *A Dream. 3.*
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.
S. Comin thro' the rye.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man? . *El. on Year 1788.*
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
But thought I might hae waur offers,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
'Tam Samson's dead!' . *Tam Samson's El.*
When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.
The Ruined Maid's Lament.
She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.
The Kirk's Alarm.
"But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, *S. There was a lad* †
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast, . . . *Ib.*

Waur, *to* **[to overcome, to worst].**
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'. . *A Fragment. 7.*
'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
And faith, he'll waur me. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.*
Up and waur them a', Jamie, . . . *The Laddies by†*

Waur't [worsted]. Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
A Guid New-Year† 10.

Wave. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, . *A Bard's Epit.*
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.
S. Afton Water.
And [braw] curled as the wintry wave, . *As on the banks†*
Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
S. Had I a cave†
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide . *S. Hark! the mavis'†*
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. *S. I dream'd I lay†*
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave; . *Ib.*
When winter-bound the wave is; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
S. Oh, open the door,†
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . . *On Lincluden.*
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, *On scaring Water-fowl.*
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
On Death of R. Dundas.
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; *S. Streams that glide†*
I think upon the stormy wave, . *S. The gloomy night†*
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
Frae yont the western waves, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; *S. Their groves of†*

Wave, *to.*
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze *S. Again rejoic. Nature†*
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair. . . . *S. Behold, my love†*
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
S. No Churchman am I†
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Ye lavish woods that wave around, *S. Slow spreads the gloom†*
I wave the quantum o' the sin; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*
Woods that ever verdant wave, . *S. Streams that glide†*
Where waters flow and wild woods wave, . . . *Ib.*
When August winds the heather wave, *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
The Brigs of Ayr.
'When yellow waves the heavy grain, *The Vision. D. II. 8.*

Wav'd.
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, *S. In simmer when†*
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Lament for Glencairn.
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury. . . *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Wavering.
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted! . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill. . . . . *Poem on Life.*
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird, *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*

Waving.
Waving on high the desolating brand, *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Ve, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh. . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
The yellow corn was waving ready: *S. By Allan stream†*
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers. *S. Now Spring has clad†*
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
S. Now westlin winds†
Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
S. On a bank of flowers†
And tent the waving corn wi' me. . *S. There was a lass†*

Waw *v.* **Wa'.**

Wawlie *v.* **Wallie.**

Waxen. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Waxing. The day was waxing weary, *S. As I gaed up by†*

Way. Then lost his way, ne misty day, . *A Fragment. 4.*
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon. . . *Add. to the Deil. 5.*
As down the burn they took their way, *S. As down the burn†*
Wha did I meet, upon the way,
But pretty Peg, my dearie. . . *S. As I gaed up by†*
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
S. Contented wi' little†
'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did Death. . . . *Ib. 31.*
The ways of men are distant brought,
Despondency, an Ode. 3.
And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, ... *Ib., Epit.*
That veni, vidi, vici, is his way: . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . . . *Ib. 10.*
His sauls has ta'en some other way, *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab! [*re.*]
S. Eppie M'Nab.
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way: . *Friend of the poet† P.S.*
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night. . . . *Halloween. 9.*
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
S. Here's a health to them†
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
For weel ye ken the way to woo. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
And that's the way I like to do. . . . . *Ib.*
"I wander in the ways of men,
"Alike unknowing and unknown: *Lament for Glencairn.*
The way to me lies through the kirk: *S. Lass when yr mither†*
The weary shearer's hameward way,
S. Lassie wi the lintwhite†
In many a way, and vain essay, *S. My father was a farmer†*
Come let us stray our gladsome way, *S. Now westlin winds†*
Mally's ev'ry way compleat. . . . *S. O Mally's meek.*
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, . *On same Lord G.*
Far from human haunts and ways; *On scaring Water-fowl.*
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
On Death of R. Dundas.
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! *Prologue, at Th., D.*
Unknowing what my way may thwart, *S. Sae far awa.*
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa. . . . . *Ib.*
wild from wisdom's way, . . *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil: *S. Streams that glide†*
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: *Tam o' Shanter. 6.*
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Then homeward all take aff their sev'ral way; . *Ib. 18.*
in the way His Wisdom sees the best, ... *Ib.*
Wha walks not in the wicked's way, . *The 1st Psalm.*
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpan up the way. . . . *The Holy Fair. 2.*
Her [Life's] way may lie thro' rough distress! *The Lament.*
As to the north I bent my way,
S. The Lass that made the bed.
No gi'en by way o' dainty . . . *The Ordination. 6.*
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
The Rights of Woman.

For weel he kend the way, O, . . *S. The Taylor*†
And weel he kend the way to woo, ... *Ib.*
What way poor bodies liv'd ava. . . *The Twa Dogs. 7.*
Are bred in sic a way as this is. . . . . *Ib. 11.*
An' each took off his several way, ... *Ib. 35.*
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green, ... *The Vision. D. I.*
'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little, early ways, . . . *Ib. D. II. 12.*
'Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, . . *Ib. 17.*
The loves, the ways of simple swains, . . . *Ib. 18.*
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did,
The Whistle. 14.
I' the way of our profession. . . . *To a Medical Gent.*
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries "Hoolie! . *To J. S., 7.*
On foot [Apollo] the way was plying. . . *To J. Taylor.*
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him? . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; *Why am I loth*†
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Wayward.

Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here? . *S. The Banks of Nith.*
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter; *S. The Sons of Old Killie.*

Weak.

But Och, mankind are unco weak, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
Prologue, at Th., D..
Are doomed by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The Brigs of Ayr.
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
A weak arm and a strang . . . . *S. Ye Jacobites*†

Weaken'd.

And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
S. The lazy mist†

Weakness. Where human weakness has come short,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

Weal. Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! *Add. to Toothache.*
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away. *S. How can my poor heart*†
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be. *S. Musing on the roaring*†
deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; *Poem on Life.*

Wealth.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide, *Add. to Edinburgh.*
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur:
S. Come, let me take thee,†
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest; . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, *S. Gane is the day*†
I'll count my wealth my greatest wealth,
S. Here's to thy health,†
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Man was made to Mourn.
All you who follow wealth and power
S. My father was a farmer†
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, ... *Ib.*
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . *S. Now bank and brae*†
"I care na wealth a single flie; . . . *S. O Phely,*†
This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't; . *S. O poortith cauld,*†
The silly bogles, Wealth and State, ... *Ib.*
Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost? *S. Slow spreads the gloom*†
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;
The Election Ballads. VI.
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
The Petition of Br. Water.
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, *The Tree of Liberty.*
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune†
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind; . . . . *To Chloris.*
O, could I give thee India's wealth. . *To John M'Murdo.*
'Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, . . *To J. S., 23.*
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; *S. When first I saw*†
My humble knapsack a' my wealth, *S. When wild War's*†
The sodger's wealth is honor; . . . . . *Ib.*

Wealthy.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
S. And O for ane and twenty†
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice; . . . . *S. How cruel*†
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
Man was made to Mourn.
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride *S. Mark yonder Pomp*†
Not the wealthy, but the bonie; . . *S. Sweetest May*†
And there will be wealthy young Richard,
The Election Ballads. III.

Wean [a child].

Thou's welcome wean, . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
'The weans baud out their fingers laughin,
And pouk my hips. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.*
'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, . . . *Halloween. 16.*
Gie him the schulin of your [Satan's] weans;
On a Schoolmaster.
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans *Searching auld*†
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed; . *Tam Samson's El..*
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . *The Inventory.*
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; . . . *Ib. 17.*
The wean wants a cradle, . . *S. There's news, lasses*†
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Weanie [*dim. of* Wean].

When skirlin weanies see the light, . *Scotch Drink. 12.*

Weapon. 'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, *John Barleycorn.*
Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
S. On a bank of flowers†

Wear ["wear the plaid," be a shepherd, or pastor].

"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" *As on the banks*†
I wad wear thee in my bosom, . *S. Bonie wee thing*†
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted *Extent. on Commem.'s of Thomson.*
[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter
To him that wintles in a halter: . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
And next my heart I'll wear her, *S. My Love's a wilusome*†
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
dowie, wear The mourning weed: . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
There, welcome, win and wear the prize, *S. Talk not of Love*†
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns. . . . . *The Calf.*
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . *The Death of Mailie.*
And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..
I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day. . . . . *The Hermit.*
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that; . *S. The Honest Man.*
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
S. The Posie.

Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat. . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit,
To wear the plaid, . . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
'And wear thou this'—She solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head *The Vision. D. II. 23.*
Time hut the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
To Mary in Heaven.
And may he wear an auld man's beard, . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
To R. G. of F., 5.

Wearer.
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Wearied.
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing. *S. O were my love* †

Wearing. For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster, . *A Dream. 6.*
As market-days are wearing late, . . *Tam o' Shanter.*
With clavers and haivers
Wearing the time awa' : . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
When wearing thro' the afternoon, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Weary, -ie.
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . *A Guid New-Year* † *16.*
O, free my weary eyes from tears, *A Prayer under Anguish.*
But life to me's a weary dream. *S. Again rejoicing Nature* †
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and wearie : O *S. Amang the trees* †
The day was waxing weary, . . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Waking ay and wearie, ... *S. Ay waking, O* †
Ay waukin, O, Waukin still and weary ; *S. Ay waukin, O.*
Oh! age has weary days! . . . *S. But lately seen,* †
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road, . *Despondency, an Ode.*
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
Forjesket sair, with weary legs, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl', *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. *S. Here's to thy health,* †
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. *S. How lang and dreary* †
She [my mammy] never lets me weary, Sir, *S. I'm o'er young* †
"In weary being now I pine, . *Lament for Glencairn.*
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The weary shearer's hameward way,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Seem'd weary, worn with care ; *Man was made to mourn.*
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, ... *Ib.*
Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber ; O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
But the weary, weary warpin o't *S. My heart was ance* †
The weary steps o' woe. . *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer : . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Take pity on my weary feet, . . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
A weary slave from sun to sun, *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
'Till my last weary sand was run, *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
The weary winter soon will pass, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,
At's weary toil ; . . *Scotch Drink. 6.*
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But we've wander'd many a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. . *S. Should auld acquaintance* †
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing. . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, *Tam Samson's El., 10.*
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, [v.A.5] *Ib. 3.*
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile; [v.A.5] . . *Ib.*
I've paced much this weary, mortal round, . . . *Ib. 9.*
Wi' monie a wearie body, . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' : . *The Lament. 10.*
The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow: . *S. The noble Maxwells* †
He's aften wat and weary : . . . *S. The Ploughman* †
Tho' I am as weary as weary can be, ... *Ib.*
And, alas! I am weary, weary O! [*re.*] *The Slave's Lament.*
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
S. The Taylor fell †
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
But soon grew weary o' the trade. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains, . *Ib., D. II. 9.*
The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow ; . . . *S. The weary pund.*
Till piper lads were wae and weary,
S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
S. Thou hast left me †
An' weary Winter comin fast, . . . *To a Mouse.*
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! . . . . *Ib.*
I'm weary sick o't late and air? . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
crazy, weary, joyless Eild, ... *To J. S., 13.*
Apollo weary flying, ... *To J. Taylor.*
My weary heart its throbbings cease, . . . *To Ruin.*
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :
S. What can a yng lassie †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary! . . *When I think on* †
Return sae dowf and weary O : . *S. When o'er the hill* †
And I were ne'er sae weary O, ... *Ib.*
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And I sae weary fu' of care! . . *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Weary, *to.*
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary ; . . . . *Halloween. 28.*

Weary fa' [an imprecation, a curse befall].
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, . . *S. Duncan Gray.*
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*

Wearying. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
S. Musing on the roaring †

Weary-laden.
But oh! [death] a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn! . *Man was made to Mourn.*

Weason [the weasand].
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice, . . *Scotch Drink. 14.*

Weather.
On guid March-weather, . . *A Guid New-Year* † *11.*
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather. . *S. As I came o'er* †
Autumn's pleasant weather ; . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather : *S. The noble Maxwells* †
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
S. The Taylor fell †
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie ;
Third Ep. to J. Lap.
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone.
When clouds in skies †

Weather, *to.*
A wight, that will weather damnation,
The devil the prey will despise. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Weave [“weave our stockin,” knit our stocking].
On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft. . . *Poem on Life.*
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers : *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Weav'd. Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang. *S. Scenes of woe* †

Weaver.
A bonie, westlin weaver lad [*re.*] . *S. My heart was ance* †

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, *S. My heart was ance* †
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . *The Ordination. 9.*

Wecht [a vessel resembling a sieve, but without holes, mostly used for winnowing grain].

Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
To winn three wechts o' naething; . . *Halloween. 21.*

Wed. They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
S. And O for ane and twenty †

"I'll wed another like my dear . *S. Husband, husband* †
I'll be wed come o't what will, . *S. In simmer when* †
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, [*re.*]
S. Last May a braw wooer †

before ye wed Sic clumsy-witted hammers, *On W. Chalmers.*
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,
S. The auld man †

Wedded.

Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir. . *S. Husband, husband* †

Wedding, -in.

But he has na tell'd the lass hersel
Till on her wedding day, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.

Wedlock. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . *Halloween. 27.*
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . *S. Here's to thy health,* †

Wee [little].

his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 14.*
But just thy step a wee thing hastet, *A Guid New-Year* † *14.*
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . *A Winter Night. 4.*
My sweet wee lady, . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Wee image of my bonny Betty, ... *Ib.*
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, . *Add. to Toothache.*
"Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . *As on the banks* †
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing was thou mine; *S. Bonie wee thing* †
Lest my wee thing be na mine. . . . . *Ib.*
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will like king and queen, *S. Duncan Davison.*
Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; *El. on Capt. M. H., 7.*
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; . *El. on Year 1788.*
There's ne wee faut they whiles lay to me,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.
The poor, wee thing was little hurt; . *Ep. to J. R., 8.*
An' the wee powts begun to cry, ... *Ib. 11.*
Wee Jenny to her Graunie says, . . . *Halloween. 13.*
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . . . *S. Hee balou* †
Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee Cot-house should hand me;
S. My Collier Laddie.
My Love's a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonie wee thing, . *S. My Love's a winsome* †
O blessings on my wee thing,
My kindly blythesome wee thing,
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. . . . . *Ib.*
This sweet wee wife o' mine. . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
S. O whare did ye get †
Wee Pope, the knurlin, . . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
His wee drap parritch, or his bread
Thou kitchens fine. . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! *Ib. 9.*
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
Tam o' Shanter. 11.
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, . . . *Ib. 15.*
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. . . *The Inventory.*
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . . . *Ib.*
my bonny sweet wee lady, ... *Ib.*
Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
The wee Apollo . . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. V.*
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, ... *Ib. 10.*
a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve . . *Ib. 11.*
A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . *To a Mouse.*
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [*re.*]
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Wee-bit. I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer; *A Guid New-Year* † *13.*
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, *The Cotter's Sat. Night.*
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie, *The Twa Dogs. 33.*
Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! . . . *To a Mouse.*
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, . . . *Ib.*
your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to; *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Wee-things [little children].

The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,
Wi' stocks out owre their shoother: . . *Halloween.*
The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Weed. Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile. *S. I do confess* †
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
Monody, on a Lady.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
That stipend is a carnal weed
He takes but for the fashion: . . *The Ordination. 5.*

Weed [dress, apparel].

dowie, wear The mourning weed; . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, . . *Scotch Drink. 7.*
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed; . *Tam Samson's El..*
Her ancient weed was russet gray, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Be thou clad in russet weed, . . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H.*

Weeds. Autumn in her weeds o' yellow. *S. By Allan stream* †
Who in widow weeds appears, . *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Weeding.

I turn'd my weeding hook aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Week. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. . *Epit. on a Wag.*
But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*

Weekly. This night his weekly moil is at an end,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.

Weel [well; "weel's," well as].

He may do weel for a' he's done yet, *A Ded. to G. H., 3.*
Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; . . . *Ib. 9.*
To serve their King an' Country weel, . . . *Ib. 14.*
My skill may weel be doubted; . . . *A Dream. 4.*
Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . . . . *Ib. 13.*
An' set weel down a shapely shank, *A Guid New-Year* † *3.*
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; *Add. of Beelzebub. 5.*
Ao' think't weel war'd. . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. *S. As I came o'er the* †
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain he't; . . . *Ib. 11.*
'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan, . . *Ib. 14.*
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
'O' hard whin-rock. . . . *Ib. 18.*
An's weel pay'd for't; . . . . . *Ib. 29.*
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel, . *El. on Year 1788.*
An' a' been weel content. . *Epig. on Henpecked Squire.*
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection; . . . *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh. . . . . *Ib. 8.*

Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.*
Roose you sae weel for your deserts, . . *Ib., Ap. 21st, 3.*
He'll haud it weel thegither. . *Epit. on a Ruling Elder.*
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither; . . . *Extem., Ap. 1782.*
Lads like lasses weel, . . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten, . *Halloween. 3.*
I mind't as weel's yestreen, ... *Ib. 15.*
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Gars ony dress look weel. . . . *S. Handsome Nell.*
Weel, my babie, may thou furder: . . *S. Hee balou* †
For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary. . *S. Here's to thy health* †
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me: *S. In simmer when* †
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire. . . . *S. It is na, Jean* †
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, *John Barleycorn.*
For weel ye ken the way to woo. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
Weel known to many men, O. . . *Katharine Jaffray.*
Weel may we a' be! . . . *S. Landlady, count* †
Weel buskit up sae gaudy; . . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
But cheerful still, I am as well,
As a monarch in a palace, O, *S. My father was a farmer* †
Will ken as weel's mysel! . . *S. My heart was ance* †
They drew a' weel enough; . . *S. O gude ale comes* †
Weel shod wi' brass. . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, *S. O Mally's meek.*
And here's to them that wish us weel, *S. O May thy morn* †
O weel ken I my ain lassie, . . *S. O this is no my ain* †
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: . . . . . *Ib.*
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e. . . . . *Ib.*
The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Jamaica bodies, use him weel, ... *Ib.*
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Ronalds of Bennals.
I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, ... *Ib.*
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, ... *Ib. 9.*
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" . . *Ib. 16.*
Or R[obinson] again grown weel, . . *Tam Samson's El..*
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
But blate and laithfu,' scarce can weel behave; . . *Ib. 8.*
And he wad do their errauds weel, *The Election Ballads. I.*
Ye weel ken, kimmers a', ... *Ib.*
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel. . . . . *Ib.*
And weel does Selkirk fa' that. . . . . *Ib. II.*
For weel he's worthy a' that. . . . . *Ib.*
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, . . *The Holy Fair. 8.*
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: . . . . *Ib. 17.*
Sit round the table, weel content, ... *Ib. 20.*
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, *The Inventory.*
weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. I.*
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; . . *Ib. R. IV.*
As weel as poor Gutscraper; . . . . . *Ib. R. VI.*
O love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen:
The Posie.
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, . *Ib.*
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
For weel he kend the way, O, . . *S. The Taylor* †
And weel he kend the way to woo, ... *Ib.*
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid, *The Twa Herds. 6.*
Or what wad mak her weel again. *S. There was a lass* †
Weel Europe kens the fame o't. . *The Tree of Liberty.*
And now she [Virtue] sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there, ... *Ib.*
And hanged the despot weel, man. . . . . *Ib.*
Weel are ye wordy of a grace . . . *To a Haggis.*

But no sae weel a stranger. . . . . *To a Painter.*
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
An' shore him weel wi' hell; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
I ken he weel a Snick can draw, ... *Ib.*
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may; . . . *To J. S., 25.*
as I'm informed weel, . . . *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
I wiss you weel, and gude he wi' you. . . . . *Ib.*
We've lost a hirkie weel worth gowd, . . *To W. Creech.*
weel learn'd upo' the heuk, . . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*
oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, *Verses under Grief.*

Weel [prosperity, welfare].
Come weel, come woe, I care na by, *S. Behind yon hills* †
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
S. Come boat me o'er.
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way: . *Friend of the Poet* † *P.S.*
And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
On Window at Stirling.

Weel-aim'd. But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed; *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Weel-booted. Though I canna ride in weel-hooted pride,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Weel-bred. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.

Weel-burnish't.
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, *To W. Creech.*

Weel-clad.
"When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
"Their woody picture in my tide: . *As on the banks* †
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . *The Twa Dogs. 5.*

Weel-far'd [weel-favoured].
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; *S. As I came o'er* †
The graces of her weelfar'd face, . *S. On Cessnock banks* †

Weelfare [welfare].
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

Weel-favour'd.
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
S. There's a youth †

Weel-featur'd.
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
S. There's a youth †

Weel-fill'd. An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
A Guid New-Year † *12.*

Weel-gaun [well-going].
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, *Add. to Unco Guid.*
My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, . . *The Inventory.*

Weel-hain'd [well-saved, frugally spent, or used].
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new Brigs and
Harbours! . . . . . *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Weel-hoordet [well-hoarded].
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits . . *Halloween. 7.*

Weel-kenned, -kend, -kent [well-known].
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
And eels weel kend for souple tail, *Tam Samson's El., 6.*
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, . *The Twa Herds. 6.*
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, . . . *To a Painter.*

Weel-plac'd.
The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Weel-pleased, -'d.
Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. *Ib. 8.*

Weel I wat [well I wot or know].
Weel I wat she was a queen
Wad made a hodie's mouth to water; {*S. Donald Brodie* †
{*S. I met a lass* †
And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like succar-candie. . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear: . *S. In simmer when* †
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.

Weel-sung.
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise. . *To W. Simpson. 6.*

Weel-tochered, -'d [well-dowered].
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw ;
S. There's a youth †
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Weel-turn'd.
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, . . *A Dream. 2.*

Weel-won [honestly-earned].
Tho' it [the tocher] was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
A Guid New-Year † *4.*

Weel-worn.
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Tam Samson's El., Epit.

Weel-stocked, -stockit [well-replenished].
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
I never had frien's, weel-stockit in means,
Ronalds of Bennals.

Weel-swall'd [well-swelled].
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums ; . . *To a Haggis.*

Ween. For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings. *S. Behold, my love* †
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween !
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And there was Balmaghie I ween, *The Election Ballads. V.*
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me ; *The Petition of Br. Water.*
And such a leg ! my Bess, I ween,
Could only peer it ; [v.A.14] *The Vision. D. I. 11.*

Weep.
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, *S. Afton Water.*
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth. . *El. on Capt. M. H., 16.*
The poor man weeps—here G—N sleeps, *Epit. for G. H.*
There would I weep my woes, . . *S. Had I a cave* †
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake, . *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away. *S. How can my poor heart* †
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, . . *S. It was a' for* †
And wanders here to wail and weep ! . . *The Lament.*
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, *The Ordination. 7.*

Weepers.
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
On Scot. Bard gae to W. I.

Weeping. He weeping wail'd his latter times ; . *A Vision.*
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, *A Winter Night. 7.*
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Lament of Mary of Scots.
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
As dews o' summer weeping, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
" A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Thou, weeping, answ'rest no ! . . . *The Farewell.*
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier : [v.A.10]
Sonnet, on Death of R.

Weet, *adj.* **[wet].**
Oh Jenny's a weet poor body . *S. Comin thro' the rye* †

Weet [wet, wetness, dew, rain].
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn ;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
S. O Lassie, art thou †
" The woodbine in the dewy weet, . . *S. O Phely,* †
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet ! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ; *S. Young Jockey* †

Weet, *to* **[to wet].**
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy. *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
till we meet and weet our whistle, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice, . . *Scotch Drink. 14.*
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie ! *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*

Weigh.
L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.*

Weight.
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight : . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
Had felt our weight before. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
But Douglasses o' weight had we, ... *Ib.*
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom ! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Weighty.
So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell : . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Welcome. In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Thou's welcome wean, . . . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier ; *Add. to Dumourier.*
My warst word is, " Welcome, and welcome again ! "
S. Contented wi' little †
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And aye be welcome back again. *S. Duncan Davison.*
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.
S. Eppie M'Nab.
O welcome dear to love and me ! . . *S. Here is the glen* †
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
S. Here's a health to ane †
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, *S. How can my poor heart* †
the welcome summer show'r *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ;
S. My Nanie's Awa.
' Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,
' As is a sight o' Phely. . . . . *S. O Phely,* †
And doubly welcome he the spring. *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. . . . . *Ib.*
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art. *On W. Stewart.*
Ye're welcome hame to me ! . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory. . . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar,
Sonnet, on Death of R..
There, welcome, win and wear the prize, *S. Talk not of Love* †
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
My dearest bluid to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
How welcome to me were the grave ! *S. The sun he is sunk* †
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
The Whistle. 10.
" O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Wi' welcome canna bear me ; . . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
A sullen welcome, all ! . . . . . *To Ruin.*
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie ;
S. Wandering Willie.
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. . *S. When wild War's* †
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly ! . . . . . *Ib.*

Welcome, *to.* Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee [Death !] at rest !
Man was made to Mourn.
And welcome in the blooming year ! *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart. . . *On W. Stewart.*
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
We'll welcome hame fair Albany. *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun : *Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.*

Welcoming.
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Well. My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say I wish thee well. . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
His only son for Hornbook sets,
And pays him well, . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.*
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; *S. Fairest maid* †
To think life's sun did set ere well begun *Lns on Fergusson.*
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O. *S. My father was a farmer* †
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, *Scotch Drink. 16.*
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well! . . . *S. Sensibility* †
An' tye some hose well. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.*
His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4]
The Vision. D. I.
Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, [v.A.4] . . *Ib.*
Her body is bestowed well, . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
That you do maintain them so well as you do.
The Poor Thresher.
Well thou may'st discover; . . . *S. Thine am I* †

Well, *s.* Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
S. Comin thro' the rye.
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well! . . *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
Embro' wells are grutten dry. . . *El. on Year 1788.*
But Nith maun be my Muse's well. *S. O were I on Parnass.* †
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
An had in mony a well been douked:
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they draak,
O' sic a feast! . . . . *The Twa Herds. 5.*

Well, *to.* Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Well-bred. Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred
The Rights of Woman.

Well-earn'd.
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. *S. The capt. Ribband.*

Well-fed.
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: *The Vision. D. I. 14.*

Well-form'd.
well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*

Well-known.
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known Land. . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*

Well-pleas'd.
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.

Well-won. His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
To R. G. of F., 5.

Well-worn.
That name, that well-worn name, and all his owo, *The Vowels.*

Welsh. Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Wench. There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Went.
When —, deceased, to the Devil went down, *Epig. on —.*
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right, . *Ib.*
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
S. The lass that made the bed.
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
The last braw bridal †
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe,
The Poor Thresher.
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall. . . *Ib.*
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, *S. When first I saw* †

Werna [were not].
Five wighter carlines werna found *The Election Ballads. I.*

We'se [we shall, or will].
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, . . *Ib. 19.*
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better . . . . *Ib.*
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! . . *The Holy Fair. 6.*
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted. . *S. When wild War's* †

West.
The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan. . . *S. My heart was ance* †
The flower and fancy o' the west; *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, *S. Now rosy May* †
I dearly like the west, ... *S. Of a' the airts* †
But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
S. Out over the Forth †
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, ... *Ib.*
Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah! . *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
I hae been east, I hae been west, . . *S. The Ploughman* †
And when the Day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West, . . *The Vision. D. I. 2.*
An' now the sinn keeks in the west, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
'Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. *To Mary in Heaven.*
But gang she east, or gang she west *S. When first I saw* †
The Wintry West extends his blast, . . . *Winter.*

Westerha' [Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall].
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig, defiance. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. . . *S. The Laddies by* †

Western. Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
To view this Fête Champetre. . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main. . *The Lament, 7.*
Frae yont the western waves, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind. . . *S. Thickest night* †

Westlin [western, westward].
The westlin wind blaws loud aa' shill; *S. Behind yon hills* †
In hamely, westlin jingle. . . . . *Ep. to Davie.*
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
A bonie, westlin weaver lad [*re.*] . *S. My heart was ance* †
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; *S. Now westlin winds* †

Westward.
I'll westward turn my wistful eye: *S. Behold the hour* †

Wet.
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . *S. Her flowing locks* †
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; *Lament for Glencairn.*

Wet, *to.*
And the hands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
The Whistle, 12.
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee *Verses under Grief.*

Wether.
And send us from thy hounteous store
A tup or wether head! . . . . *At Globe Tav., D.*
And eaten like a wether haggis? *S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.* †

Wha [who].
Wha kens, before his life may end, *A Bottle and Friend.*
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy. . . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n, . . . *Ib. 10.*
Him at Agincourt wha shone, . . . *A Dream. 11.*
And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the storre, *A Fragment. 5.*
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, *A Winter Night. 3.*
Wha io yon cavern grim an' sootie, . *Add. to the Deil.*
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd . *S. Amang the trees* †
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, . *S. As I came o'er* †
Wha did I meet, upon the way, . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Wha gae the whigs the power o't! *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. . . *Ib.*
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
S. By yon castle wa' †
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
S. Contented wi' little †

And wha wad dare to spoil it? . *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, . . *Ib., Epit.*
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
they wha fa' in Fortune's strife, ... *Ib. 4.*
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, ... *Ib.*
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some [Misfortunes], . . *Ib. 7.*
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, *Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.*
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! . . . . *Ib. 13.*
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it. . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: . . . *Ib. 4.*
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
Wha count on poortith as disgrace . . . . *Ib. 7.*
An' by her een wha was a dear ane! . . . . *Ib. 11.*
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? *S. Eppie Adair.*
they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . *S. First when Maggy* †
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; *Friend of the Poet* †
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell; . . . . *Halloween. 8.*
An' wha was it but Grumphie Asteer that night? . *Ib. 20.*
wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . *Ib. 27.*
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou* †
And wha wimna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
S. Here's a health to them †
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread! . . . . . *Ib.*
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel', . *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
I wha deserve sic just damnation, ... *Ib.*
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, ... *Ib.*
L—d visit them wha did employ him, ... *Ib.*
But wha can avoid the fell snare? . . *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee? . . *S. Jamie, come try me* †
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Hey tutti taiti, Wha's fou now? . *S. Landlady, count* †
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, *S. My love she's but* †
Wha multiplies our number. . . . . *Nature's Law.*
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . *S. Now bank and brae* †
But wha wad keep the handless coof, *S. O can ye labour lea* †
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him; [*re.*] . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Wha kills me wi' disdaining. . *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †
Wha follows ony saucy quean . . . *S. O Tibbie I* †
O wat ye wha that lo'es me, . . . *S. O wat ye wha* †
O wat ye wha's in yon town, . . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
O wha my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry? [*re.*]
S. O wha my babie-clouts †
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
Wha dearly like a random-splore; . . . . . *Ib.*
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble, . . . *Ib.*
Syne wha would starve?) . . . . *Poem on Life.*
But thee, Theopocritus, wha matches?
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile wanchancie thing—a raep! . *Poor Mailie's El..*
An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . . . . *Ib.*
Wha met me but Robin. . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
wha, tight, Gies famous sport. . . *Scotch Drink. 12.*
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, . . . *Ib. 16.*
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain, ... *Ib. 17.*

Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! *Scotch Drink. 20.*
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave? . . . . . *Ib.*
Wha for Scotland's King and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . . . . *Ib.*
Be hain't wha like. . . . *Second Ep. to Davie.*
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? . . *S. Tam Glen.*
O wha will I get but Tam Glen? . . . . *Ib.*
wha this tale o' truth shall read, . *Tam o' Shanter. 19.*
Wha will they station at the cock, . *Tam Samson's El.*
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tell them wha hae the chief direction, ... *Ib. 3.*
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Wi' them wha grant them: . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Wha glaum'd at Kingdoms three, man.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; . . *Ib. 9.*
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town; . . . *Ib.*
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters; . . . *Ib.*
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear . . . . . *Ib.*
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, *Ib. 10.*
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great? *S. The Contented Cottager.*
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
And wha is't never saw that? . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Our laud wha wi' chapels has stored; . . . *Ib. III.*
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys, ... *Ib.*
Wha will buy my troggin, [*re.*] . . . . *Ib. IV.*
For wha can dye the black? . . . . . *Ib. V.*
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa Major? . . . . . *Ib.*
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, ... *Ib.*
Wha struts and stares, and a' that; *S. The Honest Man.*
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; . *Ib. R. IV.*
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, . . *Ib. R. V.*
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
The Kirk's Alarm.
But wha is he, his Country's bonst? . *S. The Laddies by* †
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, *The Twa Dogs. 4.*
Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . *The Twa Herds.*
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, ... *Ib.*
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, ... *Ib. 10.*
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; . . . *Ib. 13.*
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, *S. There was a lad* †
As them wha like to taste the drappie *There's naethin like* †
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
See wha taks notice o' the bard! . . *To Mr. M'Adam.*
He wha could brush them down to mools, . *To W. Creech.*
Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.
S. Wae is my heart †
Wha is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay: . . *S. Wha is that at my* †
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, *S. When wild War's* †
And wha a crime dare ca' that? . . *S. Women's Minds.*
I wha sae late did range and rove, . . *S. Young Jamie* †

Whae'er [whoe'er].

Whae'er desires to ken, . . *Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.*
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind; . . *S. She's fair and fause* †

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit, . *The Twa Herds. 4.*
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Whaever [whoever].

Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.
S. Adown winding Nith †
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,
And has a doubt of a' that? . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Whaizle [to wheeze].

But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
An' gart them whaizle: *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*

Whalpet [whelped].

But whalpet some place far abroad, . *The Twa Dogs.*

Wham [whom]. Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore. *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite. *S. Here's a health to them* †
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . *S. Scots wha ha'e* †
Now, wham to chose and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell: . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Whan [when].

Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
An' whan we chasten'd him therefore, . . . *Ib. 12.*
aace whan in my wooing pride . . . *The Inventory.*
whan we tirl'd at your door, . . *V.s on Windows, Carron.*

Whang [a large slice].

Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, *The Holy Fair. 7.*

Whang, *to* [to flog with a thong; to beat in argument].

And gloriously she'll whang her [Heresy]
Wi' pith this day. . . . . *The Ordination. 3.*

Whar, Whare, Whaur [where].

Whar damned devils roar and yell, *Holy Willie's Prayer.*
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, *A Guid New-Year* † *18.*
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, *A Winter Night. 4.*
And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons *Add. of Beelzebub.*
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?'
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, . . *Ib. 23.*
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death, . . . *Ib. 25.*
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, . *Halloween. 24.*
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . *S. Killiecrankie.*
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O; . . . . . *Ib.*
Whare I am laid my lane, . *S. Lass, when yr mither* †
Whare live ye my bonie lass, . *S. My Collier Laddie.*
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
S. My Lord a-hunting †
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss't it yet. . . *S. My love she's but* †
O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
S. O whare did ye get †
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; . . . . *Ib.*
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang. . . *S. Scenes of woe* †
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. [*re.*] *Tam o' Shanter.*
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead! . *Tam Samson's El..*
Till, whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam; [v.A. 2] *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
He wist na whare he was gaun, O. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
His talk o' H-ll, whare devil's dwell, . *The Holy Fair. 21.*
whare thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.
The Twa Dogs. 8.
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been. . *The Vision. D. I.*
Whare the trees and the branches will he our safe guard.
S. There grows a bonie brier †
Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, *There's naethin like* †
Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . *To a Louse.*
Whare birkies march on buroing marl: *To Mr. Renton.*
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. . *To W. Simpson. 7.*

Whare'er [where'er].

thou pay't them hollow, Whare'er thou gaed.
A Guid New-Year † *9.*
For whare'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame. . *S. Jockey's ta'en the* †
Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! *Tam Samson's El..*
Content with You to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang. . . . *To J. S., 29.*

Wharefore [wherefore].

Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Wha's [whose; who is].

Wha's honour is proof to the storm;
The Election Ballads. III.
Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; . . . . *Ib.*
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue. . . . . *Ib.*
Wha's honour was ever his law; . . . . . *Ib.*

Whase [whose].

Whase distant roaring swells and fa's. . . . *A Vision.*
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell; *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell. . . . . *Ib.*
"Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
Scots Prologue.
"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case! *The Death of Mailie.*
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him! . *The Holy Fair. 11.*
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . . . *Ib. 22.*
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
S. There's a youth †
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye. . . . *Ib.*

Whate'er.

Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.*
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
S. My father was a farmer †

Whatever.

And she wad send the sodger lad,
Whatever might betide. . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Whatfore no [wherefore not].

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no, *What ails ye now* †
"You shou'd remember To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, *Ib.*

Whatna [what sort of a, what particular].

But whatna day o' whatna style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while, *S. There was a lad* †

Whatreck [notwithstanding; *v.* Reck].

But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man. . . *A Fragment. 2.*
When I, what reck, Did least expect,
To see my lad sae near me. . . *S. The tither morn* †

Whatt [did whet or cut].

An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Whaup [the curlew].

A whaup's i' the nest. . . . . *V.s to J. Ranken.*

Whaur *v.* **Whar.**

Wheat.

Let busky Wheat the haughs adorn, . *Scotch Drink. 3.*

Wheedle.

For monie a Plack they [the lasses] wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair: *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.*

Wheel.

And ay she set the wheel between: *S. Duncan Davison.*
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set hy the wheel at e'en. . . . . *Ib.*
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun'; . . *S. My heart was ance* †
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, . . *S. O Phely,* †

The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee. . . *Scotch Drink. 5.*
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer, ... *Ib. 11.*
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, . . *The Inventory.*
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, She's unco weel ; . *The Twa Dogs. 30.*
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, . . *S. Thickest night* †
Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
To Miss L., with "Beattie."

Wheel, *to.*
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
S. And O for ane and twenty †
To wheel the equal, dull routine. . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race heroic wheel. [v.A.4] . *The Vision. D. 1.*

Wheel-barrow.
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, . . *The Inventory.*

Wheel'd. And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about :
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Wheeling.
aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Wheep [small beer].
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*

Wheep [fly nimbly, jerk].
Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep, . *The Ordination. 7.*

Whelm. 'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale ;
Fragment of Ode.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Whene'er. That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try. . *S. O Tibbie!* †
Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa' ; . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain ;
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain. . . . . *Ib.*

Where. He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*

Where'er. But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d—'d ! . *Epit. for G. H.*
Where'er he be, the Lord be near him ;
Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be. *S. Musing on the roaring* †
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden ; *S. The young Highl. Rover.*

Whereon. Had not on Earth whereon to lay his head :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Wherever. My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
S. My heart's in †
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. . . . . *Ib.*
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.

Wherewithal.
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ; *Ep. to R. Graham. 3.*

Wherry.
And waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Whet. Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
Lament of Mary of Scots.
What makes heroic strife ?
To whet th' assassin's knife, . . *S. Ye Jacobites* †

Whid [a lie]. A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6]
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Whid [a quick motion like that of a small animal].
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy, . . *To W. Simpson. 12.*

Whiddin, -an [moving nimbly].
Ye mankins whiddin thro' the glade, *El. on Capt. M. H., 6.*
And morning Poosie whiddan seen, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*

Whig.
But whigs cam like a frost in June, *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't ! . . . . *Ib.*
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse, ... *Ib.*
O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, . . *Letter to J. Goudie.*
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant True blues, man ;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off . . . . *Ib.*
To every Whig, defiance. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
To muster o'er each ardent Whig . . . . . *Ib.*
The Whigs came on like ocean's roar . . . . *Ib.*
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, ... *Ib.*
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ; . . . *Ib.*
And furious Whigs pursuing ! . . . . . *Ib.*
What Whig but wails the good Sir James . . . *Ib.*
Ye turncoat Whigs awa! . . . *S. The Laddies by* †

Whiggish.
If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Whigmeleeries [crotchets, whims, fancies].
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle. *The Brigs of Ayr. 5.*

While. This while ye hae been mony a gate,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
Friend of the poet †
This while she's been in crankous mood,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, *S. The Catrine woods* †
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 20.
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while? . . *Ep. to Davie, 6.*
Nae Poet thought her worth his while, *To W. Simpson. 7.*

Whiles *v.* **Whyles.**

Whim. (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
The craz'd creations of misguided whim ; . . . *Ib. 8.*

Whim-inspir'd. a whim-inspir'd fool, *A Bard's Epit.*

Whingin [whining, complaining, fretting].
If ony whiggish whingin sot, . *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*

Whin-rock [greenstone or trap rock].
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*

Whins [furze bushes].
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin, . . . *Halloween. 24.*
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*

Whip. B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, *A Fragment. 4.*
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle. . *A Guid New-Year* † *10.*
So whip ! at the summons, old Satan came flying :
Epig. on Capt. Grose.
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, *Ep. to Young Friend. 8.*
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast sant on, . *Poem on Life.*
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip ; . . *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*

Whip, *to.*
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to H-ll. *Add. to the Deil. 14.*

Whip-lash.
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, . . *To a Haggis.*

Whipper-in.
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*

Whirl. To make a tour an' tak a whirl, *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

Whirling.
the flaky show'r, Or whirling drift. . *A Winter Night.*

Whirlwind.
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ; . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep ; *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Whirlygigums.
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

Whirr. Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile nt a flight.
S. The heather was blooming †

Whirring, -in'.
ye whirring paitrick brood ; . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*, 7.
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
S. Now westlin winds †
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, *S. The Contented Cottager.*

Whisht [hush ! "held my whisht," kept silence].
Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ; *The Vision. D. I. S.*

Whiskers. And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
The Election Ballads. III.

Whisket [whisked].
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket,
A Guid New-Year † *12.*

Whiskin [great, swinging].
A whiskin beard about her mou', . . *S. Willie Wastle* †

Whisky, -ie.
O Whisky ! soul o' plays an' pranks ! . *Scotch Drink. 18.*
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize ! . . *Ib. 20.*
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . . . *Ib. 21.*
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.*
She eyes her freehorn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky. . . . . *Ib. P.*
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason, ... *Ib.*
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram ! [v.A.2] . . . . *Ib.*
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
They are the muses. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
Until they sconner. . . *To J. S., 22.*

Whisky-gill.
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, . . *The Holy Fair. 19.*

Whisky-punch.
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Whisper.
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation. . *Add. to Unco Guid. 6.*
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration ; . . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Whisper'd. She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't : *Halloween. 10.*
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love. *S. There was a lass* †
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle ! [v.A.3†]
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Whispering, -'ring.
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
S. By Allan stream †
'Tis not Maria's whispering call ; . *S. Here is the glen,* †
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow *S. Musing on the roaring* †
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet, . . *The Vision. D. II.*

Whissle [whistle ; "gat the whissle o' my groat," lost my money].
So gat the whissle o' my groat, . . . *Ep. to J. R., 9.*
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Whissle, *to* **[to whistle].**
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.*
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle ; . . *To a Haggis.*

Whistle.
till we meet and weet our whistle, . . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
I tint my whistle and my sang, . . . *S. Gat ye me* †
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. . *Tam o' Shanter. 5.*
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ; . *S. The Laddies by* †
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . *The Whistle.*
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. . *Ib.*
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, . *Ib.*
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. . . *Ib. 3.*
Said, toss down the Whistle the prize of the field, . *Ib. 9.*

Whistle, *to.* And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †
In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear, . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
But whistle o'er the lave o't. . . *S. First when Maggy* †
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing ;
S. O merry hae I been †
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad. [*re.*] *S. O whistle* †
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles . . . *The Farewell.*
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib.*
We'll howse about, till Dadie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib.*
An' at our leisure when ye like
We'll whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib.*
Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't. . . . . *Ib.*
So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing
S. The Poor Thresher.
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, *The Twa Herds. 3.*

Whistlebirk.
To end the wark here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ; . *S. The Laddies by* †

Whistled, -'d.
He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary ; . . . *Halloween. 19.*
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud, . *S. Young Jockey* †

Whistling.
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings. . *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
S. Afton Water.
Ye whistling plover : . . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*, 7.
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
On seeing wounded Hare.
to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
The Brigs of Ayr.
the Robin's whistling glee. . . . . *Ib. 2.*
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard : . . *Ib. 4.*
Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad,
The Election Ballads. VI.
where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang. . *To J. S., 9.*

Whit.
And faith ye'll no he lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. *On Willie Chalmers.*

White.
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, *A Guid New-Year* † *2.*
"Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . *As on the banks* †
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
S. Braw lads of G. Water.
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age : . . *S. But lately seen* †
whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white !
Frag., inscr. to Fox.
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin : . . *Halloween. 10.*
Her heaving bosom, lily white, . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
While clover blooms white o'er the lea, *S. In simmer when* †
I'll ne'er prig for red or white ; . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
His locks were bleached white with time,
Lament for Glencairn.
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea : . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
My Lady's white, my Lady's red, . *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
And swear on thy white hand, lass, . *S. O lay thy loof* †
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
S. Oh, open the door †
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
S. On Cessnock banks †

From the white blossom'd sloe *Spoke Extem. to yng Lady.*
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
A moment white—then melts for ever; . *Tam o' Shanter. 7.*
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
S. The Contented Cottager.
Nor for my ten white shillings luke. . . *The Inventory.*
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;
S. The lass that made the bed.
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . *S. The Ploughman* †
His breast was white, ... *The Twa Dogs. 5.*
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
S. There's a youth †
For a' his gold and white monie, . . *S. To daunton me.*

White-rob'd.

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Whitening.

They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow. *The Petition of Br. Water.*
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Whither.

And gone I know not whither: . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
But then my wife and children dear,
O whither would they go? . . *S. The sun he is sunk* †
O whither, O whither shall I turn! . . . . *Ib.*

Whitter [a hearty draught of liquor].

Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 19.*
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither
Tak' aff your whitter. [v. A 2]
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Whittle.

An' [Caledon] did her whittle draw, man; *A Fragment. 9.*
scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles, . . *Ib. 20.*
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and a whittle. . *S. Robin shure in hairst.*
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,
Anither sang. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.*
An' rin her whittle to the hilt.
I' th' first she meets! . . . . *Ib. 17.*
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle! . *There's naethin like* †

Whoe'er.

Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, . *The Hermit.*

Whole. For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.
S. No Churchman am I †
Nature reigns and rules the whole; *S. Streams that glide* †
And pledge me in the generous toast
"The whole of human kind!" . . . *To a Lady.*

Wholsome.

on my dry and wholsome banks, . . *As on the banks* †

Wh-re.

Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; *The Election Ballads. VI.*
There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,
Are blinkan at the entry. . . . *The Holy Fair. 9.*
Steal thro' the wionock frae a wh-re, . *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*

Whore, *to.*

But may she wintle in a woodie,
If she whore mair. . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

Wh-re-abhorring.

Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; . . *The Ordination. 4.*

Wh-re-hunting.

Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles: *The Twa Dogs. 23.*

Wh-ring. Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
The Twa Dogs. 32.

Whunstane [whinstone, trap, or any hard rock].

Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . *The Holy Fair. 22.*
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . *To W. Simpson. 4.*

Why. One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it; *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Whyles, Whiles [sometimes].

And rascals whyles that do him wrang, *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, . *Add. to the Deil. 4.*
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, . . *Ib.*
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin, ... *Ib.*
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought.
S. Contented wi' little †
I stacher'd whyles, . . *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker. . . . . *Ib. 5.*
How best o' chiels are whyles in want, *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
When idly goavan whyles we saunter, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2*
Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night. . . *Halloween. 3.*
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, [*re.*] . . *Ib. 25.*
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; *S. O whistle* †
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Second Ep. to Davie.
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons. . . . . *Ib.*
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion, . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*
Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough; . *Ib. 10.*
An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy; . . . . *Ib. 18.*
L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am, . . *Ib. 28.*
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . . . *Ib. 33.*
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . *To a Mouse.*
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair. . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17.
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers; . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, *Tam o' Shanter. 9.*
As whiles they're like to be my dead, . *To W. Simpson. 5.*
Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken; . . *Verses under Grief.*

Wi' [with; "wi's," with his; "wi't," with it].

Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
And we hae done wi' thriving. . . . . *Ib.*
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
S. Bonie lassie will ye go †
Supremely blest wi' love and thee . . . . . *Ib.*
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
S. Contented wi' little †
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,
Wi' ane anither. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 18.*
Observe wha's standing wi' him. . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye; . *Extem. to an Intimate.*
O gat ye me wi' naething? . . . . *S. Gat ye me* †
How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, . *S. Gudeen to you Kimmer* †
He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, *S. Had I the wyte* †
Some nnco blate, an' some wi' gabs, . . *Halloween. 3.*
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre . . . *Ib. 19.*
Gude night and joy be wi' thee: . *S. Here's to thy health* †
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, *S. The Ploughman* †
An' cut you up wi' ready slight, . . . *To a Haggis.*
wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, . . . *Ib.*
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi's spreckl'd breast, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
Wi' bickering brattle! . . . . . *To a Mouse.*
Wi' murd'ring pattle! . . . . . *Ib.*
An' shore him weel wi' hell; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Mair taen I'm wi' you. . . . . *To J. S., 2.*
I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. . . . *Ib.*

mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ; . . *To W. Creech.*
Wi' Ailan, or wi' Gilbertfield, . . *To W. Simpson. 3.*
shine Up wi' the best . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Her moors, red-brown, wi' heather bells, . . *Ib. 10.*
greetan Wi' girnan spite, ... *Ib. P.S.*
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, *S. Up in the morning.*
Losh man ! hae mercy wi' your natch, *What ails ye now* †
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, ... *Ib.*
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?
S. What can a yng lassie †

Wick [to strike a stone, in the game of curling, in an oblique direction ; "wick a bore," get a curling stone through an opening, by *wicking*].
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, *Tam Samson's El., 5.*

Wicked.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ; . . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl . . *Ib. 18.*
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. *Epig. on —.*
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law, *Ep. to Young Friend. 3.*
And in your wicked, drnken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, . . *Ep. to J. R.. 2.*
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing : . . *Ib. 4.*
To quell the Wicked's pride ; . . *New Psalmody.*
As able—and as wicked as the devil! . . *Scots Prologue.*
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair ! *The Death of Mailie.*
Who walks not in the wicked's way. . . *The 1st Psalm.*
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest. . . . . *Ib.*
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ; *The Kirk's Alarm. 10.*
Or try the wicked town of A[yr], . . *The Ordination. 9.*
A wicked crew syne, an a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . *The Tree of Liberty.*
May never wicked fortune touzle him !
May never wicked men bamboozle him ! . *To W. Creech.*
My wicked rhymes, an' drncken rants, *What ails ye now* †

Wickedness. Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd ! *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.*

Wicker. Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill. *Poem on Life.*

Wicket.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a nenk. *Friend of the poet* † *P.S.*

Widdle [a struggle].
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl', . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares, . *Second Ep. to Davie.*

Wide. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair. *A Guid New-Year 6.*
God of nature wide, ... *A Grace before Dinner.*
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide ;
A Winter Night. 7.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, *S. Blythe was she* †
Beneath the hazels spreading wide, . . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost. *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
boundless oceans, roaring wide, . *S. From thee, Eliza,* †
Through the hazel's spreading wide *S. Hark ! the mavis'* †
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
S. Now westlin winds †
She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
S. Oh, open the door, †
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . . *On Lincluden.*
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
S. Out over the Forth †
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear, . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! . . *Ib. 17.*
In Galloway sae wide. . . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Nae woman in the Country wide
Sae happy was as me. . *The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Nae woman in the warld wide,
Sae wretched now as me. *The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Its branches spreading wide, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
Thy fame extends ; *The Vision. D. II. 18.*
The wide world is all before us, . . *S. Thickest night* †
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
S. Wandering Willie.
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Wide-spread.
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Wide-surrounding.
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Widow. A wanton widow Leezie was, . . *Halloween. 24.*
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, . *John Barleycorn.*
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ! *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †
mark ! Who in widow weeds appears, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And now a widow I must mourn
The Pleasures that will ne'er return ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.

Widow'd.
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, *S How lang and dreary* †
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, *S. O Logan ! sweetly* †

Widowhood.
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman. *S. O gin ye were dead.*

Wiel [a small whirlpool].
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't: . . . . *Halloween. 25.*

Wield.
High wields her balance and her rod ; *Add. to Edinburgh. 2.*
The magic wand then let us wield ; . . *To J. S., 13.*

Wielded. wielded right, Maks Hours like Minutes, *To J. S. 12.*

Wierd [fate, destiny].
The wierd may be her ain, jo. . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Wife. Then swith ! an' get a wife to hng, *A Dream. 12.*
And if the wives and dirty brats
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, *Add. of Beelzebub.*
An anld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash. . *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain ; *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel ; . *Auld comrade* †
'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair. . . . . *Ib.*
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
That some kind husband had addrest.
To some sweet wife : *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3.*
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. *Epit. on a Wag.*
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her ? . *S. Had I the wyte* †
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
. . . *S. How cruel* †
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir. *S. Husband, husband* †
"Was made his wedded wife yestreen ; *Lament for Glencairn.*
He begged for gude-sake ! I wad be his wife,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn. *Man was made to Mourn.*
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, *S. My love she's but* †
She is a bonie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine. . . *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
I hae a wife o' my ain, ... *S. Naebody.*
The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
S. No Churchman am I †
O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me, *S. O ay my wife she dang me.*
Now I've gotten wife and bairns, *S. O that I had ne'er* †
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam ;
S. Scroggam.
Searching auld wives' barrels
Och, ho ! the day! . . . . . *Searching auld†*
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans . . . *Ib.*
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . *Symon Gray †*
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*
How mony lengthen'd sage advices.
The husband frae the wife despises! . . . . *Ib. 4.*
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed ; *Tam Samson's El..*
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters.
'Tam Samson's dead!' . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, *The Death of Mailie.*
And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun,
" I wish you luck o' the prize, man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin†*
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
S. The deuks dang o'er.
O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, ... *Ib.*
While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses. *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
The Henpecked Husband.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ; . . . . *Ib.*
An' thinks it auld wives' fables : . . *The Holy Fair. 17.*
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted, ... *Ib. 25.*
I ha'e nae wife ; and that my bliss is, . *The Inventory.*
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't. . *The Jolly Beggars. S. V.*
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that. . . . *Ib. S. VII.*
I married with a scolding wife . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ; . . . . . *Ib.*
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
S. The Poor Thresher.
To my wife and children in whom I delight, . . *Ib.*
His wife and his children he charg'd him to bring, . *Ib.*
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe, . . *Ib.*
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small, *Ib.*
Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife . . *Ib.*
But then my wife and children dear,
O whither would they go? . . *S. The sun he is sunk†*
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, . . *The Twa Dogs. 10.*
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ; . . *Ib. 17.*
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow. . *S. The weary Pund.*
I bought my wife a stane o' lint, ... *Ib.*
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
S. There liv'd ance a carle†
" I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint, . *Ib.*
" But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have, . *Ib.*
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, . . *Ib.*
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife, . . . *Ib.*
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife, . . . *Ib.*
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
They are the muses. *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ; . . *To a Louse.*
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, . *Ib.*
My blessings on you, sonsie wife ; . . *V.s to a Landlady.*
He had a wife was dour and din, . . *S. Willie Wastle†*
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her. [*re*] . . . . *Ib.*
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, ... *Ib.*

Wife [*dim. of* **wife**].
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The frugal Wife, garrulous, will tell, . . . *Ib. 11.*

Wig.
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, *Letter to J. Goudie.*
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf 's head o' sma' value.
The Kirk's Alarm.

Wight [**strong, powerful**].
And counted was baith wight and stark,
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been. . . *The Inventory.*

Wight.
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is : *Add. to the Deil. 13.*
a hope-abandon'd wight, . . . *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
a fine, fat, fodgel wight, . . *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . *Sketch.*
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing. . *S. Sweet fa's the eve†*
Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight : . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell : . . . . . *Ib.*
A wight that will weather damnation,
The devil the prey will despise. . . . . *Ib. III.*
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, *The Vowels.*
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ; . *To J. S., 19.*
For what?—to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
O Willie was a witty wight, ... *To W. Creech.*

Wighter [**stronger**].
Five wighter carlines werna found *The Election Ballads. I.*

Wigton [**a quiet County Town in South-west Scotland, famous for its martyrs**].
And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff,
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped ;
The Election Ballads. III.

Wild. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, *A Bard's Epit.*
Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, . . *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
With Passions wild and strong ; *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
pityless the tempest wild Sore on yon beats.
A Winter Night. 5.
Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
So artless, so simple, so wild ; *S. Adown winding Nith †*
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
S. Afton Water.
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ; . *Ib.*
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step *S. Again rejoicing Nature†*
And aye the wild wood echoes rang, *S. By Allan stream †*
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth . *S. Caledonia.*
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . . *Delia. An Ode.*
The cavern wild with tangling roots, *Despondency, an Ode. 3.*
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl', . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.*
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd.
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
S. Gloomy December.
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, *S. Had I a cave †*
List'ning to the wild birds singing, . *S. I dream'd I lay †*
And bid wild war his ravage end, *S. How can my poor heart †*
The voice of woe and wild despair! *Lament for Glencairn.*
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild beaths among, . . *Liberty*
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
S. My heart's in the Highl.†
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
S. O bonie was you rosy †
By autumn wild, and winter rude ! . . *S. O were my love †*
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast ; *S. On a bank of flowers †*
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ; . . *Ib.*
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there ; . . . . *S. Phillis the Fair.*
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

wild from wisdom's way, . . *Sent to a Gent. offended.*
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
S. Streams that glide †
I hear the wild birds singing; . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Wild floated in my brain; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild! *Ib. 10.*
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, . *Ib. 13.*
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; . . . *Ib. 14.*
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, *S. The day returns* †
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway, *The Election Ballads. III.*
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, *S. The gloomy night* †
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, *The Holy Fair. 13.*
The sober laverock, warbling wild,
The Petition of Br. Water.
Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright:
The Lament.
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
S. The small birds rejoice †
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none! . *Ib.*
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen; . *The Vision. D. I. S.*
Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4] . . *Ib. D. I.*
They bind the wild, Poetic rage
In energy, [v.A.4.] . . . . *Ib. D. II.*
Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, . . *Ib. 17.*
lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, *S. Their groves o'* †
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, . . *To Miss Fontenelle.*
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
S. Wandering Willie.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, *S. When o'er the hill* †
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
S. When wild War's †
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors; . . . . *Ib.*
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, . *Ib.*
And little lambkins wanton wild, . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Wild, *s.* In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore; *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 2.*
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild: *S. 'Twas even—the dewy* †

Wild-birds.
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, *S. Damon and Sylvia.*
List'ning to the wild birds singing, . *S. I dream'd I lay* †
I hear the wild birds singing; . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Wild-driving.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Wild-eddying.
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl, . *A Winter Night. 2.*

Wilderness. A lily in a wilderness. *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna, . *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*

Wildest. Or were I in the wildest waste, *S. O wert thou in* †
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Redoubted Staig who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory, . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever! . . *Verses under Grief.*
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn.*

Wild-furious.
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, . *To W. Simpson. 13.*

Wild-hanging.
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †

Wildly.
Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole: *S. Streams that glide* †

Wildly-scatt'red.
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs, *Add. to Edinburgh.*

Wildly-wanton.
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
S. Sleep'st thou or wak'st †

Wildly-witty. A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her; *The Vision. D. I. 10.*

Wild-meeting. Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan. *To W. Simpson. 7.*

Wild-roaring.
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

Wild-scattered.
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Wild-wand'ring. Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.

Wild-warbled.
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . . *Delia, an Ode.*

Wild-whistling.
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
The Brigs of Ayr.

Wild-wood.
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine; . *S. Behold, my love* †
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, *S. By Allan stream* †
There wild-woods grow and rivers row, *S. Of a' the airts* †
Where waters flow and wild-woods wave,
S. Streams that glide †
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, *S. The Catrine woods* †
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
S. To Mary in Heaven.
At evening the wild-woods among? *S. Where are the joys* †

Wild-woody. From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Wile. Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, . . *S. Behind yon hills* †
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justify'd by Honor; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 7.*
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; *The Vision. D. II. 9.*
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; *To R. G. of F..*

Wilfire [wildfire].
"Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? *As on the banks* †

Wilfu' [wilful; willing].
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will; *S. In simmer when* †
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been. . . *The Inventory.*
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, ... *Ib.*

Wilily.
But wiiily he [Satan] changed his plan, *Epig. on A. Turner.*

Will [*dim. of* **William**].
Will's a true guid fallows get, . . . *A Dream. 7.*
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, [*pr.*] . . *Halloween. 4.*
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . *Kind Sir, I've read* †
Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . *On W. Cruickshanks.*
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The Kirk's Alarm. 16.

Will. Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn? *Man was made to Mourn.*
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
S. O ay my wife she dang.
E'en let her tak her will, jo. . . . *S. O steer her up* †
An' rowth o' thyme to rave at will, . *Scotch Drink. 21.*
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
An' let them wander at their will: *The Death of Mailie.*
Who has no will but by her high permission;
The Henpecked Husband.
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that. *The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.*
She had na will to say him na: . *S. There was a lass* †
they must be best, Because they are Thy Will! . *Winter.*

Willcat [the wild cat].
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, *The Twa Herds. 6.*

Will'd.
But fate has will'd, and we must part! *S. Behold the hour* †

Will do. Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

William.
And hunted as was William Wallace, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Let William Hislop give the spirit. . . . *A Grace.*

Willie, Willy. I'm no mistrusting Willie Pit, *A Dream. 7.*
Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man : . . . *A Fragment. 3.*
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew.
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . . . . *Ib. 8.*
N-rth, F-x, & Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', . *Ib. 9.*
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, *Auld comrade* †
And todlin down on Willie's mill,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! *Ep. to Maj. Logan.*
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ; . . . *Epit. on W..*
To wanton Willie's brandy. . . . *S. Had I the wyte* †
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt, [*re.*] . . *Halloween. 9.*
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie ! [*re.*]
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my Willie's bride; *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
While Willie's far frae Logan braes. [*re.*] . . . *Ib.*
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . . *S. O Willie brew'd* †
Here lie Willie M—hie's banes, . *On a Schoolmaster.*
For sake o' Willie Chalmers. [*re.*] . . *On W. Chalmers.*
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, . . *On W. Stewart.*
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [*re.*] *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie ;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly,
The Kirk's Alarm. 11.
Her darling bird that she lo'es best
Willie's awa! [*re.*] . . . *To W. Creech.*
I gat your letter, winsome Willie ; [*re.*] *To W. Simpson.*
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, [*re.*]
S. Wandering Willie.
Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet ; [*re.*]
S. Wee Willie Gray †
Art thou my ain dear Willie? . . *S. When wild War's* †
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, [*re.*] . *S. Willie Wastle* †
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
S. Ye sons of old Killie †
O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . . *S. O Phely* †
When Willy, wander'd thro' the wood, [*re.*]
S. On a bank of flowers †
She winna come hame to her Willy. *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy. . . . . *Ib.*
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy. . . . . *Ib.*

Willie [willow].
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket ;
S. Wee Willie Gray †

Willie-waught [a hearty draught].
And we'll tak' a right gude willie waught,
S. Should auld acquaintance †

Willing, -in.
And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like succar-candie. . *S. Had I the wyte* †
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is: . . *S. Lovely Davies.*
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!
S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see! . . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Her's are the willing chains o' love, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
S. The Poor Thresher.
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.
S. Their groves of †
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, . *To Mr. Renton.*

Willow. Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill. *Poem on Life.*

Willyart [wild, timid, awkward and confused].
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, *On dining with Daer.*

Wily. Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, *Add. to the Deil. 19.*
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Wimple [to meander].
While waters wimple to the sea; . . *S. Ca' the Ewes.*

Wimpling, -in [meandering, waving].
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, *El. on Capt. M. H., 4.*
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . . . *Halloween. 2.*
The trout within yon wimpling burn *S. Now Spring has clad* †
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;
S. O whare did ye get †
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, *Scotch Drink. 2.*
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, *The Fête Champetre.*
by Castalia's wimplin streamies, . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, . . *To W. Creech.*

Wimpl't [meandered].
As thro' the glen it wimpl't; . . . . *Halloween. 25.*

Win' [wind]. ye was a jinker noble, For heels an' win' !
A Gude New-Year † *7.*
How do ye this blae eastlin win', . . *Auld comrade* †
They bar the door on frosty win's; . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! . . *To a Mouse.*

Win, *to.* I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O : . *S. Behind yon hills* †
Her favour Duncan couldna win; . *S. Duncan Davison.*
We're fit to win our daily bread, . . *Ep. to Davie. 2.*
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain. . *S. Frae the friends* †
He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
S. Hey, the dusty miller †
And spend the gear they win. . . *S. Hey ca' thro'.*
If thou would win my love, Jamie, come try me.
S. Jamie, come try me †
I can win my five pennies in a day, *S. My Collier Laddie.*
And the warld before me to win my bread, . . . *Ib.*
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win ; *S. O Phely,* †
May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart ; . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
There, welcome, win and wear the prize, *S. Talk not of Love* †
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig ; *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. *Tam Samson's El., Epit.*
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honors. . *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting. . . *The Tarbolton Lasses.*
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O! . . *S. The Taylor he cam* †
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
S. There grows a bonie †

Win [won]. Like fortune's favors, tint as win. *A Vision.*

Wind. The winds were laid, ... *A Vision.*
'Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
A Winter Night. 7.
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way; *Add. to Unco Guid. 4.*
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. . *S. As I came o'er* †
And deep as soughs the boding wind,
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. . *As on the banks* †
The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill ; *S. Behind yon hills* †
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
S. By Allan stream †
While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, . *Ep. to Davie.*
While frosty winds blaw in the drift, ... *Ib.*
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind,
Fragment, incer. to Fox.
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar :
S. Had I a cave †
Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets. . . *S. I do confess* †
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer,
S. I'm o'er young to marry.
Spare my love ye winds that blaw,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †

The wind blew hollow frae the hills, *Lament for Glencairn.*
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, . . . *Ib.*
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year, ... *Ib.*
That long has stood the wind and rain; . . . *Ib.*
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . *S. Let not woman* †
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; . . . *Liberty.*
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, *S. My bonie Mary.*
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; *S. New westlin winds* †
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
O tell na me of wind and rain, ... *Ib.*
And heard thee as the careless wind?
S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west, ... *S. Of a' the airts* †
It's no the frosty winter wind, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
On Death of R. Dundas.
As cauld a wind as ever blew; . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel. . . *Poem on Life.*
Raving winds around her blowing, . *S. Raving winds* †
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; . *Tam o' Shanter.* 7.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; . . . . *Ib.* 9.
When August winds the heather wave, *Tam Samson's El., 13.*
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
When January winds were blawing cauld,
S. The lass that made the bed.
The sky was blue, the wind was still, *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
S. The Sons of old Killie.
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
S. Their groves of †
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen! . . *To a Mouse.*
Free as the wind, or feather'd race . . *To Clarinda.*
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!" . *Ib.*
When winds rave thro' the naked tree; *To W. Simpson.*
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain *S. Twas even—the dewy* †
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, *S. Up in the morning.*
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
S. Wandering Willie.
Tho' women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that, . *S. Women's Minds.*
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; *S. Young Jockey* †

Wind, *to.*

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion: . . *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
S. Afton Water.
This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Which sweetly winds so far below;
S. Slow spreads the gloom †
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, *S. The Banks of Nith.*
Where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
S. The small birds †

Wind-driv'n.

Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, *Extem. in Court of Session.*

Winding.

Adowa winding Nith I did wander, *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
S. Afton Water.
Down by yon winding river; . . *S. As I gaed up by* †
the banks of winding Nith, . . . *As on the banks* †
Crystal Devon, winding Devon, . . *S. Fairest Maid* †
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling; . *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
Amang the bonie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . . *Halloween.* 2.
the clear winding Devon, . *S. How pleasant the banks* †
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Lament for Glencairn.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
On seeing wounded Hare.
That winding stream I love so dear! *S. The Banks of Nith.*
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter, . . *S. The Fête Champetre.*
Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales;
S. The gloomy night †
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
S. The lazy mist †
Where hy the winding Ayr we met *S. To Mary in Heaven.*
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
S. True hearted was he †
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Windings.

Ye maggots make your windings; . . *The Book-Worms.*

Winding-sheet.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet; *S. First when Maggy* †
Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, *S. The lovely lass* †

Window.

May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window, [*re.*]
S. Lass, when yr mither †
The high-arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there. . . *On Lincluden.*
In window fair, the painted pane . . . . . *Ib.*
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Windy.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . . *Add. to the Deil.* 7.
Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Wine.

And ne'er gude wine did fear, *Et. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun, *S. Gane is the day* †
The man and his wine's sae bewitching! *Inscrip. on Goblet.*
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, . . *S. My bonie Mary.*
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
For sparkling was the rosy wine, . *S. O May thy morn* †
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare
To put us daft; . . . . *Poem on Life.*
And buy a pint o' wine; . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, *Scotch Drink.*
Yet humbly kiad, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine; . . . . *Ib.* 7.
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, *Ib.* 10.
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine. . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, *The Fête Champetre.*
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
S. The Honest Man.
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
S. The lass that made the bed.
Fill me with the rosy wine, ... *The Toast.*
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines,
The Whistle. 6.
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame, *Ib. 10.*
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . . . *Ib. 15.*

Wing. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, . *A Dream. 4.*
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
A Winter Night. 4.
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings. . *Add. to the Deil. 8.*
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Or lightly flit on wanton wing *S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go* †
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: . *Ep. to J. R., 6.*
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb, . . . *Ib. 12.*
Soars on the spurning wing of iajur'd merit!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. . *Ib. 5.*
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, *S. Her flowing locks* †
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
S. How pleasant the banks †
Above the world on wings of love I rise,
In vain wild Prudence †

On forward wing [Hope] for ever fled. *Lament for Glencairn.*
Aloft on dewy wing; . . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The birdies flit on wanton wing. . *S. Now bank and brae* †
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings *S. Now Spring has clad* †
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
S. Now westlin winds †
To thee my fancy took its wing, *S. O Mary, at thy window* †
The little swallow's wanton wing, . . . *S. O Phely,* †
When wearied on my little wing. . . *S. O were my love* †
But I would sing on wanton wing, ... *Ib.*
On fear inspired wings; . . . *S. On a bank of flowers* †
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs; . *On scaring Water-fowl.*
While larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air, ... *S. Phillis the Fair.*
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; *Tam o' Shanter. 16.*
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
In either wing two champions fought,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, *The Fête Champetre.*
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
S. The heather was blooming †
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing. . . . *Ib.*
She took the wing like fire! . . . . *To Miss Ferrier.*
Pleasures, insects on the wing *Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.*
The golden hours, on angel wings,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Wing, *to.* And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore, *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
And wings the blast to blaw, . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa! . . . . *To W. Creech.*

Winged, -'d. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Add. to the Deil. 4.
As bees flew hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Tam o' Shanter. 6.
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Wi' winged spurs did ride, . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, . *The Lament. 6.*
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. *S. To Mary in Heaven.*

Wink. And [Death] tips anld drunken Nanse the wink,
Adam A—s Prayer.
For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink,
Come kiss me at your leisure. . *S. As I gaed up by* †
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 6.*
That ye can please me at a wink. . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
with a would-be roguish leer and wink, *Prologue, at Th., D..*
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin! . . . *To a Louse.*

Wink, *to.*
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, *Scotch Drink. Mott..*
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . *Ib. 2.*
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Scots Prologue.
I scarce could wink or see a styme; *There's naethin like* †

Winkers [the eye-lashes].
And gart me weet my wankrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*

Winkin, -an.
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs . *The Holy Fair. 10.*
Just like a winkin baudrons: . . *The Ordination. 10.*

Winn [to winnow].
To winn three wechts o' naething; . . *Halloween. 21.*

Winna [will not].
I winna lie, come what will o' me) . . *A Ded. to G. H., 4.*
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it; . . . . *Ib. 5.*
Ev'n there I winna flatter; . . . . *A Dream. 3.*
But Facts are chiels that winna ding, ... *Ib. 4.*
I winna ventur't in my rhymes. . . . . *A Vision.*
An' it winna let a body be! . *S. Again rejoic. Nature* †
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain:
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
If she winna ease the throes,
In my bosom swelling; . . *S. Blythe ha'e I been* †
I winna blaw about mysel, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it! . *Ib., Ap. 21st. 6.*
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
S. Here's a health to them †
I winna let you in, jo. [*re.*] . . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo. . . *S. O steer her up* †
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo. . . . . *Ib.*
She winna come hame to her Willy. *S. Saw ye my Phely.*
when they winna stand the test, . . *Scots Prologue.*
Ye winna bear it? . . *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.*
But we winna mention Redcastle, *The Election Ballads. III.*
An' warn him—what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3]
The Death of Mailie.
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
S. The Posie.
that cursed set, I winna name, . *The Twa Herds. 11.*
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.
S. There grows a bonie brier †
Your friendship sir, I winna quat it, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
It winna break. . . . . *Ib.*
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . *To W. Simpson. 6.*
And winna say owre far for thrice, . *V.s to J. Ranken.*
If it winna, canna be, . . . *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Winnin [winding].
The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . . *S. The cardin o't.*

Winning. And bent on winning borough towns,
The Election Ballads. VI.
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen; . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Winnins [winnings].
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
S. O merry hae I been †

Winnock [a window].
Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, . *A Ded. to G. H., 8.*
List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, *A Winter Night. 3.*
some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.

Winnock-bunker [a seat in a window, or formed by the window sill].
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*

Winnowing.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings *S. Now Spring has clad* †

Winsome [comely, pleasant, attractive, engaging; gay, cheerful, merry].
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; *S. As I came o'er* †
My Love's a winsome wee thing, *S. My Love's a winsome* †
She is a winsome wee thing, . . *S. My wife's a winsome.*
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
I gat your letter, winsome Willie; . *To W. Simpson.*

Win't [did wind].
An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat, . . . *Halloween. 12.*

Winter.
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . *A Winter Night. 3.*
Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . . *Add. to the Deil. 7.*
While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
Again rejoicing Nature †
And surely winter grimly flies; . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, . . . *Ib.*
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa! . . . *S. But lately seen,* †
Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast, . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
S. Gloomy December.

When winter rules with boundless power,
S. How can my poor heart †

And nights are lang in winter, Sir,
S. I'm o'er young to marry.

Old winter with his frosty beard,
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.

And winter once rejoic'd in glory. . . . . *Ib.*

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave; . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.

I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return; *Man was made to Mourn. 3.*

And winter nights were dark and rainy;
S. Montgom.'s Peggy.

The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
S. My Nanie's Awa.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, *S. O Logan! sweetly* †

Tho' raging winter rent the air; . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †

By autumn wild, and winter rude! . *S. O were my love* †

It's no the frosty winter wind, *S. Oh, how can I be blythe* †

The weary winter soon will pass, ... *Ib.*

When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
On Death of fav. Child.

braving angry winter's storms, . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle;
S. Robin shure in hairst.

An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. *Scotch Drink. 14.*

I could wake a winter night,
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*

More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.
Sonnet, on Death of R..

See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, *Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.*

Never bound by winter's chains! . *S. Streams that glide* †

When Winter muffles up his cloak, . *Tam Samson's El..*

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; *The Brigs of Ayr.*

But twa-three winters will inform ye better. . . . *Ib. 7.*

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with clondless brow. . . . . *Ib. 13.*

Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, *S. The day returns* †

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn; . *S. The gloomy night* †

What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. *S. The lazy mist* †

Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weet;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; *The Twa Dogs. 29.*

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
The Winter it is past †

Like winter on me seizes, . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*

I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap.*

An' weary Winter comin fast, . . . *To a Mouse.*

To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! *Ib.*

Streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; . . *To W. Creech.*

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . *To W. Simpson.*

Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night! . . . . . *Ib.*

Through weary winter's wind and rain
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly. . . *S. Up in the morning.*

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly. [*pr.*] . . . . . *Ib.*

And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly. . . . . *Ib.*

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
S. Wandering Willie.

And grim, surly winter is near? . *S. Where are the joys* †

Tho' women's minds like winter winds *S. Women's Minds.*

As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Winter-day.

Wi' merry dance in winter-days, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . *The Vision. D. I.*

The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, . . *Winter.*

Winter-bound.

When winter-bound the wave is; . . *S. Lovely Davies.*

Winter-hap [winter-clothing].

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
The Brigs of Ayr.

Wintle [a staggering motion].

An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre that night. *Halloween. 19.*

Wintle, *to* **[to stagger, reel; wriggle, writhe].**

An' wintle like a saumont-coble, . *A Gude New-Year* † *7.*

But may she wintle in a woodie, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*

To him that wintles in a halter: . *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*

Wintry. And curled as the wintry wave, *As on the banks* †

The wintry sun the day has clos'd, *S. Behind yon hills* †

My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in time's wintry rage. . . *S. But lately seen* †

Around me scowls a wintry sky, . *S. Forlorn, my Love* †

the howling wintry blast . *S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite* †

Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
On Death of R. Dundas.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; *S. The Catrine woods* †

When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, . . *S. Thickest night* †

The Wintry West extends his blast, . . . *Winter.*

Winze [an oath; "loot a winze," uttered an oath].

An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke, . . *Halloween. 23.*

Wipe. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Wisdom. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root. *A Bard's Epit..*

Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation; . . . *A Dream. 5.*

That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.

Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Who life and wisdom at one race begun, . . . *Ib.*

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!
Frag., inscr. to Fox.

The greyheard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav..

Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Monody, on a Lady. Epit.

wild from wisdom's way, . . *Sent to a Gent. offended.*

in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
The Cotter's Sat. Night 18.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;
The Election Ballads. IV.

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou; *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*

O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
S. The Posie.

Wise. Was quick to learn and wise to know, *A Bard's Epit.*

To snit some wise design; . *A Prayer under Anguish.*

And as we're merry, may we still be wise,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither: . *Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.*

If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*

But as the elegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool. . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Extem. in Court of Session.

It's guid to be merry and wise, *S. Here's a health to them* †

Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

This day's propitious to be wise in. *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Then is it wise to damp our bliss? . . . . . *Ib.*

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! *Tam o' Shanter. 3.*

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
The Election Ballads. V.
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise : . *To J. S., 28.*
In hopes to be mair wise, . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ; . *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Wisemen.
Nay, what are priests ? those seeming godly wisemen :
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

Wiser.
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
Wiser men than me's beguil'd, . *S. First when Maggy* †
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Wisest. The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes.

Wish. But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
A Ded. to G. H., 15.
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me, . *S Bonie Lassie* †
Ye little know the ills ye conrt,
When Manhood is your wish ! . *Despondency, an Ode. 5.*
Nae mair ungen'rons wish I hae, . . *S. It is na, Jean,*†
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ? . *Man was made to Mourn.*
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O :
S. My father was a farmer †
Up to a Parent's wish. . . . *O Thou dread Pow'r* †
Nor his warm-nrged wishes. . . . *On W. Chalmers.*
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me : . *Tant Samson's El., 14.*
Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power)
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly beave my breast ; *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Had I on earth nnt wishes three,
The first should be my Anna. *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh : . . . *The Hermit.*
To grant my highest wishes, . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
He had no wish but—to be glad, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
And not a Wish to gild the gloom ! . . *The Lament.*
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown ;
To R. G. of F., 9.

Wish, *to.*
What wad ye wish for mair, man ? *A Bottle and Friend.*
A hnmble Bardie wishes ! . . . . *A Dream. 1.*
A Gnid New-year I wish yon Maggie ! *A Guid New-Year* †
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †
I wish a heckle Were in tbeir doup. . *Add. to Toothache.*
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well. . . . *S. Ah, Chloris* †
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ; . . *Auld comrade* †
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me ; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 16.*
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . *S. First when Maggie* †
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa' !
S. Here's a health to them †
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die. . . . *S. It is na, Jean,*†
And aye I wish him back again.
S. My Harry was a gallant †
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ; . *S. My Bonie Mary.*
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn, *S. O bonie was yon rosy* †
And here's to them that wish us weel, *S. O May thy morn* †
I come to wish yon all a good new year !
Prologue, at Th., D..
And wish them in hell for it a', man. . *Ronalds of Bennals.*
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, . *Scotch Drink. 16.*
I wish you luck o' the prize man. *S. The deil cam fiddlin'* †
But, if ye wish her grateful pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis. . . . *To a Haggis.*
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less. . . . . *To Clarinda.*
Nae heart could wish for more. . . *V.s to a Landlady.*
I could wish nae man to get ye,
Save it were my very sel. . *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Wished, -'d, Wisht.
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd, *Despondency, an Ode. 2.*
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you [ministers] weel,
El. on Year 1788.
plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And for thy potence vainly wisht,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour ;
S. O Mary, at thy window †
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blnsh'd,
S. On a bank of flowers †
Wish'd unison between the pair, *The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.*
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone ! . . *The Lament.*
De'il tak the war ! I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed ; *S. The tither morn* †
And wished they'd been at hame, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
The Whistle. 11.

Wishfully.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face of thine ; . *S. Bonie wee thing* †

Wishin'. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagnes
Wad seize yon quick. *Letter to J. Goudie.*

Wiss [to wish]. The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
I'll bless her and wiss her
A Friend above the Lift. . *Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."*
Hae there's my hnnn', I wiss you weel, *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*

Wist.
The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ; *S. Farewell, thou stream* †
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ; *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Bnt little wist she Maggie's mettle *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*
And wist na o' my fate. *S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.*
He wist na whare he was gaun, O. *S. The Cooper o' cuddy* †
And ay she wist na what to say ;
S. The Lass that made the bed.
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'. . . *The Ruined Maid's Lament.*
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown !
S. There was a lass †
Yet wist na what her ail might be, ... *Ib.*

Wistful.
I'll westward turn my wistful eye : *S. Behold the hour* †
"Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
"Nae ray of fame was to be found : *Lament for Glencairn.*
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes, . *On Lincluden.*

Wistfully.
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, . *S. When wild War's* †

Wit. By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Wit and Grace, and Love and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine ; . . . *S. Bonie wee thing* †
If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit. . . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ; *Ep. to Young Friend. 9.*
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth ;
Ep. to Davie. 7.
There's wit there [in losses and crosses], ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where. . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.*
Bnt your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back. . *Ep. to J. R., 3.*
Yet tho' his canstick wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Extem. on W. Smellie.
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. . . *Extem. to Mr. S.*
Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ; *Frag. inscr. to Fox.*
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
In this braw age o' wit and lear, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.*

Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw :
The Belles of Mauchline.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd ; . . *The Dean of Fac..*
Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, *The Election Ballads. II.*
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas ! can do but what they can ; . . . . . *Ib. VI.*
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times
The Holy Fair. 17.
It kindles Wit, it wankens Lear,
It pangs us fon o' Knowledge. . . . . *Ib. 19.*
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ; *The Kirk's Alarm.*
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit . . *Ib.*
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ; . . . *Ib.*
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
The Rights of Woman.
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. . *The Twa Dogs. 19.*
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
The Whistle. 6.
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame. *Ib. 10.*
Has blest me with a random-shot
O' countra wit. . . . . *To J. S., 6.*
But give me real, sterling Wit, And I'm content. . *Ib. 23.*
Or hops the flavour of thy wit ; . . . . *To Mr. Syme.*
But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that ; . *S. Women's Minds.*
And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her darts,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Wit, *to.*
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot, *S. Eppie M'Nab.*
Or art thou wakin, I would wit, . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

Witch. Laugh in Misfortune's face—the heldam witch !
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
An' hillocks, stanes, an' hushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches. *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.*
Lincinden's ugly witch ; . . *Epit. on Grizel Grim.*
the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,
In my poor pouches. . *Friend of the poet* †
And you, deep-read in heil's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches ; *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor, ... *Ib.*
Warlocks and witches in a dance ; *Tam o' Shanter. 11.*
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches ! . . . *Ib. 15.*
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. . . *Ib. 17.*

Witchcraft. Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †

Witching, -in.
And list'ning to their [Passions] witching voice
Has often led me wrong. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
For Oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill ; . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
The witching cursed delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte, . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.*
the flowery snare Of witching love, *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Such witching books are baited hooks . *O leave novels* †
It wants to me the witching grace, *S. O this is no my ain* †
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love, *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my younthful fancy : *S. When wild War's* †

Witha' (withal).
And wasna Cockpen right sancy witha',
S. O when she cam ben †
For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd with a',
S. There's a youth †

Withdrawn. San, moon, and stars withdrawn a' ;
S. The gowd. Locks of A.

Wither. Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Pale sickness withers lika grace, . . . *Fragment.*
They fade and they wither awa, man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Withered, -'d.
Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, . *Add. to the Deil. 9.*
But whigs cam like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies. . . *S. Awa, whigs, awa.*
View the wither'd beldam's face *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd. . . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.*
Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp,
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes : . . . *The Holy Fair. 3.*
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter ; . *S. The sons of old Killie.*
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [*re.*]
S. There liv'd ance a carle †
As feckless as a wither'd rash. . . . *To a Haggis.*

Withering.
raging fortune's withering blast [*re.*] *S. Luckless Fortune.*
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ; . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air. . *S. The Catrine woods* †
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
The Petition of Br. Water.

Within.
But Och ! it hardens a' within, . *Ep. to Young Friend. 6.*

Without. Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
" First learn to live without it !"
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

Withoutten [without].
Ye Mankins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withoutten dread ; . *Tam Samson's El., 7.*

Withstand.
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand. . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Withstood.
Have oft withstood assailing War, *Add. to Edinburgh. 5.*
' But yet the hauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock ; *Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.*

Witless. witless, trusting woman . *S. O Lassie, art thou* †
But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be ;
S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown !
S. There was a lass †

Witness. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb ;
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet, . *The Vision. D. II.*
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take. . *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Witness, *to.*
The courtier's gems may witness love *S. Behold, my love* †
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Witness that filial circle round, . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
To witness what I after shall narrate ; *The Brigs of Ayr. 3.*
Does the sober hed of Marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love ? *The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.*
A hard was selected to witness the fray, *The Whistle. 11.*

Witnessed, -'d. But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyons a corps,
The Whistle. 13.

Wits. Dulness, with redoubled sway
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray. . *Symon Gray* †

Witty. Or witty catches, . *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6.*
A wildly-witty, rustic grace . . *The Vision. D. I. 10.*
Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Third Ep. to J. Lap..
O Willie was a witty wight, ... *To W. Creech.*

Wives *v.* **Wife.**

Wizard.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
S. True-hearted was he †

Wizen'd. I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty, wizen'd hide. . *Ep. to Davie. 11.*

Wo. Alas the day, and wo the day, *S. The bonie Lass of Alb.*

Wodrow [Rev. Peter, minister of Tarbolton].

Auld W—w, lang has hatch'd mischief, *The Twa Herds. 13.*

Woe. But oh, it was a tale of woe, . . . *A Vision.*

Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! *A Winter Night. 7.*

Come weel come woe, I care na by, *S. Behind yon hills* †

Come weel come woe, we'll gather and go,
S. Come boat me o'er.

My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb! . *Despondency, an Ode.*

But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 11.*

A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
Ep. fr. Esopus.

The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
Epit. for Author's Father.

There would I weep my woes, . . *S. Had I a cave* †

To work him farther woe, . . . *John Barleycorn.*

Twill make a man forget his woe; . . . . . *Ib.*

"The voice of woe and wild despair! *Lament for Glencairn.*

"A day to me so full of woe? . . . . . *Ib.*

Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*

What woes wring my heart *Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.*

Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, *Lns on Fergusson.*

Fell source of a' my woe and grief;
Lns. on Back of Bank Note.

Or haply, prest with cares and woes, *Man was made to Mourn.*

The weary steps o' woe. . . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell; . . . . . *Ib.*

Oh, nonght but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken! *S. O stay, sweet warbling* †

May He, the friend of woe and want,
On Birth of Posth. Child.

She [Justice] sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.
On Death of R. Dundas.

To mourn the woes my country must endure, . . *Ib.*

In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe, ... *Ib.*

She's from a world of woe relieved, *On Poet's Daughter.*

The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . *Poor Maillie's El..*

Her smiling, sae wyling,
Would make a wretch forget his woe: . *S. Sae flaxen* †

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew; *S. Scenes of woe* †

By oppression's woes and pains, . . *S. Scots, wha ha'e* †

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . . *S. Sensibility,* †

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of R.

And [Love] plunged me deep in woe. *S. Talk not of Love* †

The gnst o' joy, the halm of woe, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Woe ne'er assails in vain; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*

With woe I nightly vigils keep, . . . *The Lament.*

Awakes me up to toil and woe: . . . . . *Ib.*

While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo; . *S. The sun he is sunk* †

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man; . . *The Tree of Liberty.*

The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . *The Vowels.*

Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure. *S. The Winter it is past* †

Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
To a Mountain-Daisy.

As modest want the tale of woe reveals; *To Miss Graham.*

Though prest with care and sunk in woe,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †

Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. . *S. Where are the joys* †

Thon Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil; . . . . . *Winter.*

Woe-delighted. Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain, *To Ruin.*

Woe-worn. A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †

Woeful, -fu', Wofu'.

Or dark as misery's woeful night *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! . *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

The Brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel, *Tam Samson's El..*

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd . . . . *Ib. 8.*

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case! *The Death of Mailie.*

Wolf. Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail. . *New Psalmody.*

We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.
S. The Poor Thresher.

Woman.

To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! *Add. to the Deil. 6.*

Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; *Add. to the Unco Guid. 7.*

The billows on the ocean, The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion, They are but types of woman.
S. Deluded swain †

And dare the war with all of woman born: *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman. *Epit. on Henpecked Squire.*

And to the wealthy hoohy
Poor woman sacrifice: . . . . *S. How cruel* †

"One of two must still obey, - - -
"Is it man or woman, say, . . *S. Husband, husband* †

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love:
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove: . . *S. Let not woman* †

thon false woman, My sister and my fae,
Lament of Mary of Scots.

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee:
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . . . . *Ib.*

True it is, she had one failing,
Had ae woman ever less? . *Lns under Pict. of Miss B.*

If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
S. O ay my wife she dang.

Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo. *S. O Lassie, art thou* †

May woman on him turn her back, . *On W. Stewart.*

To glut that direst foe—a vengeful woman:
A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able—and as wicked as the devil! . . *Scots Prologue.*

But woman is but warld's gear, . *S. She's fair and fause* †

Whae'er ye be that woman love, ... *Ib.*

Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove
A woman has't by kind. . . . . *Ib.*

O woman, lovely woman fair,
An angel form's faun to thy share! . . . . . *Ib.*

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! *Tam o' Shanter. 18.*

The gust o' joy, the halm of woe,
The sanl o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman. *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her. . . . . *Ib.*

The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, *The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.*

For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can; *The Election Ballads. VI.*

Nae woman in the Country wide
Sae happy was as me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*

Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me. . . . . *Ib.*

An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds *The Holy Fair. 23.*

Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*

A faithless woman's broken vow. . . . *The Lament.*

And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee! . . *S. The lovely lass* †

The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
The Rights of Woman.

One sacred Right of Woman is protection. . . . *Ib.*

Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman! . . . . *Ib.*

There's some exceptions, man an' woman; *The Twa Dogs. 34.*

Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn, *There's naethin like* †

dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . *To J. S., 14.*

Even silly woman has her warlike arts, *To R. G. of F..*

But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
S. Twas even—the dewy †

Tho' women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that, . . *S. Women's Minds.*

Woman-grown.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Woman-kind.
Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! *S. Had I a cave* †
O that's the queen o' woman-kind, *S. O wat ye wha that loes* †
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
S. The Posie

Womb.
When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*

Won. Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect. *The Election Ballads. III.*
She won each gaping burgess' heart, ... *Ib. VI.*
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"
The Whistle. 18.
I hae won their wanton favour. . *S. Wantonness for ever* †

Won [to dwell].
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, *S. My Lord a-hunting* †
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
S. There's auld Rob M. †

Wonder.
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him. *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers. . . *On W. Chalmers.*
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . *The Vision. D. I. 12.*
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Wonder, *to.*
I wonder didna turn thy stomach. . *Tam o' Shanter. 14.*
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
To R. G. of F., 7.

Wonder'd.
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; *The Twa Dogs. 7.*

Wonderful, -fu'.
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
They're maistly wonderfu' contented; . *The Twa Dogs. 11.*

Wondering, -'ring.
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp* †
Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, . . *On Lincluden.*
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wond'ring eyes. . . *S. Peggy Chalmers.*

Wondrous. Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.

Wonn'd [dwelt].
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;
S. Scroggam.

Wonner [wonder, a term of contempt].
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, . . . *To a Louse.*

Wont. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be. . . . *A Vision.*
And smile as thou wert wont to do? . *S. Fairest maid* †
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage? . . . . *Liberty.*

Wonted.
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Ance to the Indies I were wonted, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.*
Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . *S. Fairest maid* †
With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:
S. My father was a farmer †
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
On seeing wounded Hare.
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, *Tam Samson's El., 11.*

Woo', Woo [wool].
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnie o't; . . *S. The cardin o't.*
To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! *The Death of Maillie.*
And casting woo' to me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]
Poor Maillie's El.

Woo, *to.*
When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, *A Guid New-Year* † *5.*
In shepherd's phrase will woo: . *S. Behold, my love,* †
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
For weel ye ken the way to woo. . . *S. John, come kiss.*
He [the cotter] woos his simple dearie: *S. O poortith cauld* †
And weel he kend the way to woo, *S. The Taylor he cam* †
Marry, Katie, then we'll woo. *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Woo'd.
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, *S. My love she's but* †

Wood.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, *S. A rosebud by my* †
But lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day. . *S. But lately seen* †
And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. . *S. By Allan stream* †
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, *S. Caledonia. 2.*
He learned to fear in his own native wood. . . . *Ib. 5.*
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
S. Craigie-burn Wood.
the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, . . *Ib.*
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild, *El. on Capt. M. H., 2.*
Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; . . . . *Ib. 7.*
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang; *S. Hark! the mavis* †
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; *S. I dream'd I lay* †
the fading yellow woods . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year, ... *Ib.*
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
There wild-woods grow and rivers row, *S. Of a' the airts* †
When Willy wander'd thro' the wood,
S. On a bank of flowers †
He overtook her in the wood, ... *Ib.*
poor wanderer of the wood and field, *On seeing wounded Hare.*
In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore: . . *On Death of Lap-dog.*
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: . . *Sketch.*
Ye lavish woods that wave around, *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Woods that ever verdant wave, . *S. Streams that glide* †
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; *Tam o' Shanter. 10.*
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The Catrine woods were yellow seen, *S. The Catrine woods* †
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, ... *Ib.*
As flames amang a hundred woods, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
The gay-green woods, amang, man; *The Fête Champetre.*
That sports by wood or water, ... *Ib.*
The echoing wood, the winding flood, ... *Ib.*
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood. . . . *The Hermit.*
Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
S. The Posie.
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, *The Twa Herds. 6.*
Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, *The Vision. D. I. 14.*
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
To Mary in Heaven.
O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, . *To W. Simpson.*
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And through the wood ye sang, lassie; *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
He stays amang the woods and briers, *S. Young Jamie* †

Woodbine. Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
S. Adown winding Nith †
O happy be the woodbine hower, *S. By Allan stream* †
Ye woodbines hanging honnilie,
In scented bowers; *El. on Capt. M. H., 5.*
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
El. on Miss Burnet.
briers an' woodbines budding green, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.*
And to support his helpless woodbine state,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
"The woodbine in the dewy weet,
"When evening shades in silence meet, . *S. O Phely* †
To see the woodbine twine, *S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.*
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
S. The Posie.
To see the rose and woodbine twine; *S. Ye banks and braes* †

Woodcock. The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
S. Now westlin winds †

Wooden.
There's wooden walls upon our seas, *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

Wood-fringed.
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Woodland. Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
S. Afton Water.
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
El. on Miss Burnet.
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring; *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, *S. Raving winds* †
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
S. Their groves of †
While all around the woodland rings, . . *To Miss C.*

Woodlark.
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to chear, . *S. Here is the glen* †
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
S. O stay sweet warbling †
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . *S. Sensibility,* †

Woody.
Their woody picture in my tide: . . *As on the banks* †
From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Woody, -ie [a rope, properly one made of withes or willows; the gallows].
But may she wintle in a woodie, . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee [death] hame . . . *El. on Capt. M. H.*
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! *The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.*
And learning in a woody dance, . *The Twa Herds. 10.*
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies, *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Wooer. It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, *S. In Simmer when* †
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: . . . *S. Jockey fou* †
Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
S. Last May a braw wooer †
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, . . . *Ib.*
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
S. There's auld Rob M. †
Oh I had wooers, eight or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; *S. Where Cart rins* †

Wooer-bab [*lit.* wooer-knot; the garter knotted below the knee in a couple of loops].
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten, . . . *Halloween, 3.*

Wooing. Ha, ha, the wooing o't; [*re.*] *S. Duncan Gray* †
ance whan in my wooing pride . . . *The Inventory.*

Woolwich.
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Ep. fr. Esopus.

Woor [wore].
Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin, *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Word. The Gentleman in word and deed, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
By word, or pen, or pointed steel! . . . *Ib. 14.*
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
A Dream.
A secret word or twa, man; . . . *A Fragment. 8.*
But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, ... *Ib. 9.*
Misery's another word for Grief: . *Add. sp. by Fontenelle.*
Masons' mystic word an' grip, . *Add. to the Deil. 14.*
But till my last moments my words are the same,
S. By you castle wa' †
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"
S. Contented wi' little, †
Thou know'st my words sincere! . . *Ep. to Davie. 9.*
The words come skelpan, rank and file, . . *Ib. 11.*
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, *Ep. to H. Parker.*
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And his last words were Dem my blood! *Epit. on Mr. Burton.*
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word. *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, *S. Fate gave the word* †
If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience;
S. Husband, husband †
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"
Prologue, at Th., D..
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; *Second Ep. to Davie.*
My dying words attentive hear, . *The Death of Mailie.*
But fate the word has spoken: *The Election Ballads. VI.*
For worth and honour pawn their word, *The Fête Champetre.*
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought; . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right *The Holy Fair. 15.*
See, up he's got the word o' G—, ... *Ib. 16.*
His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow; . . . . *Ib. 21.*
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that: . *S. The Honest Man.*
As now my distraction no words can express!
S. There's auld Rob M. †
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine! . . *To a Kiss.*
He tald mysel by word o' month,
He'd tak my letter; . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
My word of honor I hae gien, . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall! . . . . *To Ruin.*
The gentleman in word an' deed, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
To W. Simpson, P.S..
sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. . . . . *Ib.*
Mony words are needless, Katie, *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Wordie [*dim. of* word].
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse h-ll upon me. *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Wordy.
And each call each coxcomb to the wordy war. *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Wordy [worthy].
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, . . . *The Inventory.*
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm. . . . *To a Haggis.*
O, M[ood]y, man, and wordy R[nsse]ll, *The Twa Herds. 3.*

Wore. Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . *S. Highl. Laddie.*
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, *To R. G. of F., 6.*

Work, Works.
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine! *Add. to Edinburgh. 4.*
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
El. on Miss Burnet.

And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,
Ep. to R. Graham.
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work. . . *Ib. 4.*
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she [Nature] classes, O:
S. Green grow the Rashes.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. . *Sketch.*
'An honest man's the noble work of God;' [v. A. 30]
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
This poor man was seen to go early to work,
S. The Poor Thresher.
No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow, . *Ib.*
Obliging Vulcan fell to work, ... *To J. Taylor.*
Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, *A Ded. to G. H., 6.*
When a' my works I did review, ... *Ib. 12.*
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all thy works below. . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God. . . *A Winter Night. 11.*
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, *El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.*
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. *S. Twas even—the dewy†*

Work, *to.* To work him farther woe, . *John Barleycorn.*
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks; *Kind Sir, I've read†*
My bonie lass I work in brass, *The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.*
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree. . *The Twa Herds. 10.*
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; *S. Wha is that at†*
And now she works her mammie's wark, *S. There was a lass†*

Workhouse. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
Ep. fr. Esopus.
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes, . . *Ib.*

Working, Workings.
Sat working at his loom; . . *S. My heart was ance†*
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man. *Ronalds of Bennals.*
My barmie noddle's working prime, . . *To J. S., 4.*
Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
To R. G. of F., 8.

Worl' [world].
To learn *bon ton* and see the worl'. . *The Twa Dogs. 22.*

World.
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside; *S. Caledonia.*
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost. *El. on Capt. M. H., 9.*
Like thee where shall I find another,
The world around! . . . . *Ib. 15.*
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, *Ep. to Young Friend. 2.*
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days, . *Ep. to Davie. 10.*
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
If there's another world he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this. *Epit. on a Friend.*
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside *S. Here's a health to ane†*
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
Above the world on wings of love I rise,
In vain wild Prudence†
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. *Ib.*
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown, . *S. Mark yonder Pomp†*
Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O; *S. My father was a farmer†*
'This lower world I you resign: . . . *Nature's Law.*
In other worlds can Mammon fail, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
She's from a world of woe relieved, *On Poet's Daughter.*
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
Prologue, at Th., D..
Till fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone; *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
I could range the world around,
For the sake of Somebody. . . . . *S. Somebody.*
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear;
The Hermit.
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O. . *S. The Highl. Lassie.*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
The Petition of Br. Water.
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her. . . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know! . . *S. The sun he is sunk†*
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend! . . *S. Thickest night†*
And then all the world, Sir, should know it! *To Capt. Riddel.*
Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . *To Chloris.*
A thing unteachable in world's skill, . *To R. G. of F., 3.*
And left us darkling in a world of tears: . . . *Ib. 9.*
Why is the hard unpitied by the world,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Worldly.
Each worldly thought a while forbear, . . *On Lincluden.*
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
Unknown each guilty worldly fire, . . *The Hermit.*

Worm ["warld's worm," a miser].
"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees,
"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" *S. As on the banks†*
That the worms ev'n d—d him
When laid in his grave. . . *Epit. on Walter S—.*
To meet the Warld's worm; . . . *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, *Scotch Drink. 2.*

Worn.
We've worn to crazy years thegither; *A Guid New-Year† 18.*
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22.
Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode; . . *Epit. on Holy Willie.*
How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy! . *S. I do confess†*
Seem'd weary, worn with care; *Man was made to Mourn.*
With Cares and Sorrows worn, ... *Ib.*
That while a lassie she had worn, . . *Tam o' Shanter. 15.*
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—So was never worn.
The Election Ballads. IV.
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
S. The lazy mist†
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
To R. G. of F., 3.
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn. . *To Terraughty.*

Worry'd, Worried.
That might hae worried me, jo. . *S. O wat ye what my†*
An' worry'd ither in diversion; . . *The Twa Dogs. 6.*

Worrying.
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes. . . *The Twa Herds.*

Worse. May never worse be sent; . *A Grace before Dinner.*
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Ep. fr. Esopus.
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom . . *Ib.*
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, . *Ib.*
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, *S. O leave novels†*
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
The Henpecked Husband.

And down the gate, in faith, they're worse
And mair unchancy. *To Mr. J. Kennedy.*
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; *To R. G. of F., 4.*
And threaten'd worse damnation. *The Election Ballads, VI.*

Worser.

Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; *Remorse. A Frag..*

Worset [worsted].

Her braw, new, worset apron . . . . *Halloween. 13.*

Worship.

And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray. . *S. Farewell, dear mistress* †
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . . *The Dean of Fac..*

Worship, *to.*

Approach this shrine, and worship here. *Poet. Inscription.*
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that: . *S. The Honest Man.*

Worshipful.

By our Right Worshipful anointed, . *To a Medical Gent.*

Worshipp'd.

Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Worst. I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
In vain wild Prudence †
But n Miller us'd him worst of all, . . *John Barleycorn.*
My talents they were not the worst,
S. My father was a farmer †
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O. . . . . *Ib.*
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. *Remorse. A Frag..*
And Quentin o' lads not the worst. *The Election Ballads. III.*

Worth ["wae worth," woe befall].

Is instant made no worth a louse
Just at the bit. . *Add. to the Deil. 11.*
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while? . . *Ep. to Davie. 6.*
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
S. Here's a health to them †
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer †
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; *Scotch Drink. 5.*
Wae worth them for't! [v.A.25] . . . . *Ib. 12.*
Wae worth the name, [v.A.25] . . . . . *Ib.*
I am, altho' I say't myself,
Worth gaun a mile to see. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
He swoor by n' was swearing worth *The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.*
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
S. The lazy mist †
That happy night was worth them a', *S. The Rigs o' Barley.*
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, *The Tree of Liberty.*
I doubt it's hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi' Robin. . . *S. There was a lad* †
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, . . *To W. Creech.*
Nae Poet thought her worth his while, *To W. Simpson.*
My memory's no worth a preen; . . . . *Ib. P.S.*

Worth, *s.*

While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay. *S. Adown winding Nith* †
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost. *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth! . . . . *Ib. 16.*
Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
El. on Miss Burnet.
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died. . . *Epit. on Miss Lewars.*
"O! why has Worth so short a date? *Lament for Glencairn.*
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
Lns on Fergusson.
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her..
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
S. My heart's in the Highlands †
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, *S. My Mary's face* †
And fortune favor worth and merit, . . *Poem on Life.*
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last. . . . . *Sad thy tale.* †
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time, . . . *Symon Gray* †
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. *Tam Samson's El., Epit..*
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10]
Sonnet on Death of R.
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, *The Election Ballads. II.*
If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'. . . . *Ib. III.*
Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e; *Ib. IV.*
Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; . *Ib.*
In case that worth should wanted be, . . . *Ib. V.*
For worth and honour pawn their word, *The Fête Champetre.*
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that. . *S. The Honest Man.*
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that! . . . . . *Ib.*
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. *The Kirk's Alarm.*
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben. . *The Vision. D. I. S.*
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, . . *The Whistle.*
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law; . . *Ib. 6.*
Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, *To a Mountain-Daisy.*
With native worth, and spotless fame, . *To a young Lady.*
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . . *V.s, under Grief.*
And injured Worth forget and pardon man,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Worthless.

As for the jurr, poor worthless body, *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.*
This worthless body damn'd himsel,
To save the Lord the trouble. . . . *Epit. on D. C.*
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worthless Rake.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than any Tenant-man . . . *The Twa Dogs. 9.*
The most detested, worthless wretch among you! *Tragic Frag.*
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. *To R. G. of F., 7.*
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums, *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Worthy.

Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, . *Add. to Toothache.*
His worthy fam'ly far and near, . . *Auld comrade* †
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 8.
Nae honest worthy man need care,
To meet with noble youthful Daer, *On dining with Daer.*
A trifle scarce worthy your care; . *Poet. Add. to Tytler.*
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
May every son be worthy of his sire; *Prologue, sp. by Woods.*
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? . . *Scots Prologue.*
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie, *The Brigs of Ayr. 9.*
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that. *The Election Ballads. II.*

worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, *The Whistle. 15.*
worthy G[regor]y's latin face, . . . *To W. Creech.*

Wot. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, *S. Now Spring has clad* †
This wot ye all whom it concerns, *On dining with Daer.*

Would-be-roguish.
with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, *Prologue, at Th., D..*

Wound. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; *S. Gane is the day* †
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e. . *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
And heal her cruel wounds. . *On Birth of Posth. Child.*
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
On Death of R. Dundas.
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. . . . *Ib.*
Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave; . . . . *Sad thy tale,* †
That heart transpiere'd with many a wound;
S. The gloomy night †
The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.
S. There's auld Rob M. †
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves. . . *To J. S., 16.*
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Wounded.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish; *S. Could aught of song* †
Ye whom Sorrow never wounded, *S. Musing on the roaring* †
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; *The Brigs of Ayr.*
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! . *Ib. 9.*

Woven. By barber woven, and by barber sold, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*

Wow! [an exclamation of wonder or pleasure].
And wow! be has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel. *On Grose's Peregrinations.*
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Wrack.
The warld's wrack, we share o't, *S. My Wife's a winsome.*
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack; *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*

Wrack, *to* [to torment, tease].
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unvail Despair. . *S. Frae the friends* †
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . *Scotch Drink.*
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
S. What can a yng lassie †

Wraith [a ghost: the apparition of a person which appears before his death].
An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, *A Fragment. 8.*

Wrang, *adj., s.* [wrong].
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . *A Ded. to G. H., 5.*
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, . . *A Dream. 2.*
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human: . . . *Add. to Unco Guid. 7.*
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. . . *Ep. to Davie. 5.*
But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.*
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule, *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.*
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man, *Ronalds of Bennals.*
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Some fell for wrang and some for right,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Right to the wrang did yield:
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't,
The Kirk's Alarm. 10.
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An ca'd it wrang; . *To W. Simpson, P.S.*
Ye hae lien wrang, lassie
Ye've lien a' wrang; . . . . *S. Ye hae lien wrang.*
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. . . . . *Ib.*
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [*re.*]
S. Ye Jacobites †

Wrangs [wrongs].
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted. *S. Does haughty Gaul* †
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.

Wrang, *to* [to wrong].
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, *Ep. to Davie. 8.*
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee."
S. O saw ye bonie L. †
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart. . *On W. Stewart.*
That never did a lassie wrang; *On Window of C. Inn, F.*
O wrang na my virginity! *S. The Lass that made the bed.*
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her [the Kirk],
The Ordination. 3.

Wranged, -'d [wronged].
He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*
They've wranged the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Wrangled.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled, . *Auld comrade* †

Wrangling.
O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided, . . *S. Does haughty Gaul,* †

Wrap. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
Sonnet, on Death of R..
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Wrapt.
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion. . . *The Holy Fair, Mott.*

Wrath. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath! . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
In wrath she was sae vap'rin, . . . *Halloween. 13.*
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire, In wrath . . *Ib. 27.*
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. . *Tam o' Shanter.*
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, . *S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.*
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, *The Holy Fair. 13.*
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . . . *Ib. 18.*

Wreath. So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Fragment of Ode.
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, *Innocence* †
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Wreath'd, yellow autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Wreck.
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . *El. on Year 1788.*
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
S *No Churchman am I* †
And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
S. O Mally's meek.
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. . *S. Where are the joys* †

Wreck, *to.* O Mary, can'st thou wreck his peace,
Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. O Mary, at thy window †
Ye wreck my peace between ye; . *S. O poortith cauld* †
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! *S. Turn again, thou* †

Wreeth [wreath, a snow-drift].
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl, . *A Winter Night. 2.*

Wrench.
May Gravels round his blather wrench, *Scotch Drink. 17.*

Wrench'd. Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin !
Scots Prologue.
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink ! . *To a Mountain-Daisy.*

Wrestle. Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle, *Poem on Life.*

Wretch.
With all the servile wretches in the rear, *A Winter Night. 7.*
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch already crushed low . . . . . *Ib. 9.*
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches! *Add. to the Deil.*
O Life ! Thou art a galling load, . . .
To wretches such as I ! . . *Despondency, an Ode.*
The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
S. Does haughty Gaul †
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ; . *Ep. to Young Friend. S.*
Whom canting wretches blam'd : . . *Epit. for G. H.*
But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.
Extem. on Comments of Thomson.
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
S. Farewell, thou stream †
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie ! . *S. Farewell, ye dungeons* †
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Asham'd himself to see the wretches, *Lns add. to J. Ranken.*
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, *S. Lovely Davies.*
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
S. Now Spring has clad †
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
On seeing wounded Hare.
I pass by hunders. nameless wretches,
That ape their betters. . *Poem on Pastoral Poetry.*
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe : . . *S. Sae flaxen* †
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . *S. Streams that glide* †
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves, *The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.*
A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, . . *Ib. 19.*
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The Henpecked Husband.
Thou seest a wretch, who inly pines, . . *The Lament.*
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover : . . *S. The last time I* †
And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch,
The Ordination. 10.
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches ! *The Twa Dogs. 14.*
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. *The Vowels.*
Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r ! . . . . . *To Ruin.*
All devil as I am, a damned wretch, . . *Tragic Frag..*
The most detested, worthless wretch among you ! . *Ib.*

Wretched.
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
A Ded. to G. H.. 13.
Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ; . *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
A Winter Night. 9.
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
Ep. fr. Esopus.
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife ! . . . . *S. How cruel* †
But oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn, . *Man was made to Mourn.*
While down the wretched vital part is driven !
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear : *S. The gloomy night* †
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, . . . *Ib.*
Nae woman in the warld wide,
Sae wretched now as me. *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
S. The small birds rejoice †
They're no sae wretched's ane wad think ; *The Twa Dogs. 15.*
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*

Wretchedness.
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ; *Tragic Frag..*

Wring. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest. *A Prayer under Anguish.*
Something in her bosom wrings, . . *S. Duncan Gray* †
What woes wring my heart
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Remorse. A Frag.
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ... *Th Lament.*
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, *S. Wilt thou be my* †

Wringing.
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing. . *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †

Wrinkle. No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care.
Blest be M'Murdo †
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face : *The Brigs of Ayr. 4.*

Wrinkled. a dame in wrinkled eild, *S. In simmer when* †
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
Prologue, at Th., D..
And wrinkled was her brow, . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, *To J. S., 13.*

Write.
sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. *To W. Simpson, P.S.*

Write, *to.* And write their names in his [Deil's] black beuk
S. Awa, whigs, awa.
For who can write and speak as thou and I ? *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
And nought but peat reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read ? . *Ep. to H. Parker.*
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 2.*
'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
'This vera night ; . . . . . *Ib. 4.*
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ; . *Ep. to J. R., 13.*
I could write,—but Meg maun see't, *S. First when Maggy* †
Here's freedom to him that wad write !
S. Here's a health to them †
No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
S. No Churchman am I †
And write how dear I love thee. *S. O were I on Parnass.*†
old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, *Reproof by Himself.*
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa !
The Farewell. To St. J's L..
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna ! *S. The gowd. Locks of A.*
Ye bad me write you what they mean *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Writer (an attorney, or, in Scotch law, a solicitor).
I've been at druken writers' feasts, *On dining with Daer.*
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers :
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Writer-chiel [a young solicitor-fellow].
Or Ferguson, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name. . . *To W. Simpson.*

Written.
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen. . . *S. Tam Glen.*

Wrong, Wrongs.
And list'ning to their [Passions'] witching voice
Has often led me wrong. *A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.*
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong :
Frag. inscr. to Fox.
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
On Death of R. Dundas.
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee. *S. The lovely lass* †
No work comes me wrong . . *The Poor Thresher.*
But spare and pardon my false Love,
His wrongs to Heaven and me ! . . *S. O mirk, mirk* †
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
On Death of R. Dundas.
Wrongs injurious to redress, . . . *S. Thickest night* †
to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, *Wr. in Kenmore Inn*

Wrong, *to.*
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong. . . . *John Barleycorn.*
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
The Rights of Woman.

Wrong'd. Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
In vain would Prudence †
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
The Election Ballads, VI.

Wrote.
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead! *Tam Samson's El., 12.*
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15
This list wi' my ain hau' I wrote it, . . *The Inventory.*
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, the man. . . *To J. S., 3.*

Wrought. Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
A Guid New-Year † *16*
He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae; *S. O lay thy loof* †
M'[Gi]ll has wrought us meikle wae, *The Twa Herds. 12.*
Is wrought now by a coward few; . . . *S. The Union.*
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
S. There was a lass †
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief *What ails ye now* †
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Wrung. And so that heart was wrung. . *Sad thy tale,* †
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish. . . *S. Thine am I* †
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
To R. G. of F., 5.

Wry. Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
A Ded. to G. H., 9.

Wud [mad, furiously angry; "red-wud," stark mad].
An' just as wud as wud can be, . . *Scotch Drink. 13.*
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky. *The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.*
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; . *The Inventory.*

Wumble [wimble].
But he was gleg as onie wumble, *On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.*

Wyle [to beguile, decoy].
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [*re.*] *S. O whistle* †
She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,
S. O Willie brew'd †

Wyl'd [beguiled, decoyed].
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, *S. I gaed a waefu'* †

Wylecoat [a flannel vest].
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wylecoat; . . . *To a Louse.*

Wyling [beguiling].
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; *S. Sae flaxen* †

Wyte [reproach, blame].
Had I the wyte she bade me? [*re.*] *S. Had I the wyte* †
I wat the kirk was in the wyte, . *S. O wat ye what my* †

Wyte, *to* **[to reproach, blame].**
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa'; *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.*
To wyte her [my Muse's] countrymen wi' treason!
Scotch Drink. 14.

Y. The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! *The Vowels.*

Yard [a garden; an enclosure; a churchyard; *v. also,* **Kail-yard].**
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard,
S. By yon castle wa' †
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird;
S. Eppie M'Nab.
She thro' the yard the nearest taks, . *Halloween. 11.*
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
S. There's auld Rob M. †
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right, . *Third Ep. to J. Lap., 7.*

Yarico.
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd. *Lns on Mrs. Kemble.*

Yarrow. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, . *S. Blythe was she,* †
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. . . . . *Ib.*
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, *S. Braw lads on Yar. braes* †
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water. . . . . *Ib.*
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings, . *To W. Simpson. 8.*
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
S. True hearted was †

Yaud [a mare, an old mare].
The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, *The Election Ballads. V.*
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade, . . . *Ib.*

Yealings [coevals, born in the same year].
O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Year.
It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year, *A Guid New-Year* † *4.*
We've worn to crazy years thegither; . . . *Ib. 18.*
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, *Add. to Illegit. Child.*
Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
sweet Poet of the Year, . . *Add. to Shade of Thomson.*
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . *S. Amang the trees* †
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
S. And O for ane and twenty †
Beneath the load of years and cares, . *Auld comrade* †
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five and forty years thegither! . . . . *Ib.*
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land: . . . . . *S. Caledonia.*
'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
'In twa-three year. . . . *Ib. 24.*
Spring, thou darling of the year; . *El. on Capt. M. H., 12.*
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year: . . . *Ep. to Davie. 4.*
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year; *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.*
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year! . . . *Ib. 18.*
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
For this, niest year. . *Ep. to J. R., 10.*
So may the auld year gang out moaning *Friend of the poet* †
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.*
What have I [Winter] done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
We'll send him a year to the College yet; *S. Lady Mary Ann.*
Laden with years and meikle pain, *Lament for Glencairn.*
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; . . *Ib.*
"The honours of the aged year, ... *Ib.*
"I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
"On earth I am a stranger grown; . . . . . *Ib.*
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
Man was made to Mourn.
O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time! . . . . . *Ib.*
We'll let her stand a year or twa, . *S. My love she's but* †
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun. . *S. O Logan! sweetly* †
As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, . . . *S. O Phely* †
And welcome in the blooming year! *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
Laden with unhonoured years, *Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.*
And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? . . . *Ib.*
He was her Laureat monie a year, *On Scot Bard gne to W. I*
"That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"
On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And every year come in mair dear . *On W. Chalmers.*
"You're one year older this important day,"
Prologue, at Th., D.
"Another year is gone for ever." . *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*
A few days may—a few years must
Repose us in the silent dust. . . . . *Ib*

Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost? *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years: . . . *Ib. 13.*
The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
For monie a year come thro' the sheers: *The Death of Mailie.*
This seven lang years I hae lain by his side,
S. The deuks dang o'er.
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' Christ and ninety five,
That year I was the waest man
O' ony man alive. . . *The Election Ballads. V.*
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast, . *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. *S. The lazy mist* †
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, *S. The Posie.*
That merry day the year begins, . . *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun. . *S. There was a lad* †
As ye were nine year less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty! *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me. . . *To Dr. Blacklock.*
No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail: . *To Miss L., with "Beattie."*
Only to number out a villain's years! . *To R. Graham.*
Proclaim it the pride of the year. *S. Where are the joys* †

Yearly.

A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a', *The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.*

Yearn [an eagle].

Ye cliffs the haunts of sailing yearns, *El. on Capt. M. H., 3.*

Yell [giving no milk].

As yell's the Bill. . . . . *Add. to the Deil. 10.*

Yell.

When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, *S. Amang the trees* †
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,
The Kirk's Alarm.
Hear, how he [Morality] gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions! . *The Ordination. 12.*

Yell, *to.* There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Adam A—'s Prayer.
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, . *Add. to Toothache.*
Whar damned devils roar and yell, *Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.*
But O[liphant] aft made her [Common-sense] yell,
The Ordination. 2.

Yellow. For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill; *Add. to the Deil. 10.*
The nice yellow guineas for me. *S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft* †
the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest, . . *Ib.*
And yellow Autumn presses near, . . . *S. Bonie Bell.*
The yellow corn was waving ready: *S. By Allan stream* †
autumn in her weeds o' yellow: . . . . . *Ib.*
Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, . . *El. on Capt. M. H., 13.*
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers! *Ep. to J. R., 12.*
the fading yellow woods . . . *Lament for Glencairn.*
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn! *Lament of Mary of Scots.*
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
S. My Nanie's Awa.
All fading-green and yellow: . . *S. Now westlin winds* †
Her yellow hair, beyond compare, . *S. O Mally's meek.*
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . *S. Raving winds* †
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was; . *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*
The Catrine woods were yellow seen, *S. The Catrine woods* †
The robin pensive Autumn chear,
In all her locks of yellow. . *The Petition of Br. Water.*
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. . *The Twa Dogs. 8.*
'When yellow waves the heavy grain, *The Vision. D. II. 8.*
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:
S. Their groves of †

Y'er [your].

Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! *S. Will ye go and marry* †

Yerket [jirked, lashed, got excited or roused].

My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: *To J. S., 4.*

Yerl [earl]. Verl Galloway lang did rule this land, [*re.*]
The Election Ballads. V.
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke, . . . *Ib.*
An there had 'been the Yerl himsel', ... *Ib.*

Ye'se [you shall, or will].

And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . *S. Ca' the ewes.*
Ye'se never scorn me. . . . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. . *On Kirk of Lamington.*
God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
Scots Prologue.
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. *The Inventory.*
Then gae your gate ye'se nae he here! *S. Wha is that at my* †

Yesterday.

Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past. *The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps..*

Yesternight.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever." *Sketch. New-Yr's Day.*

Yestreen [yesternight].

'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
'I mind't as weel's yestreen, ... *Halloween. 15.*
O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . . *S. I gaed a waefu'* †
Was made his wedded wife yestreen; *Lament for Glencairn.*
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', *S. O Mary, at thy* †
Yestreen I met you on the moor, . . . *S. O Tibbie!* †
And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
On an empty Fellow.
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine *S. The gowd. Locks of A..*
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna. . . . . *Ib.*

Yet. What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear! . *Despondency, an Ode.*

Yett [a gate].

May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett, . . *Adam A—'s Prayer.*
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, *Add. of Beelzebub. 4.*
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; . *S. O whistle* †
At his daddie's yett, Wha met me but Robin.
S. Robin shure in hairst.
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
The Election Ballads. II.
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . *The Fête Champetre.*
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us! . *V.s, on Window, Carron.*

Yeuk [to itch].

Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy. . . *Poem on Life.*

Yeukin [itching; feeling uneasy].

If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin; *Kind Sir, I've read* †

Yewe *v.* **Yowe.**

Yield.

But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Craigie-burn Wood.*
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
Lns on Fergusson.
Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy; . *S. O wat ye wha's in* †
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
On seeing wounded Hare.
But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow. *S. Sweet fa's the eve* †
Right to the wrang did yield: *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; *The Whistle. 7.*
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. . . *Ib. 9.*
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
To a Mountain-Daisy.
Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . *To Clarinda.*
O yield me now a peaceful grave, *S. To thee, lov'd Nith* †
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava, ... *To W. Creech.*

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †

Yielded. The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward. *On Miss J. Scott.*

Yielding.
Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law, *S. Musing on the roaring* †

Yill [ale]. The Clachan yill had made me canty,
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.
S. In simmer when †
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist; . . *The Holy Fair. 23.*
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
Until they scanner. . . *To J. S., 22.*

Yill-caup [ale-stoup].
Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: . . *The Holy Fair. 18.*

Yird, Yirth [earth].
a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; *A Guid New-Year* † *3.*
Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; . . *Halloween.*
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, *The Jolly Beggars. R. 1.*
I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane; . *S. There's news, lassies* †
Nay. even the yirth itsel' does cry, . *El. on Year 1788.*

Yirr [the bark of a dog].
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . *Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.*

Yoke.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . *S. The Joyful Widower.*
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
S. The Poor Thresher.

Yoke, *to.* when I downa yoke a naig, . *A Ded. to G. H., 2.*
"Ye needna yoke the plough," *Death and Dr. Hornbook 24.*

Yokin [yoking; a bout, a set to].
At length we had a hearty yokin.
At sang about. *Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2.*
Or hand a yokin at the plough, *The Ans. to the Guidwife.*

Yon. And yon the toast of a' the town, *S. O Mary, at thy* †
Sitting at yon boord-en', . *S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.*
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord, . *S. The Honest Man.*
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad *The Jolly Beggars. S. III.*
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he.
S. Their grows a bonie brier †

Yonder.
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O; . *S. Katharine Jaffray.*

'Yont [beyond].
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman. *Add. to the Deil. 6.*
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed: . *Poor Mailie's El..*
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Frae yont the western waves, man. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Yore. ancestors, in days of yore, . *Add. to Edinburgh. 7.*

Young. For you, young Potentate o' W[ales], *A Dream. 10.*
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, ... *Ib. 13.*
When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
A Guid New-Year † *8.*
dear bird, young Jeany fair, . . *S. A Rosebud by my* †
sweet rose-bud, young and gay, ... *Ib.*
The young dogs,—swinge them to the labour—
Add. of Beelzebub.
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
S. Behind yon hills †
old Time then was young, ... *S. Caledonia.*
truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, . . *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
S. Farewell, thou fair day †
The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young; . *S. Fate gave the word,* †
An' young an' auld come rinnan out, . . *Halloween. 20.*
Wha got my young Highland thief. . . *S. Hee balou* †
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken; *S. In simmer when* †
I'm o'er young to marry yet, . . . *S. I'm o'er young* †
I'm o'er young, my mammy says, ... *Ib.*
while rosy pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, . *Innocense.*

My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.
Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: . *Ib.*
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
S. Lass, when yr mither †
Young man, do you hear that? . . . . . *Ib.*
And a' is young and sweet like thee:
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
Lns on Ploughman.
Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Man was made to Mourn.
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, *Nature's Law.*
That Young Man great in Issachar, . *New Psalmody.*
O can ye lahanr lea, young man, . *S. O can ye labour lea* †
An' I was but a young thing, . . *S. O wat ye what my* †
To put a young thing in a fright, ... *Ib.*
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Remorse. A Frag..
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man; *Ronalds of Bennals.*
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. . . . *Ib.*
And bids me beware o' young men; . . *S. Tam Glen.*
When I was beardless, young and blate,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The Belles of Mauchline.
And there will be wealthy young Richard,
The Election Ballads. II.
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
S. The heather was blooming †
swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . *The Holy Fair. 7.*
And still my delight is in proper young men:
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."
S. The lass that made the bed.
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, . . . *Ib.*
Gie me the groat again, cany young man.
S. The Taylor fell †
The young anes rantan thro' the house *The Twa Dogs. 20.*
Fullarton, the brave and young; . *The Vision. D. II. 6.*
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye . . . *Ib. 13.*
my young Highland Rover . *S. The yng Highl. Rover.*
Young Robie was the brawest lad, *S. There was a lass* †
Dearest tie of young connexions, . . . *To a Kiss.*
'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, *To Chloris.*
To daunton me, and me sae young, . *S. To daunton me.*
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . *To J. S., 15.*
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, . . *To Miss C.*
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, *To Mr. M'Adam.*
To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:
S. True hearted was he †
in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, . . . *Ib.*
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
S. What can a young lassie †
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, . *Ib.*
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . *S. Young Jamie* †
Young Jockey was the blythest lad . *S. Young Jockey* †
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, *S. Young Peggy* †

Youngest. The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to H-ll. *Add to the Deil. 14.*
The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
S. Lady Mary Ann.

Young-eyed.
Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot hear:
Sonnet, on Death of R..

Young-Guidman [newly-married man].
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
Add. to the Deil. 11.
The auld guideman, or the young gudeman,
For me may sink or swim; . . *The Election Ballads. I.*

Youngker, Younker [youngster].
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Youngling [young].
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

Youngster.
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
S. As I was a-wand'ring †
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks, . . . *To W. Simpson. P.S.*

Younker *v.* **Youngker.**

Yours. And gratefully my gude auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay. *To Dr. Blacklock.*

Yoursel [yourself; yourselves].
I thought them [my works] something like yoursel.
A Ded. to G. H., 12.
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . . *Add. to Unco Guid.*
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, . . *Auld Comrade* †
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck! . . *El. on Year 1788.*
But still keep something to yoursel *Ep. to Young Friend. 5.*
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ; . . . . . *Ib.*
Go, for yoursel procure renown, . *S. Highland Laddie.*
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco Calf! . . . . . *The Calf.*
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted, . . *The Holy Fair. 25.*
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, *Third Ep. to J. Lap..*
An' gar him follow to the kirk—
Ay when ye gang yoursel. *To Gav. Hamilton.*
Ye ken yoursels my heart right prond is, *To Dr. Blacklock.*
'Twas nohle, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel, . *To Mr. M'Adam.*

Yourself.
Yourself, you wait your bright reward. *Sketch. New Yr's Day.*

Youth.
Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
El. on Miss Burnet.
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, *Ep. fr. Esopus.*
Adieu, dear, amiable Youth ! . *Ep. to Young Friend. 11.*
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth; *Ep. to Davie. 7.*
The friend of age, and guide of youth : *Epit. on a Friend.*
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume. *S. Now Spring has clad* †
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
O Thou dread Pow'r †
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart. . . *S. Polly Stewart.*
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Prologue, at Th., D..
Home of my youth, . . *S. Slow spreads the gloom* †
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ; *Tam Samson's El.*
Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth :
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
But there's a youth, a widless youth,
That fills the place where she should be ;
S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ; . *Ib.*
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? . . *Ib. 10.*
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son. . . *The Election Ballads. I.*
Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, . . *The Hermit.*
The plighted husband of her youth? . . *The Lament.*
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey.
S. The yng Highl. Rover.
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
S. There's a youth †
in all thy youth and charms, ... *To Chloris.*
Youth and Love with sprightly dance, *Wr. in Friars-Carse H..*
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
S. You wild mossy mountains †
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her. . . . *S. Young Peggy* †

Youthful, -fu'.
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, *Add. to the Deil. 15.*
I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you, . *Ep. to Young Friend.*
Thou golden time o' youthful prime, . *S. But lately seen* †
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many :
S. By Allan stream †
The youthful charming Chloe ; . *S. It was the charming* †
Or youthful Pleasure's rage? *Man was made to Mourn.*
Thy glorious youthful prime ! . . . . . *Ib.*
Look not alone on youthful Prime, ... *Ib.*
Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast : . . . . *Ib. 10.*
They make your youthful fancies reel, . *O leave novels* †
'My youthful heart was stown away, . . *S. O Phely,* †
The youthful blooming Nelly lay, *S. On a bank of flowers* †
She's stately like yon youthful ash, *S. On Cessnock banks* †
To meet with noble youthful Daer, *On dining with Daer.*
Sweet early object of my youthful vows, *Once fondly lov'd,* †
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Prologue, at Th., D..
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
''Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, . . *Ib. 9.*
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low ! *S. The sun he is sunk* †
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing, . . *The Vision. D. I. 4.*
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, . . *Ib. D. II. 16.*
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy : *S. When wild War's* †

Yowe, Yewe [ewe].
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, *S. Her Daddie forbad* †
Her living image in her yowe, . . *Poor Mailie's El..*
To stay content wi' yowes at hame : *The Death of Mailie.*
And there I had three score o' yowes,
Skipping on yon bonie knowes, *S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.*
His gear may buy him kye and yowes, *S. To daunton me.*

Yowie [*dim. of* **yowe**].
An' niest my yowie, silly thing, . *The Death of Mailie.*

Yule [Christmas. Yule—5th Jan. old style—was not a religious festival as in England, but a season of festivities, and a survival from Pagan times].
And dawin it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule. *S. Cauld is the e'enin blast* †
On blithe yule night when we were fou, [v. A. 32]
S. Duncan Gray †
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, *S. To daunton me.*

Zeal.
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant. *A Ded. to G. H., 15.*
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast *Halloween. 22.*
O L—d thon kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11]
Holy Willie's Prayer.
I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, *The Election Ballads. VI.*
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken. . *To Rev. J. M'Math.*

Zealot.
Ye canting Zealots, spare him ! *Tam Samson's El., Epit.*

Zealous. Their zealons herds are vex'd an' sweatan ;
To W. Simpson. P.S.

Zephyr.
And I myself the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play. . . *S. O were my love* †
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †

Zig-zag. To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on ; *To J. S., 19.*

Zion. Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion ; . . . *The Ordination. 7.*

Zipporah. Or Zipporah the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day.
The Ordination. 4.

Zodiac. Down the Zodiac urge the race, *Ep. to H. Parker.*

Zone. Afric's burning zone, . *S. Now Spring has clad* †

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

In each case, the alteration made by the Poet is given immediately after the original line or lines, and the date indicated.

K., . . . The Kilmarnock Edition (published, July, 1786).
E. 1787, &c., . Edinburgh Edition of 1787, &c.
L. 1787, . . London Edition of 1787.

1.—Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse. . . . *K.*
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down. . . . *E. 1794.*
The Twa Dogs.

2.—Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither
Tak' aff your dram! . . . . *K.*
Till when ye speak, ye niblins blether,
Yet deil mak' matter!
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Tak' aff your whitter. . . . *E. 1794.*
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

3.—An' warn him aye at ridin time,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; . . . . *K.*
An' warn him—what I winna name—
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; . . . *E. 1787.*
The Death of Maillie.

4.—Quoted from inserted stanzas which appeared, *E. 1787*, and were retained in subsequent editions.

5.—Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile . . *K.*
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile . *E. 1793.*
The Cotter's Sat. Night.

6.—Great lies and nonsense baith to vend . . *E. 1787.*
A rousing whid at times to vend . . . *E. 1794.*
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

7.—Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware . *L. 1787.*

In the London Edition of 1787 "skinking" was misprinted "stinking." "Stinking" also appears in many copies of the 1787 Edinburgh Edition.

8.—"But now our joys are fled," was altered by Thomson, to suit the music, into "Tho' now, all Nature's sweets are fled."

9.—But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.

The above, which, with the exception of the first line, had been previously omitted, was printed in Pickering's Edition of 1839.

10.—Quoted from additional lines printed in Currie's Second Edition.

11.—Quoted from an additional verse printed in Stewart's Edition of 1802.

12.—Quoted from additional lines printed in "Cromek's Reliques," 1810.

13.—An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
O' curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres. . . . *K.*
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. . . . *E. 1787.*
The Twa Dogs. 23.

"B-res," is evidently a misprint for "buboes," a venereal disease generally accompanying the "chancres."

14.—And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,
Could only peer it; . . . . *K.*
And such a leg! my honie Jean
Could only peer it; . . . *E. 1787.*
The Vision. D. I. 11.

In 1787 Burns had got reconciled to Jean Armour.

15.—From verse inserted by the Poet in his *E.* Editions of 1793 and 1794.

16.—At the suggestion of Mr. Tytler, the Poet omitted the following lines when he printed "Tam o' Shanter" in his Editions of 1793 and 1794:—

Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. *Tam o' Shanter.*

"Tam o' Shanter" was first printed in Captain Grose's "Antiquities of Scotland."

17.—At ev'ry chap. . . . . *K.*
At ev'ry chaup. . . . . *E. 1787.*
Scotch Drink. 10.

18.—On this hand sits an Elect swatch . . . . *K.*
On this hand sits a chosen swatch . . . *E. 1787.*
The Holy Fair. 10.

19.—She was nae get o' runted rams,
Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams;
She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
A famous breed:
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
O' Maillie dead!

The above verse occurs in original manuscript copies of "Poor Maillie's Elegy" in place of the sixth verse of the poem as printed.

20.—Quoted from a variation of the fifth verse.

21.—His wee drap pirratch, ... *K.*
His wee drap parritch, ... *E. 1787.*
Scotch Drink. 7.

"Pirratch" is evidently a misprint.

22.—Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t—n. . . . . *K.*
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n. . . . . *E. 1787.*
The Holy Fair. 12.

Dr. Blair suggested 'd-mn-t—n' as being more in accordance with the "Gospel" preached by the type of clergymen satirised.

23.—Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; . *K.*
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; . *E. 1787.*
The Vision. D. II. 6.

24.—The sweetest hours that e'er I spend . . *E. 1787.*
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent; . *E. 1793, 1794.*
S. Green grow the Rashes.
The wisest man the warl' saw . . . *E. 1787.*
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw; . *E. 1793, 1794.*
S. Green grow the Rashes.

25.— Wae worth them for't!
While healths gae round to him wha tight,
Gies famous sport. . . . . *K.*
Wae worth the name,
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them. . . *E. 1787.*
Scotch Drink. 12.

25.—"Lugar," instead of "Stinchar," was suggested to Thomson by the Poet.

27.—Ask why God made the gem so small,
While huge He made the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it.

The above version is considered the more correct, and is the one concorded.

28.—when pressed with care. . . . . *E. 1787.*
when harassed with care. . . . . *E. 1794.*

29.—And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! . . . . *K.*
A Ded. to G. H., 6.

The above line was omitted by the Poet in all his subsequent Editions.

30.—"An honest man's the noble work of God:". . *K.*
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.

The Poet misquoted Pope, using "noble" instead of "noblest," a mistake he corrected in his subsequent Editions.

31.—A variation of the two last lines of the second verse of the song.

32.—The line—
"On blithe Yule night when we were fou,"
was altered by Thomson to—
"On new-year's night, when we were fou."
S. Duncan Gray †

INDEX

OF

"TITLES" AND "FIRST LINES."

INDEX OF "TITLES" AND "FIRST LINES."

The "Titles" and "First Lines" not used in the Concordance are indented.
The "Titles" which are *not* those of the Poet, are printed in *italics*.
A † indicates a "First Line."

A Bard's Epitaph.
Is there a whim-inspir'd fool †
A Bottle and a Friend.
Here's a bottle and an honest friend †
A Dedication to G**** H******* Esq.
Expect na, Sir, in this narration †
A Dream.
Guid-Mornin to your Majesty †
A Farewell.
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you †
A Fragment.
When Guilford good our Pilot stood †
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie †
The Auld Farmer's New-year-morning Salutation to his auld Mare, Maggie.
A Grace.
L—d, we thank an' thee adore †
A Grace before Dinner.
O Thou, who kindly dost provide †
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause †
A Prayer under the Pressure of violent Anguish.
O Thou great Being! what Thou art †
A red, red Rose. S.
O my Luve's like a red, red rose †
A Rose-bud by my early walk † S.
A Verse on being Hospitably Entertained in the Highlands.
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er †
A Vision.
As I stood by yon roofless tower †
A Winter Night.
When biting Boreas, fell and doure †
A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † S.
Adam A—'s Prayer.
Gude pity me, because I'm little †
Address of Beelzebub to the Right Honourable the Earl of B****.
Long life, my lord, and health be yours †
Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle at the Theatre, Dumfries.
Still anxious to secure your partial favor †
Address to an Illegitimate Child.
Thou's welcome wean, mishanter fa' me †
Address to Edinburgh.
Edina! Scotia's darling seat †
Address to General Dumourier.
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier †
Address to the Deil.
O Thou, whatever title suit thee! †
Address to the Shade of Thomson.
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood †
Address to the Tooth-Ache.
My curse upon your venom'd stang †
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous.
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel †
Adown winding Nith I did wander † S.
Afton Water. S.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes †
Again rejoicing Nature sees † S.
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be † S.
Allan Masterton's bonie Anne. S.
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right †
Amang the trees where humming bees † S.
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet † S.
And O for ane and twenty, Tam † S.
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire † S.
As down the burn they took their way † S.
As I came o'er the Cairney mount † S.
As I gaed up by yon gate end † S.
As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning † S.
As on the banks of winding Nith †
Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig.
Ask why God made the gem so small †
On being asked why God had made Miss Davis so Little and Mrs. *** so Large.
At a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers (Extempore Lines).
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast †
At Globe Tavern, Dumfries: on being compelled so to officiate.
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore †
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner †
Letter to J—s T—t, Gl—nc—r.
Awa, whigs, awa. S.
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair †
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms † S.
Ay waking, O! † S.
Ay wankin, O. S.
Simmer's a pleasant time †
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley † S.
Behind yon hills where Stinchar [Lugar] flows † S.
Behold, my love, how green the groves † S.
Behold the hour, the boat arrive! † S.
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day †
Inscribed on a Pane of Glass in Mr. M'Murdo's House.
Blue Bonnets. S.
Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? †
Blythe was she, &c. S.
Blythe, blythe, and merry was she †
Blythe hae I been on yon hill † S.
Bonie Bell. S.
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing †
Bonie Lassie, will ye go † S.
Bonie wee thing, canny wee thing † S.
The bonie wee Thing.
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes † S.
Braw lads of Galla water. S.
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow †
But lately seen, in gladsome green † S.
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove † S.
By yon castle wa' at the close of the day † S.
Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes. S.
As I gaed down the water-side †
[Another Sett of this song begins "Hark! the mavis evening sang."]
Caledonia. S.
There was once a day, but old time then was young †
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? † S.
Carl, an the King come. S.
An somebodie were come again †
Cauld is the e'enin blast † S.
Cock up your beaver. S.
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town †
Come boat me o'er to Charlie. S.
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er †
Come let me take thee to my breast † S.
[The second stanza of this song and the second and third stanzas of the song "An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet," are the same.]
Comin thro' the rye, poor body † S.
[First Sett.]
Comin thro' the rye. S.
Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye †
[Second Sett.]
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair † S.
Could aught of song declare my pains † S.
Craigie-burn Wood. S.
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood †
[Another Sett of this song begins "Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn."]

Damon and Sylvia. S.
Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. A True Story.
Some books are lies frae end to end †
Delia. An Ode.
Fair the face of orient day †
Deluded swain, the pleasure † S.
Despondency, an Ode.
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care †
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? † S.
The Dumfries Volunteers.
Donald Brodie met a lass † S.
Donald Brodie.
Duncan Davison. S.
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg †
Duncan Gray. S.
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray †
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo † S.
Elegy on Capt. M— H—, A gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God!
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! †
Elegy on Peg Nicholson.
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare †
Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux.
Now Robin lies in his last lair †
Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo.
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize †
Elegy on the year 1788.
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn †
Epigram on ——.
When ******, deceased, to the Devil went down †
Epigram on a Henpecked Country Squire.
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life †
Epigram on a Henpecked Country Squire, Another.
One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell †
Epigram on a Noted Coxcomb.
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast †
Epigram on Andrew Turner.
In seventeen hunder forty-nine †
Epigram on being Neglected at Inverary Inn.
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here †
Epigram on Capt. Francis Grose.
The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying †
Epigram on Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epigrams.
O Thou whom Poetry abhors †
Epistle from Esopus to Maria.
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells †
Epistle to a Young Friend.
I lang hae thought, my youthfu' Friend †
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet.
While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw †
Epistle to Hugh Parker.
In this strange land, this uncouth clime †
Epistle to J. L*****k, an old Scotch Bard. April 1st, 1785.
While briers an' woodbines budding green †
Epistle to J. L*****k, an old Scotch Bard. April 21st, 1785.
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake †
Epistle to J. R******, enclosing some Poems.
O rough, rude, ready-witted R******, †
Epistle to Major Logan.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! †
Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry.
When nature her great master-piece designed †
Epitaph for G. H., Esq.
The poor man weeps—here G—n sleeps †
Epitaph for R. A., Esq.
Know thou, O stranger to the fame †
Epitaph for the Author's Father.
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains †
Epitaph on a Celebrated Ruling Elder.
Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep †
Epitaph on a Country Laird, not quite so Wise as Solomon.
Bless Jesus Christ, O C********, †
Epitaph on a Friend.
An honest man here lies at rest †
Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire.
As father Adam first was fool'd †
Epitaph on a Noisy Polemic.
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes †
Epitaph on a Wag in Mauchline.
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a' †
Epitaph on D—— C——.
Here lies on earth a root of Hell †
Epitaph on Gabriel Richardson.
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct †
Epitaph on Grizel Grim.
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim †
Epitaph on Holy Willie.
Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay †
Epitaph on J—n B—y, Writer, D—s.
Here lies J—n B—y, honest man †
Epitaph on John Dove, Innkeeper, Mauchline.
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon †
Epitaph on Miss Jessy Lewars.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth †
Epitaph on Mr. Burton.
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies †
Epitaph on Tam the Chapman.
As Tam the Chapman on a day †
Epitaph on W— —.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death †
Epitaph on Walter S—.
Sic a reptile was Wat †
Epitaph on wee Johnie.
Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know †
Eppie Adair. S.
An' O, my Eppie †
Eppie M'Nab. S.
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab †
Extempore. April, 1782.
O why the deuce should I repine †
Extempore in the Court of Session.
He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist †
Extempore on a Person Nicknamed the Marquis.
Here lies a mock Marquis †
Extempore on some Commemorations of the Poet Thomson.
Dost thou not rise, indignaot shade †
Extempore on the late Mr. William Smellie.
To Crochallan came †
Extempore. Pinned to a Lady's coach.
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue †
Extempore. To Mr. S**e, on refusing to dine with him.
No more of your guests, be they titled or not †
Extempore, to an Intimate in Reply to an Invitation.
The king's most humble servant, I †
Fairest maid on Devon banks! † S.
Farewell, dear mistress of my soul † S.
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies † S.
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows † S.
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong † S.
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, † S.
A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son.
First when Maggy was my care, † S.
For W. Nicol, one of the Teachers of the High-school of Edinburgh.
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, †
Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, † S.
Frae the friends and Land I love, † S.
Fragment.
Now health forsakes that angel face, †
Fragment, inscribed to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! †
Fragment of an Ode on the Birth-day of Prince Charles Edward.
False flatterer, Hope, away! †
Friend of the poet tried and leal, †
Poem, addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.
From thee, Eliza, I must go, † S.
Gane is the day and mirk's the night, † S.
Then Guidwife count the Lawin.
Gat ye me, O gat ye me, † S.
The Lass of Ecclefechan.
Gloomy December. S.
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! †
Grace after Dinner.
O Thou, in whom we live and move, †
Green grow the Rashes. S.
There's nought but care on ev'ry han', †
Gudeen to you Kimmer, † S.
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, † S.
Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, † S.
Halloween.
Upon that night, when Fairies light †
Handsome Nell. S.
O once I lov'd a bonie Lass †

Hark! the mavis' evening sang † S.

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, † S.
The Highland Balou.

Her Daddie forbad, her Mionie forbad † S.
Jumpin John.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing † S.

Here is the glen, and here the bower, † S.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear † S.

Here's a health to them that's awa † S.

Here's his health in water. S.
Altho' my back be at the wa', †

Here's to thy health, my bonie lass † S.

Hey ca' thro'. S.
Up wi' the carls of Dysart †

Hey, the dusty miller † S.

Highland Laddie. S.
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw †

Highland Mary. S.
Powers celestial whose protection †

Holy Willie's Prayer.
O Thou wha in the heavens dost dwell, †

How can my poor heart be glad, † S.

How cruel are the parents † S.

How lang and dreary is the night, † S.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, † S.

Husband, husband, cease your strife, † S.

I do confess thou art sae fair, † S.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, † S.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen † S.

I met a lass, a bonie lass † S.
[Almost the whole of this piece occurs in "Donald Brodie met a lass."]

I'll ay ca' in by yon town † S.

I'm o'er young to marry. S.
I am my mammy's ae bairn †

Impromptu.
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer †

Impromptu, on Mrs. —'s Birthday, 4th Nov., 1793.
Old winter with his frosty beard †

In Defence of a Lady: at Dalswinton.
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, †

In simmer when the hay was mawn † S.

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer, †

Innocence looks gaily-smiling on †

Inscription on a Goblet.
There's death in the cup—sae beware! †

Inscription on the Tomb of Robert Fergusson, Poet.
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, †

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, † S.

It was a' for our rightfu' king † S.

It was the charming month of May † S.

Jamie, come try me † S.

Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, †

Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, † S.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, † S.

John Anderson, my Jo, John † S.

John Barleycorn. A Ballad.
There was three kings into the east †

John, come kiss me now. S.
O John, come kiss me now, now, now, †

Johnny Peep.
Here am I, Johnny Peep; †

Katharine Jaffray.
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, †

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? †
Written in an Envelope, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose.

Killiecrankie. S.
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! †

Kind Sir, I've read your paper through †
Poem written to a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense.

Lady Mary Ann. S.
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa' †

Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, †

Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring.
Now Nature hangs her mantle green †

Lament, written when the Author was about to leave his Native Land.
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying †

Landlady, count the lawin † S.
Hey tutti taiti.

Lass, when your mither is frae hame † S.
The Discreet Hint.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks. S.
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea †

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen † S.

Leezie Lindsay. S.
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay †

Let not woman e'er complain † S.

Letter to John Gondie, Kilmarnock, on the Publication of his Essays.
O Gondie! terror of the Whigs †

Liberty.
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among †

Lines addressed to Mr. John Ranken.
Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl †

Lines on a Ploughman. S.
As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring †

Lines on Fergusson.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson †

Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford of Whiteford, Bart., with Poem "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn."
Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st †

Lines written on Mrs. Kemble as Yarico.
Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief †

Lines written Extempore in a Lady's Pocket-book.
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live †

Lines written on a Window, in Friar's Carse Hermitage.
To Riddell, much lamented man †

Lines written on a Window, at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries.
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering †

Lines written on the Back of a Bank Note.
Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf †

Lines written on Windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.
1. The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures †
2. I murder hate by field or flood †
3. The deities that I adore †
4. My bottle is a holy pool †
[This verse also occurs in the song, "Gane is the day, &c."]
5. In politics if thou would'st mix †

Lines written under the Picture of the celebrated Miss Burns.
Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing †

Lines wrote by Burns, while on his Death-bed, to J—n R—k-n.
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead †

Louis what reck I by thee † S.

Lovely Davies. S.
O how shall I, unskilfu', try †

Luckless Fortune. S.
O raging fortune's withering blast †

Man was made to Mourn, a Dirge.
When chill November's surly blast †

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion † S.

Monody, on a Lady famed for her Caprice.
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired †
[The Epitaph affixed to this Monody begins—"Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,"].

Montgomerie's Peggy. S.
Altho' my bed was in yon muir †

My bonie Mary. S.
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine †

My Collier Laddie. S.
Whare live ye my bonie lass †

My father was a farmer † S.

My Harry was a gallant gay † S.
O for him back again.

My heart was ance as blythe and free † S.
To the Weavers gin ye go.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here † S.

My Lord a-hunting he is gane † S.
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't.

My love she's but a lassie yet † S.

My Love's a winsome wee thing † S.
[Another Sett of this song is headed—"My wife's a winsome wee thing," and begins—"She is a winsome wee thing."]

My Mary's face, my Mary's form † S.

My Nanie's Awa. S.
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays †

My Sandy gied to me a ring † S.

My Wife's a winsome wee thing. S.
She is a winsome wee thing †
[Another Sett of this song begins—"My Love's a winsome wee thing"].

Musing on the roaring ocean † S.

Naebody. S.
I hae a wife o' my ain †

Nature's Law. A Poem humbly inscribed to G. H., Esq.
Let other heroes boast their scars †

New Psalmody.
O sing a new song to the L— †

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, †

Now bank and brae are clothed in green, † S.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers † S.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green † S

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns † S.

O ay my Wife she dang me. S.
On peace and rest my mind was bent †

O bonie was rosy brier † S.

O can ye labour lea, young man † S.

O gie my love brose, brose † S.

O gin ye were dead, Gudeman. S.
There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman †

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes † S.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! † S.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? † S.

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, † S.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass † S.
A slave to love's unbounded sway †
The Imploring Lover.

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles †

O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, † S.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet. S.
As I was walking up the street †

O Mary at thy window be † S.

O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet † S.

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty † S.

O merry hae I been teethin a heckle † S.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour † S.

O Phely, happy be that day, † S.

O poortith cauld, and restless love, † S.

O saw ye bonie Lesley † S.

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay † S.

O steer her up and haud her gaun † S.

O that I had ne'er been married † S.

O this is no my ain lassie † S.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above! †
Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night, the Author left these Verses in the room where he slept.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day † S.
Yestreen I met you on the moor †

O wat ye wha that lo'es me † S.

O wat ye wha's in yon town † S.

O wat ye what my minnie did † S.

O were I on Parnassus hill † S.

O were my love yon lilac fair, † S.

O wert thou in the cauld blast † S.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy? † S.
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? † S.
Bonie Dundee.

O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law † S.
When she cam ben she bobbed.

O whistle, and I'll come to yon, my lad † S.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut † S.

Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. —— of ——.
Dweller in yon dungeon dark †

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw † S.

Oh, how can I be blythe and glad † S.

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew † S.

On a hank of flowers one summer's day † S.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire.
Here lie Willie M—hie's banes †

On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink †

On an Empty Fellow.
Of lordly acquaintance you boast †

On an Evening View of the Ruins of Linclnden Castle.
Ye holy walls, that, still sublime †

On Burns's Horse being Impounded.
Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted †

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass † S.

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells † S.
[Second Sett].

On Commissary Goldie's Brains.
Lord, to account who dares thee call †

On Dining with Lord Daer.
This wot ye all whom it concerns †

On Lord G.
No Stewart art thou G—— †

On the same Lord G.
Bright ran thy line, O G—— †

On Miss Jessy Lewars.
Talk not to me of savages †

On Miss J. Scott, of Ayr.
Oh! had each Scot of ancient times †

On Mr. W. Crnickshanks.
Honest Will's to Heaven gane †

On scaring some Water-fowl in Loch-Turit.
Why, ye tenants of the lake †

On seeing a Wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow had just shot at.
Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art †

On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G..
What dost thou in that mansion fair? †

On the Birth of a Posthumous Child, born in peculiar Circumstances of Family-distress.
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love †

On the Death of a Favourite Child.
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave †

On the Death of a Lap-dog, named Echo.
In wood and wild ye warbling throng †

On the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arniston, late Lord President of the Court of Session.
Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks †

On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair.
The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare †

On the Kirk of Lamington.
As cauld a wind as ever blew †

On the late Captain Grose's Peregrinations thro' Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots †

On the late Duke of Queensberry.
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace? †

On the Poet's Daughter.
Here lies a rose, a budding rose †

On Willie Chalmers.
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride †

On Willie Stewart.
You're welcome, Willie Stewart †

On Window at Stirling.
Here Stuarts once in glory reigned †

On Window of Cross-Keys Inn, Falkirk.
Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn †

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear †
Written on the blank Leaf of a Copy of the Poems, presented to an old Sweetheart, then married.

One fond kiss, and then we sever; † S.
Parting for ever.

One night as I did wander †

Ont over the Forth I look to the north † S.

Peggy Chalmers. S.
Where, braving angry winter's storms †

Phillis the Fair. S.
While larks with little wing †

Poem on Life, addressed to Colonel De Peyster, Dumfries, 1796.
My honored colonel, deep I feel †

Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! †

Poetical Address to Wm. Tytler.
Copy of a Poetical Address to Mr. William Tytler with the Present of the Bard's Picture.
Revered defender of beauteous Stuart †

Poetical Inscription, for an Altar to Independence.
Thou of an independent mind †

Polly Stewart. S.
O Lovely Polly Stewart †

Poor Mailie's Elegy.
Lament in rhyme, lament in prose †

Postscript to "The Kirk's Alarm.'
Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird †

Prologue, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New-Year's-day Evening, 1790.
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city †

Prologue, spoken by Mr. Woods on his Benefit Night, 16th Ap., 1792.
When by a generous Public's kind acclaim †

Rattlin, Roarin Willie. S.
O Rattlin, roarin Willie †

Raving winds around her blowing † S.

Remorse. A Fragment.
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace †

Reply to a Reproof.
Like Aesop's Lioo, Burns says, sore I feel †

Reproof by Himself, for writing on Window at Stirling.
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name †

Robin shure in Hairst. S.
I gaed up to Dunse †

Ronalds of Bennals.
In Tarholton, ye ken, there are proper young men †

Rusticity's ungainly form †
Apologetic, to Mrs. Lawrie, Manse, Newmills.

Sae far awa. S.
O sad and heavy should I part †

Sae flaxen were her ringlets † S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page†
On reading in a Newspaper the Death of J— M'L—, Esq., Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author's.

Saw ye my Phely? S.
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? †
[The third Stanza of this Song is identical with words in "Eppie M'Nab"—only with change of *dramatis personæ*.]

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure † S.

Scotch Drink.
Let other Poets raise a fracas †

Scots Prologue, for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries.
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? †

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; † S.
Robert Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.

Scroggam. S.
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam †

Searching auld wives' barrels †
An Extemporaneous Effusion on being appointed to the Excise.

Second Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet.
I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor †

Sensibility, how charming † S.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.
The friend whom wild from wisdom's way †

She's fair and fause that causes my smart † S.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot † S.

Sketch.
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight †

Sketch. New Year's Day. To Mrs. Dunlop.
This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain †

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature † S.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires † S.

Somebody. S.
My heart is sair, I darena tell †

Sonnet, on the Death of Mr. Riddel.
No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more †

Sonnet, written on the 25th Jan., 1793, the Birthday of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a morning Walk.
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough †

Spoke extempore to a young Lady.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested †

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? † S.

Streams that glide in orient plains,† S.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn † S.

Sweetest May let love inspire thee † S.

Symon Gray †
To a Poetaster at Dunse.

Talk not of Love, it gives me pain † S.

Tam Glen. S.
My heart is a-breaking, dear titty †

Tam o' Shanter. A Tale.
When chapmen billies leave the street, †

Tam Samson's Elegy.
Has auld K********* seen the Deil? †

That there is falsehood in his looks †
On hearing that there was Falsehood in the Rev. Dr. B—'s very Looks.

The Answer to the Guidwife of Wauchope-House.
I mind it weel in early date †

The auld man he came over the lea † S.

The Author's earnest Cry and Prayer, to the Right Honorable and Honorable, the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons.
Ye Irish Lords, ye knights an' squires, †
Postscript, to above.
Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies †

The Banks of Doon. S.
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon †

The Banks of Nith. S.
The Thames flows proudly to the sea †

The Battle of Sherra-Moor. S.
O cam ye here the fight to shun †

The Belles of Manchline.
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles †

The Black-Headed Eagle.
The black-headed Eagle †

The bonie Lass of Albany. S.
My heart is wae, and unco wae †

The Book-Worms.
Through and through the inspired leaves †

The Brigs of Ayr.
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough †

The Calf.
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true †

The Captain's Lady. S.
When the drums do beat †

The Captive Ribband. S.
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine †

The cardin o't, &c. S.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo †

The Catrine woods were yellow seen † S.

The Contented Cottager. S.
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel †

The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa † S.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend †

The day returns, my bosom burns † S.

The Dean of Faculty. A New Ballad.
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw †

The Death and dying Words of poor Mailie.
As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither †

The deil cam' fiddlin' thro' the town, † S.
Song, written and sung at a meeting of Excise-officers.

The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie. S.
The hairns gat out wi' an unco shout †

The Election Ballads.
I. The Five Carlines.
There was five carlines in the south †
II. Whom will you send to London town †
III. Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright †
IV. Wha will buy my troggin †
V. John Bushby's Lamentation.
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year †
VI. Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry.
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife †

The Farewell.
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains †

The Farewell. To the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! †

The Fête Champetre.
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house †

The First Psalm.
The man, in life where-ever plac'd †

The First six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm.
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend †

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast † S.

The gowden Locks of Anna. S.
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine †

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn † S.

The Henpecked Husband.
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life †

The Hermit.
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading †

The Highland Lassie. S.
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair †

The Highland Widow's Lament. S.
Oh, I am come to the low countrie †

The Holy Fair.
Upon a simmer Sunday morn †

The Honest Man the best of Men. S.
Where's he for honest poverty †
Is there for honest poverty †

The Humble Petition of Bruar Water.
My Lord, I know, your noble ear †

The Inventory.
Sir, as your mandate did request †

The Jolly Beggars: A Cantata.
R. I. When lyart leaves bestrow the yird †
S. I. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars †
R. II. He ended; and the Kebars sheuk †
S. II. I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when †
R. III. Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk †
S. III. Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou †
R. IV. Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin †
S. IV. A highland lad my love was born †
R. V. A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle †
S. V. Let me ryke up to dight that tear †
R. VI. Her charms had struck a sturdy caird †
S. VI. My bonie lass I work in brass †
R. VII. The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair †
S. VII. I am a Bard of no regard †
R. VIII. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws †
S. VIII. See the smoking bowl before us †

The Joyful Widower. S.
I married with a scolding wife †

The Kirk's Alarm.
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox †

The Laddies by the banks o' Nith † S.

The Lament. Occasioned by the unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour.
O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines †

The Lass that made the bed to me. S.
When January winds were blawing cauld †

The last braw bridal that I was at † S.

The last time I came o'er the Moor † S.
[This song is almost identical, especially in the last stanza, with the Song—"Farewell, thou stream, &c."]

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill † S.

The League and Covenant.
The Solemn League and Covenant †

The lovely lass of Inverness † S.

The night was still, and o'er the hill †

The noble Maxwells and their Powers † S.
Nithsdale's Welcome Hame.

The Ordination.
K********* Wabsters, fidge an' claw †

The Ploughman he's a bonie lad † S.

The Poor Thresher. S.
A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late †

The Posie. S.
O Love will venture in, where it daren't weel be seen †

The Rights of Woman.
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things †

The Rigs o' Barley. S.
It was upon a Lammas night †

The Ruined Maid's Lament.
O meikle do I rue, fause love †

The Selkirk Grace.
Some hae meat and canna eat †

The Slave's Lament. S.
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral †

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning † S

The Sons of old Killie. S.
Ye sons of old Killie assembled by Willie †

The sun he is sunk in the west † S.
Song, in the Character of a Ruined Farmer.

The Tarbolton Lasses.
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap †

The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a' † S.

The Taylor he cam here to sew † S.
The Taylor.

"The Tears I shed."
No cold approach, no alter'd mien †

The tither morn † S.

The Toast.
Fill me with the rosy wine †

The Tree of Liberty.
Heard ye o' the Tree o' France †

The Twa Dogs, A Tale.
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle †

The Twa Herds.
O a' ye pious godly flocks †

The Union. S.
Farewell to a' our Scotish fame †
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

The Vision.
The sun had clos'd the winter-day, †

The Vowels.
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd †

The weary Pund o' Tow. S.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint †

The Whistle.
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth †

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last † S.

The young Highland Rover. S.
Loud blaw the frosty breezes †

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon † S.

Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary. S.
In coming by the brig o' Dye †

There came a piper out o' Fife †

There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard † S.

There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes † S.

There was a bonie lass † S.

There was a lad was born in Kyle † S.

There was a lass, and she was fair † S.

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity † S.

There's naethin like the honest nappy ! †

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen † S.

There's news, lasses, news † S.

Thickest night surround my dwelling † S.

Thine am I my faithful fair † S.

Third Epistle to J. Lapraik.
Guid speed an' furder to you Johny †

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part † S.
The Northern Lass.

Thou hast left me ever, Tam † S.

Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me † S.
[The first Stanza of this Song is almost the same as the last four lines of "I dream'd I lay," &c.]

Tibbie Dunbar. S.
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar †

To ——. (Mossgiel—1786).
Yours this moment I unseal †

To a Haggis.
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face †

To a Kiss.
Humid seal of soft affections †

To a Lady, with a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses.
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul †

To a Louse.
Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie †

To a Medical Gentleman, inviting him to a Masonic Meeting.
Friday first's the day appointed †

To a Mountain-Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough.
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r †

To a Mouse.
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie †

To a Painter.
Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice †

To a Young Lady, Miss Jessy L—, Dumfries.
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair †

To Captain Riddel, Glenriddel.
Your news and review, Sir, I've read †

To Chloris.
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend †

To Clarinda.
Before I saw Clarinda's face †

To Clarinda.
"I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn †

To daunton me. S.
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw †

To Dr. Blacklock.
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie ! †

To Dr. Maxwell, on Miss Jessy Staig's Recovery.
Maxwell, if merit here you crave †

To Gavin Hamilton, Esq., Mauchline (recommending a boy)
I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty †

To John M'Murdo.
O, could I give thee India's wealth †

To J. S****.
Dear S****, the sleest, pawkie thief†

To John Taylor.
With Pegasus upon a day†

To Lord G.
Spare me thy vengeance, G—— †

To Mary.
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary†

To Mary in Heaven.
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray†

To Miss Ainslie while looking for a Text at Church.
Fair maid, you need not take the hint†

To Miss C., a very young Lady.
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay†

To Miss Ferrier.
Nae heathen name shall I prefix†

To Miss Fontenelle.
Sweet naiveté of feature†

To Miss Graham of Fintry, with a Present of Songs.
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives†

To Miss L., with Beattie's Poems for a New-Year's Gift.
Again the silent wheels of time†

To Mr. John Kennedy.
Now Kennedy, if foot or horse†

To Mr. M'Adam, of Craigen-Gillan.
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card†

To Mr. Renton, of Lamerton, near Berwick.
Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt†

To Mr. S**e, with a Present of a dozen of Porter.
O had the malt thy strength of mind†

To Mr. Peter Stuart, publisher of "The Star," London.
Dear Peter, dear Peter†

To R***** G*'**s of F*****, Esq.
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg†

To Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, on receiving a Favor.
I call no goddess to inspire my strains†

To Ruin.
All hail! inexorable lord!†

To Terraughty, on his Birth-day.
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief†

To the Rev. John M'Math.
While at the stook the shearers cow'r†

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains† S.

To William Creech.
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest†

To W. Simpson, Ochiltree.
I gat your letter, winsome Willie†

Tragic Fragment.
"All devil as I am, a damned wretch†

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow† S.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza† S.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green† S.
'Twas even; or, the Lass o' Ballochmyle.

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;† S.

Up in the Morning early. S.
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west†

Verse written on a Pane of Glass, on the occasion of a National Thanksgiving for a Naval Victory.
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?†

Verses addressed to the Landlady of the Inn at Rosslyn.
My blessings on you, sonsie wife†

Verses addressed to J. Ranken.
I am a keeper of the law†

Verses intended to be written below a noble Earl's Picture.
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?†

Verses written on a Window of the Inn at Carron.
We cam' na here to view your warks†

Verses written under violent Grief.
Accept the gift a friend sincere†

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e† S.

Wandering Willie. S.
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie†

Wantonness for ever mair† S.

Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet† S.

Wha is that at my bower door?† S.

What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h†
Robert Burns' Answer to an Epistle from a Taylor.

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man† S.

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?† S.

When clouds in skies do come together†

When first I came to Stewart Kyle† S.

When first I saw fair Jeanie's face† S.

When I think on the happy days†

When o'er the hill the eastern star† S.

When wild War's deadly blast was blawn† S.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning† S.

Where Cart rins rowing to the sea† S.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?†
Stanzas on the same Occasion as the Poem entitled "A Prayer in the Prospect of Death."

Why, why tell thy lover† S.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed† S.
Willie Wastle's Wife.

Will ye go and marry Katie?† S.

Wilt thou be my dearie?† S.

Winter, a Dirge.
The Wintry West extends his blast†

Women's Minds, S.
Tho' women's minds like winter winds†
[Stanzas 2nd, 4th, 5th of this Song same as Stanzas in another Sett of the Song in "The Jolly Beggars."]

Written on a Blank Leaf of one of Miss Hannah More's Works which she had given him.
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind†

Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage on Nith-side.
Thou whom chance may hither lead†

Written in the Hermitage at Friars-Carse.
Thou whom chance may hither lead†
[The first 8 lines and the last 2 lines of this piece occur in the preceding version.]

Written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace†

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet.
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd†

Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers.
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods†

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around† S.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon† S.
[Another Sett of this Song is entitled—"The Banks of Doon".]

Ye hae lien wrang, Lassie. S.
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan†

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear† S.

Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song†

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide† S.

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain† S.

Young Jockey was the blythest lad† S.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass† S.

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